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The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ

OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

Vol. I. LAMONI, IOWA, JANUARY, 1888. No. 1.

SALUTATORY.

IN presenting to our patrons this first number of AUTUMN LEAVES, we deem it necessary to offer a few words explanatory of its purpose and aim. Though published in the immediate interest of the young, it will not be confined to such interests as alone pertain to the halcyon days of youth, overlooking the fact that by the swift passing away of these, our young men enter upon the stern battle of life, assuming all its grave responsibilities and cares; our merry, light-hearted girls become wives and mothers, thus entering a new world, as it were, where at the very outset they are met by grave responsibilities and cares. If the mother, through neglect of duty or through blind affection, suffers her daughter to grow up untrained and unprepared for the future, she has committed a grave mistake, which, however much the painful experience of after years may remedy for her child, it will not turn aside from her heart the many hours of pain and vain regrets which will come to it as the result of the failure upon her part to discharge her duty to the child God entrusted to her keeping; and for which very purpose he endowed woman with patience unlimited, and if she lack wisdom, he has promised to give it to those who ask in faith. For this reason therefore, it becomes our duty, while having due regard for the present, not to overlook, neither to ignore, the future; and if our girls are wise they will embrace the present opportunity, to prepare for the future responsibility.

What is true in regard to our girls, is true in regard to our boys; and how remiss is that father in his duty to his son, who does not make it his study to discover the bent of his boy's mind, and then endeavor to help him fit himself for the sphere or occupation in which he is most likely to succeed; and because of success, not only be happier himself, but become useful to his fellow men in the same proportion that he has been helpful to himself.

For this reason our young people will find departments in AUTUMN LEAVES which have reference to the possible future of their lives, and will be useful to others who, though young, have already entered upon those duties which for them are still future. Youth is to our future life of earthly probation, what time is to eternity; and in both, God has wisely intended we should be carefully trained. You can not divide your life by any waters of lethe. What you are in youth —with various modifications,—you will be in manhood's or womanhood's prime, and even when your heads shall be blossoming for the grave. How all-important then it is that your youth should be carefully guarded, and contain nothing which will cause you bitter regret in the years to come.

This brings us to consider yet another object of AUTUMN LEAVES. All governments of earth are necessarily imperfect, because man is the medium of their execution, and he being imperfect, his government will be the same. There is but one perfect being; and to him, Jesus taught us to look. Of himself he said, "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." As children of Christian parents you have been taught to look upon this present life as but a state of probation, a state in which we are given a brief span of time that we may prepare for another and a better existence, when the angel of death shall have snapped the chord that links our souls, and our spirits shall have entered upon another existence—that for which this is only a preparation. In your relationship to this other state of existence, not only are your parents responsi-

ble, but the church, by the divine appointment, becomes your fostering mother; and if she fail, from her pulpits and through her publications, to give to you your portion of meat, and to give it in due season, God will hold her responsible, and the ministry of his church will have to answer to him for the neglect. The test of love is obedience; and to every elder of the church the commandment to test his love of God, is the same that he applied to Peter: If you love me, feed my lambs. In this duty, as in all the duties of life, those in the forefront of the battle must be sustained by the home guard; and to aid in this great work is the first, the second, the last and only object of AUTUMN LEAVES. Look about you and behold the wonderful handiwork of God. From the myriad stars, which make of the vaulted sky a marvel of beauty and perfection down to the tiniest blade of grass, or most troublesome weed,—which with irresistible tenacity clings to life, much to the detriment of fruits and flowers—each object of his creation is, in its sphere, a marvel of beauty and perfection. God is over all his works, and man is the crowning work of his creations—"fearfully and wonderfully made."

Bigotry and exclusiveness can have no place in the heart of a follower of the lowly Jesus; yet, strange as it may seem, many persons who are otherwise sincere Christians, have set up in their hearts this golden calf, brought out of the dark land of the Egyptian bondage; and while they strive to follow in the footsteps of Jesus outwardly, in the secret chambers of the soul they worship their idol, thanking God that they are not as others. There is a way of life, of truth and salvation, and Jesus himself said, "Few there be that find it."

There is a doctrine which has power to save, and Timothy was earnestly exhorted to give heed to it, that he might save both himself and those who heard him; but let us remember that the doctrine is the gospel plan of salvation; and that gospel is "good will to men." Man, universal man, is our brother. God is no respecter of persons, and the world is full of noble men and women—men and women whose whole lives are devoted to doing good; men and women who have no mental reservations—no idols set up in secret, but who gladly and willingly forsake all for the Master; and though they follow not with us, they are serving God just as sincerely, and, according to the light they have, just as acceptably as the best of his saints are serving him. Even the heathen who do by nature the things contained in the law, shall receive according to their works. God will beat with many stripes the servant who knew his will but did not do it; but not the one who offended ignorantly.

In the days of Peter it was the earnest prayer of one who knew not the way of life and salvation, that caused the Father to send his angels to instruct him and tell him where life and salvation could be found. Paul, because he was sincere in persecuting the saints, obtained mercy in the midst of his mad career; and from that time his unbounded gratitude to God made him one of the most earnest, zealous and faithful followers of Christ.

To so lead the minds of our young people that they may be expanded in view of what the greatness of God and his marvellous creations are, and to a realizing sense that the greater light which we as a people have, calls upon us and them for greater humility and faithfulness, and imposes upon us and them greater obligations to holiness of heart and life, is one great object we have in view; and this is all that we need be concerned about, for God will take care of the rest; and if at the end of the race we are worthy, we shall be crowned. Because many who, like the young man that asked the Master, What must I do? are found lacking in one thing, let us not take to ourselves the comforting assurance that because we know we have obeyed, from the heart, that form of doctrine which has power to save, that therefore we shall be saved, irrespective of the works which the love of God in the heart will most surely lead to, for the same balance which weighed the young man and found but one thing lacking, will be held by the same hand, and we shall be weighed therein; and even though the great heart of Jesus be tender towards us, as it was towards him, whom looking upon he loved; yet the balance in that hand is strict and impartial justice, and upon its beam is written: "Where much is given, much will be required," and on the opposite: "Without holiness no man shall see God."

Nature, in her grandeur and magnifi-

cence, is but a living revelation to us of the loving care God has over all his works. From her open volume in the springtime we read the promise of summer, and in summer we watch the maturing of that promise; and when the winds of autumn begin to stir among the leaves, and we see them falling around us one by one, clothed in colors which no artist's hand can rival, each one, as it falls to the ground or is borne away on the free breeze of heaven, warns us that summer is ended, her mission of bounty accomplished and the time of rest for the earth is near. The falling leaves are like the whispering of angels or the rustling of the robes of that mighty host, soon, very soon to attend the Son of Man in his return to the earth; and as one by one they fall, singly or in showers, let us watch them well, for not until the last one has fallen will the opening heavens reveal Him; then, but not till then, will he come, with a shout, and with the voice of the archangel.

Jesus admonished his disciples to watch, and told them of many things which should precede his coming. We are living in the age in which these things are being fulfilled, the AUTUMN of time; and, as events are transpiring in the great world in which we live, clearly pointing to the speedy coming of Christ, let us watch them in their fulfillment; watch them while we labor and wait for the last leaf to fall from the branches of the prophetic tree, for with its falling will be ushered in a new dispensation, the dispensation in which all Israel shall be saved: "for the Deliverer shall come out of Zion, and turn away ungodliness from Jacob.

Therefore, dear boys and girls, it shall be our earnest endeavor to prepare every page of AUTUMN LEAVES with reference to your days of manhood and womanhood as carefully as for the present hour, and while striving to guide you into the path of purity, honor, fidelity and truth, we shall bear in mind that there is beyond this world a stage of action for which the present time is intended to fit you, that you may take part in its triumph and enter into its rest.

The position which you occupy is a peculiar one, for you are living in a day when the people of God, as in days of old, have committed two evils: they have forsaken God, "the fountain of living waters, and have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."

THE SAINT OF LATTER DAYS.

BY JOSEPH DEWSNUP, SEN.

The Saint of Latter Days.—A type of those
Who bore the burden when the Nazarine—
Despised, reviled, rejected by his own—
Proclaimed the light, and wondrous love of God.

The Saint of Latter Days.—One born of God
By water, and the Spirit's quickening love.
One born to manifest through life to death
The works, and ways of him, who came to save.

The Saint of Latter Days.—By covenant
Joint heir with Him that conquered death and hell,
Who, rising, forced the portal of the grave,
And victory gave, o'er every mortal tomb.

The Saint of Latter Days.—Title Divine,
That marks the member of the Church of Christ,
And ranks him Servant of the risen Lord,
A minister of peace—one loved of God.

The Saint of Latter Days.—A name most dear
To all who love Emmanuel, Prince of Peace.
And, his appearance wait, with faith, in hope
To reign with Him, as King, and Lord of earth.

MANCHESTER, England,
September 28th, 1887.

WHERE ARE THE HEROES?

BY PRES. JOSEPH SMITH.

(Read before the Lamoni Literary Society.)

THIS question can not be answered unless it first be determined what heroism is. Godfrey de Bouillon, of the crusades, was a hero. So was William Tell, of Switzerland, and William Wallace, of Scotland, and Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden. Each was a warrior; lived in different ages, one from the other; each was of a different class, and each was developed under different conditions, and represented a type. Godfrey was not above reproach, but his compatriot in arms, Chevalier Bayard, was, being "without fear and without reproach." They labored in a cause, the serving of which strewed the roads of Europe, converging at Jerusalem, with dead, from the host led by Peter the Hermit, to the last phalanx of Christian Knights that wrested the Holy Land from the Infidel. Both held physical cowardice in detestation. Each was gallant toward womankind, and one was of such chivalrous manhood, that, rude as were the times in which they lived, he was never known to betray a friend or foe, speak ill of any, or speak disrespectfully of woman, in public or in private. He was brave in battle, dauntless in disaster and generous in victory.

William Tell loved his home. To him the mountains of Switzerland were dear, and her valleys beloved. From his love of country arose his detestation of tyranny; and, though he might hold no enmity against the person of Gesler, he hated the despotism that he represented; hence refused to bow to the cap, the token of an Austrian tyrant. He represented a class; was but the type of many.

William Wallace was content to bide as a small landed proprietor in his native land, after the unhappy ending of Bruce's struggle against England, until a chance broil in the streets wakened his prowess to defend those hardly beset by numbers. The representative of Edward, in blind anger slew the wife of the quiet Scottish chief, and he became a warrior—to be finally beaten in the fight, and die, betrayed to death.

Gustavus Adolphus rose to an exigency. The dominant church of the south of Europe hoped to secure the dominion of the continent. To the youthfnl Swedish king, success of the effort thus to be made meant the suppression of freedom of religious thought and worship. Armed with this belief he led the fair-haired warriors of the North unto successful warfare against the threatening danger.

All yield to these men the meed of heroism; we, democratic as we are, bow to the sentiment of worship for the heroes.

Socrates was a hero; so was Cincinnatus, Galileo and Count Coligny.

Socrates was a philosopher. In his philosophy the state did not share. He drank the fatal hemlock at the command of men less noble than himself; and by the last act of his life proved his philosophy and his title to heroism.

Cincinnatus was a citizen. The good of the state was to him of prime importance. In his mind the cares of the sphere in which his home duties lay were fitting scenes in which true happiness was found. At the call of the state when in peril, he left his farm and his fire-side, and assumed the command of armies, without being dazzled by the trappings of the general, or allured from his integrity by the honors possible to his success. Many of his countrymen won distinction as soldiers, but none better deserve praise for heroism than he.

Galileo was a hero in that he dared to assert the convictions of his researches into the conditions of material things, against the assumption of the possession of universal knowledge by the priesthood. All the machinery of the ecclesiastical courts could not control nor stop the march of sturdy thought through the convolutions of Galileo's brain; and, when compelled to abandon for a time the assertion of his discoveries, his

low-spoken, "It does move," was the heraldic token of his title to heroism.

Count Coligny was a gentleman, born unto wealth and position; but the spirit that was in him was in harmony with his fellow-men, and solicitous for their best and noblest good. He bore the title of an aristocrat, but loved, and labored for, those who despised the nobility. He was large-brained, and could see the error that mad holders of power, both in the state and in the populace, were making; and large enough of heart, not only to tolerate, but to forgive, the sin both committed against him. His was a different claim to heroism from that of Socrates, Cincinnatus and Galileo; but complete in its kind; and every reader of the history of the dark ages when he lived, does not hesitate to give him the title that his life demands.

Wilberforce, of England, Cotton Mather, Patrick Henry, Wendell Phillips and Wm. Lloyd Garrison were all heroes.

Upon different planes, in different lands: moved to heroism by different motives from those which actuated heroes of the chivalrous times, these men all have an equal claim to be called heroes with warlike general, plumed knight and belted squire.

Wilberforce waged unequal warfare against great odds, in the moral field, in favor of the African slave; and, during the long contest that finally resulted in making England the champion nation in the abolition of the slave trade, he did not quail, or abate the fervor of his attack on the institution of human slavery, hoary with age and usage as it was. Were he living now, he could, with satisfaction no one should deny him, contemplate the work accomplished from the inauspicious beginning, as a personal triumph.

Cotton Mather's crusade against sin, as a preacher and against the liquor traffic, as a man, undertaken and urged in the face of a popular sentiment in favor of dram-drinking, of which the White and Blue and Red Ribbon clubs have but a faint conception, mark him as a hero; although he couched no lance, drew no sword, nor won a star or garter for bravery in the field; led no armies, nor swung a battle-axe, he won the esteem of the many and the blessings of the few.

Patrick Henry was, in his youth and early manhood, a shiftless 'ne'er do weel'. The elements of the hero were strangely commingled in him. A student dreamer, a careless trader, with a love for the freedom of the forest and the field which ripened into fruit when, with the farmers of Virginia for his clients in a suit for tithes in kind, he dared to defend against the clergy, their exactions as the church of the state, in Virginia courts. Not until then did he find the arena where he could stand. But when once his soul was roused he knew no fear; and who of America's freemen will choose to forget the scene when this untried, unknown man, from an obscure borough, stood in the house of Burgesses representing a sturdy constituency, dared to utter words which set a price upon his head as a seditious and dangerous man. He was one of the few political prophets of his time who saw the portents of the inevitable conflict, in which heroes were found wherever the forces of a king dare set their feet.

Patrick Henry was but a type, but what a triumph was his! He was in the forum, what Jefferson was in the council, what Washington was in the field.

Wendell Phillips and Wm. Lloyd Garrison—what of these? These were the self-appointed leaders in an agitation in America such as Wilberforce waged in England; and which lasted until the latter had seen the "irrepressible conflict" terminate, and this nation, which Abraham Lincoln said could not continue to exist "half slave and half free," became free. These men were heroes. Of such stuff were they that once, when Phillips was to speak in a crowded hall and an effort was made to prevent his being heard, with placid manner and calm speech, neither exultant nor defiant, he first won silence and then attention—It was imposible to resist the incisive persuasiveness of that "silver-tongued orator." Both waged a warfare in the moral arena where their victory meant the emancipation of a race from servitude, and the removal from the escutcheon of the nation a stain so dark, so damning in its nature, that even now American sons wonder that their fathers ever suffered it to remain so long.

It is useless to discuss the many who have borne the title of hero, justly won and deservedly worn, unless from the record we thus make, some lessons of benefit to ourselves may be derived.

A host of warriors sprang into being at the tap of the drum and the call of the bugle, when the long-pending struggle begun by Wilberforce and urged by Phillip and Garrison reached its greatest intensity on American soil. Five hundred thousand heroes laid down their lives, as thousands upon thousands had done before them to maintain principle. Five hundred thousand heroes who survived the storm of iron hail and leaden rain, have been passing over the dark river in peace since the defenders of the right of men to hold their fellow men in involuntary servitude laid down their weapons in defeat. The nations have hardly yet put off the tokens of its mourning for the "silent man," whose genius fitted him for the nation's extremity. The feet of those who bore a Hancock and a Seymour to their burial have scarcely paused at their own doors as we speak; yet the habiliments of the warrior, the pomp and circumstance of war, are nowhere seen in our land. The pruning hook instead of the spear, the ploughshare instead of the sword, the arts of peace instead of the arts of war, engage the powers of the citizen; and as we look back, we almost dread to look around us and before us lest we shall read the unwelcome tokens that will signify that heroes are no more, that the age of heroism is passed.

But when we shall take courage to look up, and take faithful cognizance of the fields of necessity and opportunity, we will find room and place for him who dares to do.

There may be no lists of chivalry like those where Godfrey and Bayard won their spurs; there may be no armies like those Cincinnatus led; there may not be again an effort to evangelize the world like that which Adolphus met and overcame; there may not again arise an emergency like that into which a Henry stepped; there may never again come the fierce conflict of freedom against slavery, like that in which we recognize Wilberforce, Phillips and Garrison; never again will there come an opportunity like that that found a Grant; but there are still the fields of opportunity that lay before a Socrates a Galileo, a Coligny, a Mather.

Nor need we go so far back in the history of our times, nor so far from our own doors, to find the arena where battles are to be fought, and opportunities offered to him who seeks the bays of a hero. Nor need he who seeks, wait for great things to come to him, for these occur but seldom; for time shows but few; and no two alike, of them who have thus been made great; but to him who in that which is to be done, seizes the opportunity offered by time and place to do it well, will, by sacrifice and self-abnegation, create a title to heroism that will not be denied him. No man ever won and worthily wore the title of hero, who was selfishly ambitious. The truest and most worthy heroes whose names are found in the galaxy of fame, were self-denying, self-forgetful men.

We may not emulate Chevalier Bayard as an armored knight doing battle against the Saracen, but we can emulate him in that our minds shall not conceive, nor our tongues speak, that which is derogatory to womankind. We may not emulate the strength and warlike achievements of William Wallace; but we can and may emulate his action in taking the part of the weaker when assailed, and his generosity to those who did him personal injury We may not imitate General Grant in commanding armies; but we can imitate his cheerful commendation of compatriots, his absolute, unselfish wish for their success and promotion. We can imitate the sturdy courage that knew no diminution while life's pulses beat for him. We can, as he did, refuse to hear the ribald jest, the coarse and vulgar joke, the rude disparagement of woman's virtue. We can, as did he, refuse to believe evil, and by so much be the hero that he was.

The times are rife with opportunities for hero making. These opportunities lie in every avocation in life. There is no profession where they are not to be found. There is no city so grand, no hamlet so obscure, but what in them they will appear. No man moves in a circle so high but what he can find them if he desires. No walk of life is so humble, no circle so narrow, but what he who moves therein shall see them. In king's houses, where those who wear soft raiment dwell, they will be. In the dwelling of the wealthy, the affluent, and of those who have but a competency, they will abound. In the toiler's lonely cottage, there they will be; so wide is their extent, so thickly are they strewn by divine providence in the pathway of every life.

PROPHECY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER I.

AMONG the internal evidneces which go to sustain the divinity of the Bible, none are stronger than the prophecies which have been fulfilled. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost," many times not understanding what they themselves predicted. Time passed on, and, as years rolled away, one event after another, of which they had spoken, came to pass; and historians recorded these events, themselves being entirely ignorant that men inspired of God had foretold them. The student of history and the searcher after truth, finding in one place the prediction of the event, and in another the account of its complete fulfillment, naturally stop to inquire how this happened. Certainly not by the wisdom of man, for the spirit which is in man teaches him that he knows nothing with certainty concerning the future. He may plan and weave his plans closely and smoothly together, but one breath of God's providence scatters them all, and like Burns he is left to sing:

> "The best laid schemes of mice and men
> Gang aft aglee;
> And leave us nought but grief and pain
> For promised joy."

Not so, however, with that which God reveals to his servants, the prophets of the future. Among those prophets were many whose writings we have not got; and among them were yet others whose writings we have, and as a people know something about; but while the world reject them entirely, and knows nothing whatever about them, we ourselves are very far from being as familiar with them as we should be. When the Lord had shown to Daniel many of the wonderful things which should take place on the earth, even to the end of time, he told him: "None of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand." The word which in our Bible is rendered wise, is by good Hebrew scholars rendered observing:—"The observing ones shall understand." A very precious thing, to be able to understand, and have a knowledge of those things which God is going to do in the days in which you live? Prophets of old desired earnestly to know these things, and would have esteemed no study too hard, no effort too great to make in order that they might have seen and known these things; but they were not permitted of God to see them or know them. How is it with us? Living in a day when the grandest events of all God's dealing with men have taken place, are now taking place, and must yet come to pass, and that, too, in the near future, are we studying the word of God with a view to know what has been written; and are we observing the nature of that which we read, in order that we may know for ourselves? In fact, are we to be classed among the observing ones of whom Daniel wrote?

The Savior, when he ascended into heaven, left angelic witnesses behind him, who told his sad and sorrowing disciples, "He is coming back. You have seen him ascend—go up into heaven in company with the angels,—but he will come back again in the same way that you have seen him go." The angel did not tell them, however when he would come, nor what would take place before that event. It might be in the near future, or it might be thousands of years yet, before this should be fulfilled. That he would come again they knew: when would he come? Was it not possible for men to find this out in some way? No, it was not; but it was possible for God to reveal it to them, and he did. Not, to be sure, the very day and hour, for the Savior told them that only his Father knew that; but the Spirit of prophecy rested upon Paul, and in one of his letters to the saints at Rome he wrote: "For I would not, brethren, that you should be ignorant of this mystery (lest ye should be wise in your own conceits), that blindness in part is

happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in."—Rom. 11:25

You must remember that Paul was writing to the church at Rome, and those who belonged to that church were, only a short time before, worshipers of idols, and knew nothing whatever about the true God and his worship until the apostles of Christ went and preached to them, after his resurrection. For thousands of years the Jews were the only people upon the earth who had a full knowledge of the one living and true God. God made a covenant with Abraham, and commanded him to leave his father's house and go to the land of Canaan(the land we now call Palestine). He only sojourned there; that is, visited the country; for the Lord told him that he was not going to give him the land at that time, because the people who then lived there needed more time to fill up the cup of their wickedness until, if they did not repent, God would no longer bear it, and then he would destroy them, and let the descendants of Abraham possess the land. This was a prophecy which was fulfilled after four hundred years.

When Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were dead, and their children were strangers in the land of Egypt, God sent Moses to deliver them from their bondage and to lead them to Palestine. The journey was not a long one, and would have taken only a few weeks for its accomplishment, but the people often disobeyed God; and for this reason God punished them by keeping them a long time in the wilderness. Here God spake to Moses face to face, and delivered to him the law which ever after that time made the Jews a peculiar people: God had made a covenant with Abraham, and from time to time he had renewed this covenant with his descendants; and they kuew that the Savior of mankind was to be of the seed of Abraham and a strict deseendant of the psalmist David. There were many prophecies pointing to this, but when Christ came, they rejected him and helped to crucify him.

Why did they do this? Jesus told them it was because they did not believe Moses, for if they had beleived what Moses wrote they would not have rejected him. But they did reject him, and after they had crucified him, they persecuted those who believed on him, thinking that they were serving God when they helped to kill them. Then God commanded the apostles and elders of Christ to take the gospel to the Gentiles; and when this was done the Gentiles were glad, and many of them obeyed it and became true followers of Jesus of Nazareth. But you must bear in mind that it was still the Jews, the children of Abraham and of the covenant God made with him, who became their teachers, and not a word is contained in the Bible, either in the Old or New Testament, which was not written by one of the seed of Abraham. Jesus said to the woman of Samaria, when they were talking at Jacob's well, "Salvation is of the Jews." But at the time of Christ (and long before), the Jews were lifted up, had become proud and lifted up because they were a chosen people; and instead being more humble and better because of the goodness of God, they were wicked at heart, oppressed the poor, made long prayers for a pretense of piety, and hated any one who reproved them for their sins. Thus it was that they rejected Christ and his servants; and to punish them God caused the Romans to besiege Jerusalem; and after the city was taken, the temple was destroyed; and, as Jesus had predicted, "not one stone was left upon another" which was not thrown down. Many cities which were destroyed by the Romans and by other great conquering nations, were rebuilt; not so with Jerusalem. For nearly eighteen hundred years it has been almost desolate. Why is this? Has no attempt been made to rebuild this city, sacred alike to Jews and Christians, the city toward which the captive Daniel turned his face, as he knelt before his open window to supplicate the God of Israel; towards which, in all their wanderings, amid all their persecutions, the faces of the children of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob have been turned, and for which their souls have pined when they have remembered it, and their tears have fallen like rain, while groaning under the cruel bondage of every land beneath the sun;—the city of which the psalmist said: "If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth: if I prefer not Jerusalem before my chief joy." Why have her precious walls never been rebuilt, her towers raised again, and her people, her persecuted, wandering and forsaken chil-

dren, called home to rebuild her waste places and inhabit her deserted streets? Why? Turn to Luke 21:24 and you will find this declaration of Jesus: "They shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations, and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

It is related that the Emperor Julian issued a decree for the rebuilding of the temple and restoring of the city to the Jews, but a greater than Julian had said, *there is a time*, but until that time comes, "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles;" and historians relate that the workmen were scattered by an earthquake and by balls of fire breaking forth among them. Paul, as we said to you before, told the church at Rome that "blindness in part had happened unto Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in."

This then is the time, *the fulness of the Gentiles*. Until that time Jerusalem was to be trodden down, but at that time, (Oh, glorious promise to the ancient covenant people of God, "All Israel shall be saved;" "As it is written there shall come out of Zion the deliverer, and turn away ungodliness from Jacob, for this is my covenant unto them when I shall take away their sins." We discover then that Paul tells the Roman brethren not to be lifted up because they are placed upon the tame olive tree as a graft, for they are dependent upon the root for all their nourishment, and that root is the knowledge of God first bestowed upon his covenant people, the Jews, and that it is not in the power of the grafted branch to nourish the root, but the root is nourishing them. The apostle here represents the church under the figure of an olive tree, the natural branches of which (because of their rejection of Christ) were broken off. These natural branches were Jews; for we must remember that the gospel was never sent to the Gentiles until after the Jews rejected and crucified Christ. Then the branches of the wild olive tree were grafted into the tame olive, and became a part of the tame olive tree, and were nourished by the roots of the tame tree; but there is to come a time when the Jews are to be grafted back upon their own root, and then both root and branches will be tame, and men will realize the full force of the words of Jesus, "Salvation is of the Jews." This brings us to the Autumn Leaf which has been wafted from beyond the ocean, and which stands related to this prophecy so closely that it seems a marvel the entire world do not understand and see that the time of its fulfillment is at hand. But as the Jews did not understand many of the plainest predictions in regard to Christ, and so fulfilled them without knowing it, so now the Gentiles do not understand that the time which the apostles called their fulness, is at hand, and that Israel as a nation will shortly accept Christ, whom they rejected as the Messiah, the one for whom they have long looked and waited in vain.

The prophet Isaiah was fully instructed in this matter, and declares: "The Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord . . . But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion upon the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hand; thy walls are continually before me. Thy children shall make haste; thy destroyers and they that made thee waste shall go forth of thee . . . Thus saith the Lord God, behold, I will lift up my hand to the Gentiles and set up my standard to the people; and they shall bring thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters shall be carried upon their shoulders. And kings shall be thy nursing fathers and their queens thy nursing mothers; they shall bow down to thee with their faces towards the earth, and lick up the dust of thy feet; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord; for they shall not be ashamed that wait for me."

We have called your attention to the declaration of Jesus in regard to Jerusalem. He could not have known this save by the Spirit of God; but it has been literally fulfilled; and now we come to a prophecy contained in the Book of Mormon, which bears directly upon the portion of this prophecy in which we are most interested, from the fact that it is not yet completely fulfilled, but it is in process of fulfillment, and is a subject of the most absorbing interest to every true Latter Day Saint, namely, the return of the Jews to Palestine and the rebuilding of Jerusalem. Before quoting it however, we want you to

bear in mind that at the time the Book of Mormon was first published, which was in the year 1830, the land of Palestine was barren and waste, and not one Christian in fifty believed that it would ever be peopled again, and much less did they believe that Jerusalem would be rebuilt or the Jews ever return to the land God had given to their fathers and confirmed the gift with an oath. They had heaped to themselves teachers who had written out creeds and were divided and subdivided: one saying, this is necessary to salvation, and the other saying that is not, but this is. They wrote their creeds and then both they and their disciples used every means in their power to bring the Scripture to them, instead of taking the word of God as the only rule of their faith, and being willing to believe just what it taught. They revised this and took the creed of their church as the rule of their faith, and the word of God must come to the creed of their church. Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric Methodist preacher once wrote of the Presbyterians:

"An iron bedstead they do fetch
To try our souls upon,
If we're too short we must be stretched,
Cut off if we're too long;"

and thus they stretched and cut off the word of God, and took the promises made to the literal seed of Abraham and gave them to the Gentiles, and talked about a Jerusalem above, forgetting that the city was to be builded upon her own heap, and yet was to be trodden down until the time when their cup of iniquity was full. In the midst of this blindness and confusion, the Book of Mormon was presented to the world, and in that book we find the following:

"And now I would prophesy somewhat more concerning the Jews and the Gentiles. For after the book [Book of Mormon] of which I have spoken shall come forth, and be written unto the Gentiles, and sealed up again unto the Lord, there shall be many which shall believe the words which are written; and they shall carry them forth unto the remnant of our seed. And then shall the remnant of our seed know concerning us, how that we came out from Jerusalem, and that they are descendants of the Jews. And the gospel of Jesus Christ shall be declared among them; wherefore they shall be restored unto a knowledge of their fathers, and also to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, which was had among their fathers, And then shall they rejoice, for they shall know that it is a blessing unto them from the hand of God; . . . And it shall come to pass that the Jews which are scattered, also shall begin to believe in Christ, and they shall begin to gather in upon the face of the land; and as many as shall believe in Christ, shall also become a delightsome people. And it shall come to pass that the Lord shall commence his work, among all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, to bring about the restoration of his people upon the earth."—2 Nephi 12: 12, 13, 14.

We must not forget, in order that we may see the extent of this prediction, that as we have told you before, while Jesus said he would return, he did not say when; and while he predicted that Jerusalem should be trodden down until a certain time, he did not tell when that time would be, but only said when that time was fulfilled, &c. The student of prophecy upon seeing the Jews begin to return to Palestine, and Jerusalem being rebuilt, would know from this fact that the time of which Jesus and Paul had spoken was at hand; but, as we told you before, Palestine was still under the curse which had lain upon it so long that "Zion saith, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me." It was also under the rule of one of the most despotic governments of the earth (Turkey), and with no light to be gathered from passing events that it ever would be the home of the Jews again. But he who knows the end from the beginning said unto Nephi, "write;" and he wrote the words the Lord commanded him. To Joseph Smith he said, "Translate what my servant Nephi has written, and send it forth to the Gentiles;" and Joseph, by the power of God translated; and, knowing it to be of God, fearlessly sent it forth to the world. By thousands it was accepted, and by millions rejected, but its acceptance or rejection had no power to fulfill or prove false one word which it contained in regard to the matter we are considering. We have seen that the power of Julian to do this utterly failed, and that none were more successful after him; how then could Joseph Smith, a poor unlearned and unknown boy, without friends or influence, hope to himself accomplish what the powerful emperor of Rome had failed to do? And yet this

prophecy if failing to be accomplished, was in itself a positive proof that the Book of Mormon was not inspired, and consequently the claims made for it were false. Is it then in process of fulfillment? Let us seek to know, for we are living in the time which Nephi designates as, "After the coming forth of this book."

In 1867 Louis VanBuren, Sen., after having visited Palestine, wrote of it: "I arrived in Indiana a few days since from the Eastern Continent. I stopped at Joppa nearly all the whole winter. For my part I was well pleased with the country. It is certainly a land of most wonderful fruitfulness, with a delightsome climate, producing everything if properly cultivated, and from two to three crops in a year. They have grain, fruit, and vegetables all the year round; in fact, I never was in such a country before. I have seen much good country in Europe and America, but none to compare with Palestine. . . . It is a fact that the rain and dew are restored. Recently, in 1853, the former and latter rain were restored, to the astonishment of the natives. The Jews have been returning to the Holy Land for some time, and the number is increasing; going to their beloved Canaan from many parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. They are making preparations to rebuild cities and [build] railways. The fruit in Palestine is better than in Europe or America. They have camels, mules, horses, asses, sheep and goats; but I saw no hogs. The natives are generally friendly."

To this we append another testimony of more recent date, taken from a letter written by H. G. Spafford, a Chicago gentleman then in Jerusalem, to Mr. Chandler of Chicago, and published in the *Inter-Ocean*. The letter is dated April 13th, 1886, and reads:

"Palestine has now a very different appearance from the one when you were here. I have never seen the country looking so beautifully. The rains have been abundant and the crops are all in the most promising condition. The wild flowers, too, surpass, this year, anything we have seen before in variety and beauty. In a two hours' walk yesterday afternoon, through fields north of the city, I gathered a boquet of cyclamen, ranunculus, blood drops, flax, wild pea and clover blooms, etc., etc., which was simply glorious. I never saw a more beautiful collection of flowers in my life. It would seem that a sight of it, without other proofs, would be sufficient to suggest to one whether the curse which had so long lain upon this land had not begun to pass away, and whether the set time to favor Zion had not come."

The writer then goes on to speak of the numerous buildings being erected in all parts of Jerusalem, either by the Jews or for them; and after referring to the various agricultural colonies in Central and Northern Palestine, which were in the most flourishing condition and constantly adding new products to those heretofore cultivated, he adds: "In the light of the sure promises of prophecy, that this land is yet to rise from its desolation, such facts as those given above are of exceeding interest. A few years ago Jews were constantly liable to be treated with indignity whenever they appeared on the streets of Jerusalem. They were very few in number; owned none of the land; were a little community of despised outcasts. Now, as you know, they constitute considerably more than one-half of the population of the city. They control its trade and own much land. On the Christian Sabbath, the fact that Christian shops are shut, produces scarcely a discernable difference in the tide of business sweeping along the streets. But, as you doubtless noticed on the Jewish Sabbath, the streets are well nigh deserted. The fallaheen marketmen and women do not find it worth while to come to the city with their produce on the Jewish Sabbath, but take no account of the Mohammedan's Friday or the Christian's Sunday. And so we find that suddenly, without warning, Jerusalem has become, in fact, again a Jewish city! It is a change which has come like a thief. The busy world has taken little notice of it—but it has come. Does it not look as if that time of the treading down of Jerusalem by the Gentiles—upon which so many of God's purposes respecting the Jews and the whole world are in the Scriptures made to depend—was about fulfilled.

Sincerely yours,
H. G. SPAFFORD."

We have given you these testimonies, and we wish you to bear in mind that they are from perfectly disinterested witnesses, parties who perhaps have never seen the Book of Mormon, and do not know that there is in existence such a prophecy as

mony to the fact that God raised up and empowered men to declare the fulness of his everlasting gospel and warn the nations that they must repent and turn to God if they would escape his judgments.

The angel of death came near them and took first a son and then the father. One daughter had been previously married and another soon followed her, and the youngest son and daughter were all that remained in the home with the lonely, almost heart-broken widow. The married daughters had gone to St. Louis, and in her loneliness the widow resolved to follow them.

Mary Willard was the youngest of the family, and having loved her father dearly she mourned his loss as those mourn who have few friends left. She could see where they had buried him from the window of the little room where she slept, and when the household goods were packed and sent away, she still lingered with her eyes fixed upon his grave and blinding tears falling like rain down her pale cheeks. It had been the earnest desire of her heart to obtain a good education, and her father had entered into this desire with an earnestness almost as great as her own. With him had fled the last hope of its accomplishment, for they had been entirely dependent upon his labors for supplying all their wants, and now she and her brother would have to do all in their power towards making a living for themselves and their aged mother. For herself she would rather have remained near her father's grave, but for her mother's sake she was willing a seek a new home.

Shortly after their arrival in St. Louis her youngest brother died, and now there was no longer any inducement for her mother to live separate from her daughter, who was married; and through the influence of a friend Mary obtained a place in a private school, where for the help which she rendered in teaching some of the smaller scholars, she obtained her own instruction free.

The year 1849 will long be remembered by those living in St. Louis, as a year in which that terrible scourge, the cholera, passed over the land. From morning until night the streets were filled with funeral processions, until it seemed the sole employment of the living consisted in burying the dead. The sister with whom Mary was living, was stricken by the scourge, and died in less than twenty-four hours. Thus were the early days of Mary's life overshadowed with grief until there seemed little left for her to live for, and as she sat by her sister's still form and recalled all the loving care she had shown her in the years she had been living with her, she wished that she could lie down by her side and never wake again—the ties of earth were so few, and the friends who had crossed over the flood so many and so dear.

Mary's sister had been of a gentle, confiding disposition, and before her death had advised her to remain in school as long as possible; and, in order that she might do this, her friend promised she would board her and furnish her with books for the help she would be able to render when out of school. Thankful for the privilege of continuing her studies, and her mother consenting to the arrangement, she went with Mrs. Hovey to her own home; and, being entirely absorbed in her books and work, she gave very little attention to anything outside of them. Her mother, however, became dissatisfied with Mrs. Hovey, and because of certain things which came to her knowledge, she decided to take Mary home with her. The walk to school would be a long one, from where she lived, but she was lonely, and, more than this, she feared Mrs. Hovey was a wicked woman, and could no longer trust Mary under her roof; so she took her home, assigning as a reason, her own loneliness and want of company.

From that hour Mrs. Hovey became her bitter enemy. She did not scruple to try to persuade Mary to stay contrary to her mother's wish; but failing in this, she told her she would cause her to regret what she was doing as long as she lived.

Mrs. Hovey, had a daughter about Mary's age, attending the same school with Mary. Mrs. Arnold, who kept the school, was a lady of refinement, and a great favorite with all who were privileged to know her; and it was esteemed as a favor to be able to gain admittance to her school, for, while her terms were moderate, none but children whose parents had a standing in the community were admitted; but because Mrs Hovey was a widow, she had not been as strict as usual in her case, but had admitted the daughter simply upon the application of her mother, who had worked upon her sympathies; and finding the girl modest and harmless, she had

thus far had no occasion to regret what she had done; and when Mrs. Hovey had spoken to her in regard to Mary, she had the more readily consented to take her on trial, and now she esteemed her as one of her best scholars.

Filled with the desire of avenging herself for the removal of Mary from under her care, Mrs. Hovey determined to strike her where the blow would be felt the most; and to accomplish this she resolved, if possible, to prejudice Mrs. Arnold's mind against Mary to such an extent that she would dismiss her from the school. She was led to this by two motives; the desire to crush the young girl whom she was not permitted to ruin, and to remove from the school the one most likely to be the successful rival of her daughter in the Christmas examination which was near, and which Mrs. Arnold always made the occasion of rewarding her faithful pupils with handsome presents as well as a social reunion, when all the parents were expected to be present and know the standing of their children.

The school-room was Mary's world. It was the horizon in which all her hopes rose and set. In all that great city she had no friend but her widowed mother and one sister who was also a widow, her husband having died the first year they came there. They were both poor, without influence or friends; and who was to guard Mary from the hate of her enemy? Fortunately she did not know the malice which was pursuing her; but, intent upon her books and upon doing all in her power to assist Mrs. Arnold, she gave no thought to Mrs. Hovey or her anger.

It was the day before Christmas, and, in order that the school-room might be decorated, the scholars were given a holiday; and Mary came early, at Mrs. Arnold's request, to assist in the work of decorating. As she came in at the gate she met a boy just turning away from the front door, and recognized him as one she had sometimes seen doing errands for Mrs. Hovey, but she ran lightly up the steps, not giving him a second thought. She found Mrs. Arnold in the parlor reading a letter, and stepping back into the hall, she took of her bonnet and shawl and passed through into the school room. Here she busied herself with making festoons of evergreens, until presently Mrs. Arnold came in with some other of the girls who were to help them; and, chatting merrily, they plied their fingers to such good purpose that by noon the work was completed and the room was ready for the afternoon rehearsal. Mary had been invited to stay to dinner. When the rehearsal was over in the evening, Mrs. Arnold called her into the parlor, and handing her a letter asked her if she knew the hand-writing, or had any idea where it came from? Mary looked at the envelope but answered that she did not know, and was just handing it back when Mrs. Arnold said, Open and read it, Mary, you my perhaps be able to judge from the contents. Mary opened the letter slowly, wondering what there could be in it of interest to her, but as she read it her breath came quickly, her cheeks flushed, and then tears sprang to her eyes, running slowly down her cheeks; and she stood without moving, for some time after she had finished reading, until Mrs. Arnold came to her side, saying gently, "I thought it best to show it to you, Mary, but all I want is just for you to contradict it, for I will never believe it unless you say it is true."

A quick look of gladness overspread Mary's face, but it passed away, leaving her pale and trembling. Mrs. Arnold looked steadily away from the young girl, and Mary, grateful for this, gathered up her courage, determined to tell her the truth, and leave the result with God. He had never forsaken her. Mrs. Arnold had been a true friend to her, and she must tell her all. But how can I? she mentally exclaimed. How can I resign the hope of winning the first prize to-morrow? If she knows that this letter is true, even in part, she will dismiss me from school, and how can I bear to tell her, and then go home without any hope in my heart? In all the wide world I have no other friend able to help me; how then can I say that it is true?"

"You can not afford to tell a lie, even if the friendship of the whole world depend upon it," was the voice which sounded in her ears; and drying her eyes she turned resolutely towards Mrs. Arnold, and, while her lips trembled, she said slowly and distinctly: "Part of what the letter contains is true and part is not true."

"Which part is the truth, Mary?"

"It is true that my mother and I were

Mormons, but, dear Mrs. Arnold, you could not believe the other?

No, Mary, I never could have believed either, if you had not confirmed it; for no honorable person would ever condescend to try to injure another by means of an anonymous letter, and for this reason, even if I had not known you, I could not believe what this letter contains. I had two reasons for showing it to you; I wanted you to know that in some one you have a most bitter enemy, and I thought that perhaps by reading the letter you might gain some clue to the writer."

"I do not recognize the hand-writing. When did you receive this?"

"Just this morning."

"Did it come by mail?"

"No; a little boy brought it just before you came."

"Was it the little boy I met going out as I came in?"

"Yes; do you know him?"

"No, but I think I have seen him at Mrs. Hovey's."

"Is Mrs. Hovey your friend?"

"She was not pleased when mother took me home; but she could not be so cruel as to have written that letter, and yet she is the only one in the city except our own family who have any knowledge of our ever belonging to the Mormons."

"I am fully persuaded then that we are not far wrong in thinking she is the one; and now, Mary, cheer up and do not let this disturb you, for you will live to see this evil come upon the one who has intended to wrong you. To-morrow is Christmas day, and I hope to see you bright and cheerful, that Mrs. Hovey may never suspect your knowledge of this."

"But, Mrs. Arnold, how can I come to-morrow? Don't you see she says if you keep me in your school it will be broken up, for she will let people know who I am, and they will not want their children to associate with me."

"Pay not the least attention to that, Mary, and when our exercises are over to-morrow I will return this letter to Mrs. Hovey, and tell her she is at liberty to withdraw her daughter."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Arnold, don't do that, I beg of you, for I know she will be a bitter enemy to you, and will do you harm if she can. Why did she wish to do this wrong to me? I have always tried to repay her kindness with love and gratitude. I am sure I do not fully understand it."

"I fear, Mary, that we have all been deceived in her, and that she is a bad woman, and intended no good in her seeming friendship for you. I am thankful your mother took you home when she did. Say nothing of this letter to any one, and do not fail to be here early in the morning, prepared to carry home more than one prize;" and Mrs. Arnold gave her hand to Mary, who did not dare trust herself to utter a word, but taking it in both hers for a moment, turned and left the room.

Hurrying on her wraps and drawing down her veil to hide her tear-stained face, she passed down the yard and through the little gate into the street. Many and sad were the thoughts crowding one after another through her troubled mind. She thought of her lonely, unprotected condition, of the father she had loved so dearly, of her brothers who had followed him so quickly to the grave, and last of all, the sister who had been taken but a few months before. With memories of her came recollections of this latest trouble, and she thought how great would be her pain could she know how unfaithful her supposed friend had been to the trust reposed in her; then bitterest thought of all, came the conviction that if she would spare Mrs. Arnold trouble, she must leave her school just as soon as examinations were over; for she knew that Mrs. Hovey would do all in her power to work harm to the school, but if she left the storm would be turned aside; and she resolved that it must be done.

What this resolution cost her, it will be necessary for you to bear in mind how many hopes clustered about the privileges she was now enjoying, before you can understand. She had expected to remain with Mrs. Arnold until she was qualified to take an assistant's place, and thus be able to support her mother and herself. She could not now think beyond the morrow. She would go then and strive to acquit herself to the very best of her ability, not only for her own sake, but for the sake of her teacher; and as for the rest, she would then look it in the face.

The sun shone clear and bright as Mary started the next morning. Everywhere the crisp air seemed full of great throbs of Christmas joy. Sleighs filled with merry parties glided along, the music of their

bells mingling with peals of laughter, and the call of little children's "Merry Christmas" as they passed each other on the street. She would have been glad to have had her mother gone with her, but the walk was too long, and they could not afford to pay for a ride. When she reached the school-room she found quite a number already there, and her mind soon became absorbed in the studies upon which she was to be examined.

School had just been called to order when Mrs. Hovey and her daughter came in, the former taking her seat with the visitors. Mary found it difficult for some time to steady her nerves, but presently her class being called on, she bent all her thoughts upon her books, and during the entire morning acquitted herself with credit to her own industry, and the careful instruction of Mrs. Arnold. Once or twice she saw the dark eyes of her enemy bent upon her, but she caught also the look of encouragement in Mrs. Arnold's face, and rose equal to the occasion. But when the exercises drew to a close, and the committee awarded the first prize to Mary, and she also received five others from her teacher, the cloud of baffled hate which settled upon the face of Mrs. Hovey was no longer to be hid; and as soon as the school was dismissed she hurried her daughter out, without waiting to speak to any one; and before Mrs. Arnold could return her letter she was gone.

The parents who had been there and seen the justice of what had been done, now crowded around and congratulated Mary upon her success; while among her schoolmates not one but seemed to be glad with her, for she was a favorite with the whole school.

Before leaving, Mary promised Mrs. Arnold that she would return after the holidays, and take entire charge of the primary department; and thus the clouds which had hung so heavily about her were suddenly lifted, and, instead of being crushed and forsaken, through the wicked treachery of this bad woman, she found in Mrs. Arnold a friend, firmer and warmer than she had been before; and in a conversation which they afterwards had, she told Mary that she herself had once belonged to the Latter Day Saints, and had never enjoyed so much of the Spirit of God as when in that church; but she had seen how iniquity was creeping in, and had quietly left them and gone back to her old place in the Methodist church.

We have another Christmas story connected with Mary Willard, to tell you, but not at this time. Perhaps in the Christmas number for next year, should we live so long; but we want you to remember the words of the Wise Man, and bear in mind that it was the wisdom of God which enabled him to say so many true and precious things:

"Though hand join hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished, but the seed of the righteous shall be delivered."

Mary's father had been a righteous man, and when dying he had commended his wife and children to a covenant keeping God, and that God had preserved her from the snares and malice of her enemy.

"AUTUMN LEAVES."

The year is swiftly waning,
  The summer days are past;
And life, brief life is speeding,
  The end is nearing fast.

The ever changing seasons
  In silence come and go;
But thou, Eternal Father,
  No time or change canst know.

Oh, pour thy grace upon us,
  That we may worthier be;
Each year that passes o'er us,
  To dwell in heaven with thee.

Our barren hearts make fruitful
  With ev'ry goodly grace,
That we thy name may hallow;
  And see at last thy face.

Selected by Bro. Wm Street.

FAITHFUL HOUSEWIVES.

BY D. F. LAMBERT IN "LAMONI GAZETTE."

LANGUAGE affords no sweeter, nobler words than woman, wife, mother, daughter and sister. Beware of the villainy of him who is unwilling to fervently confess this nobility and sweetness.

But where is the grandeur of woman's work best seen? The tendency of the age is to superficial and glittering structures, whose deceptive proportions and misleading glare blind the observers, and lead them to worship at the shrine of appearances, rather than in the synagogue of stern reality. However much it is to be deplored, the major part of humanity is wedded to the habit of rendering superficial judgment upon nearly all matters which they are called upon to consider; and thus the foundation is laid for continually increasing deceptiveness. In woman's domain this fatally defective practice bears abundant evil fruit. The public judgment is rendered in behalf of those who, by engaging in occupations which bring them into prominence, succeed in making an impression that they are doing some great work; while their less noticed, but often times almost infinitely more worthy, sisters of the household, pass through life, bearing its burdens as only true women can, and receive from humanity no encouragement, no praise.

The *Gazette* enters a specific plea in favor of housewives, who, as such, devote their labor and study, to beautify, bless and make homes indeed, the places where they dwell. Others may devote their tongues and pens to the praises of the more masculine part of womankind, who, leaving, not with reluctance but by inclination, the, to them, humbler walks of life, choose to devote their energies and talents to work more likely to make them prominent, and win for them the favorable and pronounced judgment of the race;—but we choose to defend what we regard as a more worthy cause—that of the faithful housewives. It is not our design to unkindly criticise the labor of women in other vocations than that of housewife, but only to speak the praises of those whose life's labor is to make home sweet.

It is clear that if each wife could make one home happy, there would be few unhappy homes; hence, if each wife and mother devoted her special attention to brightening, beautifying and making happy her own home, the nation would be composed of happy families, the land favored with virtue and peace, and, in this regard, the hopes of the good and the true realized. This result is attainable by the simple efforts of those peculiarly fitted for the work, the housewives; it can not be attained by the labor of woman in any other capacity. Why then the anxiety manifested by many, to assume a higher (?) position in life than that of housewife? Its labors properly understood comprehend opportunities for the development of every noble quality of the mind, and better opportunities than can be found elsewhere. Woman can occupy no position in life so noble, so angelic, as that of wife and mother. Those who manifest a desire to tear themselves loose from home and home's responsibilities and cares, in order that they may get fame by laboring in other capacities than that of true woman, have not learned the first lesson in true greatness. That person who can rise to the sublime height of self-magnanimity, unmoved by the flattery of friends or the criticism of foes, satisfied with the meed of praise his consciousness of right doing will ever bring, occupies the only position worthy of unqualified approbation and honor. That many wives and mothers have risen to this exalted plane, cannot be denied; and the glory that has decked their brows, while enduring life's burdens, unnoticed and unappreciated by but few, has shone with more than earthly brightness, and lighted, not only their paths, but those of husband and children, while altogether as one grand family, a type of a heavenly home, they have passed to deeds of love as well as deeds of glory. Others may desire what they choose, but as for us, we long to see nothing higher, we expect to see nothing better, developed by woman, than that she may attain right at home. Heaven bless the faithful housewives; let their

work in its broadest and best acceptation be loved and revered. Let it be placed where it richly deserves to be, as the very foremost of honorable occupations; and let the brows of those who are faithful to home and its inmates, and devote their strength and life to their good, be adorned with the brightest gems of honor which earthly beings can give or receive.

Let not these self-sacrificing, toiling ones be discouraged with the thought that they are unnoticed and unpraised. That honor which comes after Time has rendered its unerring decision, is the only honor worth possessing; and this has come and will continue to come to faithful housewives.

Housewifery, in its proper acceptation, includes the development and conservation of everything which tends to beautify home, or make noble and happy its inmates. Do any desire a broader, better, higher field of labor? Here there is ample room for the display of ornamental and literary tastes, each of which is enriched by giving to others; and in proportion as it adorns home and develops in proper direction its inmates, it blesses and makes grand and beautiful its possessors. The just praise of true housewives, will enhance the happiness and prosperity of the land more than any other praise. Let it be freely awarded.

PRES. JOSEPH SMITH.

(See Frontispiece.)

ON the 6th of November, 1832, in the quiet village of Kirtland, not far from the shores of Lake Erie, a young mother pressed to her wildly throbbing heart the tender form of her new born babe. Even in this hour of her maternal joy, she was denied the presence of her husband, whom pressing business connected with the church had compelled to undertake a hasty journey to the East; but if denied this, over which she could but sorrow, she was also denied a knowledge of the many scenes of trouble and affliction in the near future, through which she and her child must pass, when friends of to-day would become her bitter foes, and none but God would be her friend, her refuge in the dark hour of her greatest need.

"I will call him Joseph, for it is his father's name," was the unspoken thought of her heart as there rose before her the manly form of her lover husband, and closing her weary eyes she drifted away in thought through the brief years of her married life, remembering how she had deemed that nothing upon earth could make her cup of earthly happiness more complete. But now, oh, how every pulse of her being was thrilled through and through by the touch of those baby fingers, so soft and helpless against her bosom. How sacred, God-given and holy the trust of motherhood!

Emma Smith could not see then that with this babe—this helpless infant son entrusted to her care, was also entrusted the earthly hope of a sorely grieved, betrayed, scattered, and almost broken-hearted people. She possessed no power enabling her to draw aside the veil of the future and look face to face upon its events; she was only a loving, tender-hearted woman, and holding in her arms for the first time her new-born babe, the son of her bosom and pledge of her husband's love. Neither was she in a palace or surrounded by luxuries; but in a common frame house, every available space of which was filled, even the floors being occupied by beds spread down for the accommodation of those who had come long distances, for the purpose of hearing the glad tidings of the gospel restored in its purity. But, thank God! heart-throbs and joy are not to be monopolized. They can not be bought with money, neither can poverty rob us of them. Let it comfort the poor of this earth to know, that the best gifts of God are free as the pure winds of heaven, and they need only a conscience void of offense to enable them to enjoy everything this world contains,

though they should not in this life possess a title-deed to a single acre of their final Home.

Checkered and troubled were the years which intervened between this period and the tragedy in Carthage jail. In all of these Emma Smith bore her part nobly and well. In some of these young Joseph had a share, and he was early acquainted by actual contact with many of the ills incident to humanity; but though often in trouble and distress, the hour of their sorest need had not yet encompassed them, for in every time of perplexity and sorrow, no matter how hardly they were pressed, the husband and father was left to comfort and sustain them, and his counsel was like a bulwark of defense against every adverse storm. It was left for the swift-footed messenger of evil tidings, bearing from Carthage the news of that terrible tragedy of blood and death to add the last drop to the cup of bitterness, and leave her like the trailing vine whose support and shelter has been smitten by the fierce storm of heaven.

Gather up now thy strength, thou lonely and sorely bereft; for never more shall return to you the husband of your youth, the father of your children! He will come; but they shall bear him with solemn tread and amid the wail of a sorely smitten people! He shall come; but not as he went forth, for the rich hue faded from his cheeks when his life blood ebbed away, and the angel of death has left his impress forever upon his marble brow. The eyes which never gazed upon yours but in love, and from whose light the inspiration of your own life-lamp was often drawn, will never unclose on earth to meet your longing gaze.

Cover from her streaming eyes those gaping wounds, and draw his mantle over his blood-stained raiment. Let her not see the bosom rent and torn, upon which her head has so oft been pillowed, but place his form gently in the dim light where the shadows fall and leave her alone with her dead!

There is a luxury even in grief! While we may sit by the still form and our tears fall unchecked, life with its trials and cares may stand just at the threshold, but it will not knock to-day, for even its iron hand is staid in the presence of death. It bides its time, knowing full well that its hour will come and there will be no hand to bolt the entrance.

We come now to ask the Saints of to-day, (especially the young,) to step back with us and strive to enter into the feelings of this bereaved woman when turning from her husband's still, cold form, she gathers her children about her and strives to realize her condition. She is not long in discovering that she is not in favor with those wicked men who are striving to grasp the reins of power, that they may lead the church blindly to ruin. She with the God-given instincts of a pure-minded woman had often warned her husband against evil designing men by whom she saw he was being surrounded; and now, when his strong arm no longer stood between her and their hatred, they were not long in making it manifest, and subjecting her to various indignities and wrongs. Those who professed to love the work of God should have been the last ones to have done this, for they well knew how much she had endured in behalf of the work and how faithfully she had labored to help establish it. But what was this to men whose lust of power was so great that they scrupled not to put out of their way, either by fair means or foul, whoever or whatever stood therein?

But if we will stop for a few moments and look calmly back upon the past, in this very injustice we will recognize the providence of God and the way in which God makes the wrath of man to praise him. Emma Smith was a true woman, and one whose nature was susceptible to kindness. When the tendrils of her affection were torn from their natural support, had kindness and Christian love been shown her, her heart would have opened to their influence as flowers to the sunshine, and she might have been blinded by her gratitude and love to such an extent that she would have cast her lot with theirs. God never intended this should be, for her son was yet to take his father's place and deliver from the Egyptian bondage of sin and Satan the people who were being led away, by false shepherds, from the pure and holy principles of the gospel of the Son of God. There was metal in this woman which no threats of theirs had power to intimidate, and when they warned her to leave the place under penalty of having her house burned over her head,

she gathered her children around her, instructed them what to do in case this threat was executed, and then commending herself and little ones to the care of her God, she went peacefully to her nightly rest.

Can you bring from the annals of history a purer example of heroism than this? If so we would like to have it produced; but we forbear to speak further upon this point here, for our intention is to consider the work she was then doing, with reference to the results which have followed. She stood aloof from an unfriendly world and from an apostate church, and pursuing the even tenor of her way she raised her family in the practice and love of honor and virtue, and thus did for the work of God a service as great as any ever rendered to the cause of truth and Christianity by woman.

Years pass rapidly in their flight, and while in the vallies of the mountains are being cemented the chains of sin and misery, binding a once free and happy people to a system of vice and degradation, all the more horrible because done in the name of the Lord, upon the free prairies of the west God is moving upon the hearts of a band of his scattered ones, and by the voice of his Spirit proclaims to them that he calls upon them to lift up a standard against polygamy, and also declares that Joseph Smith, the son of the Martyr, should shortly take his father's place.

All unconscious of this, Joseph is mapping out his life in directions widely divergent, not seeming to feel that he, more than any other man, is called to a peculiar work in the latter day. The first serious impressions which came to him in regard to his having any responsibility in carrying on the work God had called his father to begin, was in the year 1853. In this year a severe spell of sickness brought him near to death, and during his recovery he had the following experience:

"One day, after my return to health was assured, I had lain down to rest in my room; the window was open to the south and the fresh breeze swept in through the trees and half closed blinds. I had slept and woke refreshed; my mind recurred to the question of my future life and what its work should be. I had been and was still reading law under the care of a lawyer named William McLennan, and it was partially decided that I should continue that study. While weighing my desires and capabilities for this work, the question came up, Will I ever have anything to do with Mormonism? If so, how and what will it be? I was impressed that there was truth in the work my father had done. I believed the gospel so far as I comprehended it. Was I to have no part in that work as left by him? While engaged in this contemplation and perplexed by these recurring questions, the room suddenly expanded and passed away. I saw stretched out before me towns, cities, busy marts, court-houses, courts and assemblies of men, all busy and all marked by those characteristics that are found in the world, where men win place and renown. This stayed before my vision till I had noted clearly that choice of preferment here was offered to him who would enter in, but who did so must go into the busy whirl and be submerged by its din, bustle and confusion. In the subtle transition of a dream I was gazing over a wide expanse of country in a prairie land; no mountains were to be seen, but as far as the eye could reach, hill and dale, hamlet and village, farm and farm-house, pleasant cot and home-like place, everywhere betokening thrift, industry and the pursuits of a happy peace were open to the view. I remarked to him standing by me, but whose presence I had not before noticed, 'This must be the country of a happy people.' To this he replied, 'Which would you prefer, life, success and renown among the busy scenes that you first saw; or a place among these people, without honors or renown? Think of it well, for the choice will be offered to you sooner or later, and you must be prepared to decide. Your decision once made you can not recall it, and must abide the result.'

No time was given me for a reply, for as suddenly as it had come, so suddenly was it gone, and I found myself sitting upright on the side of the bed where I had been lying, the rays of the declining sun shining athwart the western hills and over the shimmering river, making the afternoon all glorious with their splendor, shone into my room instinct with life and motion, filling me with gladness that I should live. From that hour, at leisure, at work or play, I kept before me what had been presented, and was at length prepared to answer when the opportunity for the choice should be given."

To be continued.

THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY H. A. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER I.

The Tower of Babel.—The Jaredites' Origin.—They Start for the Promised Land.—Their Journey to the Sea-shore.—The Lord Instructs the Brother of Jared.—The Voyage Across the Indian and Pacific Oceans to the Coast of Mexico.—Their Subsequent History.

THE great flood in the days of Noah took place twenty-three hundred and forty-eight years before the birth of Christ, or thus the time has been counted. After Noah and his sons with their wives came out of the ark, and after sons and daughters were born unto them, the next account we have of any wonderful event is that of the building of the Tower of Babel. Just how long after the deluge this work was performed we do not know, but God was not pleased with the purpose of the people and he confounded their speech; that is, he made them to speak in various languages instead of the one tongue in which they had all spoken before that time. Thus they could not understand each other; and the confusion resulting, when they tried to talk together, caused them to separate and, as the Bible says, to scatter "abroad upon all the face of the earth," only those who understood the same language going together to the different parts of the world, Asia, Africa, Europe, America and the islands of the sea. The saying of the Scriptures elsewhere agrees with this idea that the people from Babel were "scattered abroad" upon every part of the earth, and that, too, by divine appointment and leading. In the seventeenth chapter of the Acts the statement is made by Paul that God made of one blood the nations of men to dwell on "all the face of the earth," and that he had "determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." (*a*)

At this time, something over two thousand years before Christ was born into the world, the earliest story of the Book of Mormon begins, as we find from the Book of Ether.

When the great confusion took place at Babel (which means confusion), there lived a man named Jared, who had great faith in God. He had a brother, a large and mighty man, who was also a man of great faith, and one highly favored of the Lord. His name is not given: he is mentioned only as the brother of Jared. Jared asked his brother to beseech the Lord that their language and that of their families, their kindred and their friends, might not be confounded that they could not understand each other. He did so, and because of their faith and their righteous desires and purposes, the Lord permitted them to retain the use of the original language. Then Jared advised his brother to call upon the Lord to know if he would tell them where they should go, thinking that perhaps he might favor them by showing them a choice land to dwell in; and saying: "If he shall do so, let us be faithful unto the Lord, that we may receive the land for an inheritance;" that is, they desired that it might be given them to remain a possession unto them and unto their descendants.

The Lord heard the prayer of the brother of Jared, and told him to gather together their families, the families of Jared and his brother, and the families of their kindred and their friends, and also to take their flocks and herds, and to carry of every kind of the seeds of the earth, and that they should all go into the valley that led northward from where they had dwelt. There he would meet them, and would go before them in their journey, and would lead them into a land which was choice above all the rest of the earth. And God said he would bless them so that they should become a great nation in the land of promise. Therefore they did as the Lord commanded them; and having made all things ready, they went northward into the valley of Nimrod. There the Lord came down in a cloud and talked with the brother of Jared, instructing him and all those who were with him as to the way they should go through the wilderness.

And when they started he did go before them, and he talked with them as he stood in the cloud, so that no man saw him. And thus they traveled through a strange land. When they came to rivers, or other water, they built boats in which

to cross them, being continually directed of the Lord as to their journey and its course. We are not told how long they were in making their journey; but they finally came to the seashore and camped there for four years, dwelling in tents. While they were there they became careless and neglectful of serving God, so much so that they no longer called upon him in prayer.

But the Lord was merciful to them, and at the end of the four years he came again to the brother of Jared and talked with him from the cloud, rebuking him because he no longer remembered to call upon him. Then the brother of Jared repented and prayed to the Lord in behalf of himself and his brethren. And the Lord forgave them; but he told them that they should in the future be more careful to keep his commandments; because the land to which he would lead them was choice above all other lands; that it had been preserved for a righteous people; and that whosoever should dwell upon it must serve him, the only true God, or, when they should become ripe in iniquity, they should be swept off. For the anger of the Lord should be against them, because he would not permit a wicked people to inhabit that land of promise; and it was his will that no one should be in bondage upon that land, but that all should be free.

Then the Lord told the brother of Jared to build vessels in which to cross the great water to the land of promise; also he gave him instructions how to build them So Jared and his brother and companions did as the Lord had commanded. And when the boats were finished they were tight, so that no water could enter; also when the door was closed there was no light within them. Then the brother of Jared besought the Lord for something that would give them light, that they might not be in darkness during their long voyage. The Lord spoke to him and asked him, saying: "What will ye that I should do that ye may have light?" Then Jared's brother went to a mountain and there fashioned out of the rock sixteen small, clear stones, two for each of the eight vessels, and going up into the mountain he cried again unto the Lord, asking him to make them to shine, so that they would give them light in the darkness. The Lord put forth his finger before the brother of Jared and touched the stones, and immediately they became bright and shining. And the eyes of Jared's brother were opened so that he saw the finger of the Lord; and after that, because of his exceeding great faith in the word of the Lord, he saw his whole person, and talked with him face to face.

When all things were ready, the people of Jared went on board their boats, taking with them a variety of beasts and birds, also sufficient provisions to last them on their journey across the deep, over those great bodies of water now known to us as the Indian and Pacific Oceans. The Lord caused the wind to blow upon them to waft them across the sea. He also preserved them in safety that none of them were lost; and they thanked and praised him for his care. After three hundred and forty-four days upon the water they arrived at their destination, landing, as we understand from the narrative, upon the western coast of what is now called Mexico.

After they came upon the shore they bowed themselves before the Lord and gave thanks to him; and they sang praises and wept for joy because of God's great mercies unto them during all the journey from Babel and upon the sea. They settled there and began to cultivate the ground, and to spread abroad in the land. Jared had four sons and eight daughters. His brother had twenty-two sons and daughters, and those who came with them had also many sons and daughters. And all were taught to serve God, to walk humbly before him, and to live in peace and righteousness.

When Jared and his brother were growing old the people desired that a king should be appointed over them. This was displeasing to the brother of Jared, for he saw and foretold to them that it would bring evil upon them; but Jared was willing that they should have a king. None of the sons of Jared's brother would permit themselves to be chosen king, neither would any of the four sons of Jared, except the youngest, named Orihah. So they anointed him king. Soon after this both Jared and his brother died. Under Orihah's reign the people prospered; for he did righteously unto them, executing justice and teaching them the commandments of the Lord and how great things God had done for their fathers. Orihah

lived to a great age, and he had twenty-three sons and eight daughters.

After he died his son Kib became king. But Corihor, the son of Kib, was a wicked man, and, rebelling against his father, he went away into another part of the country where he was joined by many of the people. And when he had gathered together any army he came back into his father's land and took him captive. But, by and by, another of Kib's sons, who was named Shule, grew to manhood. Then he arose against his brother Corihor, and, being a man of strength and skill, he was able to lead his followers successfully. He prepared weapons for them, and they overcame Corihor and his forces and obtained the kingdom.

Then Kib, being very old, bestowed the crown upon Shule, and Shule executed justice as Orihah had done, and was a righteous king. He spread the bounds of his kingdom, and his people became very numerous, and great in wealth and power. Corihor repented of his evil doings, and Shule gave him authority in his kingdom. After a time Corihor's son Noah rebelled against his uncle Shule, even raising an army and fighting against him. And he made Shule captive and took a part of the kingdom, namely, that portion in which the people had originally settled. But the sons of Shule came by night, slew Noah and took their father and set him upon his throne again. Cohor, the son of Noah, held part of the kingdom, so the country was divided, Shule being king over one part and Cohor over the other. Cohor was succeeded by his son Nimrod, who gave up his portion to Shule, so that it became one kingdom again. By this time many of the people had become wicked and the Lord sent prophets to warn them that, unless they repented, their evil ways would bring a curse upon them, and calamities would befall them. But the wicked ones reviled the prophets, and rejected their teachings and their warnings. However, Shule judged these evil-doers by the law and caused them to be punished, whereupon the people repented of their sins and they began again to prosper.

Shule executed righteousness all the days of his life, and died at a very great age. Then his son Omer became king. Omer's son Jared was a bad man, so much so that he rebelled against his father. He raised an army, took his father prisoner, and held him in captivity for many years. But, during Omer's captivity, sons were born to him, who, when they grew to manhood, opposed their brother Jared. Many people joined with them and fought against Jared and his army and defeated them. They slew his men and were about to kill Jared also, but he pleaded to be spared, and they had compassion and let him live. However, he still so much desired to possess the kingdom that he made a covenant with a man named Akish, that he would give him his daughter to be his wife, if Akish would bring him the head of his father Omer. So Akish caused his kinsmen to take an oath that they would do whatever he should require of them; and it was the oath of a secret covenant to murder and do any manner of evil that they might desire. And whoever should make known the secrets were to lose their lives, for so they who thus combined together made oath it should be. But it was a great abomination in the sight of God for them to make a combination with secret covenants. These covenants of crime, involving their own lives and those of others, came down to them from Cain, who was a murderer from the beginning. (*b*)

But the Lord warned Omer in a dream and told him to go eastward to another part of the land. So he and his friends and their families traveled across the continent until they came to the eastern seashore, to what is now known as the Atlantic Ocean.

Jared was made king, but was soon after murdered by Akish, his son-in-law, who had control over the secret combination, and Akish made himself king. But Akish imprisoned and starved to death one of his own sons, because of jealousy. Another of his sons named Nimrah, being angry with his father for this, gathered a small number of people and they went over and joined Omer. Other sons of Akish made war against their father, the most of the people joining them against the king, so that for many years there was war between Akish and his sons till but few were left in the land besides Omer and his people. Then they all united again, and Omer returned and became king once more. He lived to be very old, and before he died he anointed his son Emer to be king in his place.

Emer was a good man and a righteous king, so his people once more began to prosper greatly. And the Lord blessed them and taught them from on high. He told them that they must live in righteousness or they would be destroyed when they became ripe in iniquity; and so it should be with all who at any time should dwell upon this land.

After Emer's righteous reign his son Coriantum succeeded him, being anointed by his father four years before his death. Coriantum was also a good man, and as a king he executed justice to all the people so that they were happy and prosperous for very many years. The king caused many great cities to be built, and he established his people in great power, because of his great wisdom and excellent judgment. He lived to be one hundred and forty-two years old. Then his son Com reigned forty-nine years.

But again the people began to be wicked and to enter into secret combinations to do evil. And Heth, the son of the king, joined with them, and, desiring to have the throne, he killed his own father with a sword, and made himself king. Then came prophets, sent of God to cry repentance unto the people, warning them that a famine would come upon them if they did not repent. But the people did not believe the prophets and they destroyed many of them, as Heth commanded them to do. Therefore the famine came upon all the land by reason of the rain being withheld by the Lord. And serpents increased throughout the land so that many people were destroyed by them, and many perished by starvation and disease. Numbers of the people fled into the "land eastward," but some remained in the north. In time they began to see their follies and their iniquities, and that the judgments were sent upon them because of their sins, and once more they repented and turned to the Lord. And they humbled themselves so much that the Lord sent rain, which caused the grain and fruit again to grow throughout the land. But King Heth and many of his people had perished long before this.

Then a descendant of Heth named Shez began to gather the people back to the ways of righteousness and of obedience to God's commandments; therefore they began to prosper again, and to spread over the land in towns and cities. Shez lived to a great age, and when he died his son Riplakish became king. Riplakish did not do that which was right; for he taxed the people heavily and put other heavy burdens upon them, erecting, just to please himself, great buildings and a beautiful throne. He also built large prisons, where he placed those who were not willing or not able to pay the heavy taxes imposed upon them. Then he caused those who were imprisoned to labor for him in making all kinds of fine articles of gold and silver, for his use and for the use of the many wives whom he took to himself. In these ways he distressed the people during a reign of forty-two years; then the people arose in rebellion and killed him, and drove his descendants out of the kingdom.

After many years there arose one of the descendants of Riplakish, whose name was Morianton, who sought to make himself king over the people. He put himself at the head of those whom he could gather into an army, and thus took possession as ruler over the land. Although he assumed authority, yet he lightened the burdens that had been placed upon the people, and he did justice to them during a long reign. But he himself sinned very greatly before the Lord, and was cut off for the evil, for the sin which was against himself. But he built many cities, and the people prospered to a great degree, so that they increased in riches, in gold and silver, in abundance of grain and in flocks and herds.

(a) The journey of the people of Jared, and their settlement in America, is fully in harmony with the grand idea expressed by Paul concerning the purposes and work of the Almighty in causing the whole earth to be dwelt in. The divine providence overruled that the confusion of tongues at Babel should result in this very exploration and in the settlement of every habitable part and parcel of the earth, both of the continents and of the islands of the sea. As we proceed with this history we will see conclusive evidence that America was not left out of the grand designs of the Lord, but that it is, and ever has been in his sight, a precious land.

(b) The prophet Moroni, in copying the history of the Jaredites from the twenty-four gold plates discovered by the Nephites, says of the secret covenants and of the oaths by which the partakers were bound together, that "the Lord worketh not in secret combinations; neither doth he will that man should shed blood, but in all things has forbidden it." He further writes: "It has been made known unto me that they (the secret oaths and covenants) are had

among all people. . . . And whatsoever nation shall uphold such secret combinations, to get power or gain, until they shall spread over the nation, behold it shall be destroyed. . . . Therefore, O ye Gentiles, it is wisdom in God that these things should be shown unto you, that thereby ye may repent of your sins and suffer not that these murderous combinations should get above you. . . . Wherefore the Lord commandeth you that, when ye shall see these things come among you, ye shall awake to a sense of your awful situation, because of this secret combination which shall be among you, or woe be unto it because of the blood of those who have been slain; for they cry from the dust for vengeance upon it, and also upon those who build it up. For it cometh to pass that whoso buildeth it up seeketh to overthrow the freedom of all lands and nations; and it bringeth to pass the destruction of all people, for it is built up by the devil, who is the father of all lies; . . . even that same liar who hath caused men to commit murder from the beginning. Wherefore I, Moroni, am commanded to write these things, that evil may be done away."

In connection with this prophecy of Moroni of what "shall be" among the nations in the day of the coming forth of his words, we mention the condition of fear, the state of uncertainty and perplexity, in which the chief nations of the world are to-day placed, because of the evils within their borders which threaten their very existence. Kingdoms tremble and thrones rock by reason of the secret and powerful organizations beneath them and of them. Czars and emperors, kings and queens, do, in their alarm, guard themselves with armies, not from assassins sent by other nations, but from fear of their own subjects who are known to be banded for their overthrow and destruction. The Nihilists of Russia, the Socialists of Germany, the Anarchists of America, and the secret revolutionary bodies of other countries, all seek through organization to get power to overthrow power and to gain advantage for themselves, let their cause be just or unjust, as the case may be.

And not only are the rulers, the great ones and the rich of the earth in danger through these things, but everywhere and among all classes it comes to light that train-robbery, train-wrecking, and many deeds of murder, of pillage and of burning, in town and country, in cities and upon the borders, are brought about through secret leagues of few or many, those bent upon wickedness, no matter who suffers pain and loss, woe and death. The shedding of blood has become to all these as a pastime, a means to get power and gain. Moroni saw our day, and in the Spirit foretold it.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY W. R. ARMSTRONG.

DURING the month of August we set out from Birmingham, the capital of the Midland shires, to visit the small rural town of Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare, one of England's greatest poets. Our train being an excursion one, took on board some hundreds of passengers who were bent on spending the afternoon in the country; some to ramble along the green, shady lanes, some with line and basket to fish in the numerous streams along the route, whilst others, like ourselves, were going to Stratford. The afternoon was a glorious one, with bright, warm sunshine overhead and a beautiful landscape around. As far as the eye could reach we could see fields of rye, barley, oats, potatoes, and golden-headed wheat waving in the breeze, all showing the bounteous hand of God, and that the time of harvest was near at hand:—

"In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyound thought, and power divine."

Here and there were villages with their church spires; snug farms nestling among the trees; woods of oak, beech, chestnut and elm, and streams meandering among the meadows. The landscape was indeed a lovely one. It is the memory of such fair scenes that makes the wanderer in foreign lands think of his boyhood days in "Old England," and wish to visit home once again. Oriental splendor, classic Italy, the sunny south, tropical verdure; these are nothing to him:—

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Dear youths, the train is stopping and the guard is shouting Stratford; so we must get out here. Stratford, written originally Stradforde, appears to be to the literary man what Mecca and Medina

are to the Mohammedan. It is a market town in the south-west of Warwickshire, situated twenty-six miles from Birmingham, near to Gloucestershire. It was mentioned by the Royal Commission in William the Norman's "Domesday Book," over eight hundred years ago, and was granted a charter for holding a market during the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion. The town is pleasantly situated in the midst of a rich farming district, with woodland and orchard, meadow and cornfield on either hand. Its climate is healthy and its soil good. It stands on the gentle slope of the sleepy Avon, which stream is spanned by several bridges, and affords diversion both for boating and fishing.

It contains about nine thousand inhabitants; has several wide streets; is well lighted and drained, and the houses, which are generally of brick, present quite a smart appearance. We made our way

ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

through several streets, some of which bear primitive names from the poet's writings, toward the house where he is said to have been born. It is situated in Henley street, and, as we approached it, we were filled with expectation, thinking of the mighty genius who there first saw the light of day. Though when we stood before the house and noticed its modern surroundings, we began to think our imaginations had been imposed upon. But, no; others are coming this way, and the wooden sign above tells us: "This is the house where Shakespeare was born."

It is a picturesque, two-storied building, of thick oak beams filled in with plaster, and has been much altered in size and appearance since the poet's time. It is divided into three tenements, the middle one only being open to visitors. The first room we entered from the street was that used as a butcher's shop after the Shakespeare family departed, the window being still as the butcher altered it and left it. The ceiling is an open, oak-timbered one. The supports at the sides of the room are oak also, and the interspace is filled in with plaster. To the left of the entrance is an open fire-place with painted oak mantlepiece, having a seat at either side which our Lancashire friends will remember as the "Ingle neuk;" and to these we were invited. The shop floor, which is of flagstones, has been broken into many fragments of various shapes and sizes. To the left of the door is the bacon cupboard, which opens into the chimney of the next room.

We next passed into the kitchen, which is raised a step above the shop, and like it has a flagged floor. The fireplace is also an open one with oaken beam

for mantlepiece, and in it stands an oaken chair; and although it was not the real one, yet there was a faint possibility that we might partake of the "Bard of Avon's" muse, and feel more keenly the inspiration of his genius. In this room the visitors' book is kept, which in itself must be quite a study considering the many nationalities that are represented on its pages. The fireplace faces a window which looks into the garden. To the left of the window is a door leading to the caretaker's room, and to the right is an old wooden staircase leading up to the one in which tradition says the poet was born. This room, like the rest, has plastered walls and oak beams. It is lighted by one window, which looks into Henley street. The fireplace has the usual oak beam at the top, from the side of which a piece has been cut. Our guide told us that it was done by a young lady visitor whilst she was otherwise engaged. The room contains but little furniture, and the only relic of the poet is a writing desk. The walls are covered with an innumerable number of names in many different languages, which look like a huge spider's web spread over the surface. Names have even been scratched on the window panes, among which we could discern Washington Irving, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron. We next pass into a back room where the flooring is not very safe. Here we saw the old sign used by the butcher tenant, and a valuable oil-painting of the poet. The peculiar structure of the upper part of the old house was very noticeable. We returned by the same stairway to the kitchen; wrote our names in the visitors' book, and, passing out through the shop, resumed our walk through the town towards Avon, which we crossed by an iron bridge.

At this point the view down the river towards the Stratford church, whose octagonal spire rises up above the trees, is very pretty. Close to the church, the river is divided into two parts by a small islet, while to the left stretches meadow and pasture lands. Boats were being rowed to and fro and the murmur of voices mingled with the silvery laughter of some river picnic party might now and then be heard. Oh that it were always summer! we are ready to exclaim; yet even this would become monotonous. It is the very changeability of our northern climate, from the freshness of spring to the sober tints of autumn, the heat of summer to the cold of winter, that forms its chief attraction.

The Romans swept by this spot with their roads, and the Danes devastated the surrounding country in the tenth and eleventh centuries, mingling the upper waters of the river with blood.

The British, Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman and Plantagenet kingdoms, each in turn, ruled the country and passed away without disturbing the peace and tranquility of Stratford, leaving no marks of their violence as in other places close by. Only the woodman's axe and time have left their traces here; whilst the ring of the former has ceased, the latter still moves on, showing us that,

> "All things must change
> To something new and strange;
> Nothing that is can pause or stay."

Even now Stratford might be an insignificant country village, known only as an angling resort for tourists and a market for farm produce, but for the great man born and reared under its "sylvan shades."

Leaving the bridge we turn towards Water Side, on the right bank of the river where the Shakespeare Memorial Buildings and Library stand. It is a red brick building, in the early Tudor style of architecture. The timber is of Norwegian pine. Its tower is lofty and handsome, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. Besides its unique library it has also a fine picture gallery. It is situated but a stone's throw from the poet's grave.

Passing along the same road by some cottages whose gardens were radiant with fuschias, wall-flowers, geraniums, pansies, and other well known English flowers, we at length reach the famous Stratford church, which is approached through a fine avenue of lime trees. It is one of the prettiest churches in the country, cruciform in shape, and has a graceful spire. The oldest part dates back to the fourteenth century, but other portions are much more modern. Upon entering we saw some pretty stained windows, one of which was the gift of American visitors. It represents characters from Scripture illustrative of the seven ages of man in "As You Like It"—the infant Moses, the schoolboy Samuel, Jacob the lover, Joshua the soldier, Solomon the justice, the old man Abraham, and Isaac. The latter, unfortunately, has no eyes. The parish

register was shown to us; it contains the date of the poet's christening and death. The entries were in the hand-writing of the parish minister, who certainly took little trouble either about writing or spelling. This register is seldom shown to anyone, because upon one occasion a visitor mutilated the leaf by cutting a piece off the corner. Other several points of interest were noted, including an old tomb of Sir Hugh Clapton, once Lord Mayor of London, and dated 1492 A.D.; but the chief object of attraction is the poet's tomb. It is situated in front of the altar rails together with those of his wife and children, and has the following lines inscribed upon it:

"Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare,
To digg the dust enclosed heare:
Bleste be ye man that spares thes stones
And curst be he that moves my bones."

On the north wall and just above the grave is a bust of the poet, under an arch between two Corinthian pillars of black marble, and beneath it the following words:

"In judgment a Nestor, in intellect a Socrates, in art a Virgil.
The earth covers, the people mourn, Olympus has him."

Also:

"Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast;
Read if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast,
Within this monument, Shakspeare: with whome
Quick nature dide: whose name doth deck ye tomb,
Far more than cost; sich all, yt, he hath writt
Leaves living art, but page, to serve his witt."

We soon passed out of the church, and as we turned to gaze at it, nestled amongst the trees with glimpses of the river flowing by, we said within ourselves, The ashes of the great man truly rest in a charming and peaceful spot.

We next walked through some of the principal streets of the town, passing the house in New Street where the poet died and the Grammar School of Edward VI, where he received his early education. The former was pulled down by an unpopular clergyman, named Gastrell, in a fit of anger, and there is nothing but the outline of the walls and an old well to be seen now.

Of the poet little is known save that he was born here 23d April, 1564, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His youth was spent in the woods and meadows around Stratford, and the reminiscences of "Green Arder" and other woodland scenes so beautifully shown in his later writings, breathe the spirit of his boyhood days. He married early and went to London, where he was employed at a theatre. He then became successful as a writer; was favored by the notice of his sovereign, and eventually retired with his family to the house in New Place, in 1597, where he died, 1616, eight years before his wife Ann.

A pleasant walk of about one mile took us through the fields to Shottery to see the house where Ann Hathaway lived, who afterwards became Shakspeare's wife. It is a long, old-fashioned cottage, with thatched roof and thick oak beams, similar to many others of the immediate neighborhood. Its quaint appearance, gardens, trees, and other surroundings, formed a picture of rustic beauty enough to inspire the poet's song or the painter's pencil.

From Shottery we walked slowly back towards Stratford precisely at the hour when our Saxon forefathers of the surrounding hamlets would be hearing the "curfew" peal, warning them to put out their fires. The sun was sinking below the western horizon amidst gorgeous clouds as we neared the station and the mists began to gather over the land:

"Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad."

Our train in, we took our seats, and were soon on our way home, leaving Stratford enshrouded in darkness.

As we take up our pen to draw conclusions from our visit to the far-famed spot we are struck with these facts:—that life is short, that it is real and earnest; that death overtakes us all, both small and great; and we resolved to make better use of our time,—"for there is a tide in the affairs of men which when taken at the flood leads on to fortune;" to strive to labor more for the good of our fellows—"the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones;" and though no monument mark the spot where we are laid to rest, yet we shall leave behind us such a monument of good works in the hearts of men that memories of us will revive but with blessing.

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call its fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

Such works will survive while Empires fall, thrones pass away, amidst war and revolution. Let us then avoid "the seeming truths which cunning times puts on to entrap the wisest," and "this above all, to our ownselves be true, and then 'twill follow as the night the day, we can not then be false to any man." Let us be like our Master, Christ, merciful, for "mercy blesseth him that gives and him that takes, 'tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becometh the throned monarch better than his crown." May we strive "to do all that may become men and women," so that when time ends and we stand before the throne of Jehovah to receive "measure for measure," we shall find that "love's labor" has not been "lost."

"All's well that ends well; still the fine's the crown
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown."

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND FOREVER.

BY ELEANOR.

Read before the Franklin Literary Society, Chesterville, Ohio.

WHEN speaking of crossing the American Continent we say, "from ocean to ocean," "from the Atlantic to the Pacific." So in the words of our subject is portrayed the beginning, existence and destiny of human life. Yesterday reaches backward to the point where time links hands with the eternity that went before, as the present and future of our years blend with the everlasting beyond. The record of history is all that now defines the separate links in the chain of past years. Without such record all that has transpired in the yesterdays of time would pass with the generations in which they took place. If history did not perpetuate the deeds of the noble and great, what avail would be their struggles and triumphs, their failure or success? What difference to us that there had been a Washington to fight for American independence; a Luther to inaugurate religious liberty; that Moses led the house of Israel from Egyptian bondage; or that Jesus Christ had died for the sins of the world? But yesterday, millions died of whom we have no record; their birth and life, their joys and sorrows, their hopes and aspirations may stand for a little while recorded on the white monument that love and memory rears, to pass away when love and memory perish. I did not say that those unknown and unremembered dead had left no record, I said that we have none; but the life-blood has not coursed through one human heart since time began who has been unnoted by the recording angel in heaven. The seals shall be broken, and the book of life shall be read to all peoples, whether they fulfilled the end of their existence or not. Oh, of how few will it be said, "She did what she could."

To-day we are busy searching the graves of ancient Egypt to find the history of the past; they shall rise in judgment against this generation if we fail to make this day and age more glorious in the advancement of light and right, and pre-eminent above all former times. Act well your part in the living present, that there shall be no need for future generations to desecrate your tombs to find your place in the world's history. "Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

In the journey of life across the continent of time, we must not expect pleasant vallies and "flowery paths of ease" all the way; we shall encounter the Sierra Nevadas of difficulties, dangers, and discouragement; but the victor's crown is to him who overcomes. Grand would be the results to this age if each of those now starting on that journey should resolve, that ere he reached the end he would attain to the highest possible altitude of mental, moral, and spiritual culture. But resolu-

tions will not accomplish it unless you attach thereto the motive powers of truth and right, before and behind, to pull and to push, for you are not going up alone. There is a long train of results to go along with you, for no one has ever risen in the nobler pursuits of life who has not just in that proportion ennobled life to others, and so has lifted them with him. All may not find their opportunity to do some great deed on the field of battle, like Washington and Grant; nor in science like Franklin and Newton; nor yet in statesmanship, like Jefferson and Lincoln; but there is nothing that affects the times in which we are living, whether it be onward and upward in the progress of enlightenment, or backwards and downward as the course of evil always tends, but it will serve to mark for future generations this day and age. It is for you to determine what your record shall be. Let each individual begin the self purification of that which corrupts mind or morals, and the combined influence will cause the ages yet unborn to say of to-day, "For virtue and wisdom it was in advance of all former times."

"Forever"—without beginning or end. What can I write of that which I can not understand? He whose existence is the measure of eternity has revealed but so much of its mysteries as will enable us to prepare for its enjoyment; the most prominent of those revelations is this, that in proportion as we have elevated and glorified our life in this world, will be our elevation and glorification in the world to come—or rather in that which forever exists, for surely we are unfitted to appreciate the heights of glory in that life, who are satisfied with the lowest groveling in this. What opportunities eternity may have for further development, or whether as Watts said, "We are fixed forever in the state wherein we quit the shores of time," is among the things of God. But of this we are sure that he dies best who lives best; and by living I mean action; a thousand good thoughts are worthless if they produce no good results in our lives.

"Did Newton learn from fancy as it roves,
To measure worlds, and follow where it moves?
Did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace,
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles
of Greece?"

I can not lift the veil to tell you more, or to behold it myself. Soon, oh, so soon, we all shall know its boundless, everlasting realities, for we are nearing the golden gate that opens on the ocean beyond; "dust to dust" this mortal part, and the spirit returns to God. He from whom sprang life and the revolving years, to him do all return, and we are assured that in him is no variableness nor shadow of turning; the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Editor's Corner.

We present with this number the first installment of the Serial Story by Elder H. A. Stebbins entitled "Story of the Book of Mormon." Our young readers must understand that it is the book itself telling what it contains, and is not an outside history of the wonderful manner in which it was found, the translation of the plates or anything connected with the history of the book whatever; but is, as its name implies, the story of the book. This work when completed will be one of great value and interest to every young Saint, and, we believe, to many older ones.

We can not too strongly urge upon the church the great benefit to be derived from the formation of societies among the young for the study of the church books.

In our next we will give you a brief history of the society organized in Lamoni for that purpose. As the "Story of the Book of Mormon" will contain ample notes on all points of interest connected with the evidence of its truth, its mission to the world and the great part it yet has to perform in the gathering of the "House of Israel," it will be invaluable to the earnest student of the latter day work, and it will need no guarantee to the church by the author's name, that it will prove to be all the most critical can ask.

Do you contemplate giving to any friend a

token of esteem, love, or friendship this coming Christmas? If so, we beg to present the claims of AUTUMN LEAVES. Some have already aided us generously in this way; brother Peters, of Michigan, subscribing for ten copies, and sister Palfrey of Missouri, for five, to be sent to those not able to take it. If by means of what the periodical shall prove to be, one soul shall be won to the way of truth, in the great day of reckoning will they not have their reward? Will not the Saints think of this request?

In our next issue will be commenced a serial by "Frances" entitled: "With the Church in an Early Day."

Preserve your Specimen Copies, for in case of your subscribing, we will begin your subscription with January, 1888, but will not forward another copy of that date to those having specimen copies.

Some of our friends in making remittances have sent $1.50 instead of $1.25, the price of the Magazine. We have given credit for the amount in full and will carry the surplus amount forward to next year.

One lady who does not belong to the church sent in the name of her little two year old son saying, "I think when he is old enough to read the Magazine he will take more interest in it if it comes in his own name." We are not ashamed to confess that tears filled our eyes when we realized the confidence which this simple action showed us, was reposed in the editor, and a silent prayer ascended, "Father make us worthy of such love!" We wish to assure our friends that it will be our constant effort to prove worthy to the trust they are placing in our hands.

SOME FUNNY FRUIT.

Way down in the orchard there stands an old tree,
As crooked an "apple" as ever you'd see;
Such buds as it puts forth in bright early spring,
And such fruit as its blossoming promises bring!

Well, beneath this old apple tree one sunny day
A grandpa, with paper and brier pipe lay:
When, on looking above the smoke, what did he see,
Way up on a branch of this very old tree?

Why, a scarlet striped stocking, one little bronze boot,
And he knew very well trees ne'er bore such queer fruit;
Above them a petticoat's white ruffle gleamed:
Not at all like an apple tree all this sight seemed!

"What's this?" exclaimed grandpa—"a strange sight indeed;
I'd very much like to secure the rare seed;
Why I believe I behold a 'round pippin' up there.
It's either a pippin, or golden bright hair!

And a rosy cheeked 'Spitzenberg' there, too, I see,
Or a very red flushing face too it may be.

And 'Russets' beside! why what marvelous fruits
This old apple tree bears; or, are those two bronze boots?

And a scarlet streaked 'Baldwin'—ah, its pardon I beg,
If I make a mistake and its but—a striped leg!
Well, well," went on grandpa, "I really don't know
But this tree to the great pomological show

Should be sent, for of all sights I ever did see"—
"*Please, Dranpa, don't stold; it t'aint apples, it's me!*"
And, like Newton's discovery, down at his feet
Dropped his answer—a little girl, rosy and sweet,

As round as an apple, and blushing and red,
Because she'd been "caught" up above "Dranpa's head,"
"Ha ha!" then laughed grandpa, to see her affright,
"Ha ha, of this dumpling I'll now have a bite,

For a proof of the pudding's the tasting, you see,
And I really must test what has grown on this tree!"
And he kissed her so hard, she was fain to refute
His theory of thinking her some funny fruit!

—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

CHRISTMAS TIMES.

O brightest day that mortals know,
The golden dawn of morning, when
In far Judea, so long ago,
The angels sung: "Good-will to men—
Glory to God!" they carolled then,
That blessed morn,
When Christ, the Prince of Peace was born.

With costly gifts of myrrh and gold,
With many a precious spice and gem,
The wondering wise men came of old
To worship Him of Bethlehem;
And we would bring our best, like them,
On this fair morn,
When Christ, the Prince of Peace was born,

Like them, we bring our best, our all;
No shining gems or odors rare—
Only an offering poor and small—
The perfume of a grateful prayer,
With humble, joyful hearts we bear
On this glad morn,
When Christ, our Help and Hope, was born.

For this sweet day, where'er Thy peace,
Rests softly as a nested dove;
For Thy good gifts, which never cease,
For all we have, and all we love,
We lift our joyful thanks above,
On this blest morn,
When Christ, our Life, our All, was born.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands, and leaves us here.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour and then away!

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away!

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the week was spent!
How sweet the seventh day's rest!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One golden hour, and then away!

Even while we sing, he smiles his last,
And leaves our sphere behind.
The good old year is with the past;
Oh be the new as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away!

Sel.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

We see it, feel it everywhere,
It throbs within the very air!
It's put away in hidden places,
It glows in children's happy faces;
It fills all hearts with love most tender,—
To its sweet promptings all surrender,
And feel regret that all this cheer
Can come but once in every year!
The stately Christmas tree is bending
With goodly gifts of Santa's sending;
And in the doorway, drooping low
We see the lovers' mistletoe.

The blended warmth and music seem
A part of some entrancing dream
Wherein I see one perfect face
Set star-like in this brilliant place.
He stands, with thoughtful brow serene
Beneath the window's arch of green,
And, meeting full his radiant eyes
In whose clear depths love true light lies;—
Deep in my heart the joy-bells sound
With cheer that lasts all seasons round!

BELL EVELYN CABLE.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty night;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

TENNYSON.

THE CHILDREN'S JOKE.

SELECTED BY ADRIENNE BURTON.

"'YOU can't do this' and 'you mustn't do that,' from morning to night. Try it yourself and see how you'd like it,'" muttered Harry, as he flung down his hat in sulky obedience to his father's command to give up a swim in the river, and keep himself cool with a book that warm summer evening.

"Of course I should like to mind my parents."

"Good children always do," began Mr. Fairbairn, entirely forgetting the pranks of his boyhood, as people are apt to.

"Glad I didn't know you then. Must have been a regular prig," growled Harry under his breath.

"Silence, sir! go to your room, and don't let me see you till tea-time. You must be taught respect as well as obedience," and Mr. Fairbairn gave the table a rap that caused his son to retire precipitately.

On the stairs he met his sister Kitty, looking as cross as himself.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked, pausing a minute, for misery loves company.

"Mamma will make me dress up in a stiff, clean frock, and have my hair curled over again just because some one may come. I want to play in the garden, and I can't all fussed up this way. I do hate company, and clothes, and manners; don't you?" answered Kitty, with a spiteful pull at her sash.

"I hate to be ordered round everlastingly; and badgered from morning till night. I'd just like to be let alone;" and Harry went on his way to captivity with a grim shake of the head, and a very strong desire to run away from home altogether.

"So would I; mamma is so fussy. I never have any peace of my life," sighed Kitty, feeling that her lot was a hard one.

The martyr in brown linen went up, and the martyr in white cambric went down, both looking as they felt, rebellious and unhappy. Yet a stranger seeing them and their home would have thought they had everything heart could desire. All the comforts that money could buy, and the beauty that taste could give, seemed gathered round them. Papa and mamma loved the two little people dearly, and no real care or sorrow came to trouble the lives that would have been all sunshine but for one thing. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbairn were spoiling their children by constant fault-finding, too many rules, and too little sympathy with the active young souls and bodies under their care. As Harry said, they were ordered about, corrected and fussed over from morning till night, and were getting so tired of it that the most desperate ideas began to enter their heads.

Now, in the house was a quiet old maiden aunt, who saw the mischief brewing, and tried to cure it by suggesting more liberty and less "nagging," as the boys call it. But Mr. and Mrs. Fairbairn always silenced her by saying:

"My dear Betsey, you never had a family, so how can you know anything about the proper management of children?"

They quite forgot that sister Betsey had brought up a flock of motherless brothers and sisters, and done it wisely and well, though she never got any thanks or praise for it, and never expected anything for doing her duty faithfully. If it had not been for aunty, Harry and Kitty would have long ago carried out their favorite plan, and have run away together, like Roland and Maybird. She kept them from this foolish prank by all sorts of unsuspected means, and was their refuge in troublous times. For all her quiet ways, aunty was full of fun as well as sympathy and patience, and she smoothed the thorny road to virtue with the innocent and kindly little arts that make some people as useful and beloved as good fairy godmothers were, once upon a time.

As they sat at tea that evening papa and mamma were most affable and lively; but the children's spirits were depressed by a long day of restraint, and they sat like well-bred mutes, languidly eating their supper.

"It's the warm weather. They need something bracing. I'll give them a dose of iron mixture to-morrow," said mamma.

"I've taken enough now to make a cooking stove," groaned Kitty, who hated being dosed.

"If you'd let me go swimming every night I'd be all right," added Harry.

"Not another word on that point. I will not let you do it, for you will get drowned as sure as you try," said mamma, who was so timid she had panics the minute her boy was out of sight.

"Aunt Betsey let her boys go, and they never came to grief," began Harry.

"Aunt Betsey's ideas and mine differ. Children are not brought up now as they were in her day," answered mamma with a superior air.

"I just wish they were. Jolly good times her boys had."

"Yes, and girls too; played anything they liked, and not rigged up and plagued with company," cried Kitty, with sudden interest.

"What do you mean by that?" asked papa, good-naturedly; for somehow his youth returned to him for a minute, and seemed very pleasant.

The children could not explain very well; but Harry said slowly, "If you were to be in our places for a day, you'd see what we mean."

"Wouldn't it be worth your while to try the experiment?" said Aunt Betsey, with a smile.

Papa and mamma laughed at the idea; but looked sober when aunty added:

"Why not put yourselves in their places for a day, and see how you like it? I think you would understand the case better than any one could describe it, and perhaps do yourselves and the children a lasting service."

"Upon my word, that's a droll idea! What do you say to it, mamma?" and papa looked much amused.

"I am willing to try it if you are, just for the fun of the thing; but I don't think it will do any good;" and mamma shook her head as if Aunt Betsey's plan was a wild one.

The children sat quiet, speechless with surprise at this singular proposal; but as its full richness dawned upon them, they skipped in their chairs and clapped their hands delightedly.

"How do you propose to carry out this new educational frolic?" asked papa, beginning to feel some curiosity as to the part he was to play.

"Merely let the children do as they like for one day, and have full power over you. Let them plan your duties and pleasures; order your food, fix your hours, and punish or reward you as they think proper. You must promise entire obedience, and keep the agreement till night."

"Good! good! Oh, won't it be fun!" cried Harry and Kitty, applauding enthusiastically; while papa and mamma looked rather sober as the plan was developed before them.

"To-morrow is a holiday for us all, and we might celebrate it by this funny experiment. It will amuse us and do no harm, at any rate," added aunty, quite in love with her new scheme,

"Very well; we will. Come, mamma, let us promise, and see what the rogues will do for us. Playing father and mother is no joke, mind you; but you will have an easier time of it than we do, for we shall behave ourselves," said papa, with a virtuous expression.

Mamma agreed, and the supper ended, merrily, for every one was full of curiosity as to the success of the new plan. Harry and Kitty went to bed early, that they might be ready for the exciting labors of the next day. Aunt Betsey paid each a short visit before they slept, and it is supposed that she laid out the order of performances, and told each what to do; for the little people would never have thought of so many sly things if left to themselves.

At seven the next morning, as mamma was in her dressing-room, just about putting on her cool, easy wrapper, in came Kitty with a solemn face, though her eyes danced with fun, as she said:

"Careless, untidy girl! Put on a clean dress, do up your hair properly, and go and practice half an hour before breakfast."

At first mamma looked as if inclined to refuse, but Kitty was firm; and, with a sigh, mamma rustled into a stiff, scratchy, French print; took her hair out of the comfortable net, and braided it carefully up; then, instead of reading in her armchair, she was led to the parlor and set to learning a hard piece of music.

"Can't I have my early cup of tea and my roll?" asked mamma.

"Eating between meals is a very bad habit, and I can't allow it," said Kitty, in the tone her mother often used to her, "I shall have a mug of new milk and a roll, because grown people need more nourishment than children;" and sitting down, she ate her early lunch with a relish, while poor mamma played away, feeling quite out of tune herself.

Harry found papa enjoying the last delightful doze that makes bed so fascinating of a morning. As if half afraid to try the experiment, the boy slowly approached and gave the sleeper a sudden, hard shake, saying briskly:

"Come, come, come, lazy-bones! Get up, get up!"

Papa started as if an earthquake had aroused him, and stared at Harry, astonished for a minute, then he remembered, and upset Harry's gravity by whining out:

"Come, you let me alone. It isn't time yet, and I am so tired."

Harry took the joke, and assuming the stern air of his father on such occasion, said impressively:

"You have been called, and now if you are not down in fifteen minutes you won't have any breakfast. Not a morsel, sir, not a morsel;" and, coolly pocketing his father's watch, he retired, to giggle all the way downstairs.

When the breakfast bell rang, mamma hurried into the dining-room, longing for her tea. But Kitty sat behind the urn, and said gravely:

"Go back, and enter the room properly. Will you never learn to behave like a lady?"

Mamma looked impatient at the delay, and having re-entered in her most elegant manner, sat down, and passed her plate for fresh trout and muffins,

"No fish or hot bread for you, my dear. Eat your good oatmeal porridge and milk; that is the proper food for children."

"Can't I have some tea?" cried mamma in despair, for without it she felt quite lost.

"Certainly not. I never was allowed tea when a little girl, and couldn't think of giving it to you," said Kitty, filling a large cup for herself, and sipping the forbidden draught with a relish.

Poor mamma quite groaned at this hard fate, but meekly obeyed, and ate the detested porridge, understanding Kitty's dislike to it at last.

Harry, sitting in his father's chair, read the paper, and ate everything he could lay his hands on, with a funny assumption of his father's morning manner.

Aunt Betsey looked on much amused, and now and then nodded to the children, as if she thought things were going on nicely.

Breakfast was half over when papa came in, and was about to take Harry's place when his son said, trying vainly to look grave as he showed the watch: "What did I tell you, sir? You are late again, sir. No breakfast, sir. I'm sorry, but this habit must be broken up. Not a word; it's your own fault, and you must bear the penalty."

"Come, now, that's hard on a fellow! I'm awful hungry. Can't I have just a bite of something?" asked papa, quite taken aback at this stern decree.

"I said not a morsel, and I shall keep my word. Go to your morning duties, and let this be a lesson to you."

Papa cast a look at Aunt Betsey, that was both comic and pathetic, and departed without a word; but he felt a sudden sympathy with his son, who had often been sent fasting from the table for some small offense. Now it was that he appreciated aunty's kind heart, and felt quite fond of her, for in a few minutes she came to him, as he raked the gravel walk (Harry's duty every day); and slipping a nice, warm, well-buttered muffin into his hand, said, in her motherly way:

"My dear, do try and please your father. He is right about late rising; but I can't bear to see you starve."

"Betsey, you are an angel!" and turning his back to the house, papa bolted the muffin with grateful rapidity, inquiring with a laugh: "Do you think those rogues will keep it up in this vigorous style all day?"

"I trust so; it isn't a bit overdone. Hope you like it!" and Aunt Betsey walked away, looking as if she enjoyed it extremely.

"Now put on your hat and draw baby up and down the avenue for half an hour. Don't go on the grass, or you will wet your feet; and don't play with baby, I want her to go to sleep, and don't talk to papa, or he will neglect his work," said Kitty, as they rose from the table.

Now, it was a warm morning and baby was heavy and the avenue was dull, and

mamma much preferred to stay in the house and sew the trimming on to a new and pretty dress.

"Must I really? Kitty you are a hard-hearted mamma to make me do it," and Mrs. Fairbairn hoped her play-parent would relent.

But she did not, and only answered with a meaning look.

"I have to do it every day, and you don't let me off."

Mamma said no more, but put on her hat and trundled away with fretful baby, thinking to find her fellow-sufferer and have a laugh over the joke. She was disappointed, however, for Harry called papa away to weed the lettuce-bed, and then shut him up in the study to get his lessons, while he mounted the pony and trotted away to town to buy a new fishing-rod, and otherwise enjoy himself.

When mamma came in, hot and tired, she was met by Kitty with a bottle in one hand, and a spoon in the other.

"Here is your iron-mixture, my dear. Now take it like a good girl."

"I won't!" and mamma looked quite stubborn.

"Then aunty will hold your hands and I shall make you."

"But I don't like it: I don't need it," cried mamma.

"Neither do I; but you give it to me all the same. I am sure you need strengthening more than I do, you have so many "'trials;'" and Kitty looked very shy, as she quoted one of the words often on her mother's lips.

"You'd better mind, Carrie; it can't hurt you, and you promised entire obedience. Set a good example," said Aunty.

"But I never thought these little chits would do so well. Ugh, how disagreeable it is!" and mamma took her dose with a wry face, feeling that Aunt Betsy was siding with the wrong party.

"Now sit down and hem these towels till dinner time. I have so much to do I don't know which way to turn," continued Kitty, much elated with her success.

"Rest of any sort was welcome, so mamma sewed busily till callers came. They happened to be some little friends of Kitty's, and she went to them in the parlor, telling mamma to go up to the nurse and have her hair brushed and her dress changed, and then come and see the guests. While she was away Kitty told the girls the joke they were having, and begged them to help to carry it out.

They agreed, being ready for fun, and not at all afraid of Mrs. Fairbairn. So when she came in they all began to kiss and cuddle and praise and pass her round as if she was a doll, to her great discomfort and the great amusement of the little girls.

While this was going on in the drawing-room, Harry was tutoring his father in the study, and putting that poor gentleman through a course of questions that nearly drove him distracted; for Harry got out the hardest books he could find, and selected the most puzzling subjects. A dusty old history was rummaged out, and classical researches followed, in which papa's memory played him false more than once, calling forth rebukes from the severe young tutor. But he came to open disgrace over his mathematics, for he had no head for figures; and not being a business man, he had not troubled himself about the matter; so Harry, who was in fine picture, utterly routed him in mental arithmetic by giving him regular puzzles, and when he got stuck offered no help, but shook his head and called him a stupid fellow.

The dinner bell released the exhausted student, and he gladly took his son's place, looking as though he had been hard at work. He was faint with hunger, but was helped last, being only a boy, and then checked every five minutes for eating too fast.

Mamma was very meek, and only looked wistfully at the pie when told in her own words that pastry was bad for children. Any attempts at conversation were promptly squelched by the worn-out old saying: "Children should be seen, not heard;" while Harry and Kitty chatted all dinner time, and enjoyed it to their hearts' content, especially the frequent pecks at their great children, who, to be even with them imitated all their tricks as well as they could.

"Don't whistle at table, papa. Keep your hands still, mamma. Wait till you are helped, sir. Tuck your napkin well in, and don't spill your soup, Caroline."

Aunt Betsey laughed till her eyes were full; and they had a jolly time, though the little folks had the best of it; for the others obeyed them in spite of their dislike to new rules.

"Now you may play for two hours," was the gracious order issued as they rose from the table. Mamma fell upon a sofa exhausted, and papa hurried to read his paper in the shady garden.

Usually these hours of apparent freedom were spoiled by constant calls—not to run, not to do this or that, or frequent calls to do errands. The children had mercy, however, and left them in peace, which was a wise move on the whole, for the poor souls found rest so agreeable they privately resolved to let the children alone in their play hours.

"Can I go over and see Mr. Hammond?" asked papa, wishing to use up the half-hour of his time by a neighborly call.

"No; I don't like Tommy Hammond, so I don't wish you to play with his father," said Harry, with a sly twinkle of the eye as he turned the tables on his papa.

Mr. Fairbairn gave a low whistle and retired to the barn, where Harry followed him, and ordered the man to harness up old Bill.

"Going to drive, sir?" asked papa respectfully.

"Don't ask questions," was all the answer he got.

Old Bill was put in the best buggy and driven to the hall door. Papa followed, and mamma sprang up from her nap, ready for the afternoon drive.

Can't I go" she asked, as Kitty came down in the new hat and gloves.

"No; there isn't room."

"Why not have the carry-all, and let us go, too, we like it so much," said papa, in the pleading tone Harry often used.

Kitty was about to consent, for she loved mamma, and found it hard to cross her so. But Harry was made of sterner stuff; his wrongs still burned within him, and he said impatiently:

"We can't be troubled with you. The buggy is lightest and nicest, and we want to talk over our affairs. You, my son, can help John turn the cows on the lawn, and Caroline can amuse the baby, or help Jane with the preserves. Little girls should be domestic."

"Oh, thunder!" growled papa.

"Aunt Betsey taught you that speech, you saucy boy," cried mamma, as the children drove off in high glee, leaving their parents to the distaseful tasks set them. Mrs. Fairbairn wanted to read, but baby was fretful, and there was no Kitty to turn her over to, so she spent the afternoon amusing the small tyrant, while papa made hay in the sun and didn't like it.

Just at tea-time the children came home, full of the charms of their drive, but did not take the trouble to tell much about it to the stay-at-home people. Bread and milk was all they allowed their victims, while they reveled in marmalade and cake, fruit and tea.

"I expect company this evening, but I don't wish you to sit up, Caroline; you are too young, and late hours are bad for your eyes. Go to bed and don't forget to brush your hair and teeth well, five minutes for each; cold cream your hands, fold your ribbons, hang up your clothes, put out your boots to be cleaned, and put in the mosquito bars; I will come and take away the light when I am dressed."

Kitty deliverd this dread command with effect, for she had heard and cried over it too often not to have it quite by heart.

"But I can't go to bed at half-past seven o'clock of a summer evening! I'm not sleepy, and this is just the pleasantest time of the whole day," said mamma, thinking her bargain a hard one.

"Go up directly, my daughter and don't discuss the matter, I know what is best for you;" and Kitty sent social, wide-awake mamma to bed, there to lie, thinking soberly till Mrs. Kitty came for the lamp.

"Have you had a happy day, love?" she asked, bending over the pillow, as her mother used to do.

"No, mamma."

"Then it was your own fault, my child. Obey your parents in all things, and you will be both good and happy.

"That depends," began mamma, but stopped short, remembering that to-morrow she would be on the other side, and anything she might say now would be quoted against her.

But Kitty understood, and her heart melted as she hugged her mother and said in her own caressing way:

"Poor little mamma! Did she have a hard time? and didn't she like being a good girl and minding her parents?"

Mamma laughed also, and held Kitty close, but all she said was:

"Good night, dear: don't be troubled: it will be all right to-morrow."

"I hope so," and with a hearty kiss, she went thoughtfully down stairs to meet

several little friends whom she had asked to spend the evening with her.

As the ladies left the room, papa leaned back and prepared to smoke a cigar, feeling that he needed the comfort of it after this trying day. But Harry was down upon him at once:

"A very bad habit; can't allow it. Throw that dirty thing away, and go and get your Latin lesson for to-morrow. The study is quiet, and we want this room."

"But I'm tired. I can't study at night. Let me off till to-morrow, please, sir! begged papa, who had not looked at Latin since he left school.

"Not a word, sir! I shall listen to no excuses, and shall not let you neglect your education on any account," and Harry slapped the table *a la papa*, in the most impressive manner.

Mr. Fairbairn went away into the dull study and made believe do his lesson, but he really smoked and meditated.

The young folks had a grand revel, and kept it up till ten o'clock, while mamma lay awake, longing to go down and see what they were about; and papa shortly fell asleep, quite exhausted by the society of a Latin grammar.

"Idle boy; is this the way you study?" said Harry, audaciously tweaking him by the ear.

"No; it's the way you do;" and feeling that his day of bondage was over, papa cast off his allegience, tucked a child under each arm, and marched upstairs with them kicking and screaming. Setting them down at the nursery door, he said, shaking his finger at them in an awful manner:

"Wait a bit, you rascals, and see what what you will get to-morrow."

"With this hard threat he vanished into his own room, and a minute after a great burst of laughter set their fears at rest.

"It was a fair bargain, so I am not afraid," said Harry, stoutly.

"He kissed us good night, though he did glower at us, so I guess it was only fun," added Kitty.

"Hasn't been a funny day?" asked Harry.

"Don't think I quite like it, everything is so changed round," said Kitty.

"Guess they didn't like it very well. Hear them talking there;" and Harry held up his finger, for a steady murmur of conversation had followed the laughter in papa and mamma's room.

"I wonder if our joke will do any good?" said Kitty, thoughtfully.

"Wait and see," answered Aunt Betsey, popping her night-capped head out of her room with a nod and a smile that sent them to bed full of hope for the future.

HASTINGS, Australia.

GOD KNOWS.

Bitter-sweet's scarlet, buttercup's gold,
  Crimson of clover, purple of kings,
These are the colors the autumn leaves hold,
  Beautiful, dainty, wonderful things.

Leaves that in summer were sun-kissed and green,
  Patient through all the withering heat;
Leaves that in fall are counted as mean,
  Out in the cold, and under one's feet,

Are leaves so common, and beauty so old,
  Our hearts so tender, and hands so strong,
That promise of scarlet, and blessing of gold,
  Should be trampled and crushed by us all day long?

Promises written by God's own hand,
  On the wonderful book of the world's highway;
Promises read as if written in sand,
  By you, and by me, who are thoughtless to-day.

I wonder if leaves are the only things
  That are green in the first place, and crushed at last!
If the scarlet and purple that autumn brings
  Ever quite make up for the sunshine past!

O heart! your wonder is foolish and vain;
  Your thought and your song are all out of tune,
For, smiled on by sunshine, and tended by rain,
  'Tis easy to rustle and keep green in June.

God only knows how hard 'tis when low in the dust,
  To make bitter-sweet's scarlet, with no ray of light;
God does know—the God who is loving and just—
  And somehow, or somewhere, will make it all right.

Under the Lamp-light.

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

THE NECESSITY OF SLEEP.

During every moment of consciousness the brain is in activity. The peculiar process of cerebration, whatever that may consist of, is taking place; thought after thought comes forth, nor can we help it. It is only when the peculiar connection, or chain of connection, of one brain cell with another, is broken, and consciousness fades away into the dreamless land of perfect sleep, that the brain is at rest. In this state it recuperates its exhausted energy and power, and stores them up for future need. The period of wakefulness is one of constant wear. Every thought is generated at the expense of brain cells, which can be fully replaced only by periods of properly regulated repose. If, therefore, these are not secured by sleep—if the brain, through over-stimulation, is not left to recuperate—its energy becomes exhausted; debility, disease, and finally disintegration, supervene. Hence the story is almost always the same: For weeks and months before the indications of active insanity appear, the patient has been anxious, worried, and wakeful, not sleeping more than four or five hours out of the twenty-four. The poor brain, unable to do its constant work, begins to waver, to show signs of weakness or aberration; hallucinations or delusions hover around like floating shadows in the air, until finally disease comes and

"plants his siege
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng and press to that last hold
Confound themselves." *Sel.*

LITTLE SINS.

Reader, never trifle with little sins. A small leak will sink a great ship, and a small spark will kindle a great fire, and a little allowed sin, in like manner, will ruin an immortal soul. Take my advice, and never spare a little sin. Israel was commanded to slay every Canaanite, both great and small. Act on the same principle, and show no mercy to little sins. Well says the book of Canticles, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines."—Cant. 2: 15.

Depend on it, no wicked man ever meant to be so wicked at his first beginnings. But he began with allowing himself some little transgression, and that led on to something greater still, and thus he became the miserable being that he now is.

THOUGHTS FOR REFLECTION.

There are those whom we can help in no other way, whom we can meet and help in prayer. —*J. F. Clarke.*

Cultivate forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it. Pray for a short memory as to all unkindnesses.—*Spurgeon.*

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows;
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison tree that, pierced to the inmost,
Weeps only tears of poison.
Coleridge.

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong.—*George Macdonald.*

As the goodness of our God hath been more than sufficient for all our need during the year that is past, so is his grace more than equal to our shortcomings.

A VALIANT SPARROW.

I returned home from the chase, and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself, and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game. I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak, and down upon its head. He had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with his little unfledged wings extended.

The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow, with a black breast, quitted a neighboring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and, with ruffled plumage and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang twice at the open, grinning mouth. He had come to protect his little one at the cost of his

own life. His little body trembled all over; his voice was hoarse. He was in an agony. He offered himself.

The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to him; but in spite of that, he had not remained safe on his lofty bough. A power stronger than his own will had forced him down.

The dog stood still, and turned away. It seemed as though he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes; smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird, and for the depth of his paternal love. Love (I reflected) is stronger than death and the fear of death. It is love alone that supports and animates all.—*Tourgenieff.*

CHARLIE TELLS A LIE.

For the benefit of our young friends engaged in teaching, we publish this excellent bit of School-room discipline, selected from the "American Teacher."

I.—HOW DID IT HAPPEN.

CHARLIE W—— was one of the most lovable boys in Miss Greene's school. His frank, manly face won instant regard, and as the days lengthened into weeks and months, there grew up between the boy and his teacher a mutual love and confidence that was ripening into a lifelong friendship.

"Mamma, can't I have some roses for my Miss Greene?" was a frequent morning request that revealed the boy's attitude toward his teacher,—always one of love and trust, never one of fear.

Charlie was a little fellow, eight years of age, and consequently recited in the lower classes to the assistant teachers. He was a genuine boy, full of animal spirits, which sometimes made him restless in his class and troublesome to his teachers.

Miss Greene kept the government of her school chiefly in her own hands. Yet she gave a certain part of it to her teachers. "Speak once, pleasantly. A repetition of the offense may come from forgetfulness, but the child must learn not to forget; therefore call him to you for a quiet talk, in which, while you admit that he may have forgotten, you impress the fact that this is a warning and that a third offense must send him to me. This talk is your chance to get a hold upon the pupil. At a third offense, speak pleasantly but gravely and firmly, and send him to me. This establishes your authority. I shall never decide a case without hearing your side of the question."

Charlie had been growing restless in Miss O——'s classes for several days, and was approaching one of those crises which must come once in a while to every wide-awake boy. With the confidence which always existed between Miss Greene and her assistants, Miss O—— said one day: "I fear I shall have to send Charlie to you soon. He seems to have been good as long as he can. I have talked to him, but I think he must go a little farther before reaction is possible. If he does, I shall have to send him to you." Before the class in arithmetic was over, Charlie was again lawless and disorderly, and Miss O—— said, gravely,—

"Charlie may report himself to Miss Greene at recess."

The boy sobered instantly, and gave no farther trouble. At recess Miss O—— said to Miss Greene: "I have told Charlie to come to you this recess. He has not done it yet. What shall I do if he does not obey me?"

"When your next class comes into the recitation-room, say very quietly that he has not obeyed you, and that you can not receive him in any of our classes until he has done so."

During the remainder of the recess Miss Greene quietly watched the boy. His heightened color and evident avoidance of her eye told her that he was having a struggle with himself. She therefore remained at her desk instead of moving about as usual, and smiled at him, if she happened to catch his eye, that he might be encouraged to come to her frankly.

Recess ended, but Charlie only gave a sigh of relief, and, slate in hand, passed into the recitation-room with his class. Miss O——, true-hearted teacher that she was, did not close the door as usual, knowing how much easier it would be for Charlie to come back through an open door. When the class had found seats, Miss O— said quietly,—

"Charlie has not yet reported to Miss Greene, and I can not have him in any of my classes until he obeys me. You may go now, Charlie."

The poor little fellow looked up, with the perspiration standing in great drops upon his flushed face.

"Miss O——, I know I have got to go; I know I must go, but it—seems as if I couldn't."

Miss O—— swallowed the lump that came into her own throat. It was not obstinacy that had the child in its grasp, and she was prompt to offer help.

"Yes, Charlie, you must go; but if it will help you I will go with you."

"No," he shook his head. "I'd rather go alone. Please may I sit still just a minute and think about it," he implored.

"Yes, for a moment, but I can not let you take up too much of the time of the class."

The silence was dreadful while the little fellow struggled, and the others looked on in sympathy. At last little May could bear it no longer, and, unconscious of the presence of others, she sighed, "Oh, if he would only go quick, and have it over, how much better it would be!"

"Yes, indeed, it would. Now, Charlie, I can wait no longer."

The boy rose to his feet, look two steps toward the door, but sank back into his seat with a despairing "I can't!"

Then Miss O—— went to the rescue, and taking him firmly by the hand, said, "I will go too, but you must come now."

Miss Greene looked up from the Latin recitation, and waited for the trembling child to speak.

"Miss O—— sent me to you."

"For what?"

"My foot slipped in the class."

"Did Miss O—— send you to me for that, Charlie? Was it not because you were troublesome in more ways than one, and because you did not mind when spoken to?"

To each question he answered promptly and frankly, as he always did when questioned as to his misdeeds.

"You may go to your seat now, and I will attend to you after school," said Miss Greene, gravely; and the Latin recitation went on in a great hush of sorrow and sympathy, for every one loved Charlie, from the seniors downward, and all were full of regret to see him in disgrace, though he was too far away for them to know the cause.

II.—THE CAUSE OF THE LIE.

The classes went on as usual, but Miss Greene was constantly dwelling upon Charlie's lie. Once before the thing had happened, under somewhat similar circumstances, but that was when he first entered school, and fear might have been the cause. Now that could not be the case, for Charlie loved her devotedly. There was not a grain of untruthfulness in the boy's nature, and as Miss Greene recalled his always prompt confession on being questioned, she became convinced that the lie originated in the child's inability, at the moment of his shame and confusion, to put into language what he wished to say,—a conviction strengthened by later experiences. In fact, Miss Greene grew to believe that a large proportion of the lies told by children, who are not habitually untruthful, are told from the same cause. In the conflicting emotions of the moment, the power of connected thought seems paralyzed; the first sentence, consciously framed, comes out, without premeditation or intent of untruthfulness. That this was the true solution of the problem over which so many teachers have grieved, when otherwise good children have been detected in a lie, Miss Greene grew confident, as she recalled answers given her when she had asked of some erring child, "How could you tell me a lie?" "I never meant to, Miss Greene; I did not know I was going to;" "It slipped out before I knew it was coming;" "I don't know how it happened;" and a score of others. These actual answers in actual experiences, reveal the child's helplessness before the sin-possibilities of his tainted moral nature, unaided by principle, but do not indicate any strain of deceit, inherent in the child's nature. None the less must such lies be dealt with, and the child taught to stop and think before answering, when he feels confused.

III.—WHAT WAS DONE ABOUT IT.

Twelve o'clock came, and Charlie stood by Miss Greene's side, with her arm around him, and her low, grave, but loving tones searching every corner of his miserable little heart.

"It has been a bad day, Charlie, and we must settle what is to be done about it. How many times did Miss O—— ask you to behave better?"

"Twice."

"Did you obey her?"

"No, ma'am."

"When she told you to come to me at recess, did you obey?"

"No, ma'am."

"When I speak to you, do you not expect to obey?"

"Yes, ma'am, always."

"When any teacher speaks you must obey just the same. I put these teachers over you because I can not take care of you all, but you must obey exactly as if I spoke. Now, for these three disobediences I must punish you. You must stay a half hour after school for each one; but, Charlie, when I asked why you were sent to me, you told me a lie!"

"I didn't mean to, Miss Greene."

"I know you did not, and that it came out without your realizing that it was going to be a lie; but it was one, and I can not let you tell me a lie. You know I think a lie is the meanest, most cowardly thing a boy can be guilty of. Have you forgotten our talk about that, last fall, Charlie?"

"No, ma'am," and Charlie's eyes filled to the brim with tears. Unconsciously he drew nearer to Miss Greene, and leaned harder against her as he recalled that "talk," whose influence had kept him right so long.

"I have thought that you remembered it, and have been so pleased that, for many months now, you have been strictly truthful. It hurts me to think that you failed to-day. I can not bear to think that my boy has failed in manliness, in controlling himself until he could think what was the right thing to say, and so has grieved not only his teacher but also his loving Father in heaven. And then, Charlie, you know I told you that I should always punish a lie, though any other fault I could forgive, if frankly confessed. For disobedience to Miss O—— you must stay a half hour, but a lie is a disobedience which is far worse, and for the lie you must stay two half hours. It is late now, and your mother will be anxious if you stay longer. I will write her a note to say that I shall keep you every day for a week, and we will begin to-morrow. Good by, Charlie. Remember that, though she must punish him, Miss Greene is very sorry for her little boy, and she loves him, too," and she drew the little fellow nearer and gave him kisses, not one nor two. His heart was full. He gave Miss Greene a hasty hug, and went away with only "Good by" at the door.

IV.—IMPRESSING THE LESSON.

The next day when school was dismissed, Charlie remained in his seat. Miss Greene came to him with a half sheet of foolscap, at the top of which appeared a written copy.

"Read this if you can, Charlie."

"I must obey Miss O——."

"Take your pen and write this copy as many times as you can in the half hour. Every time you finish it, read it over and think about it. This is the first lesson to learn, for this is where you failed first."

"Yes, ma'am," and Charlie set to work very earnestly. At the end of the half hour the paper was well covered.

"Sign your name, Charlie. I will keep this paper until I see whether you have really learned the lesson."

The boy looked up quietly and happily, and his teacher felt that the half hour had borne good fruit.

The second day's copy was, "It is mean and cowardly to tell a lie." The little face flushed and grew sober, but the pen worked steadily through the half hour. Charlie signed his name and handed in the paper, with an air of being for the first time really acquainted with himself.

"I shall be so glad Charlie, if this lesson is learned for life!"

A quick, pleased look relieved the downcast face, and with a loving "Good by" the boy bounded down the steps and ran home to dinner.

On the third day Charlie nestled against Miss Greene as he read in a half whisper, "It grieves Miss Greene and mamma if I tell a lie."

It is needless to say that if the first two lessons had produced a good effect, the third one did not fail. As the paper was

laid on Miss Greene's desk, a look on the child's face seemed to say, "We both know that this will not happen again." On the fourth and fifth days Charlie had similar tasks to write out, each containing a moral lesson.

"Charlie, are these five lessons really learned?" asked Miss Greene, looking at the different sheets, and then at the boy, who stood quiet and subdued with a beautiful, tender expression on his face, that bore witness to his penitence.

"I hope so, Miss Greene."

"Ah, Charlie, so do I! And now my boy, your week is ended. Is there not one thing more you ought to do before you leave this week behind and begin on a clean, white one."

Miss Greene waited for the little brain to travel over the whole field and return to the present.

"I haven't said I am sorry, but I am."

"I know that very well, Charlie. Is there not some one else who ought to know it, too? some one who has been sorry for you all these days?"

"Do you mean Miss O——?"

"Yes, I know that you are sorry for having troubled her, and do not intend to do it again, but do you not think you would feel better to tell Miss O—— that yourself?"

"I'll tell her now!"

The door was open, and Miss Greene could not avoid witnessing the reconciliation. In his fractious mood Charlie had not liked Miss O——, but her hearty acceptance of his manly apology and the sympathy and love in her voice, touched a chord that was ready to vibrate, and the two became fast friends.

After a year, during which no teacher ever had cause to complain of him, Charlie went out into the world of a boy's school, and Miss Greene never knew for how long Charlie had learned his lesson. She knew that it had lasted a year, and had strengthened the boy's love for his teachers. She was satisfied to leave consequences with the One to whom only consequences belong.

DRIFT-WOOD.

The threads our hands in blindness spin,
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.—*Whittier.*

STAND FAST

An English farmer saw a number of huntsmen coming on horseback. He did not want them to go over one of his fields, because the crop was in such a condition that it would be injured and perhaps destroyed by the tramp of the horses. So he put his hired boy at the gate and told him not to open it. On came the hunters and commanded him to open the gate. He refused. They offered him money. He would not take it. Then a noble-looking man rode up and said, "My boy, I am the Duke of Wellington, and I command you to open the gate." The boy took his cap off and said, "I am sure that the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut; no one to pass through but with my master's express permission." The Duke was pleased, and, lifting his hat, said, "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers, I could conquer not only the French, but the world."

BABY'S GOT A TOOTH.

"George, get up and light a fire,
Turn the gas a little higher,
Go and tell your aunt Mariar,
Baby's got a tooth!"

A lady of the Middle Ward who has waited anxiously for the appearance of the first tooth in the mouth of her darling, startled the entire household, and some of the neighbors, by her frantic joy as she exclaimed, "Baby's got a tooth! Baby's got a tooth!" An examination by the entire household followed, when the grandmother, who had been munching pop-corn for baby, discovered that the supposed tooth was nothing but the husk of the kernel, which had adhered

tightly to the gums. The re-action was too great for the fond mother who broke down entirely and wept from disappointment.

"THE YEARS I HAVE WASTED."

Time is more precious than rubies, yet many of us treat it as if it were worthless as clay. One of the most frivolous of women of society died a short time ago of a disease that attacked her suddenly. The physician told her that she had but half an hour to live. She covered her face and was silent. "You will suffer no pain," he said. "It is not that I am thinking of," she replied; "it is the years I have wasted!" Some day for each of us there will be left but a single half-hour of life. How, then, shall we look back upon these years which are passing now?

Oh, the years of sinning wasted,
Could I but recall them now,
I would give them to my Savior,
To His will I'd gladly bow.

"Religion is a necessary, an indispensable element, in any great human character. There is no living without it. It is the tie that connects man with his Creator and holds him to His throne."

Helpful Hints and Suggestions.

The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.—*Whittier.*

HOW TO SCALD MILK—GOOD ADVICE BY A WOMAN PHYSICIAN.

A summer subject of interest to all mothers with young children is thus discussed in the New York *Tribune* by Sarah E. Post, M. D., of that city:

To scald milk first take a thick glass bottle—a soda-water bottle will do—fill it with milk nearly up to the neck and place it uncorked in a kettle of cold water. Gradually bring this to a boil, and continue the boiling for forty minutes, then cork the bottle while the steam is escaping, with a rubber cork, and remove it. Milk thus prepared will keep for a month in a cool place. This statement may seem extravagant, but it can be proved true. Dr. Herman Knapp, of this city, has in his laboratory flasks of milk which are months old and are yet perfectly sweet.

The method of preserving by boiling in an open vessel and corking during the escape of steam is familiar to all who had canned fruit. This method has not been earlier applied to milk perhaps because curdling has been considered natural to milk after a certain period and something which could not be avoided. Since the progress of the germ theories, however, it has been shown that even this every-day phenomenon is due to a fermentation, and that, like many other fermentations, it depends upon the growth of a minute vegetable organism similar in character to yeast or mold. The milk is tainted by the germs of this organism through the can or bottle which receives it, or by contact with the atmosphere, perhaps; and the organism develops, at the expense of nutriment in the milk, with the formation of acid and gas.

This development can be postponed by keeping the milk cold—our usual way of preserving its sweetness. Though sweet, however, it will be seen that cold milk is not necessarily pure; it may contain the germs which, introduced into the stomach, will find the heat needed; and fermentation occurs there, with colics and even more serious complaints as its result. It is now considered that the introduction of these germs with the food is the greatest danger in hand feeding.

In preserving milk as fruit is preserved we achieve two advantages over our ordinary methods. By the heat applied we pretty thoroughly destroy any germs in the process of development; while by corking during the escape of steam we exclude air and later contamination. Further, the disagreeable scum usual in boiled milk is avoided and the taste of the milk is unchanged. It is hoped that this dainty and effective way of preserving milk will be widely adopted during the coming months. For babies' use it can not be too strongly recommend-

ed. The milk as it arrives can be immediately scalded and corked and afterward diluted and prepared as required. Where intended for use during a journey it will be found especially valuable. When, however, the bottle has been once opened it should be quickly emptied, and any portion not consumed at once should be thrown away.

AMBITIOUS TO LEARN.

A correspondent asks us: "What would be the best course to study to become an author, and acquire a knowledge of the English language, so I could put it into prose without making many mistakes, which I am sure this letter is full?"

This is a large question. Becoming an author is quite different from acquiring sufficient knowledge of the English language to write it correctly; and we would advise our friend to aim at the latter first. It is to be gained by studying a good English grammar, which is not a rare book; by reading the works of standard authors, and practising to imitate them; and by constant care in carrying out in speech and writing the principles thus acquired.

How to become an author is a much harder question. In that arduous field of labor many are called, or think themselves called, but few are chosen. Every one can and should learn to write and talk correct English; but there are only a few who can hope to reach success in literary work, and there is no royal road that leads to it. We can not give any directions beyond the general advice to study and practice. The path is a difficult and toilsome one, and yet some have struggled along it and reaped a great reward. Everyone can at least make the attempt.—*Sel.*

Editor's Corner.

In presenting the first number of Autumn Leaves to our patrons and friends, we wish first of all to thank each and every one who has aided us in this effort; and, if upon examination, the Magazine proves to be what you expected, we wish you to continue to aid by helping to introduce it into families where it has not yet gone. If it is welcomed and valued by the Saints it will be sustained, for no people on the earth are more energetic in that which they put their hands to do than are the Saints. It is because of your labors in its behalf that it has an existence to-day, and bids you a hearty Christmas greeting. Had not your pledges of support been sent in, this first number would never have been sent out, for we have no means of our own to defray the expense, and owing to an incorrect estimate of the cost of publication we put the price lower than it should have been. In all probability it will have to be advaneed to $1.50 another year. By that time, however, we hope you will be better prepared to pay $1.50 than you are now $1.25.

We have had fifteen hundred copies struck off, and we wish to make you a proposition. We offer it to all, but we would especially like to have our young folks work for it. To any one sending us the largest list of names not already sent in, before the first day of April next, we will send a handsome plush covered cabinet album, worth $5. For the second highest list a leather covered scrap album worth $2.50. These are duplicates of the prizes offered for the largest list of *Hope* subscribers, and are very strong and beautiful. In addition to this we will forward to any one sending us three or more names and enclosing four cents to pay postage, a cabinet picture of the Nauvoo Temple, a very perfect representation of the exterior of the building before it was struck by lightning. To any one not sending names we will furnish the same at thirty-five cents each. Those wishing to keep their numbers for a bound volume should send in early, for we shall issue for the second number but a few more copies than our subscription list calls for. We intend to forward a copy of this first number to all who have sent in their names, but unless we receive the money or a request to continue, will not send the second number to any but those who have paid. A blue cross on the wrapper will notify those who have paid that their subscription money has been received, and if any mistakes have occurred, please notify us as soon as possible. Allowance must be made for the time in which the magazine will go to press. For instance, if you do not send your money before the 12th, it probably will not reach us before your magazine

is mailed, consequently there will be no cross on the wrapper; but if the next number does not come all right, please notify us, stating about what time you sent the money.

We did not promise you an illustrated work, but it is our intention to give you one, and from time to time in connection therewith, to introduce brief biographical sketches of our prominent elders, as well as historical sketches of places and incidents connected therewith. In our next we shall give an illustration of Joseph Rabinowitz, as he stands viewing Jerusalem and questioning what can be the possible reason of its long night of desolation.

We wish to say to our foreign subscribers, (provinces excepted,) that to the subscription price of $1.25 per annum, they will have to add one half the postage, as we can not afford to pay all.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY HILDEGARDE.

KNICK-KNACKS FOR A CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Those that live in the country, where suitable decorations for Christmas-trees are not to be bought, will doubtless be glad to know of some that may be made at home with very little work, and almost no expense. We give this month a variety of little boxes for holding candy, pop-corn, or nuts, which will brighten up the tree wonderfully, and give as much delight to the small recipient as a much more expensive article.

THE CORNUCOPIA.

Cut a piece of pretty-colored paper in a half-square. Wet the edges with strong paste, fold one edge over the other, hold a long stick under the seam until it dries. Cut the top evenly round. Sew a strip of bright colored tarletan together, glue or sew it round the edge, and cover the seam with a plaiting of ribbon or a strip of gilt paper. Hem the top and run a ribbon in.

The cornucopia can be ornamented prettily by pasting strips of red, green, gilt or silver paper spirally round it, and fastening to the point a scarlet tassel made of strips of paper.

A DRUM-BAG.

Cut a strip of card-board about five by eight inches in size. Paste this strip together, just to hold it. Gum a strip of paper, and paste down the seam on the inside. When dry your drum-case will be neatly joined.

Next place it on a piece of card, and mark a circle round it with a lead pencil; then place a round box or plate a little larger than this circle, and mark round that: cut out round the larger circle. Then take a sharp penknife and cut partly through the smaller circle, and notch out all round from the small to the large circle. Bend the little pieces left down. Then wet them with paste, and press the lid into the top of the drum.

Now paste a strip of gold paper round the top, bottom and center of the drum; also a blue and red strip. Take some bright cord, made of zephyr, and put it across from top to bottom, making the lines cross in the center. If you do this first, your gold, red and blue strips will cover the ends, and make it look neater.

Now measure a piece of red or blue tarletan that will go round the drum, sew up the ends, and hem the top, running a ribbon in. Paste this in the top, and you will have a fine drum to fill with sugar plums, which will be more tempting because of the pretty little box they are in.

Boxes may be similarly made, but differently decorated. Any kind of pretty little scrap book pictures or strips of bright paper will make any amount of boxes, and no two need be alike.

A MUFF.

This can be made of white plush or cotton flannel, spotted with black, to look like ermine. Cut a strip about half as large as the drum, and seam it up. Then sew a narrow piece of silk at each end, and gather it with a narrow ruche and bow of ribbon, leaving long ends, which tie together to hang on the tree. Line with a piece of card rolled and slipped in; then fill with candy, nuts or raisins.

A pretty bag for lozenges and comfits is made like the muff, but using bright colored papers, and ornamenting with pictures; then glue tarletan, pink or rose colored, on each end, and drawing up the ends with long narrow ribbon.

A tree thus decorated, with the addition of strings of cranberries and pop-corn, without which a Christmas-tree would not be worthy of its name, and lighted by a few inexpensive candles, would be the greatest delight a child could possibly have, and a lasting one as well. A dusting of flour over the branches produces the effect of snow, and is more suggestive of the season than the brilliant green.

BLOTTERS.

The simplest kind of a present a little girl can contrive is to take several leaves of blotting paper of various colors, and about 6 or 8 inches by 12 inches. Tie four or five pieces together with a bright ribbon, and on the top one draw and paint a design, or if this is beyond your power, paste thereon some little picture. The photograph of the giver will be appropriate and keep her in the mind of the recipient. In using the

blotter the under sheet, of course, is the only one to come in contact with the ink, and as it becomes soiled it can be torn away without hurting the design.

Shaving papers for Papa can be managed in the same way.

DUST-CLOTH HOLDER.

A large palm-leaf fan, a yard of pretty cretonne, and three or four yards of satin ribbon form a wall pocket that is both useful and ornamental. Cover both sides of the fan plainly with the cretonne, and wind the handle with a piece of the same material. A pocket either fulled or plain is placed across the front of the fan and trimmed with bows of ribbon. A loop of the ribbon with bow and ends is fastened at the top of the handle, and by this means the holder is hung against the wall.

PERFUME SACHET.

Take a piece of light-blue satin seven inches square, and embroider or paint a cluster of pink moss-rose buds upon it. Line with pale pink and turn over one corner. Place inside cotton perfumed with any of the delicate powders, such as heliotrope, violet, etc. Tie together with ribbons about two inches from the top and finish with a pretty bow.

SPIDER-WEB TIDY.

1st row—Crochet a chain of 10 stitches, join, in this loop crochet 26 trebles.

2d row.—Chain 1, pass over a stitch, 1 treble in next, chain 1, pass over a stitch, crochet a shell in next, so continue until there are 6 shells and 6 trebles in the round.

3d row—Repeat with the addition of 1 stitch in each chain, making the shells and trebles all opposite each other, until there are 6 shells, 6 trebles and 6 stitches in each chain.

Break off the thread and begin another. They will be 6 sided, and it will take 1 for the centre and 6 to join around it.

Finish with short fringe or pretty edge.

A BALL FOR BABY.

Nothing will delight a little two-year-old more than a soft bright ball, and particularly one that will make a noise. First, find a small tin pill box, and put in it a dozen or so of pebbles that will rattle finely. Make a muslin bag the shape of a ball, and fill it with cotton, placing the pill box in the middle. For the outside select worsteds of six colors that will contrast prettily. Use a pair of common knitting -needles, setting sixteen stitches and knitting thirty-two rows just back and forth. Sew the edges together, slip in your ball, and draw the ends together at the top and bottom. Baby will find as much delight in this treasure as if it were some expensive toy brought from Paris, and costing great sums of money.

A PHOTOGRAPH CASE.

Take two pieces of thick cardboard, nine inches long and six inches wide. Cut an oval in the front just large enough to show the picture nicely. Cover the pieces with satin or plush, drawing the cover neatly over the edges of the opening in the centre. Sew the two pieces together at the bottom and sides, leaving an opening at the top wide enough to slip in the picture. Sprays of flowers may be embroidered in the corners, or a tiny vine running all around.

MAGIC MUSIC.

Does every body know about magic music? Every body ought to know about it, as it is a game in which every body, be he old or young can join.

We will imagine that it is a family gathering, and that Uncle John is "it." He leaves the room, begging the kind friends not to give him any thing very hard to do, whereupon it is decided that he shall hand grandmother her glasses from the center-table. When he returns the guests begin to sing, but very softly, some well-known song, "Mary and her Lamb," "Excelsior," or "Swanee River." Uncle John walks rapidly around the room, and soon finds that when he is in the corners, the music is very faint; when he reaches the table it become louder, and as he picks up the glasses it swells into a grand chorus. The sound becomes faint again, however, when he tries to fit the "specs" on the baby's small nose, and ceases entirely when approaches the cat for the same purposes. But at last it swells forth again, when he triumphantly presents the owner with her property.

It is surprising what results can be obtained through the influence of magic music. Try it and see, being careful to make the changes in tone marked enough to aid fairly the happy victim.

SHOUTING PROVERBS.

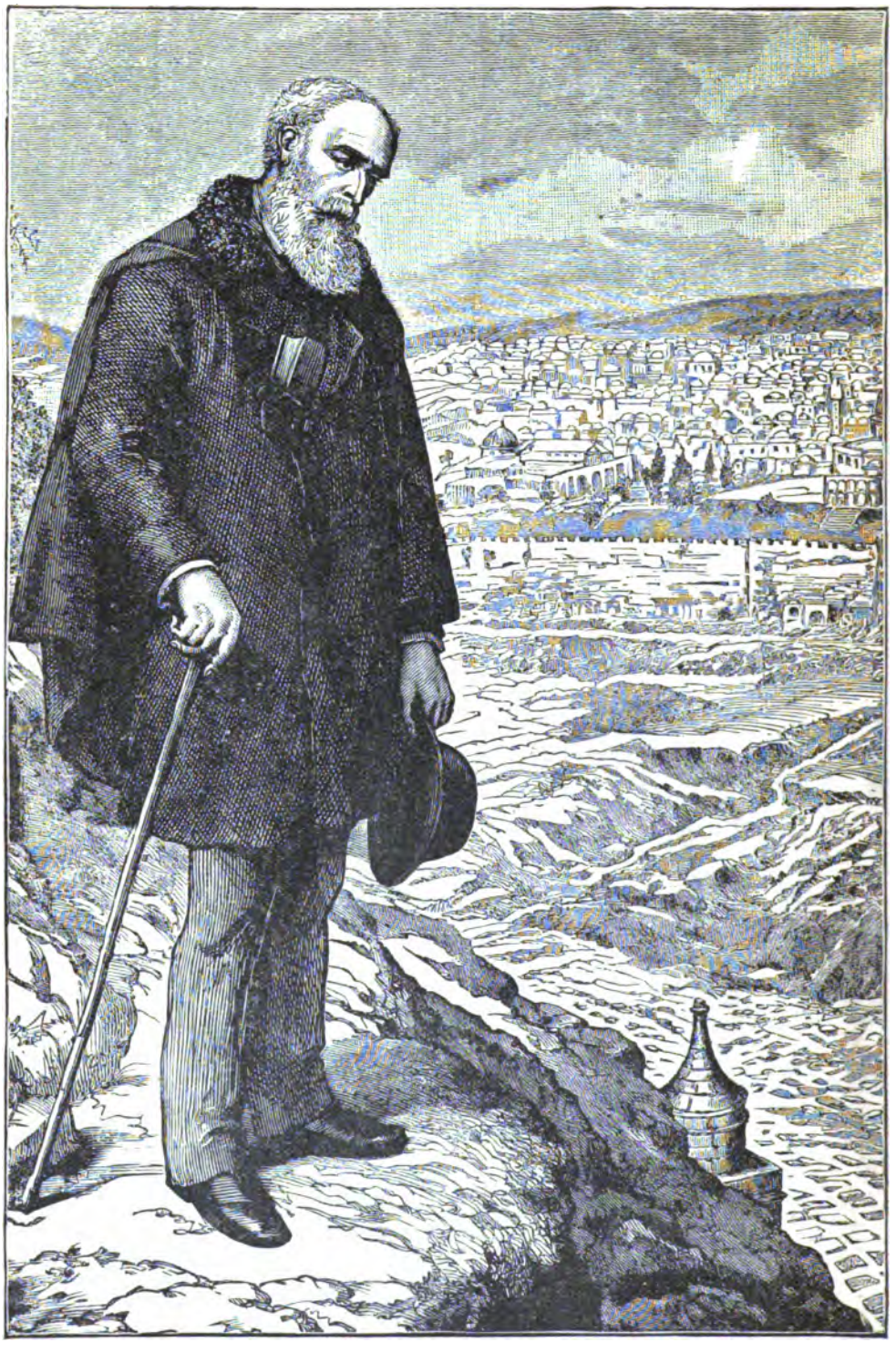
A capital game for weary brains is Shouting Proverbs, as no effort is required save that of the lungs. Some one is sent from the room and some familiar proverb is selected by those within, for example, "Make hay while the sun shines." Beginning in one corner each player is given a word in order—the first "make," the second "hay," etc,

When the guesser is called back, he stands in the center of the room and counts three. Whereupon the company, each shouting his own word, give the proverb, and from this confusion of tongues the one in the center must discover order, and guess the proverb.

It is imperative that all shout at the same moment, for, otherwise, single words will soon give a clew to that which is sought.

GAME OF QUESTIONS.

Let each one be given two slips of paper. On one the player writes his name, on the other a short quotation descriptive of character, or if he prefers something original in the same line. The names are collected in one hat and the descriptions in another. Some one is selected to read the "book of fate," and taking a slip from each hat, he reads first the name and then the description. There is always a chance for accidentally good hits and coincidences. A few minutes may be whiled away agreeably in playing this game of "fate."



Joseph Rabinowitch on the Mount of Olives. (See page 52).

AUTUMN LEAVES.

VOL. I. LAMONI, IOWA, FEBRUARY, 1888. No. 2.

PROPHECY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER II.

He holdeth the winds in his hand,
He ruleth the waves of the sea;
From Russia, of despots the home,
Is this "Autumn Leaf" wafted to thee.

IN our previous chapter we told you that Palestine, or the Holy Land, at the time when the Book of Mormon was first published and sent out to the world, was under Turkish rule. In the year 637 Omar captured Jerusalem and set up the mosque of Omar

ON THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Since that time for twelve hundred years, (with the exception of the temporary rescue by the Crusaders), the Turk has been the desolator of Jerusalem and Judah. The Turk still treads down the ancient land, the inheritance of the children of Abraham, and will until the Jews shall be gathered home from the long night of their dispersion, to possess it again. In 1830, when the Book of Mormon came out, it was a crime punishable with death for any one under the government of Turkey to embrace Christianity, and yet the declaration of Nephi was, "When they shall come to a knowledge of their Redeemer, then they shall be gathered together again to the land of their inheritance."

In 1832 a blessing was pronounced upon the head of Orson Hyde, by Joseph Smith, the Choice Seer, as follows:

"Thou shalt go to Jerusalem, the land of thy fathers, and be a watchman unto the house of Israel, and by thy hand shall the Most High do a good work which shall prepare the way and greatly facilitate the gathering together of that people."

In addition to this, it was manifested to himself in open vision, as follows:

"In the early part of March, 1840, I retired to my bed one night as usual, and while meditating, and contemplating the field of my future labors, the vision of the Lord like clouds of light burst upon my view. (See Joel 2:28.) The cities of London, Amsterdam, Constantinople and Jerusalem, all appeared in succession before me; and the Spirit said unto me:

'Here are many of the children of Abraham whom I will gather to the land that I gave to their fathers; and here also is the field of your labors. Take therefore proper credentials from thy people, your brethren, and also from the Governor of your state with the seal of authority thereon, and go ye forth to the cities which have been shown you, and declare these words unto Judah and say: 'Blow ye the trumpet in the land; cry, gather together and say, Assemble yourselves together and let us go into the defenced cities. Set up the standard toward Zion—retire, stay not; for I will bring evil from the north, and a great destruction. The lion has come up from his thicket, and the destroyer of the Gentiles is on his way; he is gone forth from his place to make thy land desolate, and thy cities shall be laid waste, without an inhabitant.

'Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished—that her iniquity is pardoned, for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

'Let your warning voice be heard among the Gentiles as you pass, and call ye upon them in my name for aid and assistance. With you it mattereth not whether it be little or much; but to me it belongeth to show favor unto them that show favor unto you.'

"The vision continued open about six hours, that I did not close my eyes in sleep. In this time many things were shown to me which I have never written, neither shall I write them until they are fulfilled in Jerusalem."

After arriving in Jerusalem he wrote back to his wife: "I feel glad, more than glad, that I have seen Jerusalem. Face never answered more correctly to face in water, than Mt. Olivet did to the vision I had in Nauvoo." Again, to Elder Pratt he wrote: "I have seen Jerusalem precisely according to the vision which I had. I saw no one with me in the vision, and although Elder Page was appointed to accompany me there, yet I found myself there alone,"

To the Twelve he wrote: "As I walked about the environs of the town my spirit struggled within me in earnest prayer to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, that he would not only revolutionize the country, but renovate and make it glorious. My heart would lavish its blessings upon it in the greatest prodigality in view of what is to come hereafter."

From the top of Olivet, October 24th, 1841, Elder Hyde formally blessed the land and dedicated it anew. The following is part of his prayer:

"O Thou who art from everlasting, eternally and unchangeably the same, even the God who rulest in the heavens above, and controllest the destinies of men on the earth, wilt Thou not condescend, through thine infinite goodness and royal favor, to listen to the prayer of thy servant which he this day offers up unto thee in the name of thy holy child, Jesus, upon this land where the Sun of Righteousness set in blood, and thine Anointed One expired.

"Be pleased, O Lord, to forgive all the follies, weaknesses, vanities and sins of thy servant and strengthen him to resist all future temptations. Give him prudence and discernment that he may avoid the evil, and a heart to choose the good; give him fortitude to bear up under trying and adverse circumstances, and grace to endure all things for thy name's sake, until the end shall come, when all the saints shall rest in peace.

"Now, O Lord thy servant has been obedient to the heavenly vision which thou gavest him in his native land; and under the shadow of thine outstretched arm, he has safely arrived in this place to dedicate and consecrate this land unto Thee, for the gathering together of Judah's scattered remnants, according to the predictions of the holy prophets—for the building up of Jerusalem again after it has been trodden down of the Gentiles so long, and for rearing a temple to the honor of thy name. Everlasting thanks be ascribed unto thee, O Father! Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast preserved thy servant from the dangers of the seas, and from the plagues and pestilence which have caused the land to mourn.—The violence of man has also been restrained, and thy providential care by night and by day has been exercised over thine unworthy servant. Accept therefore, O, Lord, the tribute of a grateful heart for all past favors, and be pleased to continue thy kindness and mercy towards a needy worm of the dust.

"O, Thou, who didst covenant with Abraham, thy friend, and who didst renew that covenant with Isaac, and confirm the same with Jacob with an oath, that thou wouldst not only give them this land for an everlasting inheritance, but that thou wouldst also remember their seed forever. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob have long since closed their eyes in death, and made the grave their mansion. Their children are scattered and dispersed abroad among the nations of the Gentiles like sheep that have no shepherd, and are still looking forward for the fulfillment of those promises which thou didst make concerning them; and even this land, which once poured forth nature's richest bounty, and flowed, as it were with milk and honey, has, to a certain extent, been smitten with barrenness and sterility since it drank from murderous hands the blood of him who never sinned.

"Grant therefore, O, Lord, in the name of thy well beloved Son, Jesus Christ, to remove the barrenness and sterility of the land, and let springs of living water break forth to water its thirsty soil. Let the vine and the olive produce in their strength and the fig tree bloom and flourish. Let the land become abundantly fruitful when possessed by its rightul heirs; let it again flow with plenty to feed the returning prodigals who come with a spirit of grace and supplication; upon it let the clouds distil virtue and richness, and let the fields smile with plenty. Let the herds

and the flocks greatly increase and multiply upon the mountains and the hills; and let thy great kindness conquer and subdue the unbelief of the people. Do thou take from them their stony heart, and give them a heart of flesh, and may the Sun of thy favor dispel the cold mists of darkness which have beclouded their atmosphere. Incline them to gather in upon this land according to thy word. Let them come like clouds and like doves to their windows. Let the large ships of the nations bring them from the distant isles; and let kings become their nursing fathers and queens, with their motherly fondness, wipe the tear of sorrow from their eye.

"Thou, O, Lord didst once move upon the heart of Cyrus to shew favor unto Jerusalem and her children. Do thou now also be pleased to inspire the hearts of kings and the powers of the earth to look with a friendly eye towards this place, and with a desire to see thy righteous purposes executed in relation thereto.—Let them know that it is thy good pleasure to restore the kingdom unto Israel—raise up Jerusalem as its capital. * * * *

"Let that nation or that people who shall take an active part in behalf of Abraham's children, and in the raising up of Jerusalem, find favor in thy sight. Let not their enemies prevail against them, neither let pestilence or famine overcome them, but let the glory of Israel overshadow them; while that nation or kingdom that will not serve thee in this glorious cause must perish, according to thy word—Yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted."

In 1844, the year in which Joseph Smith sealed his testimony to this generation with his blood, the combined powers of Europe compelled Turkey to revoke the law to which we have referred. This was fourteen years after the prophecy of Nephi was published, and three years after the blessing had been pronounced upon the land by God's accredited messenger, and the Jew, even if he became a Christian, might now live in Palestine.

But notwithstanding this was an important point gained, there were still lacking many things in order that the land might become fitted to sustain its allotted part in the great events of the coming restoration. The despotism of Turkey was still great, and no fostering hand was extended by the government in the building up of any enterprise calculated to encourage the return of the Jews. The land also, notwithstanding its reconsecratiou by direction of the Lord, lay parched and barren, but in 1853 the former and the latter rains were restored. At the close of the Crimean war, by the treaty of Paris, Turkey virtually passed into the hands of the European powers; and upon the violation of the Treaty of Toleration in 1860, when the Christians in Lebanon were cruelly massacred, France and England interfered, and the treaty was renewed with stringent provisions for its observance, among which was the appointment of a Christian Governor of Syria. Thus God has prepared the way, and now it remains only for the Jews to prepare themselves and return to the land, and the prophecy of Nephi will be fulfilled before the eyes of an unbelieving world.

Are there any indications of this preparation? As far back as the latter part of the eighteenth century there was a movement among the Jews in Eastern Europe under the leadership of one Baal Shem, the motto of which was, "We must consecrate our whole lives to God." This man was successful in his efforts, and at the time of his death his followers numbered more than half a million; and at the present time the number of 'Chasidic', or pious Jews, is three and a half millions, embracing nearly all of South-eastern Europe. They are marked by excessive devotion—even extending to austerity in worship—and by piety in their lives.

In the year 1882, there set out from the Bessarabian province of South Russia a Jew by the name of Joseph Rabinowitch, a lawyer of the town of Kischeneff, the capital of Bessarabia, for the land of Palestine. This was during the time of the persecution of the Jews in South Russia, and the object of the visit of Rabinowitch was to take a colony of Jews to the Holy Land. Rabinowitch had long been seeking to better the condition of his poor persecuted countrymen, and was both respected and beloved, not only by them, but by all who knew him,

LIKE NEHEMIAH,

arrived at Jerusalem he viewed the ruins, city, temple and walls. He saw a Moslem mosque and a so-called Christian church on the site of the holy temple. He found

the Jews at the "wailing place" driven about and mocked by Arab girls. Jerusalem was indeed trodden down of the Gentiles. At length, walking on the Mount of Olives, he asked himself, "Why is this?" No answer seemed to be forthcoming, save that the Messiah must have come and been rejected. Then it came to his mind that Jesus Christ, of the New Testament, must have been the Messiah of the Jews. He returned to his lodging in the city and thought the matter over, when the first words that came with force to his mind were,

"WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING."

To him the lesson was, That so long as the Jews disowned and refused Jesus as Messiah, they could do nothing. His colonization scheme was laid aside, and he returded to Kischeneff to read and study the New Testament.

The Jews naturally called in large numbers upon him to learn the result of his visit to Palestine, and he made known to them the conviction he had arrived at. One word which came to him at that time with power, was, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." So it went on; the Jews began to reflect, and consider the New Testament.

To the educated he would say: "You read Goethe and Darwin, and others honored by our nation, why do you not read the words of one of whom all the Christians are proud?" Some said of Rabinowitch, "He has always sought the good of our nation; what he now says must be right." "Others said he was mad, and wrote to that effect to the Jewish newspapers." Thus increased attention was aroused, and all the more from the consideration that Rabinowitch remained a Jew as before, though believing in Jesus Christ, as the Messiah of the people and his Redeemer.

Then as they began to gather around him, the need was felt for a place where the Christ-believing, New Testament Jews could worship and study together, also of a burying place, because such Jews would not be buried by their unbelieving people. Both these things were granted, and thus the movement received fresh power and impetus.

But to return to the "chasidic," or "pious" Jews; among this class the movement of Rabinowitch has been successful. A recent writer in the Independent, after stating these facts, concludes his account or the movement as follows:

"The peculiar religious views of this people, especially their earnest expectation of a Messiah, have prepared the way providentially for this work now being done among them. Reports all agree that it is Franz Delitsch's Hebrew translation of the New Testament that has been the chief means of directing these thoughts into the right channel. Since 1870 no less than forty thousand copies of this book have been published, the great majority being circulated among tbe Jews of South-eastern Europe. It is eagerly read, especially in secret. The missionary Faber, met with four young men who had committed the whole translation to memory.

"The first sermon by Rabinowitch was listened to by an audience of four thousand. It was telegraphed to Odessa, and there published, and the last copies of the issue containing the sermon sold for a rouble apiece. The movement is growing steadily and hopefully, both internally and externally. A relative of the leader named Lichtenstein, is now in Leipzig preparing a Hebrew commentary on the whole of the New Testament."

After the return of Rabinowitch from Palestine the news of this strange movement among the Jews came to the knowledge of Rev. John Wilkinson, Director of the Mildmay Mision to the Jews throughout Great Britian, and he opened a correspondence with him; and this correspondence has not only ripened into friendship, but Mr. Wilkinson has stood between Rabinowitch and those who were not willing to afford him any help unless he united himself to some partiular church and acknowledged its creed. Rabinowitch was poor and found himself under the necessity of applying to Christian sympathy for aid to carry on his work. In 1855 a meeting was arranged in Berlin, between Rabinowitch, Wilkinson and some others, where, owing chiefly to the friendship of Mr. Wilkison and the interest taken by him in the movement, it was finally decided by representatives of several Jewish missions that, "As the movement may develop into the promised Restoration of Israel, it is necessary that it remain independent, and not absorbed into any of the existing sections of the Christian Church;

and that none of these churches should make their help conditional on the acceptance of their particular form (or doctrine)."

Simultaneous with this awakening movement on the part of the Jews, and keeping fully abreast of it, is the revived interest manifested by Christians in the Jews. And movements are now being made for the establishment of a school for the purpose of educating and training workers for this particular field.

Does it not seem that the time is near which the Lord spoke of by Isaiah: "Behold, I will lift up my hand to the Gentiles, and set up my standard to the people; and they shall bring thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters shall be carried upon their shoulders; and kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers."—Isa. 49: 22, 23.

The particular feature of this movement, as we have before said, and that which first attracted our attention to it, is, that while Rabinowitch has accepted of Christ as the promised Messiah of his nation, as a Jew he accepts him, and does not merge his national character into any sect of Christians, or bind his faith to any creed laid down by man. Does this not point to the tame olive branches which were broken off through unbelief, being again grafted into their own root? Believing that many of our young friends will be interested in this matter, we give below

THE CREED OF THE ISRAELITES OF THE NEW COVENANT:

1. I believe, with a perfect faith, that our heavenly Father is the living, and true, and eternal God who created heaven and earth and everything, visible and invisible, through His Word and His Holy Spirit. All things are from him, all things in him and all things to him.

2. I believe with a perfect faith, that our Heavenly Father has, according to his promise made to our fathers, to our prophets and to our king David, the son of Jesse, raised unto Israel a Redeemer, Jesus, who was born of the Virgin Mary, in Bethlehem the city of David, who suffered, was crucified, dead and buried for our salvation, rose again from the dead, and liveth and sitteth at the right hand of our heavenly Father; from thence he shall come to judge the world, the living and the dead. He is the appointed king over the house of Jacob forever, and of his dominion there shall be no end.

3. I believe with a perfect faith, that by the counsel of God and his foreknowledge, our ancestors have been smitten with hardness of heart, for sin and for rebellion against our Messiah, the Lord Jesus, in order to provoke the other nations of the earth to jealousy, and to reconcile them all through faith in Christ, by the word of of his evangelists, in order that the knowledge of Jehovah should cover the earth, and Jehovah be king over the whole world.

4. I believe with a perfect faith, that through faith in Jesus, the Messiah, alone, without the works of the law, a man may be justified; and that there is but one God, who justifies the circumcised Jews by faith and uncircumcised through faith; and that there is no difference between Jew and Greek, between bond and free, between male and female. They are all one in Christ.

I believe with a perfect faith, in a Holy Catholic [universal, Ed.] and Apostolic Church.

6. I confess one baptism for the remission of sins.

I wait for the resurrection and renewed life of the dead, and for the life of the world to come. Amen.

For thy savation I wait, O, Lord;
I wait, O, Lord, for thy salvation,
O, Lord, for thy salvation I wait."

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY FRANCES.

THE sons and daughters of Zion, in the Reorganized Church whose parents dwell in peace and safety, and who have the privilege of meeting together and worshiping God with none to molest or make them afraid, can not very well realize what it meant to be a Latter Day Saint fifty years ago; and, in order that they may know something about it, we are going to tell them a true story, which we hope will prove both instructive and interesting.

In the western part of the state of New York, as early as the year 1831, lived a family by the name of Clark. They had removed there from the state of Vermont when the country was almost a dense forest, had built a log house and gone to work to clear a farm. Getting a farm ready to cultivate in that country was not a matter so easy of accomplishment as it is in this western country, where a strong team with a good plow and a driver will accomplish all the work in a few weeks, which there would require the work of many men for years. There were great trees to be cut down, and after they were lying on the ground they had to have all the limbs or branches cut off before they were ready to saw into short pieces of such a length that strong men would be able to roll them together into a big pile ready to burn them. When this was done the branches must be cut up in the same way, and the brush also gathered up and piled with the rest. When all this had been attended to, there was still the stump of the tree which had to be dug out of the ground by the roots, and all the small trees and bushes which must be cut off and have their roots dug up in the same way. There would follow a big bonfire, large enough to do honor to any presidential election of modern times, when all that would remain of those monarchs of the forest, beneath whose branches the Indians had lain in ambush, or the deer had sought shelter from the chase, would be a smouldering heap of ashes to be spread by the free winds of heaven over the land, giving back in fertility the strength which had been taken from it.

The family of which we have spoken consisted at that time of father, mother, and seven children, the three older ones being boys, who proved of great help to Mr. Clark in clearing up the land; but with the best effort of the father and three sons, they could not clear more than an acre and a half in two months; and as Mr. Clark was a man of energy, he persevered, looking forward in hope to the time when he should plant his grain and gather in his harvest and reap a reward for all his labors.

Sometimes, because of the trees being larger, the logs would be heavier than at others, and they would go a distance of four or five miles to obtain the help of a neighbor. To most of our readers this would seem a long distance for a neighbor to live, but it did not seem far to these early pioneers, and they were always ready to lend a helping hand to each other, for they knew that when it came their turn to need help, it would be cheerfully repaid. Thus it happened that one time a perilous adventure befel one of Mr. Clark's sons, which we will here relate, for the sake of showing what the boys of that time were likely to encounter, and which very few in these days know anything about.

Mr. Clark had called upon a neighbor at one time for help in the manner we have spoken of, and when it became necessary to return this help, he sent his oldest son Daniel, instead of going himself, as he could not very well be spared from home. Daniel was a strong, light-hearted lad, and hailing anything in the shape of change, he gladly obeyed the summons, and early in the morning set out with a heart as light as his limbs were strong, and before the sun was up presented himself at the door of the settler who needed his help, as fresh and strong after his walk of five miles through the leafy woods, as though he had only just left his bed. The

task which required his help being completed, as he was not to return home until the next day, Mr. Ashton (the man he was helping) proposed to him to walk into the village, which was some miles beyond, in order to get a wolf trap repaired, as the wolves were very troublesome—coming sometimes right to the door of their cabins and destroying whatever in the way of lambs, calves or poultry, were found unprotected; but he said nothing to Daniel of any traps in the woods beyond his house.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Daniel started, and as the little town was only four miles distant, there would be ample time for him to get the trap mended and be back before dark. Dark, however, came, but no Daniel, and as an hour slipped by Mr. Ashton felt some uneasiness at his non-arrival; but not being able to think of any cause of danger to the boy, he finally came to the conclusion that he must have been disappointed in getting the trap mended as soon as he had calculated, and so had concluded to stay in the village until morning. Having made up his mind to this, he made the yards about his house secure for the night, and stretching his tired limbs upon the bed, was soon fast asleep. Let us follow Daniel and see if Mr. Ashton was correct in his conclusion.

When he started for the village his steps were not quite so buoyant as they had been in the morning, but still he went bravely along, and as he expected to meet some young friends upon his arrival there, he did not mind the walk in the least; but whistling as he went and scampering after any timid squirrel, which he chanced to see, he hastened on the shady, lonely road until nearly three miles of the distance had been passed, and but for the heavy timber shutting out the view, the smoke from the village smithy might have been seen. Just then two mischievous squirrels ran across the road in front of him, and climbing nimbly into the lower branches of a hemlock tree, chattered at him as much as to say, "What ever are you doing here, and what right have you in this leafy wilderness?" Tempted by the fun it would be to see them raise their bushy tails and scamper away, Daniel sprang to one side of the road, and with a bound or two was almost beneath the branch from which they were making a rapid retreat, when his foot sank in a loose bed of leaves and his ankle was clasped as in a vice. For a moment all his faculties were benumbed and he was conscious only of an intense stinging pain, as though at one stroke his foot had been severed from his limb; and it was not until he recovered himself sufficiently to rise on his elbow, (for he had fallen down on his face when his foot was caught), that he discovered the nature and extent of his misfortune. A huge, strong wolf trap had been set, and covered over with leaves to prevent the cunning animals from discovering or smelling it; and Daniel found himself a prisoner without the least hope of being able to escape, until help should come to him, for the trap, which had been made strong and secure enough to resist the strength of any wild animal which might be entrapped therein, repelled all his efforts to liberate himself; and despairing of escape he tried to collect his thoughts and look the situation squarely in the face. If he could have wrenched the trap from its fastenings, he thought it might have been possible for him to have dragged himself toward the village, and perchance some one might be coming towards the woods whose attention he might have attracted by his cries; but this hope was vain, for the trap was chained to a strong stake, driven into the ground, and resisted every effort he was able to make to move it. The pain in his foot was intense, his limb began swelling, and he felt faint, sick, and very much inclined to cry; but he was a brave hearted lad and would not suffer his tears to fall, even though he knew he was alone and no one could see him, as long as it was in his power to keep them back. He called loudly for help in hopes that he might be heard by some chance passer by, but no help came and the hours wore slowly on.

The sun was sinking slowly out of sight, and in the woods twilight had already established itself; Daniel had ceased to call for help except at long intervals, but he was sustained by the hope that, as night came on and he did not return, Mr. Ashton would surely come to look for him. He listened intently to every sound, hoping to hear the gallop of horses feet; but none came. The little gray squirrels who, unknowingly, were the cause of his misfortune, came down to the lower branches of the tree and looked intently at him, as

if striving to decide in their own mind whether it would be entirely safe to venture down; then, seeing him so still, they gave a quick bound to the other side of the tree, and running down its branches were soon lost to sight in the dark woods. Poor Daniel, lying there helpless and chained in his bondage, seemed to realize for the first time in his life, what a blessed thing it was to be free, and he envied even the little squirrels their liberty. The shadows grew darker, and now only a few faint beams of light could be seen struggling down through the tallest branches of the giant trees, whose tops seemed almost to come in contact with the blue of the sky; and presently even these rays vanished, and darkness almost impenetrable settled down over the wood. Hope did not die out of the brave boy's heart, for he said, "Surely Mr. Ashton will come to look for me, now that night has come and I am not there." The lonely hoot of the owl came from the branches over his head and were answered back from other parts of the wood, but these and the rustling of the leaves by the night wind were the only sounds which fell upon his strained ear. From time to time he called loudly for help, lest any chance of help should pass by him in the darkness and he not know it, but echo was the only answer which came back to him; and, as the moments lengthened out, a terrible fear took posession of him, and tears for the first time rolled slowly down his cheek.

"I shall never see mother nor home again," he sobbed, "I am chained here, and before morning the wolves will find me and I shall never be able to keep them at bay. Oh, if I only had a strong stick I might perhaps drive them away, but I have none and can not move a step from here!"

Again he thought of his bondage with bitterness. What would he care for the long and lonely road if only he were free. Then the pain of his foot and limb reminded him that he was a cripple, and if he was free he would not be able to walk. "I could at least climb into a tree and be safe from wild beasts, but now I am helpless;" and unable longer to control his feelings he sobbed aloud, and called upon the names of his brothers and sisters without knowing himself that he felt as though he was telling them good bye for the last time on earth.

When his passion of grief had expended itself, in a measure at least, he leaned his head against the trunk of the tree near which he was chained and closing his eyes to shut out the dense darkness, he forgot to think about himself or the possibility of any help reaching him, and gave himself up to thinking of home and what they were doing there. He knew that by this time his little brothers and sisters were all in bed, and he tried to fancy which one had first knelt down by his mother to say his prayers? He saw his little curly haired, blue eyed sister Lucy, folding her tiny hands, and as he recalled her little prayer a calmness seemed to steal over his soul and he softly repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake
I ask the Lord my soul to take."

Amen, he added, with that emphasis which made the prayer and language his own. "I wonder if I shall be alive in the morning, and if I am not"—will the Lord receive my soul to himself,—he wanted to say, but an undefined fear prevented his giving utterance to the thought, and he forced his mind again to return to his home. He saw his mother bending over her work, and he wondered if perchance some angel might not be whispering to her spirit even then, how sorely her absent boy was in need of help? Of one thing he felt very sure, his mother would never close her eyes in sleep before she commended each one of her children to the care of her heavenly Father. He knew just what book his father was reading at that moment, and the leaves rustling above him seemed to shape themselves into his father's voice, and he fancied he heard again the words which the night before were the last sounds that had fallen upon his waking senses; and as they came now to his memory, a great lump rose up in his throat and threatened to choke him—"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

Then, for the first time, tears, which were quiet, like the drops of a gentle shower, rolled over his cheeks, and the poor boy, though he could not kneel, bowed his head upon his hands and prayed to God for help and strength. He prayed as never before in his life, for he seemed to realize fully that if God did not help him, there was no help for him; and in

the darkness he seemed to feel the presence of a power which was able to save even to the uttermost, and he repeated to himself, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." Peace and a sense of security, which during the rest of that terrible night never left him, came to him with the words; nor did it come any too soon.

Exhausted with fatigue and pain of body, but especially with his emotions, Daniel would have slept, but the pain of his imprisoned foot drove sleep away and he found himself wondering what time of night it might be, and wishing, oh! so earnestly for the morning, when suddenly his quick ear detected the sound of pattering feet coming over the road he had traveled, and his heart almost ceased beating as he listened. Steadily they came on; not the feet of one, but of many; and soon a low howl, taken up and repeated by others, confirmed his worst fears, and he knew that he was at the mercy of a pack of hungry wolves. The fact that he had been caught in a trap set for them, had told him that he must be in a place they were in the habit of visiting, and now his worst fears were confirmed, and he knew if God did not protect him, there was no hope for him. Daniel was the child of praying parents, and he had been early taught the great principles of Christianity; but until this night they had been as abstract truths to him, the full force of which he had never realized. He knew that all the ways of his father's house were committed to the watchcare of God, and that whatever his parents did, they invoked the blessing of God upon it; but then he had seen them work just as earnestly to answer their own prayers, as they had prayed that God would hear them; and somehow he had come to think that works had just as much, if not a little more, than faith, to do with it. But how was it now? He was helpless, chained a prisoner, nothing to defend himself with, and his strength fast ebbing away. Should he believe and trust God, or should he despair and resign himself to die?

He was young, and life had never seemed sweeter to him than it did then. Thought crowded upon thought, like silver bells of memory ringing in under tones, and above the howling of the angry, bloodthirsty pack, he heard the voices of the loved ones at home, and clearly, distinctly, he heard the voice of his father as he read: "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." Then he lifted up his hands and heart to heaven, and there in his captivity and helplessness realized, for the first time in his life, that God was a reality and had power to save to the uttermost all who trusted in him.

All night long the wolves howled around him. He could see the fierce gleam of their eyes in the darkness, and hear them snap their teeth in anger as if they would fall upon and devour each other; but though he was in their power and helpless as Daniel of old in the den of lions, not one of them touched him; and as the light of morning came and the rays of the sun penetrated the branches here and there, they slunk back to their hiding places in the wood, and Daniel was left to his own thoughts and hopes.

"I never heard such a howling in my life as the wolves kept up last night," said Mrs. Newcomb to her husband that morning. "It came from the direction of your trap, and you may think me foolish, but I fancied that one time I heard some one calling for help. Don't you think you had better go over there before you go to work, and see what it means?"

"Yes, let us have breakfast and then I will go; but why did you not tell me last night?"

"I listened to see if I could hear anything, but the howling of the wolves, and as I heard nothing more I thought I must have been mistaken and did not wake you."

Mr. Newcomb lived near the village, and his farm extended almost to the woods, and just the day before he had concealed the trap, hoping to ensnare some of the pack and frighten away the rest; what was his horror and astonishment therefore upon going to the place, to find Daniel imprisoned, and as he thought at the first glance, dead; for the poor boy, worn out with his long night of pain and watching, had fallen into a fitful sleep. He awoke with a glad cry of joy at the sight of human help, and soon told the history of his mishap to Mr. Newcomb, whom he remembered to have seen once or twice at his father's house.

Daniel was soon liberated, but he could not stand alone, and Mr. Newcomb was just starting to the village for help when Mr. Ashton rode up. In the morning

when Daniel did not return he became uneasy, fearing that he ought to have looked for him the night before, and as soon as he ate breakfast had saddled his horse and started for the village. Together they lifted Daniel upon the horse, both men feeling that they were more or less to blame for the sad accident. They took him first to the village, where his wounded foot was dressed; and after he had taken some refreshment, they procured a team and took him to his own home. The cheeks of his mother paled when she saw them drive up and lift him out; and after they had laid him on the bed, and were telling his father how it happened, she asked: "What prevented the wolves from devouring him?"

"It must have been the smell of the traps, for you know we have to cover them with leaves or we could never catch one," said Mr. Ashton.

Mrs. Clark made no answer to this, but tenderly pressed the hand of her boy and smoothed back his soft hair with a gentle touch. The little ones crowded around the bed all anxious for a look or smile from brother Dan, as they called him. Oh, how sweet it seemed to the poor boy to be at home again, and in spite of every effort the tears would come to his eyes. After the men were gone he pulled his mother's face down to his and whispered in her ear:

"It was the power of God, mother, which kept the wolves from devouring me. If God had not preserved me, I should not be here now."

"I know it my boy, I know it;" and kneeling down by his bedside, the little ones kneeling with her, she returned thanks to God for his wonderful deliverance.

To be continued.

"FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O, Father, take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child.

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal:
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my [hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand.
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest,
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about;
And foes oppress me sore. I can not stand
Or go alone. O, Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my [hand;
And reaching down
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

HENRY N. COBB.

From "Royal Galaxy," p. 461.

"A CENTURY OF DISHONOR."

"WILL you kindly permit me to visit the room which was occupied by Helen Hunt Jackson?" I said to the keeper of the Starkess House in San Bernardino, California.

"Whose room?" said he.

"The one occupied by Mrs. Jackson, the friend of the Indians," I replied.

"Oh! yes; Melie!" he called, and a large, coarse-looking woman with red face, and redder hair appeared, while her father instructed her to take us to room 32.

"But a lady is in it," said the girl.

"I only wish to go into the room," I continued, "because I feel that it is hallowed by association."

I doubt though that these people understood what my expression indicated, as they looked in curiosity and wonderment at each other while listening to my earnest request. We ascended a flight of steep, winding stairs, passed through a wide hall and tapped at the door of No. 32, which was opened by a pretty and ladylike young woman, to whom I expressed my desire, and she bade me enter. She, too, was a newspaper correspondent, and my visit enlightened her as to her present surroundings. From the southern windows of the room we had an extended view of the picturesque and fruitful valley of San Bernardino, encircled by the icy sentinels of San Bernardino and San Jacinto Mountains, which were in surprising contrast to the blooming gardens and orchards below. In this room Mrs. Jackson wrote many pages of her "Century of Dishonor," an appropriate place to have penned to the world the wrongs perpetrated upon the Indians, for from the window could be seen in the foothills the little settlement of the Serrannas, who have for years been pleading for the few acres of land on which they barely exist. In company with Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Wood, of Richmond, Virginia, and Miss Annie Adamson, of Washington, we paid a visit to the Sarranna Indians at Santa Manuel with Juan Tomass, the captain of the band, as our guide and interpreter. The settlement consists of fifty Indians, who are honest and industrious, while their politeness would be an example to some civilized people who boast of higher birth and breeding. Two old adobe houses containing eight rooms eight feet square, with wide cracks around and above which admitted the rain, was all the shelter these fifty people had. A young Indian woman was sitting on the bare ground of one of the apartments, with a three days' old baby in her lap, making herb tea over a smouldering fire of roots. Two other little ones clung to her, being terrified at the palefaces they saw. The central room, which was the most comfortable of all the quarters, was the apartment of the captain, and Antonio, who was next in rank. Its furnishings consisted of wooden benches and a cooking stove. Some pictorial papers of a year ago were pasted over the cracks to keep out the cold, while the pictures were a source of delight to the little ones. Some wild game hung in the room drying and a can of baking powder stood upon a rough shelf close by. Deer, rabbit, and different kinds of game sustain these people. San Manuel proudly said that he always returned from the hunt with deer, and we bought the antlers from the last one shot. Juan Tomass, our interpretator interviewed the tribe for us, and the handsome Antonio stood, hat in hand, as their spokesman. He said that they would not wrong any one or lie to the government, but that Mr. Ward, the agent for the Indians, had only visited the settlement once, although he had been in that locality for two years, and then it was to ascertain if the teacher had not made some misrepresentation about the number of children to be sent to school. Dr. Featherbee, a young fledging from North Carolina, whom the government has sent out here, has only paid one visit to the village, although whooping cough has been epidemic for several months. The land in these foothills, in which the Serrannas have lived and cultivated for fifteen years, should be theirs. It has upon it a spring of running water, which is valuable in this country, so the white men are anxiously waiting for a chance to secure it, and making in consequence many misrepresenta-

tions to the government as to its value, but it would break the hearts of this dark-browed race to be driven away from the shelter of these mountains. The Serrannas declare that they have a friend in Mr. Brown, the government attorney here, as well as in Miss Adamson, the teacher of the Indians, who is a beautiful and talented young girl from Washington, through whom we have heard many sad tales regarding these people. Miss Adamson is as enthusiastic in her work as was Helen Hunt Jackson, and for her honesty of purpose, and for her informing the department at Washington of the way in which the Indians have been treated, will no doubt lose her position as teacher. Generals Armstrong and Heath, Indian Inspectors, accompanied by Professor Riley, General Superintendent of Indian Schools, from Washington, were delegated to come here upon a special inspecting tour. The Indian Agent, the doctor, and the proprietor of the Davis House at Colton, who professes to be a physician, took their affidavits that Miss Adamson was insane, accounted her enthusiasm and honesty as insanity. It is of little use for a young and guileless woman to battle against political intrigue, and the testimony of the agent and doctor will no doubt be sufficient to condemn the teacher. Miss Adamson said, being herself a Southerner, she did expect courtesy, not gallantry, from John Shirley Ward, a Tennesseean, and Doctor Featherbee, a North Carolinian. She says that the cry of the Democrats is to "turn the rascals out," but she feels assured that they have turned the rascals in. Through the influence of Mrs. Jackson, Lawson, the former agent, and his interpreter, Juan Morongo, were removed, but Mr. Ward has reinstated Morongo to act for him. While be served under Lawson he told the Serrannas that if they would each contribute a small sum of money he would purchase them land from the government which should be always theirs, so $250 was raised, and even some of the women contributed their hard-earned money. Months went by and nothing was heard of the land or money, neither could they obtain any satisfaction from Lawson or Morongo, so they talked of war and getting their rights, but the oldest Indian of the tribe begged them to avoid the war-path. Cobezon, chief of all the tribes who live in the San Jacinto Mountains, went to Lawson and demanded the land or the money, but the infuriated agent presented pistols to his white brethren and commanded them to shoot down every Indian on the spot. In the fall of 1883 the following paper was drawn and sent on to Washington:

San Bernardino, Oct. 5th, 1883.—This is to certify that at a general council of Indians held in Matthews' Grove, in the town of San Bernardino, in the county of the same, on July 29th, 1883, Marcus Morongo, known among the whites as General, was elected as a chief, in witness whereof we give our names.

Chief Cabezon,
Chief Ehenie,
Chief Joaquin,
Chief Martin,
Chief Jose Rafel,
Chief Jim,
Chife Martin Largo.

Witness—Manuel Spinosa.
Signed—John Brown, Attorney.

With this was an accompanying document petitioning for the land which as yet is not theirs. Miss Adamson declares that her appointment did not meet the approval of Mr. Ward, so a most wretched old building, without any seats, was the school provided for her, although the government allows a generous sum for school rents. At the beginning of the term the agent sent her ten Bibles and some arithmetics, which were returned with compliments, being too lofty a beginning, as the children did not understand one word of English, while a modest request was made for somethiug to sit upon. Miss Adamson wisely asserts that these day schools are a farce, and that the Indian problem, which has seemed so difficult for the government to solve, has certainly been explained by "H. H." If the government would give the Indians land and a title to it, to be theirs and their children's forever, provide them with industrial and agricultural schools, and abolish agents, our Indian troubles would be at an end. The general government employs five Indian Inspectors to watch five special agents; five special agents to watch sixty Indian agents, and sixty Indian agents to watch seven hundred teachers. General Miles reports that the late troubles with the Indians on the Navajo reservation was the result of the white man's interference. He says that the Navajoes have been imposed upon, and he would not be surprised if the tribe would take the war-path, and the result would be in driving the Navajoes from their homes.

The Indian Rights Association is endeavoring to secure for the Indians the opportunity of education, the protection of law, and a protected individual title to land. It sends its representatives to the Indian reservations to observe the condition of the Indians, and report such knowledge as they may gain to the association. The city of San Bernardino was once a Mormon settlement, but the Mormons who located here rebelled against Brigham Young, calling themselves Josephites. There are a number of pretty settlements in the surrounding country. Lugonia is a picturesque locality a few miles east of here, which has lately been purchased by a newspaper syndicate from San Diego. It is to be laid out in a regular town site, and the streets will be named after the newspapers in California. The Arrowhead Hot Springs up in the mountains derive their name from a figure of an arrowhead on the mountain side, and is a secluded spot for those who desire a quiet retreat. In the water of these springs we boiled eggs hard in eight minutes. One can also sink to their ears in mud at this place, as the "mud baths" are one of the distinguishing features, and are said to be a sure cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. From the Arrow-head Hotel, which has an altitude of two thousand feet, one gets a magnificent view of the great San Bernardino Valley below. Lieutenant Governor Waterman has a beautiful home in close proximity to the hotel grounds. Aunt Ri, with her carpet-weaving sign at the door, is still a resident of San Bernardino, and her sympathy for the Indians is as sincere as it was in Alessandro and Ramona's time.—S. B. B.

Sel.

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

PERHAPS upon a subject so old as this one, nothing can be said which will be of interest. In one sense however, great interest should attach to this piece of furniture, if such it can be called.

Many costly and beautiful things have been wrought by the hand of man, but it has not been often in the world's history that the God of the whole earth has condescended to give directions in regard to constructing a piece of furniture. Anything which is important enough for him to thus notice is surely worthy our careful thought.

He has made nothing in vain, and to study the works of his hands is the most profitable way in which we can spend our leisure time. There is a lesson to be learned from every leaf of the forest, from every flower of the plain; but as we study the wonderful works of God as revealed in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, we are led to exclaim, while overwhelmed with awe and solemnity, Surely there is something peculiar in the thought that he would interest himself in the making of this article: yet, if any good is to be derived, it is not beneath him. "Every good and perfect gift is from him." He who could create a world, and people it with teeming millions, could also create a tiny flower to please his children; so in giving instructions for making the article of which we speak, there is nothing inconsistent with his manner of doing, if it was of any use to his children. Of this we shall see.

The Lord was particular to tell just how it should be made, how long, how high, how wide; of what it should be composed, far what it should be used, and who should handle it. It was two cubits and a half long, one and a half cubits broad, and one and a half cubits deep, in our measurement a little more than four feet and six inches long, and nearly two feet and nine inches deep, by the same in width. It was made of shittim wood. The botanical name of the tree is *acacia seyal.* It resembles the hawthorn, but grows much larger. It is found in the Arabian desert, on the west shore of the

Dead Sea, and elsewhere. Gum Arabic is made of it. It is a hard, close-grained wood, orange brown in color. It will be seen that the ark made of this wood, would at once be very beautiful and very durable; but in addition to this, it was covered all over the outside and lined inside with pure gold and a cornice or crown of gold was placed all around on the top of it. It must have been a thing of beauty. Should we not make the work of our hands neatly and nicely, as well as our characters beautifully grand? There were also four rings of gold made, two of which were fastened in each side of ark, one near each corner. Then there were two staves or poles, also made of Shittim wood and covered with gold. These were run through the rings, and always left there to carry the ark by; and when the children of Israel marched, the levites carried it before them.

There was, also, a seat called the mercy seat, made of pure gold, the same length and breadth of the ark, and upon either end of this Mercy Seat was a cherub made of beaten gold. These Cherubim were placed facing each other, with their wings so stretched out as to overshadow the mercy seat. This seat with the cherubim upon either end was placed upon the ark of the covenant; and the Lord promised Moses (for to him were the directions given for the making), that he would meet him there and commune with him from between the cherubim above the mercy seat, and give him commandments for the children of Israel.

This then, was the place appointed and prepared for receiving revelations from God—a very important thing indeed; no wonder that the Lord was particular in regard to it.

The inside of the ark was for keeping sacred things: and in it were placed the two tables of stone containing the Ten Commandments, a golden pot filled with manna, and Aaron's rod, that budded.

Because of the sacred uses to which it was dedicated the Lord was very particular in regard to who should touch it, and gave command that only the Levites, who were set apart to the priesthood, should handle it. We should learn from this, that only those who are called and set apart for the purpose should administer in sacred rites and ceremonies.

This ark of the covenant, as we said before, was carried before the people of Israel by the Levites as they traveled in the wilderness.

As we trace its history we see that the great power of God attended it. The people were blessed when it was handled by pure men, holding authority; but when touched by one not having authority, severe punishments followed, reminding us that God will not be trifled with.

When Israel came to Jordan and was ready to cross over, though the water was very high, when the feet of the priests who bore the ark were dipped in the water, the waves rolled back and stood in a heap, refusing to touch the sacred thing. The priests stood in the midst of Jordan on dry ground, the ark of the covenant with them, until all Israel had passed over; and then they took twelve stones, one for each tribe, out of Jordan where the priests' feet stood, as a memorial of the event. In after years when their children would ask, What mean ye by these stones? they would relate the story of how the waters of Jordan were cut off by the ark of the covenant. What a grand and imposing scene! In imagination we see the children of Israel hurrying by; gazing for a moment with awe at the wall of water above, and then with tearful eyes, and hearts beating with emotion, step upon the land of their fathers, made sacred to them by many hallowed promises.

On another time was the power of God manifested to Israel, as attending the ark of the covenant, in this wise; Jericho was in the hand of the enemy, and so formidable were her walls she could not be taken, the priests took the ark, as commanded by God, and marched with the army around the city once each day for six days, and on the seventh day marched around seven times, when the walls of Jericho fell down, and the city became an easy conquest.

Not always did the ark bring blessings, however; but when Israel was disobedient it did no good to trust to the ark of the covenant. A circumstance once happened during the war with the Philistines, which should have convinced them that they could not depend solely upon the ark; but to insure blessings they must be obedient to God; reminding us also that we can not depend solely upon the sacred ordinances of the gospel, but must live holy

and obedient lives. The battle was a sore one for Israel, and about four thousand had been slain, when thinking that the ark would save them, they sent to Shiloh and had it carried upon the field; but the battle still went against them, and there fell of Israel thirty thousand.

The Philistines captured the ark and carried it to Ashdod, where they put it in the house of Dagon, their idol god. No doubt they were very exultant and thought their victory a very important one, robbing Israel of their great power. Perhaps they were so superstitious as to believe that Dagon would derive some great power or benefit from the ark; but when they arose early in the morning Dagon had fallen on his face before the ark. They put him back in his place; but lo, on the next morning he had again fallen, and this time had lost his head and hands—severed from his body! Thus must all idols fall before the God of Israel. A great plague also, came upon Ashdod, and destroyed many of the Philistines. By this time they became greatly alarmed, and took counsel with each other in regard to what should be done with the ark. They saw instead of a blessing, it was a curse; instead of its capture being a great victory to them, it was a disaster. The Lord punished them for daring to touch that which was sacred, without authority.

Removing it from Ashdod, they took it to Gath. No sooner was it there than the same calamity came upon Gath, and the destruction was great.

They then took it to Ekron, and the Ekronites became alarmed and petitioned the lords of the Philistines to take it away. Their fears, too, were well grounded, for the plague was soon upon them sorely. What to do to get rid of it was now the question. Gladly would they have returned it to Israel, but hostilities existed between the two nations, preventing them. Finally they put it upon a new cart; hitched two kine [cows] to it, and started them off. The kine went straight to Beth-Shemesh, where the Israelites were harvesting wheat, and stopped in a field belonging to Joshua, a Beth-Shemeshite.

So rejoiced were the people to see the ark, which had been among the enemy seven months, that many of them, contrary to the commands of God, looked into it; and for this the Lord smote fifty thousand three score and ten of them. The priests took the ark down from the cart, used the cart for fuel and offered the cows for a burnt offering How great must have been their joy upon seeing the ark of the covenant quietly and peaceably coming back to them; but how quickly was their joy turned to sorrow when they were so unmindful as to treat lightly the commands of God. How careful we ought to be to remember him in the hour of prosperity, lest disaster follow. This would seem to us to be a slight offense; the ark had been gone so long, and their hearts were so full of joy at its return that they thoughtlessly looked—perhaps anxious to see if the sacred treasures were safe. But the Lord will be obeyed; and we should learn that God is displeased whether we willfully or carelessly transgress his commands. When we feel the penalty of a transgressed law, we may profit by it, and be more careful. For this reason, I think, God is so strict in punishment—that we may learn by it.

From Beth-Shemesh the ark was taken into the house of Abinidab at Kirjath-Jearim, where it remained twenty years; and Eleazar, his son, was set apart to keep it. At the end of this time King David went down to have the ark taken from the house of Abinidab to the city of David. Two sons of Abinidab, Uzziah and Ahio, drove the cart on which the ark was placed, while David and others played before the Lord on instruments of music. Thus were they proceeding, with great rejoicing and joy, when suddenly the oxen shook the cart, and Uzziah put forth his hand to steady the ark. For this the Lord was displeased, and smote him until he died before the ark. Uzziah's motives were doubtless pure, but he transgressed, and was punished. What a severe rebuke to the doctrine that God will save the sincere, without regard to their being right or wrong. David became alarmed and was afraid to proceed with the ark; so he turned aside and left it in the house of Obed-edom for three months; during which time Obed-edom and his household were greatly blest of the Lord. David then went down and brought it up to the city, with great rejoicing, and placed it in the tabernacle pitched for it. This I suppose was a temporary tabernacle, composed of cloth of some kind.

After this we hear but little of the ark until Solomon's Temple was completed,

about thirty-five years afterwards. Then it was carried "into the oracle of the house, to the most holy place, even under the wings of the cherubim." At this time there was nothing in it but the two tables of stone. When the other articles were taken out, we have no knowledge.

This is the last authentic history we have of the ark of the covenant.

Some think it was taken to heaven, and quote Rev. 11:19 to prove its existence there; but we have no evidence that the ark of his testament, there spoken of, is the ark of the covenant made by Bezaleel, the fine workman of Israel. More likely this was the great anti-type of which the ark of the covenant was the type. Some suppose the ark of the covenant was buried by the prophet Jeremiah, at the time of the captivity. Whatever may have finally become of it, it is evident that, like the sacred things it contained, it has accomplished its mission and is removed from mortal sight. To us its peculiar history is very interesting; and from its history we learn many useful lessons, and are solemnly impressed with the great necessity of obeying implicitly the commands of God. May God help us to faithfully labor, and patiently wait until Christ shall reign supreme.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE FRESH AIR FUND.

'Twas little she knew of the sweet green grass
With its wonderful wealth of clover,
Which, far outside of the city's walls,
Was spreading the broad fields over.
Yet blue her eyes as the summer skies,
And as sunny her tangled hair
As the goldenest sunbeam ever sent
To lie on the earth so fair.

What wonder she opened her blue eyes wide
When she learned, one happy day,
That she and many a child beside
Were to travel far away
"To the fairy place where the daisies grew,
And the streets were soft and green,"
And her little heart o'erflowed for joy
Of the glad things yet unseen.

Old Farmer Jones on the platform stood
When the train came in at last,
And the little "waif" who was sent to him
He clasped in his strong arms fast,
"For it's never a chick nor child have I,"
Said he to the agent then,
"And just as true as the heavens are blue,
I'll be good to this gal. Amen!"

And he bore her home to his shady farm,
And he "turned her out to grass,"
As he merrily said. And the sun and breeze
Made free with the little lass,
And kissed her cheeks till they blushed as red
As the reddest rose that grew,
And the innocent mischief peeped from out
The once sad eyes of blue.

"Dear friend," says a letter from Farmer Jones,
"There's no two ways about it,
This farm's got used to the wee gal's laugh,
An' in fact, can't thrive without it.
Why, bless your soul! it would do you good
To watch the chick each day
A-turnin' the old place upside down
Along of her happy play.

"An' me an' my wife we don't see how
There's anything else to do
But just hold on to the leetle gal,
If it's all the same to you.
An' I reckon the blessed child that lives
With the angels in the skies
Won't mind if the little new one stays
To wipe the tears from our eyes.

"An' the mother this gal has lost will find
My pet in the angel land,
An' I make no doubt but they'll both be glad
As they watch us, hand in hand.
So, now, whatever there is to do,
Just write it fur me to sign,
An' God's blessin' rest on the 'Fresh-Air-Fund,'
Your work as well as mine."

—*Harper's Young People.*

FEBRUARY CLUSTER OF MEMORY GEMS.

"What a proof of the Divine tenderness is there in the human heart itself, which is the organ and receptacle of so many sympathies! When we consider how exquisite are those conditions by which it is even made capable of so much suffering—the capabilities of a child's heart, of a mother's heart—what must be the nature of Him who fashioned its depths and strung it cords?"—DAWSON.

1 W. THE BEST PICTURES ARE ONLY SHADOWS.
2 Th. Honor a man who has built himself up in associations where no one suspected such a thing.
3 F. Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.
4 S. Between the mouth and the kiss there is always time for repentance.
5 S. Every innocent heart realises it in its calm tranquility.
6 M. Search others for their virtues, and thyself for thy vices.
7 Tu. True nobility scorns to trample upon a worm or sneak to an emperor.
8 W. Pride frustrates its own design.
9 Th. It is criminal, not only to do mischief, but even to wish it.
10 F. Clap an extinguisher on your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it.
11 S. The canker which the trunk conceals is revealed by the leaves, the fruit, or the flower.
12 S. Unnecessarily to deny ourselves of things lawful is not purity, but prudery.
13 M. Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls, makes us covet that which hurts us most.
14 Tu. Every look, tone, gesture of a man is a symbol of his complete nature.
15 W. Sincerity we find to be the measure of worth.
16 Th. A passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by fear.
17 F. Reason is a very light rider, and easily shook off.
18 S. Every place may be a heaven or a hell, according to our state of mind.
19 S. Our thoughts and our conduct are our own.
20 M. None can cure their harms by wailing them.
21 Tu. Life wastes itself whilst we are preparing to live.
22 W. Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil.
23 Th. Sensibility is Nature's celestial spring.
24 F. He that would have what he has not should do what he doeth not.
25 S. A stone that is fit for the wall will not be left in the way.
26 S. Divine assistance will be withheld when it becomes a nurse for pride.
27 M. Our own actions are our own security, not others' judgments.
28 Tu. We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves.
29 W. Secrecy and mystery drive the uninitiated into suspicion and distrust.

WHOM?

BY VIRGINIA LUX.

"TELL me truly, Sadie, do you ever really intend to marry?"

In one of those beautiful mountain canyons of California, which the valley people frequent during the summer for change of air and scene, and for the benefits of their mineral springs, a party of four had pitched their tents. They were women, the two married ladies having come for health, and the younger ones for amusement and recreation. It was late in the season, and but one other camp broke the solemnity of the mountain stillness, leaving them very much to their own thoughts during what seemed to them interminable evenings.

At the time of which we write the two girls were sitting under a large, live oak tree, whose branches spread away up the hill on one side, and covered the three tents on the other. They were looking into a bright bed of coals, and the seclusion of the spot, as well as the half light of the camp fire, seemed to assure them that their inmost thoughts would be held sacred in that place; and marriage, most momentous of all subjects to girls of eighteen, was the burthen of their conversation.

They were cousins. The expression of the large, grayish blue eyes, full red lips, and high forehead of Nora, the younger by a few months, indicated a tendency to dreaminess and romance; while the broader temples, black eyes and sober look of Sadie, plainly revealed there a touch of the practical, which would cause her to penetrate deeper than the mere surface of things, and bring to her joys far more permanent in their nature than the other would ever be able to grasp.

"That is something I have never confessed before," answered Sadie; "but I don't mind telling you to-night that I would marry if I was sure I could find a man who would make me a good husband. You intend to marry sometime, do you not?"

"Why, yes, I suppose I shall have to, though if I could always be young and be assured of a home with my parents, I shouldn't care to marry; for one can have twice as much fun with the fellows, if she is not tied down to any one of them."

"What do you call fun, Nora?"

"Why, going to parties, and theaters, and concerts, and riding, and boating, and sea-bathing. What pleasure would there be in the world without such things?"

"And if you married, what would you expect of a husband?" asked Sadie.

"I should want him to go with me to all such places, and give me nice clothes, and a fine house, and servants to do the work, with horses, and fine carriage to ride in. Wouldn't I have a splendid time in some large city, queening it over my particular circle? I'd give receptions, and parties, and dinners; and I could go on excursions, and perhaps take a trip to Europe, and be introduced to Queen Victoria, herself. But you see in order to satisfy me my husband must have money."

"And would you be willing to marry someone you did not care for, if he only had money enough to give you all those things?"

"Of course I would rather marry some one that I liked; but if I could not find both qualities in one, I would take the man with the money."

"But if he were an old man, Nora?"

"'I would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave,' you know. But I could do as the French girls do; I could marry him for convenience, and seek love elsewhere."

"O, Nora! And what of children?"

"I never thought of children, Sadie, but of course I wouldn't have any, and I could live all my life one of the happiest of the gay. I don't like work, and trouble, and care, and if I could free my life from them I should be happy."

"What is it that Nora is saying?" here asked Mrs. Fay, Sadie's sister-in-law, who had just stepped out of the tents, where she had caught a few words of their talk.

"Why, Nora says she will marry for money, whether love goes with it or not."

"And what say you, Sadie? What kind of a man would you like if you were to marry?"

Sadie blushed. She had not thought of giving her views, but she took courage when she saw the sober, interested look on the face of her sister-in-law, and said: "If ever I should marry, I should not care if my husband didn't have bags of money laid by, so long as I liked him, and he was good and intelligent, and could make a home and an honest living for us after we were married."

"I think you are right on the money question, Sadie. It is the avowed experience of those who have worked for their living, and have afterwards been raised to wealth and affluence, that their happiest years were spent in the little home that their own hands had earned, and with the comforts about them that they had planned and worked for—even made, having the complete knowledge of their origin and purpose. No one who has not had the experience of working for and making things for his own use can appreciate the luxuries about him, and his only concern is to satisfy every whimisical desire, leaving him most miserable and wretched if any of the circumstances which the workers of the world know how to meet and put up with should cause him to wait or lose the opportunity of gratifying his desire. And again, even though he may have had the experience of work, and has passed beyond the necessity for it, he yet is not satisfied; for he will find no one on earth who can do things as he would do them himself, and his spirit, used to occupation, will feel restless and aimless, and life will hold nothing to satisfy the vacancy of his existence. But there is still something else to be thought of, Sadie. You said you wanted a good man. What qualities must a man possess to be good in your eyes?"

"That is a hard thing to answer," said Sadie; "but I suppose I should not like him tyrannical, or overbearing, or addicted to vice, such as drinking, chewing, smoking, swearing, &c." And Sadie paused, trying to think what other qualities a man should possess in order to be good.

"Are those all?" said Mrs. Fay. "Those are only negative qualities; are there any positive requirements that you would make? Think again."

"I would rather have him a member of the Church of Christ," said Sadie, "for we are said to be weak in the faith if we marry outside of it."

Here Nora raised her eyes inquiring, as though wondering how being a member of any particular church could make a difference as to choice in marriage. As for herself, she was outside of any faith.

"I see Nora looks inquiringly," said Mrs. Fay. "You are on the main track, Sadie, for unless he was of your own faith it might be impossible, however good and honorable he were, to make your home happy. Can you explain how this can be?"

"I suppose," said Sadie, "that he might not like to have us attend church, sometimes; or at any rate might not be willing to take the time to attend the weekly prayer meetings. And then when the time comes for the Saints to gather, of course he would not go to Zion himself, nor wish his wife and family to go."

"Right, so far. I know of one true Saint who married a man whom she herself calls good in every particular, except that he does not like her to attend Saints' meetings. He became prejudiced against them when they were first married, and though they have lived together over thirty years, they are not yet of the same fath. But still the differences just mentioned are only some of the outward results of such a union. Have you ever thought that in every small matter of home life there is liable to be a difference of opinion, and that if there is no standard of right for each one to refer to and act upon, it is inevitable that the stronger will of the two will rule, whether right or wrong?"

"I should think if a man cared for his wife, he would obey her wishes through love," said Nora.

"But, supposing he thinks that any woman who cares for him should obey his wishes through love?" said Mrs. Fay. "Mere opinion against opinion will never reach the right; there must be a standard raised by an Intelligence higher than ours to guide our every act, or else we can never be sure who is right. And just here comes the blessing of faith in God and his revealed word. Neither the woman's opinion nor the man's opinion is infallible,

and where differences exist, if the word of God, both written and revealed, is taken as the standard of right, the pair can build up their lives surely and wisely, according to the knowledge of God which can never fail. What think you, girls?"

"I think I see now why the command was given us to marry in our faith," said Sadie.

"Yes; but yet there are many, I am sorry to say, even of our faith, who do not use the blessed privilege of being guided by an infallible Father, and go stumbling through life for the most part after their own opinions still. Be sure you marry a reasonable man, Sadie, though he be of your own faith; for he must be willing first to accept God's word as a standard of right between you, and then be sufficiently reasonable to obtain the true interpretation thereof. And if you should feel that you can not rely upon your own judgment to discern your mate ask God to make known his will as to whether you are right or not, and if you have faith he will surely answer."

"I don't know what to think," said Nora. "It doesn't seem possible to me that there are people who believe as you do."

"But if I should tell you there are many of them who not only have faith in these things, but know of their truth, what would you think?"

"I should have to be able to prove it for myself before I would be satisfied."

"And if I should tell you that if you investigate our doctrine, have faith in God, and obey the ordinance he has laid down for your acceptance into his family, you can know of its truth for yourself, what then?"

"It all seems impossible as yet to me, though I think you must be happy, believing as you do. And yet, even if it all were true, is there any one in the world who has lived up to this plan?"

"Since you ask it, Nora, I will tell you, yes; I not only had testimony from the Lord that my husband and I should marry, but our engagement was sealed the same hour by a covenant to obey God's standard of right, instead of our own opinions, as far as possible during all of our lives; and I can testify to you that is the only plan whereby our happiness is, and can be preserved. But it is getting late, and we must get up early for our baths. Let me add, only, Be wise with God's wisdom, and happiness is yours.

SUPPLICATION.

BY JOSEPH DEWSNUP, SEN.

Teach me, dear Lord, that I may teach.
  Inspire my heart with holy fire.
Help my rejoicing soul to reach
  The bliss of her supreme desire;
To know and tell thy wondrous love,
'Till human hearts with joy shall move.

I feel myself unworthy, Lord,
  Of thy dear love and sacred trust;
Yet, as Thy Holy breath and word
  Called man immortal from the dust,
So may it breathe and speak in me,
As one devoted, Lord, to thee.

Lord, strengthen me in heart and frame
  Thy hallowed counsel to fulfill!
Help me that righteous state attain,
  Of eagerness to do thy will;
No sacrifice, no task refuse,
And only seek what thou shalt choose.

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THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY H. A. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER II.

The Remainder of the Book of Ether.—The Prosperity of the Jaredites while they Lived Righteously.—Their falling away into Sin and Disobedience.—The Prophet Ether warns the People.—The Destruction of the Jaredites.—The Record Hidden by Ether.—The People of Zarahemla

BEFORE Morianton died he made his son to reign in his stead. But Kim did not perform that which was right with his people, therefore the Lord did not show him favor. And, because of his injustice and misrule, his brother rose up against him, took him prisoner and kept him captive all his life. Yet he lived to a great age, and sons and daughters were born unto him while he was in captivity. The youngest of his sons was Levi, who was also kept a prisoner by his uncle and cousins for forty-two years after his father died. At the end of that time he rebelled and took the kingdom away from his kindred, and reigned over it. He proved to be a good man and a wise king, doing that which was right in the sight of the Lord; and the consequence was that the people again prospered greatly, increasing in numbers, and spreading throughout all the land that was habitable, improving and tilling the earth, and building many cities.

Levi lived to a good old age; and then, in expectation of his death, he anointed his son Corom to succeed him. Corom was also a righteous man, and he executed justice and judgment among all the people, even as his father had done. He reigned a great many years, and his son Kish became king after him. Of this reign nothing special is stated, so we suppose that all things went well in his time, and that peace and prosperity prevailed throughout the land. After Kish, his son Lib became king, and he also did what was right in the sight of the Lord.

And, concerning the time of the reign of these good kings, it is written that the whole "land northward" was inhabited by a peaceable and industrious people. Great cities were built, and the earth was cultivated to a high degree of fertility. They also engaged in manufacturing, and in the working of all the metals. Gold and silver were plentiful, and of these they made ornamental and useful articles in great abundance. Of the iron, copper and brass they made weapons of war, household articles and farming implements of various kinds. They also manufactured silken, cotton, woolen and linen goods for their clothing and for general use in their homes, and thus they enjoyed the blessings of God and the fruits of peace and righteousness for a hundred years or more, in the time of these kings. [c]

The "land southward" was reserved as a hunting ground, there being plenty of game of various kinds in the region which we now call the northern part of South America. A large city was built near what was called the "narrow neck of land" between the land north and the land south; that is, it was in the region of what we now know as the Isthmus of Darien, all the land to the north of this being densely populated by this great and enlightened people.

And especially during the reign of the last named king is it stated that the people were in every way highly favored of God, even by the Lord who had led their fathers to this continent, this land which he called the land of promise for them and for their children, inasmuch as they would keep his commandments. He said that it was the choicest of all lands, and so have we and other nations of the earth come to regard it, because of its great fertility, and because of the treasures of the everlasting hills and mountains, the precious things of the earth, its minerals and fruits and grains in abundance on every side.

Hearthom, the son of Kib, was the next king, and he reigned twenty-four years. But, for reasons not given, at the end of that time he was placed in captivity, and remained a prisoner all the rest of his life. Perhaps his subjects were tired

of having a king to rule over them, or else they chose another family as a line of succession to be their kings, though the book says nothing about it either way. And Hearthom's son Heth was likewise kept in captivity all his days, and so was Aaron, the son of Heth, and after them Ammigaddah, the son of Aaron, and Coriantum the son of Ammigaddah. But Com, the son of Coriantum, made himself free; and he took one half of the kingdom and reigned over it forty-two years. Then he made war with Amgid, the king who ruled over the other half of the land, and gained such a victory over him that Com became ruler over the whole kingdom.

But, in the days of Com, there began again the system of secret combinations to commit murder, robbery and other crimes, contrary to the laws of God and the well being and happiness of the nation. The king sought to put down all these evils, and to stop the wicked ways of these secret orders, but he was not able to do it. Then the Lord sent more prophets among the people, and the prophets told them that unless they repented and turned from their wickedness they should be punished, and they should eventually be entirely destroyed, if they were not brought to repentance by the judgments of God; that is, if they persisted in their sins against him and against each other. But the people, with one accord, sought to kill the Lord's messengers, therefore they fled to the king for protection. And Com received them and put them in places of safety, for which reason the Lord blessed him all his days, and he lived to a great age. Then Shiblom reigned in his father's stead. But his brother refused to be subject to Shiblom as the king, therefore there was war between them, and their armies fought each other with desperation; and, after much bloodshed, Shiblom was slain and his son Seth was brought into captivity.

Now the brother of Shiblom did not favor the prophets as Shiblom had done, but he slew them wherever he found them, and neither the king nor the people hearkened to the teachings of those whom God sent. Instead of that they continued to shed blood and to commit other deeds of darkness and sin. Then there came upon them all the troubles that the prophets had foretold should come to pass if they would not repent. The land became parched and dry because it rained not, and there followed famine and great sickness throughout all the land. These evils brought some of the people to repentance, and the Lord had mercy upon such, but the greater number did not turn from their wickedness. All these things took place in the days of Shiblom and his brother, and while Seth was in captivity.

Afterward Ahah, the son of Seth, escaped from captivity and was powerful enough to take the kingdom and to rule over it. He was a wicked man and caused blood to be shed and much evil to be done; but his reign was a very short one, and he died. He was succeeded as king by a relative named Etham, and he also did great evil during his time. And again the Lord raised up righteous men whom he sent as prophets, to warn the people once more of the judgments to come if they did not turn and live in righteousness; but they hardened their hearts against the prophets and would not receive their teachings, which caused them to mourn over the perversity and iniquity that existed, and finally they left the people to themselves, to follow their own ways, for they could do them no good.

After Etham died his son Moron reigned, as king, and he was like his father in committing wickedness, and in executing unrighteous judgments upon his subjects. Then there arose a rebellion among them, through the secret organizations which they had built up in opposition to him, and for the purpose of gaining power and wealth. Their chief, or leader, was a mighty man in iniquity, and he and his followers came against the king in battle, and they overthrew him and the people with him so that the combination obtained one half of the kingdom, and they held it for many years; but, after a long war between the two parties, Moron gained a decisive victory and once more possessed the whole. After that another powerful man gained a large following and took the rulership from Moron. This man was a descendant of the brother of Jared. And he held Moron in captivity all the rest of his days, and likewise Moron's son, Coriantor, during all his life.

In the days of Coriantor the Lord again sent his prophets, those whom he raised up for that purpose from among the few of the people who were righteous,

and they foretold great and marvellous things to come to pass. And they called upon the people to repent and return unto God, saying that unless they did so the Lord would execute judgment upon them to their entire destruction, and, that if so it should be, then he would bring another people to possess the land, after the manner that he had brought their fathers at the first, even Jared and his brother and their friends. But these degenerate and ungodly descendants of those holy men of old rejected the prophets, and their words, and cast them out. For their secret orders and combinations of iniquity were more to them than anything else, and they had no desire to serve God and to work righteousness, nor to follow the ways of peace and truth among themselves even though, by so doing, it would have brought them prosperity, and abundant blessings from him who rewards them that serve him, even with everlasting favor and with the fulness of the earth. For, as we are taught in all the revelations that God has given unto men, it is his pleasure to greatly bless those who do right, those who live virtuously and honestly, those who are kind, benevolent and just in all their dealings, and those who seek to improve the world around them and to build up every good thing for the advancement and happiness of their fellow men. But, on the other hand, he can not bless those who delight in sin, and who wilfully do evil of any kind against those around them. For God made man in his own image and likeness, and he is the crowning work of God's creation upon the earth, having such intelligence, judgment and reasoning faculties, together with his free-agency and much power as the master-piece of the creation, that the Creator holds him responsible for the life, happiness and well-being of those with whom he is associated, or so far as his power extends or his influence reaches.

At the time Coriantor died in captivity the name of the king who ruled over all the land was Coriantumr. Now there had been born to Coriantor a son, and his name was Ether. He grew up a righteous man and became a prophet of God, one great in the sight of the Lord and honored of him for his integrity of heart and purity of life. He came forth in the days of Coriantumr and began to prophesy unto the people, for the Spirit of the Lord was upon him in such measure that he was constrained to cry repentance unto them day by day, from morning until evening, the sinfulness, the corruption, the evils and the calamities being so great that he called upon them continually lest they should perish in their wickedness, knowing as he did that much worse things should come upon them as a nation unless they repented.

He exhorted them to believe in God, and to prepare themselves, whosoever would, for the world to come, and for the tribulations so certain to speedily fall upon the wicked. But they did not see the immediate fulfillment of these prophecies, therefore they did not believe that they were to come to pass.

Ether related to them the story of their fathers, how they had made covenant with the Lord that if he would lead them to a choice land they and their descendants would serve him with all their might, mind and strength. And that the God of heaven had thus covenanted upon his part, and that he had brought them safely across the seas and had established them upon the land, pouring out upon them, and upon their children, and upon their children's children, a multitude of blessings, so long as they kept their part of the covenant and abstained from bloodshed and crime. He told them that after the waters of the great Deluge had receded off the earth then this land became, by the will of the Lord, a choice land above all the other parts of the earth, a chosen land for the inheritance of the people of God, wherefore the Lord desired that all who dwelt upon it should serve him and keep his commandments in all things.

And Ether saw and foretold in the Spirit the coming of another people upon the land, even from the city of Jerusalem, which city he was shown had been built, and a people of the Lord established upon the old land after Jared and his friends had left Babel. It was also made known to him that there should come to that Jerusalem the Lord and Savior of the world, even Jesus Christ, who should suffer and die that the race might be redeemed from its sins. And he saw Joseph of Egypt, in his vision, and that a remnant of his tribe would be brought by the hand of the Lord to dwell upon this land, after the people of Jared were cut off from it be-

cause of their wickedness, and that it should become the land of the inheritance of the seed of Joseph, even as the Lord had decreed.

Thus we see that great and wonderful things were shown to Ether; and so he declared unto the people. But they esteemed him as nought and cast him out from them, so that he hid himself in the cavity of a rock and only occasionally came forth to see the things that were coming to pass, even as he had prophesied. And in the cave he wrote upon plates of gold the history of his people from the beginning, which history he was to hide up in order that the people that should come after might have it for their instruction.

And the same year that Ether was finally rejected, and entirely cast out from among them, there began a terrible war among the people throughout the kingdom. For there arose mighty men, those having power through their secret combinations, and they made a great war against the king, Coriantumr, and sought to destroy him and divide the kingdom. But the king was a strong man in his power over his subjects and much blood was shed in the battles that were fought. Still Coriantumr did not repent, nor did his people, so the word of the Lord commanded Ether to go and tell the king that if he would turn unto God with all his household then the Lord would preserve his kingdom, otherwise his people would entirely destroy each other; all would perish save himself, and he should only live to see the land possessed by another people. This people the Lord would bring, and Coriantumr should die among them and be buried by them, after his seeing the words concerning his people all come to pass Yet, for all these entreaties of the Lord, neither Coriantumr nor his sons, nor his people, repented, but they sought to kill Ether, and he hid again in the cave so that they found him not.

After that the war became more terrible than it was before, for the people became separated into bands, and these fought against each other; and thus there was bloodshed all over the land, every man keeping his sword by him that he might defend his family and his property from all others, as best he might. And many thousands also fell in the battles between Coriantumr and the great leaders who fought against him during the years before the end came. One named Gideon took the throne from Coriantumr, and another named Shiz burned many cities and slew women and children; so this caused the people to divide into armies and, at the last, to engage in the sole work of killing each other. Thus the words of Ether were fulfilled, and Coriantumr thought of them when he saw that two million of men had fallen, besides women and children slain, and he mourned and began to repent in his heart. And he wrote to Shiz that he would give up if he would spare the lives of the people. But Shiz demanded the life of Coriantumr, or he would not cease. And the people upon either side were full of anger and the war was renewed; and for four years they gathered and prepared themselves for the final effort. They had shields and breastplates and swords, and these last years were spent in fighting on the ground between what is now called Lake Ontario and the Atlantic Ocean. And both armies were entirely destroyed in the repeated contests. Coriantumr slew Shiz with his own hand, and was himself greatly weakened by the loss of blood.

Then the Spirit directed Ether to come forth and see the fulfillment of the word of the Lord, and he did so. Then he finished the record that he had been making, which were upon twenty-four leaves of gold; and, either there or southwards, he hid them up, as he was commanded to do, and they were found by a party of the Nephites, as we will see by and by from the history of that people. And this was according to the will of the Lord. And whether Ether died or was translated we know not. But Coriantumr was found by those whom the Lord brought out of Jerusalem at the time Zedekiah, the king of the Jews, was led away captive to Babylon, and that was about five hundred and eighty-eight years before the birth of Christ. Hence, from the beginning of the dwelling of the Jaredites upon this land, till their end as a nation, was probably about sixteen hundred years. And the people who found Coriantumr called themselves the people of Zarahemla, because the portion of the land that they settled in was named Zarahemla.

(c) To those who have not investigated the matter it may seem an absurd idea that a civilized people dwelt in America many centuries ago, or in what are called prehis-

toric times. But that this idea is full of truth, that it is indeed based upon fact, as was claimed when the Book of Mormon was first published to the world in 1830, has been abundantly attested through the explorations of scientific men of the various nations of the earth. And especially their discoveries in the regions where the history shows that the Jaredites dwelt during many centuries, and the Nephites and others after them, bear irrefutable testimony that such civilization or successive civilizations did exist—namely, in Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America. The work of Charnay (translated from the French, and published by Harper and Brothers in 1887) is the latest valuable book upon this interesting and important subject. He gathers from the ancient traditions, writings and sculptured monuments and other ruins found in those lands, that a civilized people covered the earth from the Pacific to the Atlantic, "and that the population was so dense as to cause the soil to be cultivated on the highest mountains," as he remarks. An examination of the ruins of cities, palaces, temples, aqueducts and other wonderful structures caused him to say:

"We are filled with admiration for the marvellous building capacity of the people who erected them; for, unlike most primitive nations, they used every material at once. They coated their inner walls with mortar, faced their outer walls with bricks and cut stone, had wooden roofs and stone stair cases. They were acquainted with pilasters, . . . and with square and round columns; indeed, they seem to have been familiar with every architectural device. That they were painters and decorators we have ample indications."

Although the ruins that he here speaks of were of buildings erected by a later people than the Jaredites, yet he and other discoverers show that the land was occupied by successive races, the later comers repairing and restoring cities, monuments, and pyramids that they found. On page 80, of "Ancient America," Mr. Baldwin says of one city:

"It became a ruin in ancient times, and, after remaining long in a ruined condition, it was again rebuilt, and again deserted after a considerable period of occupation. It is still easy to distinguish the difference in construction between the two periods. The standing walls rest upon ruins of greater antiquity."

That the ancients of this land engaged in manufacturing enterprises, and worked the minerals of the earth, we have abundant proof also. Charnay says (on page 88), that they were "smelters of gold and silver; and by means of moulds knew how to give metals every variety of shape. Their jewelers and lapidaries could imitate all manner of animals, plants, flowers, birds, etc. Cotton was spun by the women, and given a brilliant coloring. . . . It was manufactured of every degree of fineness, so that some looked like muslin, some like cloth, and some like velvet."

Brownell in his "Indian Races," pages 43 and 44 says:

"Here, in unknown ages and for unknown periods, existed wealth, power and civilization. There are remains of high mechanical and scientific art. . . . Metallic remains are frequent. Copper, used both for weapons and ornaments, has been found, and occasionally specimens plated with silver. At an ancient mound in Marietta (Ohio) a silver cup, finely gilt on the inside, was discovered. It has been often questioned whether the use of iron was known to these aboriginal races, but, excepting the occasional presence of rust in the excavations, little has been ascertained with accuracy, the perishable nature of this metal peculiarly exposing it to the destroying influence of time and dampness."

Of course this fact of rust and decay is sufficient reason why none of the steel and iron weapons and utensils of the Jaredites were preserved till the Europeans discovered the country. Further notes upon this subject will appear with coming chapters of the story.

THE RIGHT ROAD.

"I have lost the road to happiness—
Does any one know it, pray,
I was dwelling there when the morn was fair
But somehow I wandered away.

I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasures,
And ran to pursue them, when, lo!
I had lost the path to happiness—
And I knew not whither to go.

I have lost the way to happiness—
Oh, who will lead me back?"
Turn off from the highway of selfishness
To the right—up duty's track!

Keep straight along and you can't go wrong,
For as sure as you live, I say,
The fair, lost fields of happiness
Can only be found that way.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

THE AGED ONES.

Make the path smooth for the troubled feet,
  The way has been dark they've had to tread,
And they shrink from what they yet may meet,
  For the way looks dark that lies ahead.

Make the work light for the feeble hands,
  Once they were soft and fair as your own;
But with patiently welding Love's strong bands,
  Into the hands hard seams have grown.

Soften the light for the aching eyes,
  Grown weary perhaps in their watch o'er you,
While tenderly hushing with lullabys,
  Through silent hours when you never knew.

Make the weight light for the weary arm,
  'Tis tired with many a day's work done,
With passing so often 'twixt you and harm,
  Let it now lean hard on your stronger one.

Kiss sometimes the quivering lips,
  Thousands of times they have kissed you,
Saying, "No nectar the bee e'er sips
  Is sweeter from flower bells filled with dew."

The ear has grown dull with each passing year
  And the voice grows weak, it feels and owns;
But once—'twas only a mother's ear
  Could interpret the language of baby tones.

ike the heart glad by your thoughtful care,
  Long has it thought and planned for you,
eating with many a silent prayer
  And self-denial you never knew.

Make the bed soft for the tired frame,
  Just a few more times—a very few—
Shade the winds from the flickering flame,
  Till the thread of life shall have burned in
    two.

A. J. GRANNIS.

TWO SINNERS.

There was a man, it is said, one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
The sinner reformed, and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold,
And Christian people threw open the door
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And the spotless woman gave him her hand;
And the world strewed their pathway with
    flowers abloom,
Cyring, "God bless lady, and God bless groom."

There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of her life's young day.
The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy—in heaven;
For this is the law of the earth we know,
That the woman is stoned while the man may go.
A brave man wedded her after all;
But the world said frowning, "We shall not
    call."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

CROOKED SPECTACLES.

An elf lived in a buttercup
  And walking after dawn,
He donned his golden spectacles
  And stepped out on the lawn.
  "Dear me," said he,
  "I scarce can see,
The sunbeams shine so crookedly!"

He met a merry bumble bee
  Within the clover gay,
Who buzzed "Good-morning!" in his ear—
  "It is a pleasant day."
  "Don't speak to me,
  Sir Bumble-bee,
Until you trim your wings!" cried he.

He met a gallant grasshopper,
  And thus accosted him:
"Why don't you wear your green coat straight,
  And look in better trim?
  It frets me quite
  In such a plight
To have you field-folk in my sight!"

He saw an airy dragon fly
  Float o'er the meadow rail:
"Pray stop, Sir Dragon-fly!" he cried;
  "So upside-down you sail,
  The sight will make
  My poor head ache;
Fly straight, or rest within the brake."

Then a wise owl, upon the tree,
  Blinked his great staring eye;
"To folk in crooked spectacles
  The whole world looks awry.
  To whit! to whee!
  To whoo!" said he—
"Many such folk I've lived to see."

SUSAN HARTLEY SWAN.

PRES. JOSEPH SMITH.

TURN back to the first number of this magazine and examine the face, which the engraver has been enabled to copy so faithfully. Mark the supremacy of reason as it sits enthroned upon the lofty brow, but note at the same time how benevolence stands not one whit behind in force and prominence. Look into those kindly brown eyes, as many of you have done in reality, and you will know that God himself formed this man and fitted him for the position to which he called him. Purely unselfish in his character, honorable and just in all his dealings with his fellow man, and ever following out the dictates of a heart over-flowing with sympathy and good will to man, he is universally respected by his acquaintances and beloved by his friends. In him patience and charity have wrought an almost perfect work, and poverty never turned from him unaided, neither a heavy heart from his presence when his sympathy had power to lighten it.

We ask our young readers to pause and consider the circumstances surrounding him when a boy. Left without a father at the early age of twelve years, with no earthly heritage but a name coupled with shame and ignominy by one class of his enemies, and held in pretended veneration by another class for the sole purpose of branding this ignominy indelibly upon it. The unbelieving world upon one hand, who have always resisted the truth; upon the other hand, those who know the way of truth but were enticed by their lusts and love of power, to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. To the one an object of indifference, to the other of hatred; where was the encouragement, where the outward stimulus to a life of pure, unsullied virtue, irreproachable before God and man.

We believe it is Holmes who has said: "We are like omnibuses in which all our ancestors ride," and if this be true, and Joseph Smith was all which he was represented to be by open enemies and pretended friends (far more to be dreaded than open enemies), what kind of an ancestor was riding in this boy?

Just here comes into play one of the noblest traits of character ever manifested by the subject of our sketch, or by any man or woman who ever walked the footstool of God. Believing firmly in the work his father had been called to do, and knowing him only as the eye of love had ever seen him, he yet realized to its fullest extent the terrible weight of disgrace which was being heaped upon his name, and his utter powerlessness to move this weight even a hair's breadth.

Poverty encompassed him, meeting upon every hand the ambitious stirrings of his nature to become a scholar—a man among men, that he might at least lift up his head as the citizen of a free country and walk in his integrity as other men walk. If indeed his ancestor was "riding in him," and that ancestor was the man the world believed him to have been, why was he not prompted to cast in his lot with that people who claimed to be following in this ancestor's footsteps, and carrying out his teachings? He had only to present himself in Utah as leader of the church, and Brigham Young himself would have been powerless to withstand his claim, for Brigham had constantly taught the people that Joseph would come and take his father's place. But, grave mistake, he had also taught them that when he came he would endorse the doctrines taught by them, and thus seal forever the only door of hope open to him by means of which his feet could enter upon the one path leading to the vindication of the name he must ever honor and reverence. Again, we ask why did he not go (if indeed he was a true son of his father, and his father's footsteps led that way)? There was everything on earth to tempt a man, whose conscience could approve, and very little from a worldly standpoint to hold him back.

Turning however his back upon position, wealth and almost unlimited power, why then did he not cast in his lot with unbelievers? Why not speak of his father's religion as a vain enthusiasm, or at best a mistake, and thus win favor from the world and its votaries. The arms of any orthodox church would have been opened to receive him, and in time his re-

lationship to the man God had chosen in these latter days to bring forth his work, would become a thing of the past, exciting scarcely a comment.

The eyes of love are not blind, and in the home of a man is the place to search for his weaknesses. If Joseph Smith was the bad man he was represented to be, why should his family cling so tenaciously and with such loving confidence, not only to the man, but to the man's religion?

What then should he do? Early in life this question presented itself to his mind, and then and there received its answer. Not only this, but the determination then made, has from that hour to the present been strictly adhered to, as thousands of faithful witnesses to-day can testify. "If the father shall be judged by the son, then, with the assistance of God, I will so order my life that it shall be a living testimony, refuting the accusations brought against him," was the noble resolve formed when a boy, and from that day to this strictly adhered to. The young people of the church have in this resolution a noble example placed before them, which they may be proud to emulate; and older ones may also feel a thrill of pride that, as a representative man of our church, it is not in the power of any living man or woman to truthfully say a word of harm against him.

Is he then perfect? We claim perfection for no man living; but for Pres. Joseph Smith we do claim, he is God's noblest work, an honest man, and better than this, by work of grace a follower of Christ.

Do we place him before you as an example worthy of your imitation? In many ways we might do this and perhaps should do it, if we had no better to offer you, but we shall strive ever to place before you the example of One who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and without whom no man cometh unto the Father. "Hear ye him," is the divine command.

As this article is intended merely as a sketch, (perhaps from a stand point different from others which have been drawn), we will only call your attention to one or two reflections suggested by following out our train of thought. The first and most striking one is the watchcare of God, who from the midst of darkness, chaos and disaster, can bring forth harmony, light and peace. The apostasy from the order of God—the pure gospel of the Savior—was as plainly pointed out by divine inspiration as any former apostasy from the faith; and how could an apostasy or a departure from the faith take place, unless individuals should depart? The church itself is composed of individuals. But while this was a mighty effort of Satan to overthrow the work of God, calmly the eye of the Father surveyed it all, and by the dauntless courage of a woman who loved and feared him, a woman who hated iniquity, and, when her life and the lives of all she held dear was at stake, was not afraid to denounce it, he preserved to himself "A leader in Israel"—a boy who, long before he came to manhood, should be tested—and when weighed in the balance and not found wanting, God said to him: "The Saints reorganizing at Zarahemla and other places, is the only organized portion of the church accepted by me. I have given them my Spirit, and will continue to do so while they remain humble and faithful."

"Honor to whom honor is due." In the government of God he has reserved to himself the right to choose whom he will for any particular work he may have for them to do, and when we reject his agents we also reject him. When we honor them, we honor him.

There is an axiom in natural philosophy, "That action and reaction are always equal, but in contrary directions." The school boy who catches his ball in its rebound from the wall against which he has thrown it, sees an illustration of this. In the rebound of the faith of the Saints from the error of having trusted too implicitly in man—having made an arm of flesh—many have gone to the opposite extreme and are not disposed to render to God's lawfully appointed agents the honor God himself accords to them, and which he will certainly require of us. Samuel, you will remember, was the last of the judges, and it grieved him sorely that Israel should reject him and desire a king in his place. To comfort him the Lord told him, "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them."

If we do not believe that God has called and chosen Joseph Smith to stand at the head of his church upon earth, then we ought not to be in the church; but if we believe this, then we ought not only to be in the church, but being there we

ought to render to him the honor due to one appointed of God. Not because he is Joseph Smith, but because he is one sent by the Father and should be honored as the Father's messenger, just as long as he is found doing the Father's will. The young people of the church should fully understand this. God's house is a house of order, and in it his stewards and servants must be honored because they are his agents, sent by him, and he has given to them authority to act for him.

It is also their duty to study the word of God; for if they will treasure his word in their hearts, no man will be able to deceive them, for by his Spirit he will give them testimonies, and his word will be a lamp to their feet.

WAITING.

Waiting, while they fall around us,
Thick as autumn leaves are strewn,
Fathers, brothers, sons and lovers,
By the rum power overthrown.
Waiting, while the hearts are breaking;
Waiting while our sons are doomed;
Standing by the yawning chasm,
Where our fondest hopes are tombed.

Waiting, 'mid the tears and sobbings,
With our heart-strings rent in twain;
Waiting, as the doomed are waiting,
With despair in heart and brain.
With the fires of hell within them,
Flaming walls on left and right,
From behind, rum's slave-lash scourging,
And before them darkest night.

Ah! this vast despairing legion!
Hear ye not their tears and groans?
As ye heard, on Southern breezes,
Echoes of the bondman's moans?
Will the hand that broke their fetters,
Less humane and willing be,
When thy mother's son, thy brother,
Groans and labors to be free?

Waiting for the weak responses
Of the tardy volunteers,
Waging sore, unequal battle
Through the weary months and years.
Waiting for slow legislation,
Waiting for the lagging priest,
Fighting on and fainting never,
Hoping most and gaining least.

Waiting not with lips closed dumbly,
Not with idly folded hands,
But with faith that firmly grounded
On the Rock of Ages stands.
Waiting with a trust unfaltering,
Though our tears are streaming fast;
Thus we wait the day of victory,
Knowing it will come at last.

Sel.

TWO GENTLEMEN.

I SAW two gentlemen on a street car lately. One of them was grown up. He was handsomely dressed in a gray business suit, and had very neat kid gloves and fine boots. The other was about twelve years old. His jacket had several patches and needed more, and his shirt was of brown cotton, and not very clean. Do you wonder how I knew he was a gentleman? I will tell you. The boy went through the car to give some message to the driver. As he returned he gave a little jump through the door, and as he did so his bare foot touched the grown gentleman's knee and left a little mud on it. Turning around on the platform, he raised his straw hat, and said very politely, in a clear tone, "Please excuse me." Then the other gentleman bowed in his turn, just as he would have done to one of his own age, and said, with a pleasant smile, "Certainly."—*Youth's World.*

SERMON BY ELDER A. H. SMITH,

At Lamoni, Iowa, March 27th, 1887.

THE speaker first read ten verses of the second chapter of the first general epistle of Peter, and then said: I wish to couple with this, a commandment given by Christ, and found recorded in Matthew 6: 38, Inspired Translation: "Wherefore, seek not the things of the world, but seek first to build up the kingdom of God, and establish his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

I desire to speak in connection with the work which is commanded in this statement of the Savior. I call attention also to the lesson read; and if I shall receive of the Spirit sufficiently to give the instruction I desire to give, I shall be thankful and shall have accomplished all that I expect to accomplish in speaking to you to-night. This morning we heard something concerning the prosperity of the work, and something in regard to temporal things, the building of houses for the worship of God; and it seems almost useless to call attention to the injunction, "Seek first to build up the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." But when the solemnity of the responsibility of the great work which is shadowed forth in this commandment comes to me I feel the weight of it, and begin to realize what is to be accomplished before the realization of our hopes; and I am led to believe, that a great many of the Saints fail to realize just the work which they have to perform.

You will perceive by reading this sixth chapter, that the instructions are given to a class of people concerned in building up the Kingdom of God. When we contemplate the preparation of the people for the coming of Christ, we perceive that it is a vast undertaking; and when we realize the statement ofttimes made concerning Zion, that it "is the pure in heart," and comprehend something of the nature of our own surroundings, and make inquiry as to who are the pure in heart, and ask whether we are fit to enter into Zion where dwelleth God, we begin to comprehend something of what there is for us to do. Sometimes I think the work is so great, and we are surrounded so completely by the circumstances of life, poverty, ills and temptations that we are subject to, and how easily we are led astray—ofttimes discovering ourselves walking in by and forbidden paths—the work seems far from being accomplished, and I get discouraged almost in the effort making, and I need the assisting grace of God, and some good word from the great store-house, to enable me to go on, and urge others to go on in the faithful discharge of duty. But when I read the lesson I have read to-night, I find the exhortation of Peter made to a people in that day, and it seems to me that he comprehended more than the people of that age. He comprehended in the declaration, "Ye also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house," that the lively stones are to become a part of the great building to be erected by the establishment of the Kingdom of God, the great spiritual house, builded together and made fit for the dwelling of the Spirit of God. I then can comprehend the teaching of Paul in 1st Cor. 1: 19, with respect to the individuals of the church being the temples of God. It seems that he conveyed to them the idea, that these individual temples were of that character that they were in their own keeping; and that it devolved upon each individual to make his own temple pure. We pray for God to be with us in Spirit, and to let his Spirit be with us, that it may spring up in us, and be a well of living water, to lead into the peaceful paths he has laid for those whom he loves, and sometimes fail to comprehend that the labor is in our own hands to make that dwelling place for the Spirit. God has promised that he will walk with his children and be their God, and they shall be his people; but that promise is based upon the condition, that they will fit themselves to walk with him.

When I think of this statement concerning living stones, I am led to think of the character of Christ, who is represented as

the chief corner-stone, and make a comparison between that chief corner-stone, that cap-stone of the building, that seems to be both the head of the corner and the foundation, and I contrast the character of the people of God with that character, it seems to me that I see the building reared and built together, its front presenting all the characteristics of these individuals. But I see sometimes stones that to me present flaws, and it seems to me, that all who will look upon that building, constructed by the people of God, and realize that they have to be prepared the same as stones to be placed in that building, they would so work and prepare themselves, that there might be no flaws in them.

What is it we are engaged in? Are we seeking to establish the Kingdom of God? All say yes, it is the kingdom of God we are seeking to build up, and we are also seeking to establish his righteousness. How are we to establish his righteousness? Can I make my brother righteous? Can I order his walk? Can I have him perform the works that shall fit him to enter into that spiritual building? No, I have the care of my own temple; I have the care of that stone that I shall represent in the building. I have the fitting of that stone into the building to do. Some of us have been hewn out of very coarse quarries; some of us have come from rough stones. Some need scouring and hewing, and others need rubbing. We have all this to undergo, before we shall be fitted and prepared to enter into that great building and stand approved of the Master; for the Master will examine the stones, and judge whether they are worthy to enter into that building, and occupy a permanent place therein.

Once when contemplating this subject there was presented before my mind a beautiful building. It was grand, and as I beheld it, I was wrapped in surprise and wonder. There were represented windows, and arches above the windows, and an arched door, and key-stones in these arches. The building was several stories high. It was built of stone, and one peculiarity presented was, that each separate stone of the front, threw out a light peculiar to itself, seemingly emanating from within, so that the whole front was filled with light and beauty, and grandeur. There were some stones in front that were stained as though with iron rust. This I was given to understand was a representation of that spiritual house that was to be built; and every individual who had come forward and named the name of Christ had in him that that enabled him to reflect the light of Christ if he kept the commandments, and that fitted him to be placed in the great building of God.

In the arches of the building represented to me there were as I have said, key-stones, and these appeared to reflect a stronger light, than all the rest. In these was represented the light of Christ, the great, grand, central figure of the building. From Him seemed to emanate that greater light, that went out through all the building. I give this as it was represented to me. When I asked myself concerning the condition of that spiritual house, and discovered that there were many who were permitting their light to become dim, many who were permitting themselves to remain so inactive that they were unworthy to enter into this building, I became sensible of the greatness of the work, and of the responsibility resting upon me, as one of the individuals sent out to prepare these separate stones, these lively stones for the spiritual building. We are told in the revelations of God, that Zion is the pure in heart, and also that none but the pure in heart can enter into Zion. Should the call come to which we are all looking forward by which God shall gather us home to Zion—it is one of the chief features of our hope in Christ, and we are told that blessed are they who shall be looking forward to the time—as I contemplated this I asked, Was I prepared, should the hour come to go up and enter in. While thinking of the subject, and comparing myself with the word of God, I realized how straight were the ways in which we must walk. There was also presented at the same time, a gate opening into the city of God. Beyond the gate I could see the light and glory of the place. Above the gate were written the words "None but the pure in heart enter in." These two presentations were made to me, and when I perceived them I understood the lesson which they taught. I comprehended how much there was for me to do. In contemplating the question ofttimes presented whether we as a people, poor in this world's goods, shall ever gain possession of an inheritance in the land of Zion, I am forced to the con-

clusion, that these objects can only be accomplished by seeking to establish the Kingdom of God and his righteousness—not seeking to do this for others, by watching their faults and foibles; but seeking to do it by making ourselves fit temples for the Spirit of God to dwell in. When we have done this, we have the promise of him who spake as never man spake, that all else shall be added. Then when I go for a word of comfort, I discover in the Book of Mormon, that book so loved by those who love the Lord and the latter day work, a promise, that if the people of God keep His commandments they shall be made the richest people on the earth; and then I take up the Bible and read in substance in Malachi: "Try me and see if I will not make you rich." "Try me and see if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." This promise of God is comforting.

But the work is a great work. It does not devolve upon the presidency alone, nor upon the Quorum of the Twelve alone. It does not devolve upon the ministry alone. This work is of such a nature, that every one who names the name of Christ must do his part. It is of such a nature that all those who have covenanted with Christ to keep his commandments, must move forward, and not stand still, nor be idle. There is no safety for the one who stands still. He must move forward; if he attempts to stand still he will go backward. The question was asked to-day by Pres. Smith, Is there danger in the prosperity that is coming to the people of God? I answer there is danger only in the wrong use of that prosperity. That prosperity that it was said to-day was coming, is a part of the work of God. It is a fulfillment of the promise connected with the commandment "seek to establish the Kingdom of God and his righteousness," which promise is "and all other things shall be added."

(The speaker followed the train of thought above presented to the conclusion, that the only safety for the people of God, was in keeping God's commandments; and their only danger lay in not keeping his commands. That the only way in which they might become "lively stones," was by so conforming their lives to the example and precepts of the great Master, that there should be in them the light which He gives to his followers, which should enable them to shine as highly polished, brilliant stones, in the great spiritual temple of God, their luster being the reflection of that spiritual light, which emanates from Christ; and closed with an exhortation to greater faithfulness in keeping the commandments of God.—Ed.]

—From the Lamoni Gazette.

THE FORM OF A SERVANT.

There is a story of a missionary—a Moravian—who was sent out to the West Indian Islands to preach the gospel to the slaves; but he found that they were driven so hard, that they went forth so early, and came back so late, and were so spent, that they could not hear. At night they came from their toil to gnaw their crust, and roll in on their straw, and snore through their brief hours of repose; and the bell and the whip brought them out again by light in the morning, to go to the field; and he saw that he could nor reach them. He was a white man, and they were black. It was the white man that oppressed them. There was nobody to preach to them unless he could accompany them in their labor. So he went and sold himself to their master, who put him in the gang with them. For the privilege of going out with these slaves, and making them feel that he loved them, and would benefit them, he worked with them, and suffered with them; and while they worked, he taught; and as they came back he taught; and he won their ear; and the grace of God sprang up in many of these darkened hearts. He bowed himself to their condition, and took upon him their bondage, in order that he might show his sympathy and love for them.

Tell me, is not that the very epitome of what Christ did, who, in order that he might reach the poor and needy, and bring the power of the truth to bear on their understandings, and mitigate their sufferings, and rescue them, and empower their moral nature against their animal nature, "took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross?"

He "loved me, and gave himself for me."

Selected.

BREAKING THE WILL.

THIS phrase is going out of use. It is high time it did. If the thing it represents would also cease, there would be stronger and freer men and women. But the phrase is still sometimes heard; and there are still conscientious fathers and mothers who believe they do God service in setting about the thing.

I have more than once said to a parent who used these words, "Will you tell me just what you mean by that? Of course you do not mean exactly what you say."

"Yes, I do. I mean that the child's will is to be once for all broken!—that he is to learn that my will is to be his law. The sooner he learns this the better."

"But is it to your will simply as will that he is to yield? simply as the weaker yields to the stronger,—almost as matter yields to force? For what reason is he to do this?"

"Why, because I know what is best for him, and what is right; and he does not."

"Ah! that is a very different thing. He is, then, to do the thing that you tell him to do, because that thing is right and needful for him; you are his guide on a road over which you have gone, and he has not; you are an interpreter, a helper; you know better than he does about all things, and your knowledge is to teach his ignorance."

"Certainly, that is what I mean. A pretty state of things it would be if children were to be allowed to think they know as much as their parents. There is no way except to break their wills in the beginning."

"But you have just said that it is not to your will as will that he is to yield, but to your superior knowledge and experience. That surely is not 'breaking his will.' It is of all things furthest removed from it. It is educating his will. It is teaching him how to will."

I read once in a book intended for the guidance of mothers, a story of a little child who, in repeating his letters one day, suddenly refused to say A. All the other letters he repeated again and again, unhesitatingly; but A he would not, and persisted in declaring that he could not say. He was severely whipped, but still persisted. It now became a contest of wills. He was whipped again and again and again. In the intervals between the whippings, the primer was presented to him, and he was told that he would be whipped again if he did not mind his monther and say A. I forget how many times he was whipped; but it was almost too many times to be believed. The fight was a terrible one. At last, in a paroxysm of his crying under the blows, the mother thought she heard him sob out "A," and the victory was considered to be won.

A little boy whom I know, once had a similar contest over a letter of the alphabet; but the contest was with himself, and his mother was the faithful Great Heart who helped him through. The story is so remarkable that I have long wanted all mothers to know it. It is as perfect an illustration of what I mean by "educating" the will as the other one is of what is called "breaking" it.

Willy was about ten years old. He had a large, active brain, sensitive temperament, and indomitable spirit. He was and is an uncommon child. Common methods of what is commonly supposed to be "discipline," would, if he had survived them, have made a very bad boy of him. He had great difficulty in pronouncing the letter G—so much that he had formed almost a habit of omitting it. One day his mother said, not dreaming of any special contest, "This time you must say G."

"It is an ugly old letter, and I ain't ever going to try to say it again," said Willy, repeating the alphabet very rapidly from beginning to end, without the G. Like a wise mother, she did not open at once a struggle, but said pleasantly: "Ah! you did not get it in that time. Try again; go more slowly, and we will have it." It was all in vain; and it soon began to look more like real obstinacy on Willy's part than anything she had ever seen in him. She has often told me how she hesitated before entering on the campaign,

"I always knew," she said, "that Willy's first real fight with himself would be no matter of a few hours; and it was a particularly inconvenient time for me just then, to give up a day to it. But it seemed, on the whole, best not to put it off."

So she said, "Now, Willy, you can't get along without the letter G. The longer you put off saying it, the harder it will be for you to say it at last; and we will have it settled now once for all. You are never going to let a little bit of a letter like that, be stronger than Willy. We will not go out of this room till you have said it."

Unfortunately, Willy's will had already taken its stand. However, the mother made no authoritative demand that he should pronounce the letter as a matter of obedience to her. Because it was a thing intrinsically necessary for him to do, she would see, at any cost to herself or to him, that he did it; but he must do it voluntarily, and she would wait till he did.

The morning wore on. She busied herself with other matters, and left Willy to himself; now and then asking, with a smile, "Well, isn't my little boy stronger than that ugly old letter yet?"

Willy was sulky. He understood in that early stage all that was involved. Dinner-time came.

"Aren't you going to dinner, mamma?"

"Oh! no, dear; not unless you say G, so that you can go too. Mamma will stay by her little boy until he is out of this trouble."

The dinner was brought up, and they ate it together. She was cheerful and kind, but so serious that he felt the constant pressure of her pain.

The afternoon dragged slowly on to night. Willy cried now and then, and she took him in her lap and said, "Dear, you will be happy as soon as you say that letter, and mamma will be happy too; and we can't either of us be happy until you do."

"Oh, mamma! why don't you make me say it? (This he said several times before the affair was over).

"Because, dear, you must make yourself say it. I am helping you make yourself say it, for I shall not let you go out of this room nor go out myself till you say it, but that is all I shall do to help you. I am listening, listening all the time, and if you say it, in ever so little a whisper, I shall hear you. That is all mamma can do for you."

Bedtime came. Willy went to bed unkissed and sad. The next morning, when Willy's mother opened her eyes, she saw Willy sitting up in his crib, and looking at her steadfastly. As soon as he saw that she was awake, he exclaimed, "Mamma, I can't say it; and you know I can't say it. You're a naughty mamma, and you don't love me." Her heart sank within her; but she patiently went again and again over yesterday's ground. Willy cried. He ate very little breakfast. He stood at the window in a listless attitude of discouraged misery, which she said cut her to the heart. Once in a while he would ask for some plaything which he did not usually have. She gave him whatever he asked for; but he could not play. She kept up an appearance of being busy with her sewing, but she was far more unhappy than Willy.

Dinner was brought up to them. Willy said, "Mamma, this ain't a bit good dinner."

She replied, "Yes, it is, darling; just as good as we ever have. It is only because we are eating it alone. And poor papa is sad too; taking his all alone down stairs."

At this Willy burst into a hysterical fit of crying and sobbing.

"I shall never see my papa again in this world."

Then his mother broke down, too, and cried as hard as he did; but she said, "Oh! yes, you will, dear. I think you will say that letter before tea time, and we will have a nice evening down stairs together."

"I can't say it. I try all the time, and I can't say it; and, if you keep me here till I die, I shan't ever say it."

"The second night settled down dark and gloomy, and Willy cried himself to sleep. His mother was ill from anxiety and confinement; but she never faltered. She told me she resolved that night that, if it were necessary, she would stay in that room with Willy a month. The next morning she said to him, more seriously than before, "Now, Willy, you are not only a foolish little boy, you are unkind; you are making everybody unhappy. Mamma is very sorry for you, but she is also very much displeased with you. Mamma will stay here with you till you say that letter, if it is for the rest of your life, but mamma will not talk with you,

as she did yesterday. She tried all day to help you, and you would not help yourself; to-day you must do it all alone."

"Mamma, are you sure I shall ever say it?" asked Willy.

"Yes, dear; perfectly sure. You will say it some day or other."

"Do you think I shall say it to-day?"

"I can't tell. You are not so strong a little boy as I thought. I believed you would say it yesterday. I am afraid you have some hard work before you."

Willy begged her to go down and leave him alone. Then he begged her to shut him up in the closet, and "see if that wouldn't make him good." Every few minutes he would come and stand before her, and say very earnestly, "Are you sure I shall say it?"

He looked very pale, almost as if he had had a fit of illness. No wonder. It was the whole battle of life fought at the age of four.

It was late in the afternoon of the third day. Willy had been sitting in his little chair, looking steadily at the floor, for so long a time that his mother was almost frightened. But she hesitated to speak to him; for she felt the crisis had come. Suddenly he sprang up, and walked toward her with all the deliberate firmness of a man in his whole bearing. She says there was something in face which she has never seen since, and does not expect to see till he is thirty years old.

"Mamma!" said he.

"Well, dear," said his mother, trembling so that she could hardly speak.

"Mamma," he repeated, in a loud, sharp tone; "G! G! G! G!" and then he burst into a fit of crying, which she had hard work to stop. It was over.

Willy is now ten years old. From that day to this his mother has never had a contest with him; she has always been able to leave all practical questions affecting his behavior to his own decision, merely saying, "Willy, I think this or that will be better."

His self-control and gentleness are wonderful to see; and the blending in his face of childlike simplicity and purity, with manly strength, is something which I have only once seen equaled.

For a few days he went about the house shouting, "G! G! G!" at the top his voice. He was heard asking playmates if they could "say 'G,'" and "who showed them how." For several years he used often to allude to the affair, saying, "Do you remember, mamma, that dreadful time when I wouldn't say 'G?'" He always used the verb "wouldn't," in speaking of it. Once, when he was sick, he said: "Mamma, do you think I could have said 'G' any sooner than I did?"

"I have never felt certain about that, Willy," she said. "What do you think?"

"I think I could have said it a few minutes sooner. I was saying it to myself as long as that," said Willy.

It was singular that, although up to that time he had never been able to pronounce the letter with any distinctness, when he first made up his mind in this instance to say it, he enunciated it with perfect clearness, and never again went back to the old, imperfect pronunciation.

Few mothers, perhaps, would be able to give up two whole days to such a battle as this; other children, other duties, would interfere. But the same principle could be carried out, without the mother's remaining herself by the child's side all the time. Moreover, not one child in a thousand would hold out as Willy did. In all ordinary cases a few hours would suffice. And after all, what would the sacrifice of even two days be, in comparison with the time saved in years to come? If there were no stronger motive than one of policy, of desire to take the course easiest to themselves, mothers might well resolve that their first aim should be to educate their children's wills, and make them strong, instead of to conquer and "break" them.

H. H. in Bits of Talk About Home Matters.

Under the Lamp-light.

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

THOUGHTS FOR REFLECTION.

What would be wanted to make this world a kingdom of heaven if that tender, profound and sympathizing love, practised and recommended by Jesus, were paramount in every heart? Then the loftiest and most glorious idea of human society would be realized.—*Krummacher.*

SOME SIGNS.

Solomon said, many centuries ago: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

Some people seem to think that children have no character at all. On the contrary, an observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a little boy slow to go to school and glad of every excuse to neglect his book; I think it a sign that he will be a dunce.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it; I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose; I think it a sign that he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl looking out for themselves and dislike to share good things with others; I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarreling; I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to take strong drink; I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a boy smoking or chewing tobacco; I think it a sign that he will soon be guilty of other filthy habits.

When I see a boy who never prays; I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.

When I see a child obedient to its parents; I think it a sign of great future blessings from Almighty God.

When I see a boy fond of the Bible, and well acquainted with it; I think it a sign that he will be a pious and happy man.

And though great changes sometimes take place in the character, yet, as a general rule these signs do not fail.

LET THE BOYS HELP.

Why is it that the boys are allowed to sit around a house doing nothing, while their over worked mother is struggling against nature and fate to do about half the work waiting for her hands? Only the other day we saw three large, able-bodied boys lounging about the house, not knowing what to do with themselves, while their mother, tired and pale, was trying to do the work for a large family and company alone. Not a boy's work to help about the house? Why not? Is there anything about washing dishes that will injure him, or which he can not learn to do well? or about making beds, or sweeping, or setting the table, or washing, or ironing, or cooking a plain meal of victuals? On the contrary, there is much to benefit him in such work, the most important of which is the idea that it isn't manly to let the "weaker vessel" carry all the burdens, when it is possible for strong young hands to help. Most boys would gladly help in the house if they were asked to do so and were taught how to do the work properly. Many a smart boy wants to help his tired mother, but doesn't know how beyond bringing in the wood and the water and shoveling a path through the snow. That done, she tells him to go and play while she plods wearily on. Not a boy's work! For shame! It is a positive harm to a boy's moral character to allow him to think it right to be idle while his mother is staggering under her burdens. Let the boys help, and those who can't get help "for love or money" as they often write, will see their troubles disappear.

Looking down the ladder of our deeds,
  The rounds seem slender; all past work appears
Unto the doer faulty; the heart bleeds,
  And pale regret comes weltering in tears,
To think how poor our best has been, how vain,
  Beside the excellence we would attain.

TRUST.

A good woman was visiting among the poor in London one cold winter's day. She was trying to open the door of a third story in a wretch-looking house, when she heard a little voice inside say: "Pull the string up high—pull the string up high." She looked up and saw a string. She pulled it, when it lifted the latch, and the door opened into a room where she found two little half-naked children all alone. They looked cold and hungry.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" said the good woman.

"No, ma'am; God takes care of us," replied the elder of the children.

"You have no fire on this cold day. Are you not very cold?"

"Oh, when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms round Tommy and Tommy puts his arms round me, and then we say: 'Now I lay me'—and then we get warm," said the little girl.

"And what do you have to eat, pray?" asked the visitor.

"When Granny comes home she brings us something. Granny says we are God's sparrow's, and he has enough for us; and so we say: 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our father."

Tears came into the eyes of this good woman. She had sometimes felt afraid that she might be left to starve; but these little "sparrows" perched alone in that cold upper room, taught her a sweet lesson of trust in the power of God which she felt that she could not forget.

SOME QUEER FOLKS.

"WELL now, I don't call this pleasant," said a red velvet bodice. "Here we lie in this chest day after day, and month after month, without even being able to turn over."

"The children will soon be here," said an old black bonnet, "then you'll be turned over often enough."

"Don't mention the children," said the bodice with a shudder. "I never have a minute's peace when they are in the house. They drag us all out without any care, and are just as apt to throw me on the floor as anywhere else. They put us away last fall, and I have had to lie all winter with a great wrinkle in my side."

"One can always find something to be thankful for," said a satin vest near the bottom. "It is stupid enough here, I'll admit, but it is better than the rag bag. The last time the children had me out I had a little talk with a piece of merino which had been made into a doll's dress. It said it had been in the rag bag, and there one was obliged to associate with all kinds of things—kitchen aprons and trowsers and everything, that is, pieces of everything, for the merino said it did not believe there was a whole garment in the bag."

"Dreadful! gasped the bodice. "Fancy my associating with a kitchen apron!"

"Or me either," cried a fine old coat.

"Why not?" asked the bonnet, shortly.

"Oh, because we have always appeared in the drawing room. I never even saw the inside of a kitchen," said the bodice.

"One of the most pleasant afternoons I ever spent was with a kitchen apron in the play house last summer," said the bonnet.

"That may do for such as you," said the coat.

"I'm like the bodice. I could not think of associating with everything. I have no fear of the rag bag though, for I am the grandfather's wedding coat, and of course highly respected by the whole family. I am greatly surprised that the children are even allowed to take me from the chest when they play up here. I think it surely can't be known down stairs. I am not fond of children."

"I am," said the bonnet. "I love them. I don't know as you need say 'such as you' to me. I used to be a velvet cloak, and I dare say cost more than you did. I was very proud in those days, and awfully uncomfortable if a little dust happened to get on me. I was made over into a jack-

et for one of the daughters and finally into a bonnet. So far as real enjoyment goes I think I can say 'my last days are my best days.' I never had as good a time as I did last summer in the play house, though I was rained on twice, and hung for a whole week from one of the rafters in the hay loft. The girls took turns at wearing me, and I am sure anyone would have loved them who could have looked into their sweet faces as I did."

"Speaking of sweet faces," said a soft voice which belonged to a white muslin dress. "I wish you could have seen my Miss Sallie. It has been years and years since she wore me, but I shall never forget her. Her hair was like gold and her eyes as blue as the sky. I have seen her in the drawing room at night when the wax candles in the old silver candlestick shook their light down on her, but I never saw her look so beautiful as she did one afternoon in the kitchen. There were a great many negroes here then. Miss Sallie's father owned them and of course she never had any work to do. This afternoon that I began to tell you about she came down and stood in the kitchen door and said to old Aunt Sue, who was making pies:

"'Aunt Sue, I want you to teach me to make bread.'

"'Land sakes, honey, has you gone clar crazy?' cried Aunt Sue.

"'Not a bit of it,' said Miss Sallie, laughing.

"'You do talk like it now, sho'. What you wants to be spilen your pretty hans fur when all dese lazy niggahs are lyin' round hyar. You aint no need ter make bread.'

"'Yes I have,' said Miss Sallie, with the blood rushing into her cheeks, 'I'm going to marry a Methodist minister and am going where there won't be any negros; so if I have to work I want to know how.' I can't tell you all that she and Aunt Sue said. That wasn't the only scene I saw either before that wedding came off, for that was a long time ago and it wasn't thought a fine thing to belong to the Methodists. But Miss Sallie conquered. She made the biscuits for supper that night, and I say I never saw her look so pretty as she did that afternoon. The biscuits were as nice as Auut Sue could have made, but at the supper table her father frowned when he heard she had made them and said he would eat the cold bread. I think one reason everybody thought Miss Sallie was so pretty was because she was so good. She went any place where she could be of help to any one. She was never so happy as when she was making some one else happy. I am willing the children should use me just as they like when they come to the old farm for the summer. That is all I can do now. I should not even mind the rag bag. I am sure the aprons and trowsers did their work well and faithfully. 'Handsome is as handsome does.'"

Elizabeth E. Holding in Central Christian Advocate.

AN HONEST MAN.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."—BURNS.

Shew me the man of true and honest heart,
Who, for the sake of gain, will not depart
From paths of rectitude, and then I can
Show you God noblest work—
An honest man!

Temptation's darts do not disturb his mind,
True to himself, he's true to all mankind,
By honest toil he earns whate'er he can,
And proves himself to be—
An honest man!

Truth is his watchword—lips that speak no guile.
His face illumin'd with an honest smile,
Looks eye to eye with ours, nor fails to scan
The traits and signs which mark—
The honest man!

God bless the honest man whose bosom thrills
With love and sympathy for others' ills,
And "robs" himself of ease, if so he can,
With woman's tenderness, display—
"The man!"

The world is full of sin, and vice, and crime,
But honesty will stand the test of time;
Truth, Virtue, Charity, shall lead the van—
God's name is honor'd by—
The honest man.

"GOOD IS A GOOD DOCTOR, BUT BAD IS SOMETIMES A BETTER."

I AM sorry to take so long a text for my "sermonette," but a philosopher, in whom I believe, said, 'Tis just what I want, and I don't know how to make it shorter.

I am very much, in one respect, like Rev. Sewell, in Howell's new story; when I am puzzling over some intricate problem of life, I state the matter to my little world for examination, solution or proof, and it is usually taken up, as were his sermons, as though I knew what was going on in the minds around.

What puzzles me now is, that I have suddenly wakened up to the fact that if we want friends, we are all going through the world, saying to every dog as we pass along, "Good fellow." And the worst of it is, my father confessor thinks it's all right. I sometime fear there are signs of old age creeping over me, for I find it so hard to adapt myself to the age in which we live. I used to admire Robert Browning, but when I found he was not in fashion I changed my views so as to be up with the times. Now that he has come into style, just as do other fashions of the day, I am trying to reconcile his teaching with the habit of the age in withholding from our friends the "burrs" and offering only "roses" that never stick and soon fade.

If there is one thing more than another for which I am thankful, it is that I have had faithful friends who, to the best of their ability, have shown me my faults. I am glad of the wise mother, who in my girlhood taught me the difference between "roses" and "burrs," and, when the former were offered, I learned to read David and Solomon, who showed me the danger of "faltering lips" and the "tender mercies of the wicked." It sometimes seems as though more harm were done by the habit of saying what we are pleased to call "kind words," than there could possibly be if every body told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. When our friends make mistakes, or go astray, the very fact that our pity gets away with our judgment, sealing our lips and hindering our real usefulness, falsifies our position as a faithful friend and does them harm instead of good. I sometimes wish that I never felt compassion. I think it would make me a wiser mother and a better friend. Our hearts run away with our heads altogether too often. In our anxiety to make our families, our neighbors and our friends feel comfortable, we are in danger of losing all sense of truth and justice.

It is said that fishes in the dark caves have no eyes, because shut up in total darkness they do not need them. I suppose if the ear were cut off from all sound, in time, as the need of the sense of hearing ceased to exist, the sense itself would leave us. On the other hand, the extra need of any sense, sharpens that sense, as the sense of touch to the blind and sight to the deaf. Why would not our souls, if shut off from the light of finest truth, cease to see? and our ears, if cut off from the sound of truthful speech would they not soon cease to listen for or our minds to believe in it?

We are drifting that way now. The whole tendency of the age is sugar-plums and cake; condiments and stimulants for body, mind and spirit. We are all starving for the most nourishing food for both mind and body, vainly trying to make our swine's heaven out of the husks that are offered. We ought to blush with mortification at our soul's ambitions; at our groveling thoughts, aims and purposes. Still we go on spending our "money for that which is not bread and our strength for that which satisfieth not." The soul of Truth has left its body and we are satisfied with a dead carcass. We seek only applause and show instead of the things for which they stand; we are coming to believe in nothing. Genuine truth and honesty are considered childish virtues. Diogones with his lighted lantern would search in vain for his honest man to-day.

But, "my beloved hearers," I shall not make the application of my text in the business world, but confine my thoughts to the social realm!

I can not dispute but that the temptation is great to say only pleasant words to our friends. We like to make them happy and to have them feel happy and to feel kindly toward ourselves. "Good is a good doctor," but if we see that a disease afflicts our friends and know that we hold the remedy in our own hands, shall we refuse to have "Bad prove the better? And we stand in the same relation to our friends that they stand toward us. While such friendships exist we neither of us can make the most of ourselves. We think, perhaps, we know ourselves, but I've often thought our greatest danger is in deciding that we are what we once meant to be; that we have appropriated to ourselves the traditional character which is only a relic of the resolutions made in early youth. People have said to us the kind word so often that we have failed to realize that they merely wished to be inoffensive and were not giving a genuine opinion; or that they indulged in unpremeditated insincerity because they wished to say something to pass away the time.

Are we, or are we not, in any sense our brother's keeper? Of course, we think our friends will use their common sense and go back of the pleasant things we say of them and to them, and think what we might say if we knew, or if we spoke, the whole truth, but if there is one place more than another where we don't use our common sense it is when we receive commendation and flattery, Our egotism declares it only "appreciation."

It is a pity that too much sweet is fatal to sound health. To be stung and stand the sting with bravery develops heroes. How much did "appreciation," ever do for us? If it puts us on the mountain top and shows us kingdoms in a moment of time, it does not help us keep our foo'ing there. The only safe way to reach the summit is to hew steps out from the mountain side, and follow after with hands torn and bleeding. If an enemy is keeping pace with us so much the better for the faithfulness of our work.

Epictetus said, "If any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he had truth on his side, and if so, reform thyself." Please say how one can reform himself if all the world goes to work to make him think he does not need reformation?

I am not asking that question so much for my own personal benefit as to set you all to thinking about duty. I have my "John" whose conscience need never trouble him on the score of not seeing and informing me what were my weaknesses.

The dread of calling evil, "evil," is not only creeping into church and state but into the home and neighborhood. This is a direct or indirect cause of making vanity the stimulus of our efforts. It is making the love of praise the very root of all our efforts. Even the children are fed upon it and stimulated to greater tasks with the idea, not that education is good in itself, but that it is for the purpose of elevation. As Ruskin says, "'Tis to put a coat on my son's back and enable him with confidence to ring the visitor's bell at the double belled doors, or, what is better, enable him to have a double belled door to his own house. In other words, obtaining a position which shall be honored, whether deserved or not; shall enjoy in being seen in accomplishing a great aim and not find the happiness in the accomplishment of it merely."

If we are sincere in our desire to make the most of ourselves, we will seek to know the truth. We will not seek praise or flattery, neither will we draw back from the wounds of an enemy.

I believe that there is no one so essential to our highest good as an intelligent plain-speaking brother or sister. If we lack this it is a safe thing to seek friends who will come as near this position as possible. And when told of our weaknesses and mistakes accept their word as, in their judgment, truth, and search ourselves by this light. Flattery has effected us all as a malaria, and nothing but the most bracing tonics will keep it from proving fatal. It is an insidious disease, seldom called by its true name, but all the more dangerous from that very fact. We may be willing to acknowledge we have symptoms of this illness, and even pour out our own medicine, but let us not keep the case in our own hands. Let us so desire to really become all that we are capable of becoming, that we will patiently lean to doctor "Bad" as well as "good," not refusing the potion from either, no matter how bitter the taste.

Mrs. C. F. Wilder in Central Christian Advocate.

DRIFT-WOOD.

The threads our hands in blindness spin,
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.—*Whittier.*

A HINT FROM THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

I am going to do the boys and girls a great favor. Your parents or teachers or big brother and sister, or all of them, are continually correcting your language, are they not? Would you not like to show them they can not speak English, either? If you would, take the list of words here given; look them up in the dictionary and make a copy all marked and accented so you can tell exactly how to pronounce them. Then give this list to your peculiar persecutor and ask him to read it. He will mispronounce four out of every five. The funniest part of all is the excuses he will make—dictionary wrong, changed since he went to school, must be some mistake, nobody pronounces that way, and so on. But the trouble is that most of us have fallen into a vulgar and ignorant way of pronouncing them, and when we try to escape by some other excuse we make ourselves ridiculous. Here is the list:

err	courier	ornate	era
culture	docile	extant	dado
donative	coadjutor	dais	wont (*meaning custom*)
coffee	decorous	caret	
diapason	redowa	turbine	formidable
carbine	Italian	gladiolus	vary
turquois	valet	drama	construe
usurp	ducat	communist	Uranus
courtier	off	courteous	okra
eh	courtesy	onyx	eighteen
elegiac	eyrie	bronchitis	piquant
elephantine	exquisite	leisure	empyrean
humor	vagary	errata	lyceum
amateur	excise	pare	millionaire
exhale	probity	exhaust	squalor
viscount	exit	Philemon	vicar
mistletoe	cuneiform	desuetude	Byzantine
courant	curacoa	vendue	indissoluble
diverse	ere	felicity	conservator

The most laughable of all is the confidence everyone has he can pronounce these; as you will see they are all, with one or two exceptions, in every day use in the language, yet all of them are called wrong one hundred times where they are called right once.

THE HOLY LAND.

Bethlehem is by far the thriftiest inland town in evidences of modern improvement and progress in the ancient cities of Palestine, as well as one of the most beautifully situated. Its well built houses crowd along the crescent of the long hill and down its eastern slope, bordered all around with olive orchards and vineyards. Here as at Jerusalem I was impressed by the number of new buildings in process of erection. The new carriage road to Bethlehem from Jerusalem is as fine a road and makes as delightful a drive as any highway in the East. Everywhere I noticed the marks of industry. A steam engine used for grinding grain makes one street quite Eastern in its aspect.

ABUSE OF TEA.

All drugs which in small doses slightly stimulate, or tranquilize, are harmful in large doses. Paregoric is a mild sedative, but the terrible condition of the confirmed opium-eater is well known. Chloral when introduced was gratefully welcomed by physician and patient, but the excessive use of it has changed it to a curse. Even cocaine, the youngest and seemingly the most innocent of all, has already its victims.

A law that holds good of all such drugs is the following, namely, that the desired effect does not continue to be derived from the quantity which was at first used, but that the system, becoming partially habituated to its use, requires that the quantity be steadily increased, while the injurious results increase in the same ratio. Hence, all use tends to abuse.

The above is true of that beverage which "cheers but not inebriates." We should expect it to be true of tea from its nature, and facts prove it to be so. The abuse of tea in a multitude of cases, and the consequent injurious effects, are vastly beyond what are generally supposed.

When tea is analyzed, it is found to contain two powerful principles, or characteristic substances: tannic acid and theine. The former is the astringent familiarly known as tannin. It is this, obtained from bark, which hardens skin into leather. Theine is a violent poison. Probably both the tannic acid and the theine concur in producing the effect which comes from excessive tea-drinking.

This is twofold. It is partly on the digestive and partly on the nervous system—in the first

case giving rise to atonic dyspepsia, and in the second to irritability. palpitation of the heart, wakefulness, and brain fatigue. Says the *British Medical Journal*, "The sufferers from excessive tea-drinking may be grouped into three classes:

"(1) The large class of pure brain-workers, who speedily discover that while alcohol is pernicious to them, tea affords the stimulus they desire. They indulge in it without fear of mischief, and often to an unlimited extent. After a time, the neurotic symptoms make their appearance, and, in many cases, do much to impair temper, and to limit the capacity for sustained usefulness.

"(2) The large class of women of the better classes who begin with afternoon tea often end by using their favorite stimulant in the intervals between all meals of the day. The result is that appetite is impaired, and the prostration due to insufficient nourishment is combatted with more potations.

"(3) Factory operatives, especially women who, finding it difficult to provide a cheap and appetizing mid-day meal, fly to the teapot, and do a large amount of physical labor on this miserable dietary.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

A small case in the numismatic collection at the mint attracts no little attention because it contains but a single coin, and the interest doesn't decrease when the inscription is read: "Struck in the Philadelphia mint at least two thousand years ago." Of course our Philadelphia isn't meant, but Philadelphia in Asia Minor.

A MOTHER'S TALK ON OBEDIENCE.

"WHEN I get to be a man, I mean to do just as I please."

I suppose every boy thinks that, but I wonder how many men will say that they do, or ever have done, just as they please. The truth is that as long as we live—and that is forever—we shall have to obey. That is the reason, doubtless, why we have to begin life as helpless babies, so that we can learn obedience the first thing.

If we shall always have to obey, it will be well to learn to do it gracefully. At first we must obey parents, then teachers, then laws, and, over and above all, the laws of God.

"But we can disobey these."

Certainly, and if we do, we are only obeying something else. The boy who rebels against the authority of his father obeys his own ungoverned nature, or the suggestions of evil companions. The man who steals, or murders, disobeys law, but he obeys his own wicked propensities. Which then is wiser, to yield to the just authority of parents, teachers, laws of man and God, or to the evil influences which oppose them?

Boys often think it manly to rebel, but the greatest men have been those most obedient to proper authority. General Grant was one day walking on a government wharf, smoking when the guard said to him that smoking was not allowed there. Grant did not rebel, because he was a general, and the command had been given him by a subordinate; he at once threw away his cigar, remarking that it was a very good order. You see he knew the dignity of obedience.

General Sherman did not approve of General Grant's plan for taking Vicksburg, and wrote a protest. Then he obeyed Grant's orders as heartily as if he himself had conceived the plan, and Grant said that Sherman was a hero. Boys think it grand to be soldiers, but soldiers must obey, before they can command. Sheridan was so prompt to obey orders that he was advanced to the command of a large part of the army of the Potomac, and Warren, who did not obey promptly, was superseded.

Boys sometimes question the wisdom of their father's commands, but they should obey cheerfully, and in after years they may see that the command was good and wise. Perhaps you have never thought that your son will be apt to be

like yourself, even in your faults. Aristotle said that a man accused of filial disrespect excused himself by saying, "My father beat his father, and he his father, and my son will beat me when he is a man, for it runs in our family."

Don't let disobedience run in your family. Stop it right now and here, in your own person. Resolve that, as obedience is a necessity of existence, you will choose to obey good, rather than evil.

The Congregationalist.

STUDENTS SOCIETY.

ON the afternoon of November 7th, 1886, a number of the young Saints connected with the branch in Lamoni met at the house of Bro. S. F. Walker for the purpose of organizing a literary club or society; and although the matter had been fully discussed previously, there had been no definite conclusion arrived at in regard to the exact character of the organization. This first meeting resulted in the formation of a society for the purpose of studying the standard works of the church; officers were elected and a committee appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for the government of the same.

On the 4th day of January, 1887, the society held its first meeting and began the study of the Book of Mormon. It was decided to devote one evening in each month to its study by topics, beginning with the first principles of the gospel and assigning to each member a certain number of pages, from which they were to collect all the passages having a direct bearing upon the principle under discussion; the evenings not devoted to topics were given to the study of the book in regular course. Because it was feared that admitting older persons, especially elders, would have a tendency, not only to intimidate the young, but to cause them to depend too much upon their help and not exert themselves sufficiently to make the meetings profitable and interesting, it was decided to limit the membership to the young and to such as feel that they have not a sufficient knowledge of the standard books of the church.

In answer to a request made by the branch president the members promised that they would strive always to interest themselves in the branch meetings, and when prompted to speak or pray they would not hesitate to do so, but would endeavor to discharge their duty in the love and fear of God. In this meeting the gift of prophecy rested upon one sister, and the voice of the Spirit to the members was: "The Lord is well pleased with your efforts, and if you will continue as you have begun, humble yourselves and put full faith and trust in me, I will bless each one of you, and you shall do even a greater work for me than it has entered into your hearts to do. Be faithful, for the eyes of the world are upon you in a way that you are not aware of."

By this the members were greatly encouraged, and it was the determination of each one to strive anew for the blessing God had in store for the faithful.

In the latter part of February came a test of their zeal—a time when they would be called, like Israel of old, to come out boldly on the Lord's side, or else go back from their covenant with the God of Israel and turn to the idols of the world. It was a time when those who loved the Lord sought him in their closets and prayed as perhaps they never prayed before, that the victory might be his. It was not a body of grave elders and teachers who were to meet and pass resolutions against dancing, but it was the young, many of whom had been in the habit of attending dances at private parties, and some even at public ones—the young, who were to arise in their own self defense and say by their action if not by words, "We know that it is not good for us, and and we feel that the church—that our fathers and mothers,—should have kept us from its influence." As the time for deciding drew near, little was said, but the depths were stirred. The angel was

troubling the waters and many would step in and be healed. But *many*, would not satisfy. Abraham ceased to plead when the Lord promised to save if only ten were found, but the hearts and lips of those engaged in this work pleaded for all. There was not one of the little band whom they were willing to spare, and the earnest petition ascended without ceasing, "All, Lord, give us all."

Was the adversary idle? In the home circle, where were anxious watchers, were seen such steps taken by some of the young as were never taken before—steps set to the rythm of music, and eyes flashing with the pride of life and its vain glory, as they whirled around as if to assert their freedom and determination not to be bound by promise to, or rule of, any society.

The night upon which the final decision was to be made, came, and the society met in a state of subdued excitement. Many were praying and hoping, but uncertain of the result. Each one was called upon for an expression of their feelings in the matter, and as one after another rose and gave their views, the powers of darkness gave way; stubborn hearts were melted by the influence of the Holy Spirit, and when the time came for voting, the society was a unit, and dancing was given its proper place—outside of Christian fellowship.

How came about this triumph of the truth? You should have been there and heard the honest, straightforward confession of those who had indulged in dancing, in regard to the influence it had upon them, and there would be no need of further question how came it. God's Spirit is a mighty searcher of the heart, a burner up of the dross of the soul, and when the young will take it for their guide they will be saved from a thousand snares, and led into green pastures, beside still waters.

On the third of last May, Bro. D. S. Mills, of California, visited the society and delivered to them a most interesting address on the subject of the Book of Mormon. Such were the feelings of Christian love drawn forth by this, that when upon his homeward journey Bro. Mills was taken sick, the members set apart a portion of the time of the regular meeting to pray in his behalf, and the Spirit told them, that "their prayers were heard and their service was pleasing unto God."

On the twenty-fifth of October a resolution similar to the one against dancing was passed unanimously against the use of tobacco by any member of the society.

During the past summer Sr. Anna Steadman who was visiting her grand-parents, Bro. and Sr. Landers, in Lamoni, met regularly with the Society, and was voted an honorary member of the same; and the week of her leaving, after the regular meeting, the Society gave her a pleasant surprise in the shape of an ice-cream supper.

The anniversary of the organization of the society was observed as a day of fasting and prayer, and instead of the regular meeting, at night, a prayer and testimony meeting was held, and it was a time long to be remembered by those who were there. The presence of the Holy Spirit was felt in power, and the voice of its exhortation was, "Put your trust in the Lord, for he is leading you, and will lead you so long as you are humble."

We have given place most cheerfully to this brief history of the origin, formation and progress of The Students Society, because we believe, and feel certain, that we have reasons for being well assured that it was formed at the promptings of God's Spirit, has been watched over by his love, and, if faithful to the trust reposed in it, will be the means of accomplishing great good. Already have we seen one who shed bitter tears when it was organized, because it was not organized as they hoped it would be, rejoicing in the full fruition of the fondest hopes the heart dared to cherish. That which to the weeping one seemed all dark, was but the shadow of God's hand stretched out to guide and direct.

The question now arises, What should be the position of the church toward this and similar organizations? To our mind, there can be but one answer. If it is to become a part of the duty of the Reorganized Church to build up the waste places of Zion, can she foster with too much care anything which shall tend to nourish the faith of her sons and daughters in her divinely appointed mission? What to us will be the peace and safety of Zion and her borders if our loved ones are not there? And how shall they be there if we never encourage them on the way, or help to strengthen their hands when contending with all the evil influences which the world can bring to bear upon them, tend-

ing to destroy their faith in the great work of God in these latter days?

We append below the constitution and by-laws of the society.

STUDENTS SOCIETY, OF LAMONI, IOWA.

CONSTITUTION.

PREAMBLE.—Having formed ourselves into a society for the purpose of acquainting ourselves with the standard books of our church, especially the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, therefore, be it Resolved:

Section 1. That this society shall be known by the name of "The Students Society," and its officers shall consist of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer; these to be elected by a majority vote, and to serve for the term of three months. In case of the death or removal of the President, the Vice-President shall serve in his place until the time of a new election.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the President to preside over and conduct each meeting of the Society; to appoint all committees, and discharge the duties usual to such position. In case of unavoidable absence of the President, it shall be the duty of the Vice-President to act in his place.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to call the roll at each meeting, and keep the minutes thereof, which shall be read at the next regular meeting of the Society, and shall be considered approved unless objections are made thereto at the time of such reading; in case objection is made, they shall be adopted or rejected by a two-thirds vote of the Society.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive and take charge of all funds of the Society, and give an account or report of the same when called upon, provided a week's notice has been given.

Sec. 5. No one shall be admitted as a member of the Society until his name has been previously presented for membership, and the Society has accepted him by a two-thirds rising vote. Then the payment of twenty-five cents and signing his name in the Secretary's book shall constitute him a member of the Society.

Sec. 6. The Society shall have power, at any time, to change or amend the Constitution by a two-thirds vote of members present.

BY-LAWS.

Sec. 1. Each meeting of the Society shall be opened with singing and prayer, and closed with a short prayer or benediction.

Sec. 2. Absence from any regular meeting of the Society shall subject the member so absent to a fine of twenty-five cents, unless satisfactory reasons can be given for the same.

Sec. 3. In all matters of business, unless otherwise provided for, the majority shall rule; and in case of a tie vote, the President shall cast the deciding vote.

Sec. 4. No moneys shall be expended by the Treasurer except on written orders from the Secretary.

Sec. 5. The Secretary shall issue no orders for expenditures of money expect by a two thirds vote of the Society.

Sec. 6. Any one rendering himself obnoxious to the Society, shall be fined fifty cents; and on refusing to pay the same, shall be expelled from the Society.

Sec. 7. It shall be considered the duty of each member of the Society to take part in the exercises when called upon.

Sec. 8. No member of the Society is expected to bring visitors with him unless they be friends from a distance.

Sec. 9. The roll shall be called, and all business transacted at the close of study.

Sec. 10. A fee of five cents per month will be charged each member, to defray all incidental expenses of the Society.

Sec. 11. Any member dancing at a private or public party, or encouraging parties where dancing is carried on by knowingly attending them, shall be subjected to a vote of censure from the Society for the first offense, and for the second, shall be excluded from membership.

Sec. 12. No member of the Society shall use tobacco in any form, except as an healing herb. And any member so doing shall be subject to a vote of censure from the Society, and if they persist in the further use of the weed, may be expelled.

Editor's Corner.

OUR first number was delayed over a week, through failure upon the part of the engraver; but we trust this will not happen again, and about the 15th of each month we expect to mail to our friends their copy of "AUTUMN LEAVES." Already letters of congratulation and cheer are beginning to come in; and for these we are grateful, as many times they prove to us reservoirs of strength and courage, when clouds of self-distrust and fear hang low in the horizon.

Long before this number reaches you, the first number will be exhausted. Had our friends come forward to our encouragement at an earlier day, we would have had a larger number struck off; but as it is now too late for this, we have increased the number on the second issue to two thousand. From present indications it will be none too many to meet the demand, when our energetic friends shall have finished canvassing for us. While we thank most cordially all who have aided us in this enterprise, we wish to assure them that it is not our inten-

tion ever to fall behind what the first number represents; and if pure thoughts, lofty sentiments and whatever is calculated to inspire the young to purity and nobility of heart and life are to be found in the great field of the world, you may be assured that the brightest and best will be gleaned for the pages of your Magazine. We speak with great assurance upon this point, for in every part of the United States, Great Britian, Canada, Nova Scotia and Australia, those who love the work of God and are anxious for the weal of Zion, are sending to us selections, for time to time, as well as original contributions. While it is not possible to publish all of these, we thank our friends for past favors and ask them to please continue the same, as it gives us better opportunities for selecting and giving to our readers the very choicest. Their names may never be mentioned in connection with the work of building up the Magazine, but they may be better known to the angels of God than the oft-repeated ones of earth. Some must unavoidably come before the public, perhaps for blame, perhaps for praise; but "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth," is the injunction of Him who taught us to seek only the approval of God.

In this number we introduce a new feature which will run through the year, and we would call the attention of the young especially to it.

"CLUSTER OF MEMORY GEMS."

If any boy or girl will commit one of these to memory each day, they will have stored away in their mind riches which money could not buy, and a garniture which moth and rust will have no power to corrupt. Many which we will use this year have been collected by an English paper called "Great Thoughts," and are from the writings of eminent authors. We thank the brother who sent it, and have found in it valuable help.

We trust that all brides to whom AUTUMN LEAVES may come, will avail themselves of the offer made by the editor of *The Household* (see adv. in last issue.) No better family paper is published in the United States, and the offer is *bona fide.*

Parties have asked if small amounts could be sent in stamps. Certainly; but it is not safe to risk much large ones.

Helpful Hints and Suggestions.

The meal unshared is food unblest:
  Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
  Is labor for a worthy end.—*Whittier.*

TEACH CHILDREN POLITENESS.

Teach children to be polite. Teach them there is nothing but goodness of heart of so much durability as a pleasing deportment. They will lose the idea after a while that it is smart to be pert and boisterous, and take pride in being little ladies and gentlemen. Teach them to say "How do you do?" or "Good morning" to everybody with whom you are acquainted; never to contradict, whisper, hum, beat a tattoo with the fingers on the furniture, or loll around in lounging attitudes in company; to say "Yes, ma'am," and "No, sir," "What, ma'am?" "If you please," and "Excuse me," if it is necessary to pass before anyone, or to leave the table before the rest, and never to do any of the things for which it is necessary to ask to be excused unless it is absolutely unavoidable; not to toss things instead of handing them; not to listen to anything not intended for their ears; not to refuse to give the whole to a visitor when half will not do. A polite child is the best of companions, but a rude one is a troublesome nuisance, and will find himself learning at eighteen or twenty things which should have been taught him when a child.

KITCHEN HINTS.

If you will put a tin of water in the oven, your cake or meat will not burn.

When cooking onions set a tin of vinegar on the stove, let it boil, and you will have no disagreeable smell.

Be sure to keep your dish-cloth clean, as some physicians claim diphtheria will start from using greasy dish-cloths.

To take the "fishy" smell from your skillet after frying fish, put soap and water in the skillet and let it boil for ten minutes.

If you will heat your knife you can cut hot bread or cake as smoothly as cold.

Take two large spools, drive large nails through them in the wall, about two inches apart, and hang your broom up, brush end up.

When your oil-cloth is dull and beginning to wear out, give it one or two coats of varnish. It will be pretty again, and wear much longer.

SAUCE.—1 cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 tablespoonful of flour, rub well together, then add 1 tablespoonful of vinegar, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and 1 pint of boiling water. Stir while it boils five minutes.

TO MOTHERS.

If you say no mean no. Unless you have a good reason for changing a given command hold to it.

Take an interest in your children's amusements; mother's share in what pleases them is a great delight.

Remember that trifles to you are mountains to them; respect their feelings.

Keep up a standard of principles; your children are judges.

Be honest with them in small things as well as in great. If you can not tell them what they wish to know, say so rather than deceive them.

As long as it is possible, kiss the children goodnight after they are in bed; they like it, and it keeps them very close.

Bear in mind you are largely responsible for your child's inherited character, and be patient with them.

If you have lost a child, remember that for the one that is gone there is no more to do; for those left, everything.

Make your boys and girls study physiology; when they are ill try to make them comprehend why, how the complaint arose, and the remedy so far as you know it.

Impress upon them from early infancy that their actions have results, and that they can not escape consequences even by being sorry when they have done wrong.

Respect their little secrets; if they have concealments, fretting them will never make them tell, and time and patience will.

Allow them, as they grow older, to have opinions of their own; make them individuals, and not mere echoes.

Find out all their special tastes and develop them instead of spending time, money and patience in forcing them into studies that are entirely repugnant to them.

Mothers, whatever else you may teach your girls, do not neglect to instruct them in the mysteries of housekeeping. So shall you put them in the way of making home happy.

HEALTHFULNESS OF DISH WASHING.

There is no such certain cure for a poor circulation; the constant and varied exercise with hands in hot water sending the blood to the extremities swiftly and freely, and neuralgia will fly before it. A young lady who is an enthusiastic pianist, tells me her fingers are never so supple as on Monday morning, when she has a pan of hot water brought into the sunny breakfast room: and "takes Katie's washing up the breakfast things." Do not be afraid of it, only let your dish-washing be done decently and in order.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

JUST A WORD TO FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

I know a boy who is "the only son of his mother, and she is a widow." His tastes are somewhat literary, and his mother with so little to spare, has always had enough to afford him a good paper or book to read. He is growing up to be a comfort to his mother, and one who is well liked by all his associates.

Now this is what I want to say. If you have a girl or boy with a fondness for books, endeavor to gratify them, now and then; or if one has a taste for fancy work, deny yourselves a little, that you may give them a few dimes now and then, to invest in some wools and a crochet needle, or some of the various things that are needed to make little articles to adorn the home with. Let them feel that they have an interest in making home cozy as well as mother has.

Giving restless minds and fingers employment in ways that are attractive to them, helps children to cultivate the habit of employing their leisure hours, instead of idling their time, or worse, learning to gossip.

First, outside of our duty work, if we can afford the time, comes books:—they are the treasured wealth of the world, and we should read the very best. A cultured mind is worth more to one's self and one's friends than a mine of gold; it is like the widow's cruse—growing with the using of it.

Bits of fancy work, knitting or crocheting, can be caught up now and then, between the busy hours, and a great deal accomplished. But most of all, and above all—though it is natural to love to beautify one's homes—let us beautify our every day home-life; and let the family hearth be sacred to friendship, love, courtesy,—courtliness and politeness, and the family Round Table, where girls and boys most do congregate in winter evenings, be kept free from anything which would mar the pleasure of those who join you in your games, talk, or work—a place where all who come will feel the happy home influence prevading it.

Our aim will be, to give suggestive hints to the girls and boys, so that when they feel the need of pretty and appropriate gifts for the home-folk and friends, they may find the assistance they need in the Round Table, and can render their presents more pleasing by being a part of their personality.

All are invited to contribute anything that will be of interest in the line of work, home decoration or amusements—especially where the beautiful and useful are combined.

The effervescing animal spirits of healthy childhood must have expression in some way. In the grateful hush of their sound sleep an hour later in the evening, which we, like "Thorny Poppy," call "the most restful hours a mother knows," when asleep, how thankfully glad we are if, through loving tact and patience, we have quieted their noise, without resorting to harsh word or hand, but by interesting them in some still game or soothing, good-night story, that has sent every little nestling to bed with a happy heart and added faith in his mother's love and resources!

It is a very easy matter to interest small people, so they quickly forget their noisy plays and wrangles, and gather about you in the ruddy lights of the open fire to listen to the story, or help with the game, only, when you are yourself, exhausted; so tired that it is an effort to speak, following the thread of a story, or to answer the unlimited questions to which it gives rise.

A quiet, fireside game that calls for low-toned voices and no running of little feet, sitting sometimes, in their nighties by the warm hearthstone while baby's head sleepily droops lower and lower, the half lights of the fire play softly over the eager, trusting little faces upturned to yours, is easier, often for a spent mother to follow than a good night story.

We have several such games for our little folks, some of them original, and some of them ourselves played, when a little child sitting by *our* mother's knee in the firelight that has forever gone out in the old home.

Mamma and each child wise enough to count six, is given six kernels of corn, or six beans, or six buttons. (Ten is the original number, but we limit it to six to simplify and abbreviate the game). Then mamma slyly slips from one to six kernels into her right hand—no one must see how many—and turning to her right-hand neighbor, briefly asks in a whisper, "hull-gull?" That neighbor promptly replies, "Handfulls!" to which mamma laconically responds, "parcel how many?" The waiting little man or maiden, eagerly scans the closed hand as though to read the number hidden within. "Two" he answers as a guess.

"I hold five, you must give me three moneys," and in proof of her statement, shows on her open palm, five kernels of grain.

This right-hand neighbor pays her due out of his store, and then hiding in his own pink-tinted, chapped, or grimy, little fist from one to three grains of corn, whispers to his right-hand neighbor the old querry, "hullgull?"

"Handfull," she answers, mentally guessing how many kernels his closed hand holds.

"Parcel how many?" is the next question, and on receiving answer, "three," jubilantly assures her that she ows him two of her yellow coins, for a single grain he held in his right hand.

So the game goes on from left to right, round the happy group before the fire, each paying his due, which is always fixed by the number of coins between those held and those guessed, and if the guess is correct, just so many kernels are forfeited to that right-hand neighbor.

When one has parted with all his money, he is dropped from the game, unless some trusting friend will loan him a coin or two, with which new capital he can again commence business, though if bed time be too near, mamma will not allow such extension of the game.

Whoever wins *all* the kernels, wins the game.

A PADDED RUG FOR BABY

Many mothers will be pleased to learn of this clever contrivance, thus described in *Baby-hood:*

Take as a foundation a square of cheese cloth measuring five feet on every side. On this arrange a deep border composed of the leaves of linen picture books printed in bright colors. Place the pages so that they will be right side up when viewed from the center, that is with the tops along the outer edge of the square.

After the pictures are smoothly and evenly basted, outline them with a heavy herring bone or feather stitch in bright red or blue wool. After this square is completed, make another exactly the same size, and wad it generously with cotton batting. Cover the top with sheet rubber, and over all lay the pictured square. This on the outside edge, and a little quilting done in the center where it is not covered with pictures, will hold all firmly together.

The lower square should be quilted all over before the rubber or the pictured square is laid on. The pad is bordered all around by a fringe of worsted to match the feather stitching. The easiert way to fasten is to make a loose button-hole stitch around the edge, and tie four or five strands of worsted in each. A very pretty edge is made by fulling one row of Angora or wool lace of a bright color. A closely crotcheted scallop also makes a pretty edge.

Players in a circle, each with paper and pencil. One asks at least ten questions. Players write answers. The one who asked the questions collects papers and reads answers aloud. Players try to guess the name of writer.

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THE WOODLAND PATH.

[See Page 129.]

AUTUMN LEAVES.

VOL. I. LAMONI, IOWA, MARCH, 1888. No. 3.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER II.

LATER in the day, when Daniel and his mother were alone, he told his experience of the night before more fully than he had told it to any one else, especially how he had remembered the verse in Psalms which he had heard his father read the night before he left home. "I can not tell you, mother," he said, "what courage it gave me; and I felt as though the angels might be near me in the darkness. Do you think the angels ever do come to the earth?

"Oh, yes, they have many, many times visited the earth. You remember how they came to protect Daniel of old when he was thrown into the lions' den? And, then, they have many times announced to men, and women too, things which were going to happen."

"I know that, mother, but I do not mean long ago, hundreds of years before we were born, but I mean now, in the time in which we are living?"

"You, my son, were protected by the power of God, but I do not think that any one sees angels in these days. You did not see any, did you?

"No, mother, but I did feel that some one was with me, and I thought then, and have been thinking ever since, of a story I once read in the bible."

"What story do you mean?"

"It was a story about God having forbidden a prophet to go to a certain place, and when the prophet started to go there, an angel of the Lord met him in the way, and would have killed him only that the ass on which the prophet was riding saw the angel and jumped to one side, out of the way of the drawn sword the angel carried."

"That was the prophet Balaam, when he was going with the king of Moab to curse the children of Israel. But why have you been thinking of this?

"Because, mother, if the ass saw the angel when the prophet did not, might not those wolves have seen what I could not see? I felt so sure that some one was near me that I thought when day light came I should see them."

His mother did not make any immediate answer to this, but smoothed his brown hair away from his temples with a gentle touch, and her eyes took in the pretty picture framed by the window of the room in which he was lying. The sun was low in the west and the tall trees cast their shadows far toward the east. Through an opening in the woods she saw the clear waters of the Genesee river flowing softly along the shady banks, and at a spot where they sloped gently down she saw the cows stooping to drink; and the distant tinkle of the bell could just be heard as it mingled with the first notes of the whippoorwill's song, in the branches near by. Wild vines were swinging from the boughs of the trees as the wind crept among their branches; and the little chipmunks came from their hiding places, peeping slyly out from the bushes growing quite near the house. Presently the tinkle of the bell came nearer and nearer, mingling with the merry voices of the younger children as they came trooping behind the cows in happy forgetfulness of all save the perfect enjoyment of their youth, health and freedom. Slowly as from a dream her mind came back, and seeing that Daniel had fallen asleep she went quietly out and, closing the door after her

and moving about softly, hastened the preparations for the evening meal.

But while her hands were thus employed her mind was busy with thoughts called up by her conversation with her boy. She had not answered his question directly, in regard to the possibility of the angels' having been so near to him in those hours of darkness and danger; but it was not because she had not thought about it, nor because the question was a new one to her. True it had never presented itself in just that light before, never had come quite so near her heart; but it had for many years been present with her, and she had often wondered why it was that people who now live upon the earth might not be visited by the angels, and even have instruction direct from God, as they used to have in other days? When she read the Bible there was scarcely a page of its history, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last one of Revelations, which did not give an account of some messenger's being sent to the earth, or of God's making known his will, either by his own voice, by the visitation of angels or by his revealing himself to righteous men called prophets.

But now for nearly eighteen hundred years there had been no messenger sent, and no prophet had declared to the people the way of life and salvation. She had many times put this question away from her, saying, "We have the Bible now: in almost every house it is to be found. It contains the full and complete word of God, and there is a woe pronounced upon any one who shall add to, or take from, the words of it." But for some cause, this was not very satisfying to her mind, for she would find the same question from time to time coming back to her to be answered again—very much like the Ghost in "Hamlet," which would not down, but was always rising when least expected. She had often talked with her husband about this, and at one time he had astonished her by saying, "I do not believe God ever intended it should be so, for he is no respecter of persons."

"If he did not intend it to be so, why then does it remain so?"

"I can only answer that by saying, I do not know; but at the same time I cannot see how it can be that God is unchangeable and yet after having for thousands of years made known his will to man by angels and through the prohhets, he should now, for nearly eighteen hundred years, have been as silent as the Sphynx or the pyramids of Egypt. And, moreover, I do believe that it will not always be so, but that you and I may live to see the time when God will reveal himself again to the children of men, and then we shall know why he has been silent so long."

She had ever found her husband to be in advance of her upon all serious thoughts of this kind, and she knew that his mind was ofttimes busy with problems that seemed to present themselves for solution. It was his constant habit to read aloud at night, after the work of the day was finished; and while her needle flew busily, she would listen attentively; and frequently they would both pause to discuss some passage, and exchange views upon what was being read. Books and newspapers being scarce in those days, their reading was almost altogether confined to the Bible and such histories as Rollin, Josephus, Eusebius and some others, together with some volumes of works standard among the Methodists, of which church they were both members—having been raised in that faith.

Their cabin consisted of one living-room, which served as kitchen, dining and sitting room, and two large bedrooms opening out of this. Luxuries, in those early days, especially upon the frontiers and among those who were subduing the soil, were unknown, even in the shape of house room. The first settlers usually erected a log cabin out of the abundance of material furnished by the forests, and this primitive building was planned simply to meet the present needs of the family. As the farm was cleared and the family increased in size, this was either enlarged or made to give place to a more pretentious one; and conveniences were from time to time added, as the wealth of the occupant increased. But even at that early date the tide of civilization was beginning to flow toward the West, and many times when Mr. Clark was toiling to bring his large tract of land under cultivation, indefinite longings would float through his mind of a home on the far western prairies. These however took no definite shape at first, and might never have led to actual removal but for circumstances we are about to relate. And we want the children who read this little

look to remember that what they read is true. It is written for you by one who knows, and who expects to have to answer before God for everything she teaches the young, and who has no earthly object in writing it, only to make the truth more real and familiar to you.

After the frugal evening meal had been partaken of, the dishes washed and put away and everything arranged; the table was drawn out and all the family, except Daniel, gathered around it, and each in turn took part in reading from the word of God. The younger ones, who were not yet old enough to read, listened, with folded hands; and then the father kneeling with his family commended them all to the watch-care of him who all through life had been their protector and friend. Then the little ones were put to bed, and the others amused themselves or listened to their father's reading until they grew sleepy and retired. Shortly after this Mrs. Clark went into Daniel's room, and finding him sleeping with the rest, worn out with the pain and excitement of the previous night, she knelt by his bedside and poured out her thankfulness for his preservation, in silent prayer; and when she went and resumed her seat she told her husband in regard to the boy's experience of the night before, and asked his opinion of it. "I did not answer his question," she added, "but I have thought that he may be right. Why should it be more wonderful for those hungry wolves to have been kept at bay by seeing what was invisible to him, than that the ass should have seen the angel? Why should that be more wonderful than the fact of his preservation? It was by the power of God, and we read that the angels are all ministering spirits. This fact, though it has impressed his mind deeply, seems not to have left such a strong impression as the one connected with it. He feels that he was not only preserved by the power of God, but was preserved because God has something special for him to do—'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.'"

"Let it be even so," said his father, reverently; and after this he did not resume his reading, but closing his book and placed it on its accustomed shelf, and putting on his hat went out of doors.

Absorbed in her own thoughts, Mrs. Clark worked on diligently, not noticing how long her husband remained away; for it was nothing unusual for him to spend a half hour or even an hour's time in passing about from one place to another, in order to see that all was safe before retiring. This night however, had her thoughts not been preoccupied, she would have noticed that his stay was much longer than usual, and when he came in he went directly to bed. Midnight however found her still busily employed with her needle; and even then she might have remained longer at her work, but the candle, which had burnt low, gave one or two flickering gleams, as threatening soon to be extinguished, and rising hastily she made preparations for bed. Before retiring, however, she visited her boy's bed again, and finding him still asleep she sought her own and soon slept calmly by her husband's side.

CHAPTER III.

It had long been known to Mrs. Clark that her husband, though a faithful member of the Methodist church, was not satisfied with their doctrines, nor with his Christian experience; but she was not prepared to hear him say to her as he did the next evening, after the children had all retired for the night, "Mother" (this is the way in which he always addressed her), "I am thinking of withdrawing my name from the church."

"Why father, you surely are not in earnest," said Mrs. Clark, as her hands fell into her lap and she quickly looked up to his face.

"Yes, I am very much in earnest, and I have been thinking that as you feel very much as I do, it might be best for both of us to withdraw at the same time."

"I had not thought it would ever come to this," she answered. "I know we do not believe in many things as they do, but it will be a very hard matter to sever our connection with them. We have both been in the church ever since we were children, and if we leave it now, where shall we go?"

There was a tremor in her voice as she asked the question, and a tear rolled slowly though unnoticed, down her cheek as she resumed her sewing and waited his reply.

He did not answer immediately, for in addition to being naturally deliberate in speech, he seemed, even in his thoughts very reluctant to move hastily in a matter of such vast moment, not only to himself,

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but also to his wife and family, to say nothing of the influence which he knew he possessed in the church. He too, had asked the question, "Where shall we go?" and yet no definite answer had formed itself; but a vague unsatisfied longing had taken possession of his soul for something more, something better, something more fully declaring the ways and purposes of God than the doctrine taught by the followers of John Wesley; and, not being able to divest himself of these feelings, to him it seemed little short of hypocrisy to meet with them from time to time, to partake with them of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Savior, and yet feel that they were not teaching the same gospel Jesus had suffered so much to bring to the children of men. So many plain passages of the word of God he was required to pass silently over or take in a spiritual sense; a sense so different from what he honestly believed to be the true meaning, that he felt as though it was changing the word of God and bringing it to suit the views or belief of men, instead of men believing that God has the right, because of his infinite justice and mercy, to say upon what terms sinners shall be saved. These feelings had become like a chain of bondage, and he had at last resolved to break loose from them and seek God for himself.

"Where shall we go if we separate from the church?" he repeated slowly; "I have asked the question many times in the last few months, without being able to answer it to my own satisfaction, but I have come to the conclusion at last, to follow the dictates of my conscience, do what I believe to be right and leave the result with God. I do not believe as I once did, in all the doctrines taught by John and Charles Wesley, and I have made up my mind fully to the belief that God is unchangeable; and if he is unchangeable, so must his gospel be. I believe that just what would save a man in the days of Christ will save him now, and not one whit more or less; and the story you told me of Daniel leads me to believe more firmly than ever that it is our own fault that we do not have the same gifts and blessings God bestowed upon his people anciently. I do not believe God ever intended that the gifts of the gospel should cease with the apostles and early Christians, because the promise is that he will be with them to the end of time."

"It may be hard for us to stand alone, but my faith is that we will not be alone. I believe that God is leading us by the power of his Spirit, and when we sever ourselves from the fellowship of those who are blind to his truth he will lead us, if we are earnest and prayerful, into the truth. I am going to sever my connection with the Methodist church this coming Sabbath, and I believe it your duty to do the same, but will not urge you."

"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," said Mrs. Clark as she looked up at her tall manly husband, who in answer to her glance of perfect confidence, stooped down and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The next Sabbath their resolution was carried out, and no amount of persuasion upon the part of their friends availed to change their minds. After this, Mr. Clark, especially, gave himself more earnestly to prayer than ever before; praying God that if he had a people on the face of the earth, he would direct him to them; and asking him to make known his will to him that he might walk in light and not grope in darkness and uncertainty. Many times he would seek the stillness of the forest and for hours pour out his soul before God in prayer.

One afternoon while praying earnestly the forest around him was suddenly illuminated with a bright cloud which descended from above, and while he covered his eyes to shut out its intense brightness, a voice out of the cloud spoke to him, giving him much instruction, and showing him many things which God intended shortly to bring to pass.

He was told that God had not upon the face of the earth a people whom he recognized as his own, but that he was about to bring to pass a strange work to establish his church again upon the earth; and promised him that if he would study the scriptures faithfully he should receive great light upon them, and exhorted him to "stand still and see the salvation of God."

He was also shown the man whom God would choose as his instrument to begin this work; and we want our readers to bear this in mind, for as our story progresses we shall come to the time when it was literally fulfilled, as was all the rest which the voice that day declared to him would soon come to pass. When the light fad-

ed away, in the fulness of his gratitude to God Mr. Clark fell upon his face and poured out his soul in prayer and praise. So light was his heart that he sang aloud until the woods took up the echo, and from tree top and hill-side came back, "Glory to God in the highest."

The talk which followed the children's retiring that night was long and earnest, and the joy of their hearts was almost boundless. Night after night the word of God was read aloud, while in accordance with the promise which had been given him, light accompanied the reading of every page, and the great plan of God's redemption was made plain to their minds.

In time the clearing of the farm approached completion, and still the promise in regard to the church remained unfulfilled. It had indeed been organized. but the news of it had not yet reached our waiting friends. A strong desire however had arisen in their minds to sell the farm aud move farther west: and when a buyer presented himself with a liberal offer, they accepted it and were soon on their way to Pennsylvania. Here a farm was rented; and, still waiting for the fulfillment of the promise, they remained until the year 1832.

One evening a traveler asked for the privilege of staying overnight, and while at supper among other things he asked:

"Have you heard of Joe Smith and his golden bible?" And upon Mr. Clark's answering him that they had not, he proceeded to tell them that a boy, by the name of Smith (Joe Smith, he called him) professed to have found a book with leaves of gold, which he had translated by the help of angels, and had now set himself up as a prophet and leader of a church.

"Where is he now?" asked Mr. Clark, scarcely able to restrain his eagerness as he waited for the answer.

"They are scattered in many places, and, strange as it may seem, many believe his silly story; but the main body of them, I hear are now at a place called Kirtland, Ohio, about seventy miles from here."

"How do they differ from other churches?"

"Oh, they claim to heal the sick and perform miracles and do things in general about as they did in Christ's time."

"Do you know whether or not they really do these things?"

"No, I can not say that I personally know anything about them; I hear they are regarded as impostors and a bad set of men, but I have never met any of them."

"Have you seen the book you spoke about?"

"No; but it is said to have been a novel, stolen from a Presbyterian clergyman who wrote it merely to pass away time, and by some means it has fallen into their hands and they expect to make money out of it."

"If it is a novel, how can they call it a bible?"

"Oh, they do not call it a bible, but the Book of Mormon; and it professes to tell about some Jews who came to this country before the time when they were taken to Babylon after Jerusalem was destroyed. You see the novel was in the style of a sacred history, and this is what they claim for it, and call it the Book of Mormon, after a great prophet of that name whose history is in the book."

Seeing that no further information could be obtained from their guest, the next morning, after he had departed, they consulted together and made preparations for going to Kirtland, that they might ascertain whether what they had heard was true or not; and as they could accomplish the journey in two days, Mrs. Clark resolved to go with her husband. Accordingly, after making hurried arrangements for their departure and probably a week's stay, they started that very morning.

"I wonder if this is the way the news was carried in the days of Christ?" said Mrs. Clark. "I have often pictured to myself the scene on the banks of the Jordan where John was baptizing, and have wondered if there were not scoffers and unbelievers there as well as those who went to be baptized?"

"Do you remember, mother, what is said about the scribes and Pharisees' rejecting the counsel of God against themselves, not being baptized by John? I have no doubt they said many wicked things about those who were baptized."

"Do you really think, father, that you will know Joseph Smith when you see him?"

"If he is the man God has raised up to lead his people, I surely shall know him, just as well as I know the face of any friend I have."

"But John did not know Jesus except by the sign that had been given him by the angel."

"I saw this man in my vision, and when I see him again I shall know him, and I shall know if he is sent of God."

"Of course you will know, if you see him, and he is the same one you saw before, that the Lord has sent him."

"I shall know by the doctrine he teaches as well as by the other. If he is sent of God he will preach repentance and baptism for the remission of sins and the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost."

"Why do you think this?"

"Because it is what Christ sent his disciples to teach, and it is what they taught; and Peter, on the day of Pentecost, told the people that the promise was unto them and their children and unto all who were afar off; and I believe the promise is to us to-day just as much as it was to them."

"They claim to have the Holy Ghost now, as they did in those days."

"I know that, but they deny nearly everything which the Holy Spirit gave them power to do. They have the 'form of godliness,' but deny 'the power thereof.'"

"They say that we do not need it in this day."

"Strange if we do not; and if it is so, why was the promise made 'to all who are afar off?'"

"Do you believe that if they have the true faith they will have the gifts Paul speaks of in Corinthians?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, it will be a glorious day for the world; and if it really is as you think, how can men reject them or deny the truth of what they teach?"

"They will do it because they are evil. Did they not accuse the Son of God of casting out devils through the prince of devils? Who, do you suppose, would believe me, if I were to tell them what I have seen and heard?"

"Not many, perhaps, but our own case proves that there will be found some willing to believe and obey the truth when they have found it."

"Yes, there will be many, and in going up to Kirtland I believe we will find many such, for something tells me that we are not going in vain."

"It will not be long before we shall know. We will be at the end or our journey by to-morrow evening, will we not?"

"Yes; if we meet with no accident we will reach Kirtland about five o'clock to-morrow."

I have been thinking how strange it is that we should be going on this journey, hunting up, as it were, a chance to be deceived. John was "preaching in the wilderness of Judea," and they came out to him; he did not go to them, they sought him. Do you suppose that they were led as we are being led now?"

"I believe that many of them were; and if history were more complete we would be told many such circumstances. Some, you remember, are recorded. It was shown to Simeon that he should not die until he had seen Christ."

"Yes. I have often wondered in my mind why Simeon did not make this known to the Jews, that they might have been expecting the Savior. Perhaps it might have led more of them to believe on him."

"If I had told our Methodist brethren of the vision I had, do you think many of them would be going up to Kirtland with us to day?"

"Some perhaps would have believed; and I confess that my mind has been troubled sometimes because you did not make it known."

"Do you remember the command that was given me by the voice out of the cloud, 'Stand still and see the salvation of God?' Had I disregarded the divine command, we might not be where we are to day. I recall what the prophet Samuel said to the King of Israel: 'Behold, to obey is better than sacifice; to hearken, than the fat of rams.' My faith is that the time will soon come when the command will be reversed, and I shall be called upon to be a witness to the world of these things. Have you ever thought, mother, that the time may come when we will be called to sacrifice everything which we have, even life itself, in following Christ?"

"You do not think that in this age of the world men would reject the gospel, and persecute its followers as they did in ancient times?"

"We do not have to go back very far in the history of the world to find out that men have not changed very materially. When the government of Switzerland passed sentence of death upon Servetus

for differing from Calvin, Calvin could have had the sentence revoked, but would not, and calmly saw him bound to the stake, and the flames consumed him. Later still, after the Pilgrim Fathers had forsaken home and country, enduring all manner of hardships and facing danger and death in almost every form, that they might have the privilege of worshiping God as their consciences told them was right, they in their turn banished Roger Williams from their midst because he could not believe as they did. Ann Hutchinson and John Wheelright shared the same fate. But further than this, you remember that they passed a law in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, banishing all Quakers from their midst, and imposing the penalty of death upon all who returned; and four persons were executed under this law before it was repealed. If men have done this in opposing men, what may we not expect Satan will put into their hearts to do in opposing the work of God?"

"This was a thought that had never occurred to her; and as they drove along the shaded road, with the blue sky showing above them, the birds singing in the branches of the forest trees and the cool breeze of the evening rustling the leaves, the mother-heart flew quickly toward the home nest, and she thought, 'If I knew the way of truth was to lead me through scenes of trial, and even bloodshed, have I courage enough to enter upon it and take my little ones with me to share the same fate?' Thinking earnestly of this she lapsed into silence, and shortly stopping for the night, the conversation was not renewed until they resumed their journey next day.

HOME INFLUENCES UPON HEREDITY.

AN old writer has said, "Show me the songs of a nation, and I will tell you what its people are." He would have spoken more truly had he said, Show me the mothers of a nation and I will tell you what that nation is doing for civilization. "To the pure all things are pure." Men and women are beginning to realize that to calmly close their eyes and let the river roll on, is not the best way to clear its turbid waters, but that they who will cleanse it must go back to the fountain head.

No sign of the times is more encouraging than the increased attention given to laws of hygiene and heredity. This has been, and continues to be greatly accelerated by the entrance of women into the medical profession. As physicians, they prepare courses of lectures for their own sex which are invaluable. They publish books relating to maternity, and in private and public are helping women to that knowledge which they need. Could our fore-mothers have had these opportunities they would have learned how to bequeath the sound nerves and strong constitutions, which in so many instances passed away with them. "Why?" Because, ignorant of the laws of heredity, they did not know that a mother overtaxed physically, and troubled mentally as to how she should make ends meet, cannot do justice to her unborn child, by endowing it with a symmetrical organism. It is safe to say that more than half the American children are ushered into life tired and nervous. Ignorant and inconsiderate parents, not knowing that conception should only take place when they are in their best condition mentally and physically, deprive their children of half the vitality which is their right.

For example, among my acquaintance is an old lady in her sixty-fifth year. When about twenty-three years of age, she was married to a young farmer; they settled in the Western Reserve. Like other pioneers they met with many difficulties, but both were brave and strong. As the years flew by, twelve children came to gladden their home. Did this stirring young wife relax her labors to give to the little ones that vital force which she alone could bestow? By no means. She daily milked the eight cows, made the butter, fed the poultry, cooked for the hired hands in haying and harvesting; washed the clothes, and made and mended, not only her children's but her own and her

husband's garments. Three years ago she was still a hale old lady, intelligent, and able to earn her living by her needle. But her children, alas! It has been truly said, "Draw a bill on nature, and she never fails to honor it." Not one of the seven children living equals his mother in intelligence, not one can be called strong and healthy. The daughters especially seem to have suffered, and in their turn are weak mothers of still weaker offspring.

Few mothers understand how largely it is in their power to mould the life beating beneath their own; that each strong desire for good or evil, that earnestness or frivolity, dullness or quickness of mentality, is irrevocably stamped upon the unborn infant. Says Dr. Cowan, "Poets, novelists, inventors, etc., are not made by education or training; they are and must be born with the quality of genius, else all the teaching and training of a life-time will be of no avail. They will ever remain at or below the level of mediocrity; they never will, never can rise into the realm where genius predominates and directs. There is no such thing as a 'self-made man,' concerning whom we hear and read so much; for if a man has not transmitted to him by his parents the qualities necessary to great success, all the self-exertion of a life-time will not raise him above the line of mediocrity; whereas if a child is endowed with genius—supposing he be secluded in poverty, reared in adversity, and attain his growth in rags—he will despite his advent under such adverse circumstances, rise into the dignity of success, and to the rank of a so-called 'self-made man,' which is but a name or indication of a worked out and developed quality of transmitted genius. In the expense for the education of a child, the debtor side of the account should be opened before the child is generated—at least before the end of its pre-natal existence. This early opening of the account will do more toward the after-education of the child, than all the schools, academies and colleges in Christendom."

Last summer I met a charming young mother, the happy possessor of two beautiful children. She told me that her first baby was dead, and added, "Oh! how wrongly I treated that child before its birth! I laced tightly, went to balls and parties, and never restrained myself. When my baby was prematurely born, it was a feeble, delicate little thing with a most violent temper. It died when six years old. I have learned some things concerning motherhood since then, and these children are just the opposite of their little sister."

If every mother could know that through the period of gestation, only loose, easy clothing ought to be worn; that the diet should be simple, the hours regular, and that she is committing a sin against her child when she overtaxes herself in any way, how perfect and beautiful a manhood and womanhood might not the next century see! * * * *

Next in importance to genius, holiness and beauty in the offspring, is a sunny, cheerful, laughing disposition. One great cause of trouble in the rearing of a family—next to wrong habits of life—is the constantly fretful, peevish, crying disposition of the children, entailing on the parents a world of trouble in their care and management. Now it is just as easy for a mother to have a baby that will be of a cheerful, sunny nature, as it is to give birth to a child of a fretful and unhappy disposition, to be to her a source of life-long trouble. To this end the mother must laugh the cares and troubles of life out of countenance. Would the parent have her children interested in religion, education and art? Then she must cultivate in herself a love for these. She should have in her home beautiful pictures and statuary. The cheap, yet perfect, photographs of fine paintings and sculpture, enable even those of most limited means to have, practically, works of art in their possession.

The Spartans understood this law of nature in its physical operation, and surrounded the mothers of their nation with the most beautiful models of the human figure. They adorned not only their private dwellings with them, but their public places, that the admiration of grace, strength and symmetry might be awakened in all. The result was that the Spartans excelled all the other Greek tribes in physical strength and perfection. Had they given the same attention to mental and spiritual culture, Sparta would have made herself a name even more glorious than Athens.

The women of America have grander opportunities than had their Greek sisters. Would they have patriotic sons and daughters, they must be interested in the

government of their country, and all that pertains to its welfare. Would they have their children excel intellectually, let them endow them with a love for study. Do they desire to see them pure, noble, aspiring to the highest things in life, then let them transmit these desires daily from their own souls.—*Woman's Magazine.*

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In the Minister's morning sermon,
He told of the primal fall,
And how henceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how of His will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to eternal torture,
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by Faith's unreason,
A saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson,
A tenderer heart belied.

And after the painful service,
On that pleasant bright first day,
He walked with his little daughter
Thro' the apple bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadow,
Sparrow and blackbird sung;
Above him their tinted petals,
The blossoming orchard hung.

Around in the wonderful glory,
The minister looked and smiled;
"How good is the Lord who gives us
These gifts from His hand, my child."

"Behold in the bloom of apples,
And the violets in the sward,
A hint of the old lost beauty
Of the garden of the Lord."

Then up spake the little maiden,
Treading on snow and pink,
"Oh father! these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden,
There had never been a fall.
And if never a tree had blossomed
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child?" the father answered,
"By his decree man fell;
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But He doeth all things well.

And whether by His ordaining
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear and love him still."

"Oh, I fear Him!" said the daughter,
"And I try to love Him, too;
But I wish he was kind and gentle,
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit,
As the tremulous lips of pain,
And wide, wet eyes uplifted,
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head, he pondered
The words of his little one;
Had he erred in his life-long teachings,
Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol,
Had he lent the holiest name?
Did his own heart, loving and human,
The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness,
From the tender skies above,
And the face of his little daughter,
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror
Of Sinai's mount of law,
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies
The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb,
Of old was His presence known,
The dread, ineffable glory,
Was infinite goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the message of hatred
Burned in his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as flint aforetime,
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

"NEITHER PASS ME BY, O LORD."

THOUGH Raphael has long occupied an enviable position as a painter, and by very many has been and even now is esteemed to be the greatest painter who ever lived; yet there were in the year 1850 artists in London who formed themselves into a band, styled "Pre-Raphaelite Brethren," proposing to restore the art of painting from the degenerate style of Raphael and his coevals. Of these and perhaps the leading spirit was William Holman Hunt. Among his masterpieces is one, "The light of the world." This was painted in the year 1854 and is a symbolic figure of the Savior. Of this figure Ruskin says, "It is I believe the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power, which the world has yet produced." This picture was put in a massive frame before being hung in the royal art gallery for exhibition. Years afterwards an accident happened to this frame which rendered the removal of the picture necessary, when in one corner of the painting on a part of the canvass which the frame had hidden, these words of supplication were found, "*Nec me Prætermittas Domine!*" "(Neither pass me by O Lord.)" This touching and suggestive instance of the prayer welling up from the artist's heart, when completing the work which his hands had executed at the bidding of his soul, has furnished an Engish poet with the theme for the poem given below:

"Nay," he said, "it is not done!
At to-morrow's set of sun
Come again, if you would see
What the finished thought would be."
Straight they went. The heavy door
On its hinges swung once more,
As within the studio dim
Eye and heart took heed of Him!

How the Presence filled the room,
Brightening all its dusky gloom!
Saints and martyrs turned their eyes
From the hills of Paradise!
Rapt, in holy ecstasy,
Mary smiled her Son to see,
Letting all her lilies fall
At his feet—the Lord of all!

But the painter bowed his head,
Lost in wonder and in dread,
And, as at a holy shrine,
Knelt before the form Divine.
All had passed—the pride, the power,
Of the soul's creative hour—
Exultation's soaring flight
To the spirit's loftiest height.

Had he dared to paint the Lord,
Dared to paint the Christ, the word?
Ah, the folly! Ah, the sin!
Ah, the shame his soul within!
Saints might turn on Him their eyes
From the hills of Paradise,
But the painter could not brook
On that pictured face to look.

Yet the form was grand and fair,
Fit to move a world to prayer;
God-like in its strength and stress,
Human in its tenderness.
From it streamed the Light Divine,
O'er it drooped the heavenly vine,
And beneath the bending spray
Stood the Life, the Truth, the Way.

Suddenly, with eager hold,
Back he swept the curtain's fold,
Letting all the sunset glow
O'er the living canvas flow.
Surely then the wondrous eyes
Met his own in tenderest wise,
And the Lord Christ, half revealed,
Smiled upon him as he kneeled!

Trembling, throbbing, quick as thought,
Up he brush and palette caught,
And where deepest shade was thrown
Set one sign for God alone!
Years have passed—but, even yet,
Where the massive frame is set
You may find these words: '*Nec me Prætermittas, Domine!*"

Neither pass me by, O Lord!"
Christ, the Life, the Light, the Word,
Low I bow before Thy feet,
Thy remembrance to entreat!
In my soul's most secret place,
For no eye but Thine to trace,
Lo! this prayer I write: "*Nec me Prætermittas, Domine!*"

—[From Great Thoughts.

LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

No. I.

"* * * I have learn'd from the rude lesson taught to my youth
From my own heart to shelter my life; to mistrust
The heart of another. We are what we must,
And not what we would be. I know that one hour
Assures not another. The will and the power are diverse."

Lurile.

In addressing the young men of the church, and any other who may chance to read these letters, I shall treat of the practical and spiritual phases of life.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Each person has an individuality which should be ever recognized as a potent factor in human life. Having separate existences, it becomes necessary that each one be himself; act for himself; speak for himself. Herein lies personal responsibility. And there may be no better thought engage our attention than that "every one of us shall answer unto God for himself." This lends independence, and it suggests self-reliance. Responsibility—to whom? Here comes a question that hints at concerns of higher sort than earth affords. But, are there not matters of temporal kind? Yes. We—you and I—are responsible unto society at large; unto the state, the nation—for our individual conduct.

No one lives unto self only. Such were a deceptive thought, a delusion. You exert an influence; it is either for good or for evil. You can not limit the power of your words or deeds. They make a riffle—a widening circle—as does the dropping of a pebble into water. You owe something to somebody more than self. Self-interest may be well guarded while that of others may be lost sight of. The selfishness of an act limits not the extent of its influence, nor confines the power thereof to self. It is chiefly because of the influence of our lives, its telling upon others, that makes the responsibility so great.

You can neither speak nor act alone. All words, all deeds tell! Every part of our lives is environed by law. There is no law that has not attaching penalties. The town, county, state, nation—the world needs men! There are bi-peds by the million. Your lives must be fashioned for something. They must be either crowned with glory, or encircled with darkness. They must, shall be, full of light, or full of darkness. They shall shine in beauty, or droop in loneliness. They shall be ablaze with honored power, or twinkle in dying weakness! Which shall it be? Answer, ye who can!

The Infinite hath ordained that human speech should be the product of human thought. He has ordained that it shall wield an influence. He asks that it be used on the side of right. That every one strive to know what right is. Not according to modern trickery and smart intrigue, but by the light of actual honor and integrity. Being responsible, there is no shirking of duty. Honesty of thought, motive, word, act, are what tells with glowing effect upon a young man, and aids in making what is required at the hands of all men, an image of God!

The world is full of deceit; it may be found in all business circles, in social circles, and is flooding all nations to that extent that the honorable thing is scarcely recognized—and if it is, it is almost wholly evaded. Personal responsibility seems to be lost sight of.

INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER.

Character is of self formation; reputation, other's estimate of yourself. Independence gives force of character. To be original without oddity is something to be desired. Originality may be acquired by independence. What I mean by this is, to acquire the habit of thinking and acting for one's self—aping no man in any way. Whilst interchange of ideas gives rise to intellectual development, yet this does not argue that we shall always

think as do others. Think beyond; act higher, so far as lies in your power. But in doing this all should be careful to avoid self-importance. Independence may be had and used to untold advantage for good; and it may be used to a person's injury. It does not necessarily imply that because a man may act after an independent manner that he is either stubborn or rebellious! Without this one trait, a man becomes a snivelling, leaning, know-nothing person, a man of "one-idea"—a second idea may prove fatal.

Independence of thought leads to independence of speech and action. Be yourself? and let self be humble, submissive, teachable; and the mind, by proper literary and religious and moral and social cultivation will so expand as to become admirable in the estimation of right-thinking people. Otherwise, independence would lead to degradation of self, and an abhorence of you in other's estimate!

To be attractive, rather than repulsive is to be desired. To be admired, rather than despised is to be sought for quietly. But when rightful independence becomes changed into self-wilfulness, then comes with it injury to all your interests. 'Tis pleasant to move in one's own atmosphere, making it fragrant with the blossoms of kindness, love and peace; bright with the sunlight of joy and happiness; and life-giving with benevolence, gratitude and reverence. 'Tis then that the true independence of life, so richly attired, makes a man a man indeed.

In his life shall abound no debasing trait, no selfish motive can actuate his noble heart to deeds despicable or low! To be personally responsible for the independent exercise of your will-power is a solemn thought. If not directed in a proper channel it shall work much harm. Your independence would not justify the violation of law. Law being a rule for action, it should be borne in mind that all action is governed by a rule of conduct good or bad. The development of "adorning elements" of human life is and should be always performed under the positive conviction that one's life, character, reputation, are all the product of every word, every act! Were it not for these wherein would character be found? How brought into existence?

Independence must not teach that no one thinks or acts so well as self; for there are always "models for imitation." To imitate to an extent, does not rob independence of its beauty, nor dethrone its dignity. The formation of character is the framing of a destiny. And that destiny is not to be concealed in the grave. Man's highest, noblest ambitions, do not tend in that direction; neither has it been the divine intention they should.

CHOICE OF LIFE.

"Live as long as you may," said Southey, "the first twenty years are the longest half of your life." I assure you, young man that they are the most pregnant in consequences. Well do I remember what a man said to the writer when in his seventeenth year: "Joseph, you are now of an age—from this till twenty-one, when, whatever choice you make in life, however you now may live, it shall control your after life. Be careful how you live." To choose for one's self may be a difficult task. I have spoken of living in your own atmosphere; but can it be impregnated? Yes. The foul miasm from the swamps of iniquity may taint it. The contagion of sin may sweep through it, and make it murky, and life-destroying. No doubt many who are verging onto manhood's mature years from sixteen to twenty years of age may read these lines. Of you I ask, "What kind of life do you think of leading? What are your aims? What is your objective point toward which you shall direct your mental and moral energies? You shall have to make a choice—shall it be a good one or bad one? Momentous question!

You may have your ideal of life;
For life's fancies are like happy dreams
Flitting athwart one's brain in hours of sleep,
Painting pictures on mind's canvas
Like the beauties of the ocean's deep—
Pictures sometimes grotesque to one's view;
Again, they are pleasant to behold,
Portraying human incidents grand,
Making one feel courageous and bold!
Young man, life is not all a dream;
It has it's stern realities, great and true.
It has it's trials—tests of moral strength;
It's hours of calm—tranquil as heaven's blue!

And when you come to consider these things well, when you are alone with thought—as Voltaire, the French infidel writer observed: "When one is alone, and has naught to do but think"—then may thought heavy and true engage your mind. And one prime question of all questions,

may come demanding an answer, "What kind of a man shall I be? How shall I decide? Then, look upon the world with all its deceit, swindling, embezzling, roguery, fraudulency, vain ambitions, monetary seekings, and shall you plunge your life there? Look again upon the world and see the few men of honor, truthfulness, integrity, uprightness, honesty; men who dare and do the right; men struggling against sin's appalling forces; men who will not stoop to treachery or falsehood; men who maintain purity, virtue and veracity against the oppositions of those who "are despisers of them that would do good;" shall you cast your lot with them? Here, in making choice, comes your true independence of character and the force of personal responsibility!

Decision must be made. You can not pass it by. You can not treat it lightly. Sin will either degrade, or honor exalt you. It is recorded that when the exhausted slanderer and voluptuary, Dr. Wolcott, lay on his death-bed, one of his friends asked him if he could do anything to gratify him. "Yes," said the dying doctor, "give me back my youth."

An author well writes: "Simple honesty of purpose in a man goes a long way in life, if founded on a just estimate of himself and steady obedience to the rule he knows and feels to be right."

IN THE SIERRAS.

LOOKING from the door of my home in the valley, the mountains appear to me only in a dim outline; the heavy mist is partially driven from their tops, and only a soft, gray shadow hangs over them. Soon the warm, full rays of the sun will chase away every cloud; then shall we see how the poet wrote with such fervor:

"When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills."

I shall never forget my first view of the grand old mountains, and the thrill that passed through my whole being when the clouds lifted and rolled back to the blue sky above. They are a perpetual delight to me. The changes are so varied and beautiful! Even as I write the brown hills are cleared of clouds, and full soon they, gray and fleecy-white, will gather round the loftier peaks, as rising from the deep ravines they hover in a few moments of farewell, and then join the great pile of moving clouds that fringe the clear, blue dome of heaven.

Early yesterday morning a thin column of smoke could be seen near the lower range of foothills; in an hour a bright flame of red was distinctly seen against the brown background of the hills; and in the afternoon that mountain attracted more than ordinary admiration, for, like a serpent, that fire, started in the little valley, was winding up the mountain to the top and over, shooting up the sides in every direction. A truly lovely scene, but who can tell if it did not fill some heart with dread.

Last summer, while crossing the St. Helena Mountains, making the descent we halted towards evening at the Toll House. Bro. C— stopped to pay toll to the keeper, and refresh his tired horses with a cooling draught from the bright spring (which was as gratefully cooling to us). We found the housenold in confusion in fear of the great mountain fire that was sweeping down great trees with a crash. We could see its bright tongue licking up the heavy pines within a stones's throw of the Toll House, which was indeed a beautiful home. No wonder they feared, for men were fighting the flames, and women were carrying water for poor, tired parched ones to drink. Much fine timber was thus destroyed, maybe houses laid in ashes, by the carelessness of some hunter intent on securing game. The scene was like a dream to me, and I shall never forget it.

Last night I looked out upon the mountains dotted with what seemed a million camp fires blazing. I thought if we held our annual Reunions upon a mountain side it would look much like that.

Every change on the mountains is beautiful. When evening closes down, that mantle of darkness—night, is preceded by lovely, soft-blue-pink, and, still later, purple mists, wrapping every hill-top and deep valley in shadowy splendor; when the gloom advances, and the last soft ray of the sun has hallowed the mountain tops with a faery touch, and lingered a moment like a benediction, across the low, green valley, giving to every cloud a tint of glory. Then we watch a distant star rise like a herald of peace over the purple hills, until the moon peeps over the rim of night, and smiles with her cold, pure light on all.

When we look forth and can see nothing for the thick darkness of midnight, then our thoughts fly fast back to an hour when "Olive's brow" was hidden by the heavy veil of night; and we can almost hear the agonizing prayer uttered by the Savior,— weeping and pleading, How dark! how still! no cheering ray of light or sweet song of bird, but alone he wrestles there! As we kneel at our morning and evening devotions, uttering prayers for ourselves, think we of him who with tears pleaded in darkness of night for us? Ah! soon the morn will break and the clouds of darkness disappear, as the sun sends a long, bright beam over all the earth.

What though a silvery cloud hangs, as if in lingering caress, around some lofty peak! I wonder if the clouds of heaven shall not so linger, awaiting His coming! for the bursting clouds shall reveal him, and his feet shall stand upon the mountain tops! Oh! to be ready to meet that Savior! Let us strive, that the glory of the heavens may not speak to us in vain, nor in vain the beauty of his handiwork upon the everlasting hills!

"DAPHNE."

Under the Lamp-light.

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

YESTERDAY morning while taking my accustomed early morning walk, I met a poor laboring man with bow legs, slowly plodding on to his work with an injured air. Yes, I thought, truly he has been injured, and he has good cause to look and to feel aggrieved. He was set upon his own feet as a baby before his bones had acquired firmness enough to support him without bending, and the result is he must all through life walk with legs curved like a bow, giving him an awkward appearance and shambling gait.

But if his mother were allowed to speak in self-defense—and I believe most strongly in hearing both sides before condemnation—if his mother could speak, she might say, "I did not let him stand alone till he was over a year old; he was seventeen months old when he began to walk, and Mrs. C.'s baby walked at nine months old, and it did not hurt the child, I am sure, she was as straight as an arrow all her days."

"Yes, it was all very well for Mrs. C.'s baby to walk at nine months. She was better able to walk then than your son was to stand at eighteen months, for various reasons. First, because she was better nourished."

"Better nourished! Why I nursed my John myself, night and day. He was a great, fat fellow. I don't see how you can say that."

"Babies require something besides fat to enable them to walk, yes, they need something besides muscles, too. An oyster is composed wholly of fat and muscle, but it has no powers of locomotion whatever, and never leaves the spot where it was born."

"We are not oysters."

"No, we are a higher order of creation; our bodies are provided with a skeleton or frame work of bone, which not only sustains us in an erect position, but gives us powers of action and locomotion; and last, but not least, the skull protects the brain from injury. This bony structure is composed of earthy and animal mat-

ter. The earthy part is phosphate of lime, and the animal part is gelatine or glue.

"The bones of young children are principally glue, and easily bent, those of old people are chiefly lime and brittle. It is very providential that it is so, for children fall so often and bump their heads, that they would otherwise often break their bones or fracture their skulls; and if they do meet with any injury, it is more readily healed. The only injury not so easily remedied is the bending the bones out of shape, and letting them grow and harden so."

"Well, you have not told me yet why my John could not walk as soon as Mrs. C.'s little girl."

"Simply or chiefly because his food did not contain so much phosphate of lime as hers did. What sort of bread could you make without flour, or what sort of a soup could you make without 'stock?' Mrs. C. was, as the physician said, unable to nurse her baby, but her husband was a wealthy man, and he employed a strong, vigorous wet nurse, who had from their luxurious table, every variety of good, nourishing food, and nothing to do but to nurse the baby, and take sufficient exercise for her health. As a result, the child, inheriting a fine constitution from a race of virtuous ancestry, and well supplied with fresh air exercise out doors every day in a carriage, and the best of milk. developed very rapidly in health, strength, and activity of mind and body.

"On the contrary, you, during the weary months before and after the birth of your son, were overworked and underfed. The milk which you so freely offered your child was of a poor quality, chiefly sugar and water, or hydrogen, oxygen and carbon, not containing enough phosphate of lime to nourish and strengthen his bones and skull. As to taking him out of doors, you had no time for it. When your work was done, you were only too glad to have time to sit down or lie down to nurse him to sleep, if possible that you might rest. You will remember his head was large, and the doctor feared he was threatened with *hydro cephalous*, or water on the brain. Some of your neighbors called it 'rickets.' That was because his bones were not properly nourished. How could he be when you were not nourished yourself?

"You were not nourished for several reasons.

"1. Your chief food, bread and butter and tea, was chiefly carbon, making fat, but no brain, bone nor muscles.

"2. Other articles of food provided, you could not digest, being too weak and overtired, so they were wasted so far as you or the baby were concerned.

"It is surprising that your husband never thought, when he let you do all the work, of the results, not only to yourself but to the children. No farmer lets a mare work with a young colt, or even before it is born. It has perfect rest, and time for recreation and digestion, time to grow strong for itself and its offspring. Cows are never yoked to the plough, or worked at all. Every farmer knows it would spoil the milk. No animals valued for breeding are worked. How much more important to care for the mother whose offspring is an immortal soul, destined for the glory of God and the good of its fellow-beings, and for an eternity of suffering or perfect happiness.

"A poor man can not afford to overwork or to underfeed his wife. It is the worst possible economy. If he really can not afford to pay any one else to do for her the rough work while she fills the important and responsible position of mother and nurse to his children, he should certainly do it himself. He can not fill her place as mother, head of the household and general manager, but he may do, and ought to do, much to relieve her of care, to lighten her burdens, to save her steps, and share her labors and responsibilities. He can help her to digest and assimilate the plain food he may be able to provide, by adding the sauce of love and cheerfulness. Truly has the wise man said, 'Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.'

"Then he can provide suitable food. It costs less than that which is unsuitable. Buttermilk, coarse grains, fruits, nuts, and parched corn, are regarded with contempt by those who eat fine flour bread and butter, and other things that contain far less nourishment. Yet, the articles thus discarded all contain material for bone and for brain, in abundance. The buttermilk is the best part of the milk. The coarse parts of the grain contain most food for bone, brain and nerves.

"A dish of strawberries or an apple is often better food than a piece of bread, unless it be brown bread or graham, or that made from the whole wheat. Nuts are full of nourishing elements (if people can only digest them), and as for parched corn, it is one of the very best articles of food, containing all elements necessary for bone, muscle and brain. The American Indians grow tall and strong and active, living upon it much of the time, with occasionally game and fruit and vegetables. Dr. Alcott speaks very highly of parched corn as an article of diet, and recommends that we make entire meals of it several times a week. Bowls of gruel made

of oat meal, Indian meal or farina, with milk and sugar, and a little salt, make good milk at a trifling cost, and are not to be despised.

"Good food is by no means the most expensive food; on the contrary, poor food and no time to rest is in the end the worst possible economy.

"Pure air and good food, with moderate exercise of a kind not distasteful, makes good blood, and good blood, including freedom from hereditary taint, makes good bone, good muscle and good brain, and all these are valuable as a means and power for attaining usefulness here, and happiness hereafter."—*The Household.*

BOYS WANTED.

Men are wanted. So they are. But boys are wanted—honest, noble, manly boys. Such boys will make the desired men. Some one has declared, and truly, that these boys should possess ten points, which are thus given:

1. Honest. 2. Intelligent. 3. Active. 4. Industrious. 5. Obedient. 6. Steady. 7. Obliging. 8. Polite. 9. Neat. 10. Truthful.

One thousand first-rate places are open for one-thousand boys who come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled by boys who lack some most important points, but they will soon be vacant.

Some situations will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful mechanics, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy, is looking for you, if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night.

"FOR I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

Shall the mole, from his night underground, call the beasts from the day-glare to flee;
Shall the owl charge the birds: "I am wise. Go to! Seek the shadows with me!"
Shall a man bind his eyes and exclaim: "It is vain that men weary to see?"

Let him walk in the gloom, whoso will. Peace be with him! But whence is his right
To assert that the world is in darkness, because he has turned from the light?
Or to seek to o'ershadow my day with the pall of his self-chosen night?

I have listened, like David's great son, to the voice of the beast and the bird;
To the voice of the trees and the grass; yea, a voice from the stones I have heard;
And the sun and the moon, and the stars in their courses, re-echo the word!

And one word speak the bird and the beast, and the hyssop that springs in the wall,
And the cedar that lifts its proud head upon Lebanon, stately and tall.
And the rocks, and the sea, and the stars, and "Know!" is the message of all.

For the answer has ever been nigh unto him who would question and learn
How to bring the stars near to his gaze, in what orbits the planets must turn;
Why the apple must fall from the bough; what the fuel that sun-fires burn.

Whence came life? In the rocks is it writ, and no Finger hath graven it there?
Whence came light? Did its motions arise without bidding? Will science declare
That the law ruling all hath upsprung from Nomind, that abideth Nowhere?

"Yea, I know!" cried the true man of old. And whosoe'er wills it may know.
"My Redeemer existeth?" I seek for a sign of his presence, and lo,
As he spoke to the light, and it was, so he speaks to my soul, and I know.

The Century.

MARCH CLUSTER OF MEMORY GEMS.

"By studying Nature in the spirit of meek devotion and solemn love, a good man may, indeed, 'Walk up and down the world as in a garden of spices,' and draw a divine sweetness out of every flower."—J. KEBLE.

1	Th.	NO MAN EVER BECAME GREAT BY IMITATION.
2	F.	Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, and the security of the State.
3	S.	Mystery hovers over everything here below, and solemnizes all things to the eyes and heart.
4	S.	A gentle hand will lead an elephant itself by a hair.
5	M.	Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom.
6	Tu.	Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor.
7	W.	Virtue pardons the wicked, as the sandal-wood perfumes the axe which strikes it.
8	Th.	Eternity has but one fire, and that is the fire of God's love.
9	F.	Reproof is a medicine like mercury or opium; improperly administered, it will do harm instead of good.
10	S.	Better late than never, but better never late.
11	S.	Every-day love should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.
12	M.	Command large fields, but cultivate small ones.
13	Tu.	All the charms of nature are but hints of God's heaven.
14	W.	Mystery is a truth revealed by God above the comprehension of man.
15	Th.	Energy will do anything that can be done in this world.
16	F.	Great wits are sure to madness near allied.
17	S.	Read not to contradict and refute . . . but to weigh and consider.
18	S.	Each man sees over his own experience a certain stain of error, whilst that of other men looks fair and ideal.
19	M.	A religion without its mysteries is a temple without a God.
20	Tu.	The words that once escape the tongue can not be recalled.
21	W.	Beauty without religion is the most dangerous gift that Nature can bestow on woman.
22	Th.	Youth is the golden period of life, and every well-spent moment will be like good seed planted in an auspicious season.
23	F.	Infinite is the help man can yield to man.
24	S.	Make the most of what God has given you, and you may be happy if you will.
25	S.	It is a fine thing in friendship to know when to be silent.
26	M.	The best preparation is the present well seen to, and the last duty done.
27	Tu.	All actual heroes are essential men, and all men possible heroes.
28	W.	Those feel poetry most, and write it best, who forget that it is a work of art.
29	Th.	Is death the last sleep? No; it is the last final awakening.
30	Fr.	Old sciences are unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.
31	S.	No country is wretched until it consents to its slavery.

THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

THE FIRST BOOK OF NEPHI.

BY H. A. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER III.

The Origin of the Second People that Settled America.—Jerusalem and Judah in the days of Zedekiah, the King, and of Jeremiah, the Prophet.—The Visions of Lehi.—The Departure from Judea.—The Sons of Lehi Return and Obtain the Records of Laban.—Ishmael and his Family Join the Party in the Wilderness.

WE come now to the account of the second colony that left Asia for the continent that we call America. To this people also it was an unknown country, a new world and a land of promise. For the Jaredites had failed to keep the covenants made by their fathers with God. And they, being near the end of their course of individual and national wickedness (which finally led to their total extinction, as we have seen in the preceding chapters), were to be succeeded in possession by those whom the Lord would bring in their place. [*d*] And this was in accordance with his design that a people should dwell here. And it was his will that whoever did possess the land should keep his commandments and live righteously; for, if they did not, they would in time, through disobedience and sin, come unto destruction as a people. And the Lord decreed that whenever this results, such nation shall be succeeded by another race, that they may have the same chance to do right in the goodly land, if they will. And it is something to think about that we now live in the same land, as the successors of the Nephites, to do right and to execute justice as a nation, if we shall be able in the sight of God to do it, or in that degree demanded by him of those who dwell in Joseph's land. [*e*]

The story of this second people was begun by Nephi. He wrote the account of their leaving Jerusalem, of their journey across land and sea, and much of their history for some time after their arrival. And these things he engraved upon metalic plates, to be the better preserved, and especially to be kept for the instruction of future generations. He tells us that his father, Lehi, lived in Jerusalem all his life, up to the first year of the reign of Zedekiah, the king of Judah. By that time the Jews had become so careless of God's commandments, and so disobedient in their pride and idolatry, that the Lord repeatedly reproved them and their rulers. He did this by the prophets that he sent among them, those whom he raised up from among the prayerful and faithful of the people, for the purpose of revealing his word unto them, and through them unto the nation. The Lord has done so in various ages of the world when he has sought to save a people from their sins by warning them of the evils to come.

So in this time of Zedekiah, as we read, both in the Bible and in the Book of Mormon, the prophets came to warn the king and the people that they must repent or their land would be taken by Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon; that the city of Jerusalem would be destroyed, and the people would be taken captive and led away for seventy years, till the land should rest and have her sabbaths for those she had not had during their long disobedience. When you have read thus far, turn to the Bible and read the thirty-fourth, thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth chapters of Jeremiah, and the eleventh and twelfth of Ezekiel, where you will more fully see what a corrupt and rebellious condition that nation was in at the time of which we write, the time when Lehi was instructed by the Lord to leave that land and go to one that he would show him. And from the ninth to the eleventh years of the reign of Zedekiah these prophecies were brought to a final fulfillment; for an account of which read the thirty-eighth chapter of Jeremiah and the twenty-fifth of the Second Book of Kings.

Lehi not only knew of these prophecies, but he also felt sure in his heart that the things foretold would indeed come to pass, unless the king and the people repented. Therefore, being a God-fearing man, he

went away by himself to make special prayer for his people; and as he prayed, there came down, as it were, a pillar of fire; and it stood upon a rock before him. At the same time the Spirit of the Lord filled his whole being, revealing many things unto him, and causing him to understand much concerning the will of God. And he trembled under the power of the Holy Spirit, that was upon him while he was in the vision. Then he returned to his house, and, while upon his bed thinking of what he had seen and heard, a greater vision was shown to him. The heavens seemed open to his gaze, and he saw God sitting upon his throne, surrounded by a multitude of angelic beings who were praising him for his loving kindness and his many mercies. Then he saw a majestic being coming down from the presence of God, the brightness of whose person exceeded the glory of the sun shining in its power. And there were twelve others, following him. They also were glorious in their appearance, but they had not the majesty and splendor of their leader. As he continued to look he saw them descend to the earth, and that they traveled upon it. Soon the leader came to Lehi and gave him a book, telling him to read therein. And as he read, the Holy Spirit gave him understanding, so that he not only read in the book, but was taught of God concerning what he read; for he received instruction that in consequence of the wickedness of the nation it had been decreed by the Lord that Jerusalem should be destroyed, and that, consequently, many of the Jews would perish, while many others would be taken captive, and be carried away to Babylon, while the land should remain desolate during the time fixed.

And Lehi obtained much information about the great purposes of God for the generations to come. As these things were unfolded to his view in the vision, he rejoiced with all his heart, and he praised God for his marvellous works and for his plan to bring about the salvation of the children of men from the power of sin and death. Nephi gives a brief account of these experiences of his father, for by these things being made known unto Lehi he entered in upon the course of receiving instruction from God, and was, as we shall see, prepared to take the notable journey to another continent.

After these things Lehi spoke to his kindred and neighbors of what he had seen and heard in the vision, and he also began to reprove them because of their follies and sins, and to warn them of the evils to fall upon the nation. But they made sport of him as being a visionary man, and would not receive his reproofs.

But he continued to prophesy, so they continued to persecute, and finally tried to kill him, just as they and their fathers had persecuted the true prophets before him. It was about this time, or a little later, that Jeremiah was taken by the princes of Judah and shut up in prison. Soon after, he was placed in a miry dungeon, but being brought out of the latter by the king, he was kept in the prison till the destruction of the city took place. In the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth chapters of his prophecy you can read of his captivity.

But, to return to the account of Lehi, we find the Lord commanded him in a dream that he should depart out of the land and go whither he would lead him. Therefore Lehi left his home and his possessions and with his family traveled southward till they came near to the Red Sea. They only had with them tents and provisions and other necessary things. Lehi's family consisted of his wife, named Sariah, and his sons Laman, Lemuel, Sam and Nephi. But the two oldest did not at all like it because their father had come away from Jerusalem, leaving their good home and their wealth; they did not believe that Jerusalem would be destroyed and the people be taken captive; nor did they understand or care to know anything about the purposes of God in relation to their family or where he intended to lead them. They said that their father had imagined all his fears, and that his delusions were leading them away from their native land and its abundance to go they knew not where.

And in the wilderness they pitched their tents; and there Lehi built an altar of stones and made an offering and gave thanks unto the Lord for their preservation. But Laman and Lemuel complained bitterly; therefore their father reproved them and spoke by the Lord's Spirit that which silenced them, so that they ceased their murmuring for that time, and rebelled not against their father.

Now Nephi was of a different disposi-

tion, having a more gentle and obedient spirit. He also wished to know something for himself of the will and purposes of God concerning them. Therefore he called upon the Lord in prayer, that he might have understanding. And the Lord manifested himself unto Nephi, so that he says his heart was softened still more than it was before, and then he understood and believed the words spoken by his father as to come to pass, therefore he did not desire to rebel against nor to find fault with his father. He also told his brother Sam of what had been shown him by the Lord, and this brother believed it, and thus the two took the part of their father in the trouble.

Nephi also talked with Laman and Lemuel, but they would not receive any teaching from him, nor listen to his pleadings that they should have patience with their father. When he saw the hardness of their hearts he went away and prayed to the Lord in their behalf. And the Lord told him that he would bless him because of his faith, diligence and lowliness of heart; for if he would keep the commandments of God he should surely be led to a land that was choice above all other lands, and should be prospered in every way, becoming a teacher and a ruler even over his brothers, if they should continue in being rebellious and hardhearted toward their father and toward God.

Then Nephi returned to the tent where his father was, and Lehi told him that he had been instructed in a dream that he and his brothers should return to Jerusalem for the purpose of getting the history of the Jewish nation, and the written account of Lehi's fore-fathers, both of which were in the hand of a man named Laban, in Jerusalem. So the sons of Lehi went went back to obtain these records. And Laman went in first and asked Laban for the plates of brass upon which was engraved the geneological account of Lehi's ancestors and the record of the Jews and their prophets. But Laban was angry and caused Laman to be put out of his house, and he also threatened to kill him. So Laban went back to his brothers, and he and Lemuel wished to give up the attempt and return to their father.

But Nephi said that the Lord had commanded them to come, and for that reason he would not go away until he had obtained the things for which they came. He told them that it was necessary that they should have the records to preserve for their descendents, in order that all after them might have an understanding of their nation and of the dealings of God with their forefathers, and of what the prophets had spoken before their times. Therefore he proposed that they should go and take from their old home and possessions some of the property that they had left behind when they journeyed into the wilderness, and that they should give it all to Laban for their family history and for the book of the prophets that was in his hands.

So they went, and we suppose sold much that belonged to them, and then they returned to the house of Laban with gold and silver, which they offered to him for the records they sought But, when he saw the money they had he determined to have it without giving them anything, so he drove them from his house and sent his servants to follow and to kill them, and thus the gold and silver fell into his hands, for Nephi and his brothers had left too hurriedly to take it with them. But they hid themselves, as they ran into the wilderness, so that the servants did not find them, and thus they escaped with their lives.

Now Laman and Lemuel were angry because of their continued bad fortune, and they talked harshly to Nephi and Sam, and even struck them with a rod. But immediately, when they had done this, an angel of God appeared and rebuked them for doing so, and for their ill-treatment of their younger brothers. And, of Nephi the angel said, that he should be their ruler, and this because they had been perverse and wicked. Furthermore, the angel commanded that they should all go up to Jerusalem again, and he said that the Lord purposed to give Laban into their hands. But, when the angel had left them, Laman and Lemuel said that it was not possible to overcome Laban and his men, for not only had he plent y of help but he was a very strong man himself.

Upon the other hand Nephi said that the Lord was more powerful than all the strong ones of the earth, and that as Moses had accomplished wonderful things by the power of God, so could others when the Lord commanded them to do so, even

though they were weak in themselves or their numbers few. Thus Nephi understood enough about the dealings of God to have implicit faith that he would administer justice in the matter, and in such way and manner as were right in his sight. If necessary, in connection with it, he would execute righteous judgment upon whoever prevented justice being done. For thus he had done before their days, in delivering the upright and in establishing truth, even, if needful, by the overthrow of the heady and high-minded ones of the earth, if they would persist in doing wickedly, and in robbing, defrauding and destroying their fellow-men. As the Lord had commanded them to make this journey back from the Red Sea to obtain the precious records, and as he had promised them success, Nephi was prepared to believe that the Lord would bring it to pass in his own time, dealing with opposers according to their unrighteous deeds, and that it was his duty to act in accordance with this design, whenever it was made known unto him.

After Nephi had thus presented to his brothers his reasons for believing that they would yet be successful in their errand, they still doubted and complained; but they finally consented to follow him in making one more effort. Then they all went up to the city by night, but three of them remained outside the walls, fearing to venture further, and also by the instruction of Nephi. And he went in alone, and towards the house of Laban. On arriving near it he saw a man lying on the ground, and when he had come to him he found that he was Laban, and that he had been overcome with wine, and was in a drunken sleep. And as Nephi looked upon Laban the Spirit said unto him that he should take the sword of Laban that was lying by his side and slay him with it. But it seemed to him a terrible thing to take the life of a human being, and he hesitated. Then the Spirit said unto him, "Slay him, for the Lord hath delivered him into thy hands; behold the Lord slayeth the wicked, to bring to pass his righteous purposes." Then he did as he was commanded and killed Laban with the sword. [*f*]

After Nephi had done this he clothed himself with the garments of Laban, and put on his armor. Then he went into his house and there found a servant of Laban who seemed to be waiting for his master. And Nephi directed the servant to get the plates of brass that he desired, and to follow him. He did so, supposing that it was Laban who had commanded him to do all this. And when they had come to the place where Nephi's brothers were they thought from his appearance that he was Laban, and that he had slain Nephi and had come to kill them also. But Nephi called out as they fled and assured them as to his safety; so they returned to him. Then Zoram, the servant of Laban, supposed that he had fallen into the hands af evil men, and he tried to run back into the city. But Nephi laid hands upon him, at the same time giving him assurance that they meant no evil and would do him no harm. So Zoram's fears were allayed. And Nephi told him that their purpose was to keep the commandments of God, and that for this reason they were going away from that land, even as they had from the Lord a commandment to do, and he asked Zoram to go with them upon their contemplated journey. When he had heard this Zoram consented; so the sons of Nephi traveled again over the same way down to the wilderness by the Red Sea, where their father and mother were camped, waiting for their return.

And Lehi and Sariah rejoiced in seeing their sons once more, having almost given them up for lost; and Lehi offered a sacrifice and a burnt offering unto the Lord because of the mercies of God unto him and unto his sons, and he gave thanks for all the good that they had received at the hands of the Lord. Then he searched the records that his sons had been commanded to go up to Jerusalem to obtain, and he found that there was not only the geneological history of his parentage and ancestors, but there were also copies of the five books of Moses, giving the story of the world from the creation. And the history of the Jews, and the words of the prophets from olden time down to the reign of Zedekiah, and some of the prophecies of Jeremiah were also written thereon.

And it made Nephi and his father very happy to think that they had kept the commandments of God in relation to going after and obtaining the plates, for they found that these things were very valuable indeed, and that they must prove of great use and comfort to them on their

journey and in the new land to which they were going. And Lehi said by the Spirit that these plates should never be destroyed, nor be dimmed, but should be preserved; and that the things written thereon should be for the instruction of the children of men in the ages to come, as well as being ofworth to his descendants, instructing them as to the law and the prophets.

And the record of his father's family showed Lehi that he was a lineal descendant of Joseph, the son of Jacob, who was sold into Egypt by his brothers. And Laban was of the same lineage, and had kept the record of all in his possession. But it was the wisdom of the Lord that it should pass into the hands of Lehi, and be taken by him to the land whither the Lord would lead him, and where he would establish his posterity.

After these things Lehi was instructed that his sons should go up again to the land of Judea for the purpose of bringing down with them Ishmael and his family, friends of theirs as we may suppose, that they might go with them, and that the sons of Lehi might have wives to accompany them to the new land, that thereby the purposes of the Lord might be accomplished in the peopling of that country. So they went up and talked with Ishmael and his wife, and with their sons and daughters, concerning their intended journey, and of the commandments of God unto them. And they persuaded them to leave the land of their fathers and go with them. And they took of the seeds of the earth, of the various grains and fruits, and all went down into the wilderness to the place where Lehi was. And there were two sons and five daughters of Ishmael; and Zoram and the sons of Lehi took to themselves the daughters of Ishmael to be their wives. And Lehi gave thanks unto God for the preservation and safety of the little band thus far; and he made an offering unto the Lord.

[*d*] It may be that some who read these chapters, or who have read the Book of Mormon itself, are inclined to say that it is beyond reason to claim that any race could become so entirely extinct, so completely blotted out as the Jaredites are represented to have been. But there are other instances where races and nations have been as signally punished for their national sins, and wholly lost sight of to the world around them, though not necessarily by self-destruction like the Jaredites, or by fire and brimstone like Sodom and Gomorrah. Upon Babylon the Lord pronounced a like doom of extinction, as follows: "And Babylon, the glory of Kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah." Isa. 13:19. "Because of the wrath of the Lord it shall be wholly desolate."—Jer. 50:13. "It shall be no more inhabited forever; neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation."—Jer. 50:39. From the days of Cyrus it became depopulated. Those of other nations said to each other: "Forsake her, and let us go every one into his own country, for her judgment reacheth unto heaven," while the men of Babylon were "cut off" (Jer. 50:16), until such a thing as a Babylonian was not known. Likewise Tyre was appointed to desolation, to be made "like the top of a rock," and to be "built no more." "Thou shalt be no more; though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God."—Ezek. 26:14, 21. And the nation and people of Tyre ceased to exist when the time of fulfillment came. A people called the Aztecs inhabited Mexico at the time of the Spanish invasion, but three hundred years before that time a race lived there called the Toltecs, and there is enough of their history known to include the fact that civil war begun their extinction, and that after years of warfare there followed, says Charnay, "Calamitous inundations, tempests, drouths, famine and pestilence," these, with their wars among each other, finishing the work of destruction till they became blotted out as a people, utterly lost sight of, though their works of art and architecture show that they were once a prosperous, educated, and highly civilized people, whose population extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Hence we see that various causes have brought about the same result to different nations upon different continents, and that the Jaredites have not been the only ones who have been annihilated.

[*e*] Joseph's land as spoken of here is the one so called by Moses in Deut. 33:13-15, as I shall more fully present hereafter.

[*f*] The killing of Laban by Nephi has been made the subject of a great deal of adverse comment by the enemies of the Book of Mormon, and perhaps the minds of some who are in the Church have been disturbed by what has been said upon it. But it can well be remarked that in every dispensation God has chosen his own means for the destruction of the wicked, and he best knows his own purposes and the methods by which to bring about justice in the fullest degree. Sometimes he has accomplished it by the wicked slaying the wicked, sometimes by a miraculous interposition of divine power, and sometimes by the hands of his own servants. At almost the outset of the gospel ministry by the early disciples there took place the death of Ananias and Sapphira, which has been regarded by the opposers of Christianity as a dark blot upon a work whose special claim was that it sought to establish peace on earth and good-will to men, but without a doubt it was just in the sight of God. They were stricken for lying, while Laban had robbed these young men and had also tried to kill them, being a murderer at heart, and Nephi only slew him at the repeated command of God. In 1 Samuel 15:33 we have an instance, where that great prophet and just judge slew the wicked Agag for his crimes, so

that the Book of Mormon is not alone in its story of sudden retribution. Undoubtedly there have been instances where it has been a mercy to individuals and nations that the Lord has not permitted them to go on longer in their course of wickedness, such as would result in greater evil and suffering to their fellows, and also cause to be laid up for themselves a greater measure of condemnation and judgment for their increased sins against both man and God. Another thing may be said of the killing of Laban, and that is that it was not done under a gospel dispensation, but under the rule of the Mosaic law, which permitted and justified the taking of a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life, etc.

"BE YOU A LADY?"

AS a young lady hurried down State Street a bleak November day, her attention was attracted by a deformed boy coming towards her carrying several bundles. He was thinly clad, twisted his limbs most strangely as he walked, and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the cripple reached the brisk pedestrian he stumbled, thus dropping one bundle, which broke and emptied a string of sausages on the sidewalk. The richly dressed ladies (?) near by held back their silken skirts and whispered, quite audibly, "How horrid!" while several who passed by, amused by the boy's looks of blank dismay, gave vent to their feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and then went on without taking further interest. All this increased the boy's embarrassment. He stopped to pick up the sausages, only to let fall another parcel, when in despair he looked at his lost spoils. In an instant the bright-faced stranger stepped to the boy's side and said in a tone of thorough kindness: "Let me hold those other bundles while you pick up those you have lost."

In dumb astonishment the cripple handed all he had to the young Samaritan and devoted himself to securing his sausages. When these were again strongly tied in the coarse, torn paper, her skillful hands replaced the parcels on his scrawny arms, as she bestowed on him a smile of encouragement, and said: "I hope you haven't far to go." The poor fellow seemed scarcely to hear the girl's pleasant words, but, looking at her with the same vacant stare said:

"Be you a lady?"

"I hope so; I try to be," was the surprised response.

"I was kind of hopin' you wasn't."

"Why?" asked the listener, with curiosity quite aroused.

"'Cause, I've seen them as called themselves ladies, but they never spoke kind and pleasant to me, 'cepting to grand uns. I guess there's two kinds—them as thinks they's ladies and isn't, and them as tries to be and is."

THE MINUTES.

WE often think and speak of "making good use of our time," meaning our days and weeks and months and years, forgetting that all these are made up of seconds and minutes. If we waste all our minutes, we waste all the years.

The French have a proverb: "God works by minutes." His great plans are not wrought out by years, but move on through all time, while we are sleeping, or trifling, as well as learning, working; and thus ought we ever to do.

Some people are always complaining that they have not time to read, or study, or think, and that while they are wasting years by casting away the golden minutes as they are given from heaven.

Red Jacket once heard a wise man say: "I have not time enough!" Looking at him in surprise, the Indian exclaimed: "You have all the time there is, haven't you?"

Yes, we have all the time there is. God has given us time to work for ourselves and to bless the world; let us catch it, minute by minute, and make such use of it as we wish each moment to record in heaven.

Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawks and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore.
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You can not enter in hall or hut;
All the village lies asleep.
Never again to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing longs to go
Up to that house from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild
Whither have vanished wife and child;
And hearth, praying, this answer fall
"Patience! that village shall hold you all."

Rose Terry Cooke.

"TOO MANY OF WE."

"Mamma, is theree too many of we?"
The little girl asked with a sigh.
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your childs should die."

She was only three years old—this one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were a half dozen who round her stood.
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood,
And fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;
For the little one least of all; [face,
And the shadow that darkened the mother's
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier every day.

Only a week and the little Claire
In her tiny white trundle-bed, [hair
Lay with her blue eyes closed and the sunny
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so,
When there ain't so many of we."

And the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart from that dreary day,
What a place she had always filled.

Woman's Word.

The dawn is breaking—open wide the shutter,
Let in the salt breeze from the silver bay;
See how the leaves around the lattice flutter,
In the first breath of this sweet summer day!

And lying here (your face beside my pillow,
Your hand in mine), I mark the shadows flee:
And catch the glory on some far-off billow,
And feel the strange enchantment of the sea.

True friend, true love, your patient watch is ended;
(It is of life, not death, yon skylark sings!)
At dead of night God's messenger descended,
Silent and swift, with healing on his wings.

My heart awoke to passionate thanksgiving,
As future years before my vision came;
The Lord has numbered me among the living,
Blessed forever be His holy name!

How freshly sweet this early wind is blowing,
How fair the morning looks on sea and shore!
We shall go forth together, surely knowing
That he will guide our steps forevermore.

Sunday Magazine.

DOING ORDINARY THINGS IN AN EXTRAORDINARY WAY.

LIFE is made up chiefly of commonplaces. Few have the opportunity or ability for any extraordinary achievements. The great question for most people must be, not how they can do greater things, but how they can do the common and homely duties of life more faithfully. If we can invest these duties with dignity, and can sincerely regard them as furnishing a worthy sphere for noble service, our whole life will be lifted to a higher plane.

It is not so much the different things which men do, as the way and spirit in which they do them, that makes the greatest difference between men. The man whose daily work is mere drudgery, is, in spirit, a slave. He regards himself as a mere means to the end of accomplishing certain set tasks. It is the very bitterness of the slave's condition that he is a mere tool, and that he can not rise above that relation to his work. Hence, there can be for him but small delight in his labor. It can possess no dignity for him, because he possesses none in himself. Labor is invested with dignity only when the man who does it is brought into a free and responsible relation to it. It is the man who dignifies his work. If he exists —or supposes himself to exist—only for his tasks, they share in his degradation. Only as the man is lifted into something of the dignity of free, responsible, personal life, can his tasks take on new and higher meanings. This is true, just because it is not the mere doing of the tasks which gives them their meaning, but the purpose, spirit, and way of doing them.

Two young mechanics work side by side in the same factory. One does his work from sheer necessity. He thinks of something else all the while. He has no interest in it. He goes to it as the slave goes to his meaningless and irksome labor. His only hope or joy in it is in the finishing of it and in watching for the hours of release. A companion works by his side, and does exactly the same work. He has felt stirring within him a desire to rise in this line of labor. He begins dimly to see that he must master the department to which he is assigned. Gradually the work takes on more meaning than it could have considered as a mere exchange of so much muscular effort for so much money. The idea of an intelligent purpose in each day's work transforms it more and more into a dignified employment. It is subordinated to the ends of personal achievement and success. The man is master of his work, not its slave. His work takes its commercial value and dignity from the way, spirit, and purpose with which he pursues it.

Two boys sit on the same bench at school and study the same books. The whole ambition of one terminates upon having done with the recitation and going free from his set tasks. To commit to memory by sheer force certain words or sentences is the end for which he, for the time being, exists. He can not lift his work into any dignity or importance, or clothe it with any noble meaning, because he has himself no consciousness of any worthy purpose in doing it. He has not yet caught sight of the meaning of life, the desirableness of intelligence, the possibilities of personal existence. He therefore does not know how to bring his daily tasks into relation with these ideas. To him the lesson is its own end, and he is a means for accomplishing it.

The boy by his side is slowly awaking from that dormancy of mind which often holds the mastery through many thoughtless years. The idea of being an educated man is dawning over him. Without being able to define it to himself, he is catching sight of the idea that man is an end in himself; that the daily lessons exist for him, not he for them. He now begins to see their meaning and their bearing upon intellectual life and growth, and thus upon influence, usefulness, and honor among men. He sees that the performance of the daily task has only its lowest meaning in the fact that it sets him free from

the teacher's requirement; it adds something permanent to his mental furnishing, and with the development of the idea of becoming an educated man, it is seen to do a much greater thing; it makes possible larger and higher acquisitions. Now the lesson exists no longer for itself. It exists for the higher attainments which it helps to make possible, and all these exist for the ends of culture and usefulness. Thus the daily work is brought into direct relation with the great central purposes of life. Each task has a bearing upon the question what he shall be and do in the world.

The principle thus illustrated applies quite as well to grown men and women and to labor in all spheres. If our work is lifted into relation to the true ends of human life; if it is made a means of developing our personalities, of serving and helping others, and is pursued in the spirit of such development and service,—it is then dignified and honorable. Otherwise it is drudgery and slavery. Political economy may measure our work by the addition which it makes to the world's wealth. Moral economy measures it by the purposes of growth and helpfulness which it serves, and by the spirit and motives in which it is pursued. A mere intellectual standard will rate the dignity of men's employments by the brains which go into them. There is a deeper and truer test. Into the tasks of many a humble life are put plans, hopes, and purposes a thousandfold more precious than any mere intellectual keenness or genius. The homely tasks of many a mother, planning for the education of her children for careers of usefulness, are more dignified than the schemes of shrewd monopolists laying plots of self-aggrandizement, or of greedy despots meditating the conquest of the world.

The great question about a man's work, then, is not so much what he does, as how, and why, and in what spirit, he does it. And the great need of most persons is not to have some new tasks, but to bring their present tasks into right and helpful relations to their lives. The commonest need we feel is the need of an inspiration in doing the things which come to us almost the same on every day. How the burdens of toil and care which men are wearily carrying would lighten if they could see any reason or purpose in bearing them! How the light of hope and joy would shine into many a weary life, if existence only meant something worth living for! If a man and his work are not in happy relations, the adjustment must proceed from the man. The burden will press down remorselessly and ever heavier, unless the man gain some new power which shall make it seem easier to bear. This new strength must come from the possession of a worthy purpose of life and action which shall beget new motives and hopes in doing one's work, and fill it with new meaning, thus transforming it from slavery into freedom.

Here we see the possible religiousness of all life. We can carry our daily work as high as we carry the aims and spirit of our lives, and no higher. Our work will take on its truest dignity only when it is held in relation and subordination to the highest ends of human life as interpreted to us in the gospel and character of Jesus Christ. The peculiarity of the Christian type of life is not so much that it requires the doing of peculiar and specific things, as that it requires the doing of all things in a spirit of obedience, service and helpfulness. The Christian is not to withdraw from the world's activities, but is to carry into them a higher spirit, a divinier law. The philosopher Kant well said that religion was the doing every duty as if it were a command of God. This is but the apostle's maxim of doing all things as unto the Lord. Religion is the right spirit, the true purpose, and the best way of doing all things. It does not consist in a specific class of duties (commonly called "religious") such as church-attendance and Bible reading, although these are natural and important fruits of the religious spirit. It demands and consists in doing all the duties of life on every day, however humble or commonplace, in the spirit of service to God and our fellow-men, and for the largest and best development of all our own powers of influence and usefulness. The person who grasps this idea and spirit of living will discover that he has not so many extraordinary things to do, but that he has found an extraordinary way of doing ordinary things.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE JEWS UNDER FOUR DOMINIONS.

FROM MALACHI TO MATTHEW.

THE history of the Jews in the inspired volume of the Old Testament is brought to a close by the writings of Malachi, the prophet, four hundred years prior to the Christian era. Every earnest reader desires the story of the chosen people from this period till the days of John the Baptist, that the seeming lapse in the sacred narrative may be duly bridged. The career of Malachi and the second administration of Nehemiah were brought to a close about the same time. One hundred and thirty-six years had passed since the decree of Cyrus, permitting the Jews to return to their native land. At the time in which Malachi died (400 B. C.), Artaxerxes the second was king of Persia. His reign extended from 404 to 358 B. C. During these forty-six years, the Hebrews were but little molested. However, during three years of this period they were exposed to the burdens of a miliary rendezvous at the assembling in their vicinity of two hundred thousand Barbarian soldiers, twenty thousand Greeks, three hundred ships of war, store ships in great number, and two hundred galleys of thirty rowers. These were occasioned by the invading army of Persia, advancing to Egypt and returning by routes along the Judean coasts. In the thirty-second year of this reign, the high-piest Joiada died and was succeeded by his son Johanan. His brother named Jesus, had been nominated for the same office by Bagoses, a Persian General who commanded the military forces in that part of the Empire. This brother went to Jerusalem, to arrange for his duties, but was murdered by Johanan in the temple. Bagoses, hearing of this outrage, hastened to the city and attempted to enter the holy place. Efforts were made to exclude him from the sacred place, since he was a Gentile, and consequently unclean; but pressing into the sanctuary he indignantly exclaimed, "What! am not I as pure as the dead carcass which lies in your temple?" This profanation of their holy place was a painful matter to the Jews, but Bagoses, as a punishment for the sacrilegious murder, required an annual tribute imposed upon their sacrifices to the amount of one million, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to be remitted in seven annual payments. Prior to this, for many years, the Persian manarch had contributed largely towards paying the expenses of the temple services. This sudden change was most keenly felt by this isolated people, but the burden terminated, and royal contributions were again extended to them. Darius Ochus succeeded Artaxerxes and brought Egypt under the sway of Persia. From that period to the present day, Egypt has remained subject to the dominion of foreigners, thus accomplishing exactly the prophecy of Ezekiel, who foretold that no individual of the ancient Egyptian race should ever again attain the throne. Ochus was succeeded by Arses his youngest son, B. C. 338. After a reign of three years he was followed by Darius Codomanus, the Persian monarch who yielded his dominions to Alexander the king of Macedon.

This conqueror of the world having advanced into Asia, spread alarm among the Jews and broke the monotony of their long quiet. He summoned the various cities in his advance to surrender, pay him their customary tribute, and furnish his army with ample provisions. A letter making such a request was directed by Alexander to Jaddua, the high-priest, who answered that he had sworn fealty to Darius, and could not violate his oath so long as that prince was living. The conqueror was much enraged at this, and threatened punishment to the high-priest at the earliest opportunity. Having completed the conquest of Tyre, and reduced the city of Gaza, in the year 332 B. C. Alexander proceeded toward Jerusalem. Jaddua and all the people were thrown into the greatest consternation and dismay. Sacrifices were offered in public for the welfare of the nation, and many prayers arose imploring the protection of the

Deity. But Jaddua was not overcome, for God had told him in a dream to adorn the city in the most magnificent manner, and to go out fearlessly and meet the conqueror. Accordingly he threw open the gates, and caused the city to be ornamented with garlands and flowers. He and a retinue of priests, arrayed in their sacred vestments, and a great throng of people clothed in robes of white, prepared to meet the dreaded conqueror. The solemn procession marched forth to an eminence from which the whole city and temple could be seen. Alexander was upon the heights of Mizpeh when he caught sight of this beautiful and imposing array. He descended from his chariot on beholding the high-priest in his hyacinthine robes embroidered with gold and fell prostrate adoring the Holy Name engraved on the golden frontal plate of his turban. The glittering throng of priests and citizens surrounded the king and welcomed him with joyful acclamations. The enemies of the city, awaiting the signal of slaughter and pillage were struck with amazement at the conduct of Alexander. At length, a Grecian leader named Parmenio asked the conqueror how it happened that he, to whom all others did homage, should now himself do homage to the high-priest of the Jews. Alexander replied: "I do not adore the man, but that God who hath honored him with the priesthood; for I saw this very person in a dream, and clothed in this same habit, when I was at Dios in Macedonia. I was considering with myself how I might obtain the dominion of Asia, and this man exhorted me to make no delay, but boldly to pass over the sea thither, for he would conduct my army, and would give me the dominion over the Persians. Whence it is that having seen no other in that habit, and now seeing this person in it, I believe that I have undertaken this campaign by divine direction, that I shall conquer Darius, annihilate his dominions, and successfully accomplish my whole design." Giving the high-priest his right hand, he went with the procession to Jerusalem, and offered sacrifices at the temple in the manner which the priest directed. When they showed him the prophecies of Daniel respecting himself, he was highly pleased and readily granted the request of the high-priest, that the Jews might be free from tribute on the sabbatical year, and everywhere have liberty to live according to their own laws. These requests were readily granted, and Alexander departed from the Holy City, taking with him a large number of voluntary recruits for his army. Thus peacefully was the scepter of the Persian transferred to that of the Macedonian. The eminence from which Alexander viewed the approach of Jaddua's beautiful array is frequently sought for by pilgrims to the Holy City.

The death of Alexander the Great, nine years after his visit to Jerusalem, was the signal for dividing the spoils of his prophetic kingdom. Judæa was ultimately assigned to Ptolemy, the Grecian general who had made himself master of Egypt; but this province, having had two centuries of peace, resisted the authority of their Grecian king. Their defiance brought Ptolemy from Egypt with an army who easily took possession of Jerusalem, having attacked the city on the Sabbath day, when the Jews would make no resistance. They were at first treated harshly, but ere long the policy was changed to one of unusual favors. One hundred thousand Jews were deported to Egypt, as a measure of security and national prosperity, for their steadiness of principle and moral rectitude were the greatest assurance of loyalty to the person and dynasty of their ruler. These immigrants were established at Alexandria, where, under the beneficent rule of the Ptolemies, they flourished and attained the greatest prosperity. The first three Ptolmies devoted their energies and talents to promote the happiness of their people, and for more than a century Alexandria was the asylum for the persecuted and oppressed of all nationalities. Under this sway the Jews flourished in Palestine and Egypt, and succeeded in literary efforts that have had an influence in every succeeding age. The Hebrews in Egypt called that country their fatherland, but considered the city in which the temple of the Most High God was situated, as the metropolis of their faith. But at length the fatal years arrived in which calamities and evils and crimes were many.

Antiochus the Great was the sixth king of Syria after the partition of the Macedonian Empire, while Ptolemy Philopater was the fourth sovereign of Egypt. In the year 219 B. C., Antiochus endeavored to annex Judæa to his possessions, and

with this object in view the battle of Raphia was fought between the contending powers. Antiochus was defeated and retired to a place of safety in the limits of his own dominions. The Jews, having remained steadfast in their adherence to Ptolemy, were singled out as special objects of regard, and in deference to them he went to Jerusalem in person to offer sacrifices according to the Jewish law, and to present gifts at the Holy Temple. Unfortunately the beauty of the building and the solemnity of the worship excited the curiosity of the king to see the interior. He was informed that no mortal except the high-priest could enter the inmost sanctuary, and that he could do so only once a year. This information rendered the king's curiosity ungovernable, and, answering that his authority was not to be controlled by their laws, he pressed forward from the court of the Gentiles to force his way into the Holy of Holies. This sacrilegious attempt threw the whole body of priests and people into the utmost consternation. A great tumult and a loud cry arose. The high-priest, Simon the just, warned the monarch to desist, and his powerful voice rose above the tumult, invoking the aid of the all-seeing God against the attempted desecration. The purpose of the king seemed unaltered. But as he left the inner court, and was about to enter the building itself, he was "shaken like a reed by the wind and fell speechless to the ground." He was lifted up by his body-guard, and carried, half dead, out of the second court of the temple, and, on recovering, speedily retired from the Holy City, full of displeasure against the Jewish people. The long years of peace under Egyptian rule had now departed. That day the bond of attachment that so long had united the Judæans to the Ptolemean dynasty was forcibly rent asunder, and a determination to transfer their allegiance to Syria entered their mind and gradually ripened into a policy. Philopater returned to Egypt and instituted a cruel persecution of the Jews at Alexandria, and after a reign of seventeen years, left to the guardians of his youthful successor Ptolemy Epiphanes, in 204 B. C., a heritage of enmity toward these thrifty people.

The guardians of the youthful king had now to contend in arms against Antiochus, the great king of Syria, whose capital was Antioch, to which he had returned laden with the spoils of ten years' successful warfare in Asia Minor and the Orient. Burning with a desire to blot out his disgrace at Raphia, he sought an opportunity to obtain some advantage over the Egyptians. Being at the head of the largest army in the world, he allied himself with Philip of Macedon, and the united forces prepared to invade the dominions of Ptolemy by sea and land. In the second stage of the struggle Antiochus defeated the Egyptians at the foot of Mount Panias, and shut up Scopas, their general, with ten thousand of his men, in Sidon. They bargained for their lives, and were permitted to return to Egypt, half naked and unarmed. Antiochus enter Judæa, and was received at Jerusalem with lively demonstrations of joy. He issued an edict guaranteeing the inviolability of the sacred place, and made ample provision for the due performance of the sacred services. Thus did the Judæans terminate the political supremacy of the Egyptians over them, and transfer their allegiance to the king of Syria. To this act they were urged by the offense which Philopater attempted against the temple, and by subsequent cruel treatment at the hands of Egyptian soldiers.

Dearly had the Judæans to pay for attaching themselves to the falling fortunes of Antiochus the Great. In the pride of success he undertook to match arms with the Romans. The conflict was brought to a close in accordance with terms most humiliating to him who was wearing the title of "The Great." Ruined and disgraced, he returned to Antioch from his war with the Romans, burdened with a heavy tribute that would cripple the resources of his country for years to come. The condition of his treasury forced him to devise the scheme of plundering the rich temples throughout his dominions. He repaired to the temple at Elymais, at the meeting of the caravan roads connecting Media with Persia and Susianah, and which had been adorned by Alexander the Great. Upon this sacred building Antiochus made an attack in the night, but the temple was well defended, and the Syrian king fell in death fighting against the arts, commerce, and religion of his country.

He was succeeded by his son Seleucus Philopater who, for several years, courted the friendship of the Jews and defrayed

the expenses of public worship at the temple. But at the close of the tenth year of his reign a quarrel occurred between the high-priest Onias and Simon a Benjaminite, governor of the temple at Jerusalem. The innovations which he attempted to introduce were steadily resisted by the high-priest. Simon, enraged at the opposition and desiring to injure Onias informed Philopater that the temple was very rich, and could bear the entire charge of the public worship, including all sacrifices and oblations. When this information reached the Syrian king, he was greatly in need of money to meet the tribute due the Romans, and taking advantage of the opportunity resolved to plunder the temple, and carry to Antioch its reported treasure. This mission of pillage he entrusted to Heliodorus, the royal treasurer. On reaching Jerusalem he demanded of the high-priest the quiet surrender of the various treasures. In response to his demands, Onias informed him that part of the money consisted of holy gifts and offerings consecrated to God, the appropriation of which could not be disturbed without committing a sacrilege, and that the other portion had been placed there by way of security for widows and orphans, and for Hyrcanus, "a man high in credit and favor with the king." The high-priest added that, since he was the guardian of this wealth, he could not consent to its being taken from its owners without disgracing his high office and profaning the holy place which was held in reverence by all the world. But Heliodorus disregarding the remonstrance of the high official, marched to the temple attended by his guards, and when opposed by the priests order the outer gates demolished. Then occurred one of the most memorable scenes in the history of the holy hill. A universal panic occurred; the courts of the temple were crowded with suppliants; shrieks of woe were heard in all directions; women ran frantically to and fro, and priests fell prostrate before the altar. As the royal officer, at the head of his escort, was about to enter the hall of the temple, he was encountered by a warrior on horseback, accoutred in golden-armour, grand and terrible to behold. He rode against the bold Syrian and trampled him under foot, when two youths of superhuman beauty, and magnificently arrayed, appeared and smote him till darkness came over his eyes, and his senses went from him. The fainting and speechless Heliodorus was then carried away to his apartments, but he was revived from his lifeless condition by the intercession of the high-priest, who offered an expiatory sacrifice in behalf of the transgressing officer. The royal treasurer returned empty handed to his king, and assured him that he would do well to send on that terrible errand any one who had offended him beyond the hope of pardon, and whom he might wish to punish in a most remarkable way. This event, which seems to have been foretold in the prophecies of Daniel, occurred 175 B. C., and marks the beginning of warlike and tumultuous years.

W. R. Houghton in the Current.

THROUGH THE STORM.

I heard a voice, a tender voice, soft falling
Through the storm;
The waves were high; the bitter winds were calling,
Yet breathing warm.

Of skies serene, of sunny uplands lying
In peace beyond;
This tender voice, unto my voice replying,
Made answer fond.

Sometimes, indeed, like crash of armies meeting,
Arose the gale;
But over all that sweet voice kept repeating,
"I shall not fail."

NEWS FROM PALESTINE.

MRS. M. WALKER; *Dear Sister in Christ:* You will remember in my last I left Tanner going to Gaza, and a companion with him; the Bedouins attacked them and took from them everything that they had but their books. They being afraid of these, left them, and Tanner turned about and came back with his companion, and went away from Jaffa. A very good riddance it was, too. The Bedouins think that all books contain magic; and Solomon is charged with having written such a book, when he fell by taking so many strange wives.

I am so glad to hear of the prosperity of Zion: I am praying always for it. I feel a deep interest in it, and always have, ever since I first received this gospel of the Kingdom, which was twenty-three years ago.

We came to Jaffa in 1866, in the G. J. Adams Colony; my husband and myself, and my son—who was five years old at that time. Thus far it has been the will of God that I and my son Willie should be here, as I have prayed him to open the way to us that we might have means to pay our passge from here, if it was his will; but this has not been granted to us. I have never been baptized into the Reorganized Church yet. Our hurch was named the Church of the Messiah; teaching one hope, one faith and one baptism; also the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost or that spirit which should guide into all truth. There is nothing strange in my being here; it was the will of God, because he had a work for me to do here. That is why I was permitted to come here, and also to stay here; and I bow in submission to his will. Why, all the world comes here. This is a mart of nations, here at Jaffa. It is a most wonderful place to learn the languages of all nations that are in the world.

I was sick when I came, and was given up to die by four of our doctors in America; but it seems they do not know everything, as I am alive yet. But I quit the use of medicine, as I found it made me worse. I have also left off the drinking of tea; in a warm climate I find it is not good. It is too trying on the nerves, and when they relax it causes nervous headache, from which I have been a great sufferer. For this complaint I used new milk (instead of tea), and wet cloths with salt and water and bound up my head with them, and kept them wet all the time that my head ached. Sometimes the aching would continue for days. Let the food be simple, for the stomach has a good deal to do with it; also at night put a band around the head and forehead. I have written this for the benefit of Sr. J. H. Miriam, who is a great sufferer in this way, as I learn by the *Herald*. Excuse me for digressing, but the Spirit constrained me for the sister's sake, and now I return to my subject again.

When I was able to think about anything here I saw the ground all sand, only where there were gardens, which are watered by wells, in the summer time. I thought, What kind of a place is this to come to? all sand! But after a month and a half the rain began to pour down, and in two weeks more the ground was green. Then the flowers began to grow and to bloom, for the sand only covers the surface of the ground. Then began to be planted vineyards of grapevines, with here and there a new house peeping out among the green leaves of the orange gardens; and our Colony was not the least in this respect, for some fifteen houses made quite a showing. They were just five minutes walk from Jaffa, and in front of the orange gardens; and I thought, Well the land is being restored, surely!

This was the beginning of the restoration, for when we came there were no carriages here; we brought them with us; also machines of various kinds, which are yet in the country, and also in use. I have seen the hills leveled into valleys for procuring stone to build houses with. We built a carriage road from Jaffa to Jerusalem; and Bro. Rollo Floyd was the first to go there in his carriage. My husband helped to build the road, but he only

stayed here a year and a half, and then went back to America and died there. Bro. Adams had ground hauled from outside onto the Colony land, and leveled the ground off so that it is to this day as level as a house floor; and it is now almost filled witn handsome buildings. Our church building is turned into a sadler's shop and a dwelling house; but the owner has not been prospered, and wishes to sell it. Still the houses are being built on the Colony land; and also in the suburbs of Jaffa; and beside the sea there is a large colony of buildings, but they are all Arabs from Beirout in that place. On the other side of Jaffa, as you go towards Carmel, the Jews are building on the plain of Sharon, by the sea. The land was bought this summer, near the Jerusalem road, for another colony of Jews.

About three weeks ago there was a Jew from America came to Jaffa to go up to Jerusalem; but the Turkish court made him promise in writing that he would only stay a month. He is yet in Jerusalem, but will go away at the end of the month. He is under American protection, so my son told me, as he was present at the time and spoke Arabic for him.

Now I will tell you something about the Jordan. There has been a bridge built across the river Jordan; and it is a toll bridge. The Jews can walk over dry-shod now, but they must pay for crossing, this time. It is built of iron, and by order of the Turkish Government. This was done about two years ago.

You asked me about the expenses of travelling here. It is quite expensive getting here. A man and his wife would need three hundred dollers to pay expenses from America here, and to travel through the country and back home again. It is called forty-five miles from here to Jerusalem. For a man and his wife it would cost three dollars carriage fare from here to Jerusalem, and they find their own provisions. I took my lunch with me when I went there. I have only been there once in twenty-one years; that is as long as I have been here in Jaffa.

There are no papers of any kind published in Palestine; but in Beirout there is a paper published in Arabic, and some of the contributors live in Jaffa. Parties have tried get the privilege of publishing a paper in Jerusalem, but it was not allowed. Our Consul was as much against it as the rest. I think it was the will of God that it was not permitted, as it was only vanity on the part of the one who wanted it, and nothing for the glory of God.

You would like to know my opinion of this land at the time that we came here. Well, no one would know it for the same place it was when we came here, as I have already told you. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses, every word shall be established," and there are Bro. Floyd and wife, Sr. Clark, her son and daughter, my son, and Mr. Leighton. These are witnesses with me of what I say being true.

My youngest sister and two of her little girls sleep here in the graveyard.

The Americans stand highest with the Turkish Nation of all the nations of the earth to-day; and the Germans have proved it in many instances. Our colony got a firman of the Sultan of Turkey at the time that we intended to come here; but the Germans have never asked a permit, but have come here just as it pleased themselves to creep into other peoples shoes, so that they have been called Americans all the time they have been here, by the natives. When they had cases at the Turkish court they came to the American consulate for redress of their wrongs. We told the Turkish court they were Germans, and we had nothing to do with them; and at last they understand it at the Turkish court and do not think as well of them as they do of the Americans. What Americans are here, like to live here; if they did not they could go back, as they all have property but myself and son. We were robbed from the beginning, and have not been able thus far to recover, only enough to pay rent and get our living; well, thanks to God.

I have no personal acquaintance with the Reorganized Church, but Elder Andrew Tabbut, my cousin on my mother's side, has had letters published from time to time which I have written to him during the four years past at his request—items relating to the Jews, to this land and to the old American Colony, which hundreds of the readers of the *Herald* have read. My letters have the truth in them; although I say it myself, nevertheless it is true, as I never write anything unless I prove it first to be true; then I will write it and

not before. I see so much written of this land that is false, that I must needs be careful what I write, as well as what I speak; for the world is full of false reports—here in Jaffa as well as other places. I will do my best to obtain only truth, and write you from time to time as much as I can, and be glad to help you for the truth's sake.

ABIGAIL Y. N. ABBEY.

JAFFA, Palestine, Nov. 24th, 1887.

[See Frontispiece.]

THE WOODLAND PATH.

BY DAVID H. SMITH.

Adown the woodland path, at break of day, I love to roam,
To brush the dew drops from the fresh, green grass;
To hear the wild bird singing in his cool and shady home,
And watch the painted moths and butterflies go past.
The minnows dart along the stream,
And in the golden sunlight gleam;
The distant hills are hazy like a dream;
And all is fair, adown the woodland path.

In every nook some sight of beauty wakes a tender thought;
Some flower blooming by some old gray stone;
Or tiny bird's nest with abundant skill and labor wrought;
Or faithful shadow over shining waters thrown.
The thickets darkly dense and still,
Where scarce the slender vine leaves thrill;—
Unbend, O, brow! and sad heart, take thy fill
Of rest, beside the lonely woodland path.

O, bend above me, honeysuckle, blooming in the wood;
And breathe upon my face thou low, sad wind;
Whose gentle cadences will do my weary spirit good,
While care and toil, a moment enter not my mind.
The forest brings to me a balm;
Its moving gives my soul a calm;
As if the Spirit of the great I Am,
Came to me, while I roam the woodland path.

PLATO

WE take the following from a longer article by Mary H. Field in "*The Overland Monthly*."

Not the renowned philosopher, but a small, bright-eyed, quick-eared dog is my hero. Come forward and be introduced, Plato! Hold up your head, now, up on your hind legs and salute. Now give us your paw. There, that will do.

It was in the quiet old Dutch town of Schenectady, on the famous Mohawk River, that life first dawned upon Plato—unless, indeed, as was taught by the illustrious ancient Plato, he had pre-existed, and so did but migrate into a new shape on this occasion.

He was the property, nominally, of a country doctor, whose ministrations stretched over a wide circuit of country.

He was a little fellow, weighing only ten or a dozen pounds, swift of foot and motion, and showing plainly his terrier blood. He was of a soft, bright chestnut hue, with a single white spot on his breast. His ears were short and alert, his eyes clear and penetrating, and his tail—ah, what tales that tail could tell! That which his beautiful, speaking eyes, his quivering ears, and his somewhat limited vocal organs failed to express, his tail was quite sufficient to explain.

□ "Plato," his master would say, "what is the use of your making such an ado with that tail?"

Thump, thump, was Plato's unconcerned reply.

"See here, doggy, I think we shall have to cut off that tail."

A low growl from Plato and a more emphatic thump.

"Plato, listen: the way I shall do will be to take an axe—and—put—your—tail—on—a—stick—of—wood—and"

At this culminating point of description, Plato's indignation always got the better of his manners, and with hair and tail erect in scornful defiance, he would make a sudden and disgusted exit.

□ Yet a very gentlemanly dog was Plato. Frank, easy, courteous, not over familiar with "unfledged acquaintance," yet by no means surly or shy He was not fond of his own species, greatly preferring the society of ladies and gentlemen to that of ordinary dogs; while "curs of low degree" he held in utter scorn. With this the master used to twit him a little sometimes, when they were conversing together, Plato being seated in his favorito position on the master's knee.

"Plato, do you like little dogs?"

A decided growl of dissent was his invariable answer.

"Well, how is it about big dogs?"

A loud bark of displeasure.

"Now, Plato, if a great big dog should come along, what would you say to him?"

Such growls and barks and bristlings and thumps of his tail would ensue, that the mistress would beg to have these exciting topics avoided, or the conversation discontinued.

At dinner Plato would take his position on the floor, near the master's place at the table, with his head a little on one side, his eye and ear keenly expressive, and his tail signaling his readiness for a bill of fare.

"Plato, would you like some roast beef?"

An affirmative "ugh," not a bark, was the ready answer.

"Would you like pepper on it?"

An indignant growl.

"Will you have plenty of gravy?"

"Ugh," with emphasis.

"Will you have some pie or cake?"

A still more emphatic "ugh" from the little dog, who had a decided sweet tooth.

"Well, go and ask the mistress for some."

Instantly Plato would trot around to the mistress's end of the table and make known his desire. If she said "Wait a little," he would sit pleading so eloquently that a plate of dainties would soon be provided. No child could be more sensitive to rebuke. A word, a look, a gesture would send him out of the room crestfallen and wretched.

After dinner came a siesta for both master and dog, when they retired together to a quiet upper room, where Plato was allowed the high honor of curling up on

the couch at the feet of his beloved master—a privilege neither sought for nor granted at any other hour.

When the midday nap was over, the master drove over to the village post-office for his afternoon's mail, and was usually gone for an hour or two. The question as to whether the little dog might go too was generally discussed and settled before the horse was harnessed; Plato often bringing up the subject, and growing eloquent over his desire to go, before any one else had discovered that mail-time had arrived —whining, barking, standing up, rushing to the door and back in a most distracted fashion.

"Why, Plato, what's the matter? is it time to go to town?"

Yelp, yelp.

"Do *you* want to go?"

A tremendous demonstration of assent from the dog.

"Oh, I think you'd better not."

Ah, the woe-begone look that would come into the dancing eyes!

"No," finally decided the master, "on the whole, you may go," and back leaps the tumultuous joy into the little breast.

It was indeed a sight to see him riding beside the master in the carriage. Such an air of dignity, of self-congratulation, of lofty superiority to other dogs whom they met trotting along on foot! Sometimes the master would say, "you may stand up and drive, if you wish to, Plato." Instantly he was down in front, his forepaws resting on the dash-board, and his small, shapely head held erect with an air of authority. When in this position he seemed to feel a general supervision of the horse, and assumed as nearly as possible the master's manners. Every one who was met on the road was greeted with a brief but cordial salute in the shape of a bark, which was generally pleasantly recognized by bow and smile; for Plato was widely known and respected.

Sunday was a day of severe discipline to him. He came forth in the morning as usual from his cozy bed, but with an unmistakable subdued and sabbatical air. How he knew the sacred time, no one could tell; but directly after breakfast, and before any preparation for church going was begun, he went back dejectedly to his nest, and spent the day there—in repose apparently, but perhaps in profound meditation on abstruse questions: who knows? The family was of the Scotch Presbyterian faith, and Plato was presumably a strict Calvinist—for the master was. Perhaps he was able to think out satisfactorily the vexed questions of "fate, free-will; fore-ordination absolute." But at no time did he feel such a sense of hopeless inferiority to the rest of the family as on Sunday. The truth was that once he was allowed to attend church, but from his seat in the family pew he had ventured to express a loud Methodistic assent to some theological statement of the dominie, and was thenceforth bidden to stay at home and keep the house. Once or twice he attempted to follow the family, and as a punishment was shut up for the day in the carriage house—a perfectly humiliating affair, any allusion to which in subsequent years sent Plato with drooping ears and tail into the most sequestered spot in the room.

Right joyfully, however, did he sally forth from his "dumb meditations and confusions" at the proper time, to look for the return of the family carriage. He never mistook the hour, but about three in the afternoon (there were two services in the day-time in the old-fashioned kirk) he took up his sentinelship on the piazza, and then rushed forth like a young whirlwind to welcome the returning household.

"Plato," the master would say, as they sat together at tea, "I think I'll take off my boots now, and no trained *valet de chambre* ever rushed more eagerly to the service of royalty. Seizing the boot by the heel, he brought all his tremendous energies to the struggle, and never abandoned his grip till he came off conqueror.

"Now get my slippers doggie;" and off scampered Plato for the slippers, bringing them one at a time, and placing them at the beloved feet.

Time would fail to tell of his numberless performances of this sort. He would bring in wood, holding it in his firm white teeth, and pursue the business with far more zeal than the average small boy. He would carry a parcel or basket with great care and faithfulness, and indeed was always overflowing with the beautiful instinct of service. He had a quick sense of fun also, and was only too willing, at the mischievous suggestion of the master, to whirl the mistress's knitting out of her lap when she incautiously dropped it

there to indulge in her nap of "forty winks." Or, knowing her exquisite neatness he would take the slightest signal of permission from the head of the house to make a bed of the soft folds of her gown as it lay on the carpet beside her low rocking chair, and then retire from it in affected repentance when she discovered the trespass, but to return to it again the moment her attention was diverted by his more guilty confederate.

A decade of happy years goes by quickly. It is a dog's life-time—at least, of active, enjoyable life: after that come old age and decrepitude. But Plato's usual good fortune attended him to the last. A disease which no care could arrest attacked him when about ten years old, and a few days of suffering brought release. The pain to him must have been unaccountable, but it was brief, and his dear master was never very far away—there could be nothing very much amiss. Ah, wonderful mystery of animal life and death! Let no one pronounce upon it rashly or with irreverence.

A stiller life settled down upon the household out of which this blithe little creature had passed, but Plato will never wholly vanish from his accustomed haunts while his friends are there.

Our Dumb Animals.

MY FRIEND'S HOUSEHOLD DECALOGUE.

MY friend's home is humble. She has little that money can buy, few outside advantages, and makes whatever artistic surroundings she possesses from the simplest materials. Before I became acquainted with her I used often to wonder what was the charm that drew people of all grades and conditions to her lowly abode. The fact that her husband was shy and reticent, a better listener than speaker, convinced me that the attraction did not lie in that quarter, though I learned afterward what a strong, helpful force this quiet man was in his home and in the community.

It was part of his creed that the wife should have absolute sway in the realm for which she is responsible. He had supreme confidence in her judgment and ability and ably seconded all her efforts, as she did his own in his wider sphere. The result was the most harmonious home I have ever known.

"It always rests me so to go to the W's," a lady once remarked to me. "I feel as if life were worth living after all, and as if existence were not mere sham and pretence. They are genuine people and take their friends into their real home life. What I would like to know is how their household machinery moves with so little friction."

Afterward when I had learned to know Mrs. W. better, I ventured once while her guest to ask her the question.

"It is a very simple matter," she answered, with that sunshiny smile which made her plain face absolutely beautiful to me. My husband and I are not a very sentimental couple, and we began our married life with the firm determination to make a home in the highest sense of the word. We started out with two or three rules which we have added to from time to time as need has arisen. The secret is that we are both observant of the maxims to which we have subscribed. There is too much talked and written about woman's duty to her home. No woman can make a perfect home without the cheerful and earnest co-operation of her husband. Where one wife fails in her part there are ten husbands who are utterly careless and unmindful of their own domestic responsibilities, ready to surrender their own burdens to the wife, whose physical and mental strength is ordinarily hardly adequate to the demands made upon her. How many fathers take upon themselves the educational training of their children? and yet how few mothers are qualified either by mental discipline or habits of thought for that work. I know all the popular arguments advanced on the other side, but they do not alter the fact that in nine cases out of ten it is the

husband's intellect which is sharpened and kept alive by contact with other minds, by reading and pursuits which require a wide mental outlook. As for the necessary time, there are few men who can not spare an hour from the day's engrossing duties in which to study the bent of their children's minds and give direction to their studies. Think of John Mill pausing in the midst of his most arduous labor, the work which required closest application and concentration of thought, to patiently solve for his son Stuart the troublesome Greek and Latin problems and direct his studies in history.

And is there anything Mrs. Fremont has written so charming as those scenes in which her father, burdened with the cares and anxieties of public life, gathered his children about his study table to prepare the lessons for their teachers under his supervision?

I know among my own friends one family in which the father has taken upon himself the intellectual training of his children from their very infancy. One boy evinced strong journalistic tendencies and he is studying for that profession; another manifested great love for natural history and his father has given him every opportunity for the study of beasts, birds and plants. He found his youngest boy—almost a baby—absorbed in the plates of the *Scientific American* and taking the hint helped him to familiarize himself with machinery, in which study the boy made marvellous progress. I could multiply instances, but these are sufficient to indicate that the gospel of parental responsibility needs to be preached to the stronger as well as the weaker sex."

"But you have not given me your rules of life," I urged, as she paused.

"No but I will do so. Here they are. I call them 'my household decalogue,' and whatever of harmony and beauty you have discovered in my home life arises from their studied observance by every member of the family."

I copied them for my own good and will give them here for the benefit of my readers:

1. Do the duty that lies nearest.
2. Bear your own burdens.
3. Don't worry.
4. Expect nothing from children or servants which they are not able to perform.
5. Make cheerfulness a duty.
6. Never ask from another a service you would not be willing to perform in his place.
7. Be punctual; remember that one o'clock means exactly one.
7. Be tolerant; large minds have no room for uncharitableness.
9. Make the most of what you have.
10 Remember that the law of love is the law of happiness.

Sarah D. Hobart in Good Cheer.

BE PATIENT WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
  Beyond earth's weary labor.
When small shall be our need of grace
  From comrade or from neighbor;
Past all the strife, the toil, the care,
  And done with all the sighing.
What tender truth shall we have gained,
  Alas, by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
  Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see,
  Shall no defect discover;
Then hands that would not lift a stone
  Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
  Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
  Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home;
  Be patient with the living!
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
  Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience, e'en when keenest edge
  May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
  Death's silence shames our clamor.
And easy to discern the best
  Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
  Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home;
  Be patient with the living.—*Sel.*

Helpful Hints and Suggestions.

The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.—*Whittier.*

REGARD FOR ORDER.

Nothing conduces more to the comfort and happiness of home than regard for order. The work of to-day is to a great extent the repetition of the duties of yesterday, a large portion of which has been brought about by the negligence of others. Every mother appreciates this as she steps into the deserted apartments of the children early in the day. Sarah's books scattered loosely over the table top, while the shelves show empty spaces; articles belonging to Mary here and there meet the eye of the order-loving head of the home. So with the boys—boots, hats, tops and balls, which to the owner it was but the work of a minute to be placed where each belonged, lie scattered everywhere, making in the aggregate a deal of unnecessary labor for some one else.

Discouraged mother, the remedy for this is what? Determine not to be the servant of your children; their respect for you will diminish so far as your attitude before them is that of a menial. Many mothers unconsciously slip into this position in their effort to save time, trouble, and those little conflicts so jarring to one's nerves that invariably ensue when the taste and will of the younger person are crossed.

If Sarah's books are found out of place, wait for her return home that she, not you, may have the responsibility of putting them where they belong. So with Mary and the boys; throw upon each one the responsibility of order, until it ceases to be a burden. We are all what our habits make us, and what better work can we do for those committed to us than to see that these right habits are formed? A little decision will soon bring this about.

We know of one mother who by this plan has shaken off many of those petty cares that are at times so rasping to the disposition. The question has been frequently asked her, "How do you, with so large a family, accomplish so much? It seems to me I am never done." "My children all know what I require of them, and the work seems to move off itself. I am never willing to do for a child what that child is perfectly able to do for itself," is her reply. As a result, in the midst of manifold cares, a fair degree of health and limited means, she is moving quietly along in the line of self improvement, fitting herself to take the judicious and intelligent guidance of the boys and girls as they approach their manhood and womanhood.

BE ACCURATE.

Make it a habit to be accurate in every thing you do. Never make a single step until you are sure that it is just what you want. Be accurate in your writing. Dot you "i's" and cross your "t's" is what our school-teacher used to ding into our ears in our boyhood days, and it taught us habits of accuracy which we never had cause to regret. In sending orders to your merchant, be accurate in them; put down just what you want and how you want it, in such plain language that you can't be misunderstood. Be very careful to get your address right, street, number, town, county, and state, and you will save a great deal of trouble at the office where your order is received. A great deal of the misery in this world is caused by inaccuracy of word or deed.—*Exchange.*

To restore crushed velvet, hold it over the spout of the teakettle and let it steam well, then comb up the nap.

Brooms dipped for a few minutes in boiling suds once a week will last much longer than they otherwise would.

Bent whalebones can be restored and used again, by simply soaking in water a few hours, and then drying them.

A piece of zinc placed on the coals of a hot stove will clean out the stove pipe. The vapor produced carries off the soot by chemical decomposition.

In ventilating a room open the windows at top and bottom. The fresh air rushes in one way while the foul air makes its exit the other; thus you let in a friend and expel an enemy.

Lime slacked with a solution of salt in water, and then properly thinned with skim-milk from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for outdoor work, and it

is said renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving wood.

A damp cloth enveloping the broom head will be found desirable in removing the dust from a carpet in a room where there may be many small articles to catch the dirt raised by an ordinary sweeping.

Bran water is recommended for cleaning matting. For an ordinary sized room, place two handfuls of bran in a bag and put it in a gallon of boiling water, pressing the bag so that all the goodness of the bran will be in the water. Dilute this water, and wash the matting with a woolen or crash cloth, drying with another cloth at once.

In broiling all meats it is essential that the surface should not be cut or broken any more than is positively necessary. The meat should be exposed to a clear, quick fire, close enough to sear the surface without burning, in order to confine all its juices. If cooked slowly over a poor fire, or seasoned before it is cooked, it will be comparatively dry and tasteless.

DAT BOY FRITZ.

SO you vants me to dells you apout dot lager pier, does you? Vell I tells you dot pooty quick. You see, mine leetle poy Fritz blaying ofer dare, de von dot ish shtanding oop, mit his het on top off the grount? Vell, dot poy, is shust awful schmart; I soomdimes dinks dot ven he ish grown oop he vill be schust so schmart like his fadder.

Vell, von day ven I vas trinking my pier out in de garten, Fritz he cooms oop, an' says he, "Fadder, dot pier is awful goot, von't you gifer me soom?" Dot makes me schump a leetle inside, but I holds myself shtill, and asks him: "How you know it ish goot, Fritz?" "Vell," says he, "ven you virst sends me by dot saloon mit apail for pier, it looks so nice, and I taste a leetle, but it vas not goot; next time I taste him again, an, he vas a leetle petter, an' de next dimes he vas petter yet, an' py an' py I likes him just so vell as I can. Ven I gets to be a pig mans, like you, fadder, I drinks him all day long. "Oh! ven I drinks pier I feels so goot an' jolly; let me have soom now, fadder, von't you?"

You petter peleive I felt yust dreatful to hear my poy talk dot way. First I vish some— vot you call him—earthquake —might make von hole in the grount an' dooks me right in; an' next I dinks I cannot go deat now, pecause I must *safe my poy*, mine leetle Fritz. It's all very well, I tought, for a pig man to trink his pier dwo, dree times a day: but ven a leetle poy likes him so vell dot he vonts to trink all de dimes, den dot poy vill be schraped oop out of de gutter soom day an' pe daken to de calaboose, an' de next dimes he goes to the pen-i-ten-ti-ary, vere dey puts peoples behint iron pars yust like vild animals in der cages. Oh, my leetle Fritz; vot shall I say to dot poy? If I dells him pier ish not goot for him, den he says it makes him feel goot, an' it does not hurt his fadder; an' if I say it is vicked, den he vill say, "Fadder, vot makes you so vicked?" An' if I say he must not dook pier, den he vill say noddings; but ven he gets dot pier t'irst den he vill go by de saloons and spend his pennies for pier, an de man vill gife him soom more yust to see how funny he will act. Oh, if I had nefer send him py dot saloon! He knows de road so easy now, he has peen go efery tay for dwo years an' I tought it so shmart ven he vas pig enought to go after pier for his fadder. Oh! vot shall I do? Ah, now I hafe it! Somepody dells me vonce dot pier vas pad for anypodies; dot de great German Liebeg say so, but I don't pelieve it den pecause I vants my pier; now I guess it ish drue, an' I vill get me some pooks an' read all apout it, an' I vill dells Fritz dot I hafe found dot pier ish not goot for de pig mans, nor de leetle mans, an' we must bofe shtop it; den he vill shtop pecause he vill vant to do like his fadder, ain't it?

Den I tought, "Dot ish all right, only maybe, Fritz don't pelieve it pecause he vants his pier yust like his fadder did."

How I did vish dere vas not a saloon in de land; an' den I recolmember how a

mans say vonce, "Dere vill not be von saloon in de coontry in den year from now, if efery man does his duty an' fotes de Prohibishun dicket efery dimes."

Oh how mad dot makes me den, but somevay it ton't make me so mad like dot now; it sounds goot.

Ven I dells Katrina, she laughs an' says, yust you dry me, "I guess you trink some lager pooty quick vens he cooms along, ain't it?" An, I say, Katrina, you dinks I care noddins for dot leetle Fritz?" An' py an py, ven I goes ofer py the sthore, Shake, he asks me to go out mit him an' haf soom pier. An, I dells him mebbe he petter hadn't talk dot vay to me I vas von demperance man now.

"Vot! you demperance crank?" says Shake, an' he vos so oxcided dot he stepped pack into a half-pushel measure dot stood oop gainst de vall, an' ven he got oop an' rubbed de blace vere he sat down, it hurted him so dot he said he "vouldn't gife den dollars to do dot again."

An' I tole him he might dake me for dwo cranks if he vant to, but I dont trink no more of dot pier.

An' he says: "Peir don't hurt any man," pecause it nefer hurt him; an' I asks him how he got dot plack eye? An' he says dot he fell from de cellar to de garret, yesterday, an' sthuck a knot-hole in his eye. An' I dells him if I vas demperance mans I don't got soom knot-holes in my eye; ain't it?

I dells you, mine friends, I vas a petter man now I stopt dat peer; an' I fels petter, an' Katrina, she says I looks petter (dot makes me feel a leetle sheap.) Ven a man trinks his peer an' smhokes his pipe, he gets to pe notting s put apier-parrel on doo legs, vid a shmoke sthack on top of it. You dink a man hes a right to make a shmoke-sthack of himself, eh?

So you see I ish von of dose prohibishun cranks, an' I vants to dells you yust von ting; you can't turn dot kind of cranks but von vay, neider; dot's yust as sure as my name is Schneider. An' I ish going to safe dot leetle poy Fritz, somevay; an' if I cant keep him away from de pier, den I yust fotes so ash to keep de pier avay from him ven he croes oop, dot's all.

School Reciter.

A CABLE CHARACTER.

BY D. R. BALDWIN.

AS the incomparable strength of a great cable consists in the union of many smaller cords or strands, in a like manner does the strength of character consist in the union of various virtues. And as a cable can never be made until after these cords are prepared, so is it impossible to establish a character until after these virtues have been cultivated and practiced. As any one would manifest great folly by selecting the bark from the artichoke in preference to that of hemp, or the common grasses to sea grass or palmetto, out of which to construct those cords; in the same manner do they exhibit great weakness of mind who choose to be false and dishonest, rather than true and faithful. Again, as the best of material, the choicest fiber, after being carefully selected, may be spoiled in spinning, so as to be unfit for a cable; even so there is great danger of the young who possess excellent qualities, being ruined by being too loosely trained.

The twist should be even, to make the strand strong;
The youth should be trained as the days pass along;
If the yarn be drawn out ere the twist is put in,
One part will be thick and another be thin.
If the twist be put in ere the thread is drawn out,
The result will be a great wad, or a gout.
A cable that's made of threads spun in this way
As worthless would be as a wisp of old hay.

Just so we have noticed the same extreme in the training of children. Where the discipline has been too rigid, the parents or guardians attempting to pound the virtues into them, and to do it at once (forgetting that the head must develop

with the stature), the children have turned out to be "hard wads," not fit to enter the circles of society.

But as most great cables are composed of three mighty strands (and they of many minor cords), and as their unsurpassed strength is secured by their being nicely spun, evenly twisted and securely laid together, suppose we number and give names to the strands, as follows: First, honesty; second, patience; and third, charity. Now if the first be composed of threads very loosely twisted, the second of those twisted into knots and kinks, and the third of threads very illy proportioned in size, why, no power on earth could lay them together so as to be useful for any purpose; and if these virtues be as illy constructed in the human being, as these strands have been for the cable, no power in heaven can possibly recognize a good character in them.

LITTLE ORPHANS.

I WAS very lonely: a great and desolate void had suddenly been made in my heart and home, and day and night I listened for a sweet baby voice that never would thrill my soul again, or awaken the echoes of the great rooms that once had been made merry by that dear presence.

Every mother who has lost her darling will know how I missed my little four-year-old pet, how at every sound I started up as if to welcome her to my arms again, only to return to a more solitary vigil.

One night I retired to rest feeling a greater depression of spirits than ever; selfishly brooding upon my sorrow, I closed my eyes to a troubled slumber, and in a dream my anger-child seemed to appear before me. I reached forth my arms, calling her by name, but her voice checked me, and in a tone of ineffable sadness she said, "O, mamma, there are poor little orphan children?" That was all, and the vision faded. In the morning, as I threw open my window and the sunlight streamed through the room, I thought how I had been shutting out the light from my soul, and there seemed to come again the words: "There are poor little orphan children."

I am not naturally superstitious, but somehow the thought would come that my dream was sent as a warning and reproof. Poor little orphan children in the world, and I, widowed, childless, and alone, dwelling in the midst of every luxury.

My determination was soon formed, and that morning I visited the orphan asylum, telling the matron that I wished to adopt one of the children.

Passing around and looking into each little face, I prayed silently that God would aid me in my selection.

"You have seen all the children but one," at last said the matron, "but that one, I know, madam, you will never select for adoption; we have great trouble with her; she will not obey, no matter how sternly we speak, and even after severe punishment her will seems more unsubdued than ever. Her history is rather an obscure one; she was brought here by an Irish woman, who said that in a small room in the house where she lived, a lady (she called her lady) had died a few nights before, and that this child was the only one with her; they tore the poor exhausted little creature from the cold form, but she screamed so pitifully, Mother, mother, let me die, too; O, mamma, speak to me,' that the woman's kind heart was touched, and she took a tender care of her until she could bring her here.

"I can not tell why it is, but the child seems to regard us as enemies; she has a violent temper, and at one time was actually found striking a girl larger than herself, but she would give no explanation of her conduct; the children said the girl had been tormenting her little sister, but we never believed it, for she was one of the best behaved girls in the house."

"I should like to see this child," said I, breaking in on the matron's narrative; for as she proceeded I felt that the little or-

phan was misunderstood, and that unless a different course of education were pursued, her disposition would be ruined.

They led her in—a small, delicate-looking child with a pale, sad face, large, mournful, beseeching eyes, as if in wondering bewilderment that the world should have brought her to so much sorrow; the hands were small and beautifully formed, and in every movement an indescribable grace was visible.

I observed that her apron was much soiled, and as the eye of the matron fell upon it, she said, not unkindly, but with a frigid indifference, "I am sorry to see you have been careless again."

The child's eyes changed from their mournfulness to defiance, and a fierce and bitter look crept over her features.

"What is your name, dear?" I inquired.

She looked up quickly, reading my face with a searching glance, and seeing only kindness there, the bitter look went out of her face, and her answer came in such a clear bird-like voice that my heart was won instantly.

"So your name is Alice," I returned, drawing her toward me; "would you like to go and take a ride with me this morning, Alice?"

Her face flushed with pleasure, and she answered, eagerly, "O, yes, ma'am, if you please."

When we were seated in the carriage, she said,

"I hope you will excuse me for coming in the parlor with that soiled apron on this morning; a little girl fell down, and I was trying to stop her from crying, and forgot that her hands were all muddy."

"How did you try, dear?" I said.

"Well," was the artless rejoinder, "I hugged her up close to me, and I couldn't help crying too; and when they came for me, I didn't look at my apron,—but I'm real sorry."

I told her I was glad she comforted the little girl, and that we must always do all the good we can in this world; and from that moment I felt that I would love to train this young life with God's help in a path of usefulness and strength.

As we returned toward the asylum she said, sadly, "O, you make me think of my mother." I drew the little form to my arms, and told her I would be a mother to her, and she should be my little girl.

"And may I always live with you? and will you love me and teach me?" she said.

I told her yes, and heaven knows I have never been sorry.

Once again my stately home echoed to a child's laughter; the long mirrors gave back the reflection of a tiny form daily becoming more graceful, and so I watched her growing up into a beautiful womanhood.

No mother ever loved her own daughter any more than I loved her, and no daughter ever was more faithful and affectionate than this dear child of adoption.

When pain has racked my body, she has watched by me night and day; and when adversity came sweeping away my long enjoyed wealth, with a fortitude and energy I never dreamed her to possess, she became our chief support, laboring with a cheerful determination, and keeping away every care and trouble from my anxious heart.

I am growing old now; silver threads are coming thick and fast, weaving their story of a checkered life.

But the frosts can not touch my heart, there are so many loving hands to keep it away; my daughter's affection never diminishes, and her noble husband is one of the best of sons, while our hearts are all knit together by the children.

And so in my serene old age I clasp my weakening hands and thank God that He led me to care for one of the "poor little orphan children."

SARA KEABLES.

The night has a thousand eyes,
  The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
  With the setting sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
  The heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
  When love is done.

—*Bourdillon.*

DRIFT-WOOD.

The threads our hands in blindness spin,
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.—*Whittier.*

TYRANNY OF FASHION.

The popularity of the bustle as an article of female adornment is hard to account for. Some ten years ago it reached a high state of development, and was then discarded for a time, but latterly it has come again in vogue, and this fall has probably touched the high water mark, both in size and popularity. It is a strange taste that stimulates the physical development that the bustle indicates, and it would, no doubt, be impossible to trace its origin; and probably not one in ten thousand who wear it care to know so long as it is the fashion. In looking at a well bustled woman one is led to believe that the intention of the addition to her figure was to imitate the graceful outlines of the quail or a modified form of a peacock. It looks handsome enough when the annex is skillfully constructed, gracefully worn, but the uninitiated can not but sympathize with the wearer in the great responsibility which she assumes, and in the constant fear that something may go wrong with this elaborately built up portions of her anatomy, but such considerations do not daunt a woman. She gets and wears what fashion dictates, and takes all risks. There is a movement on foot, however, which may cause the downfall of the bustle. In European capitals fashionable dogs are beginning to be adorned with them as far as the exigencies of the canine anatomy will admit. This fashion, of course, will spread, and it is likely that when it begins to become general, women will resume their natural shape and leave the bustle entirely to the dogs.

"BEAT MY SHEEP."

A writer in the *Religious Telescope* tells a story of a minister, who, after scourging his congregation at a fearful rate, on going out of the house, was accosted by an old man who asked him if he would not preach from the text:

"Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, "Beat my sheep."

"No, no," said the minister, "you are mistaken, my brother. He said, 'Feed my sheep.'"

"Ah! did he?" said the old man, with a deep, searching look into the pastor's face, "I thought mebbe you read it, 'Beat my sheep.'"

The pastor at once saw the point, and threw away his cudgel; and, like a wise man, filled up his crib, that he might thereafter have something wherewith to feed his flock.

Sheep are, no doubt, foolish creatures, but beating them does not seem to cure them of their folly; and our Savior has given no commission to any one to beat his sheep. They may go astray and turn every one to his own way, but the shepherd's business is to seek them in their wanderings, and kindly bring them home. This was the work of the Good Shepherd, who laid down his life for his sheep; and this is the appropriate business of those whom the Holy Ghost hath made overseers, to feed the flock which he hath purchased with his own blood. Happy are they who know the will of God and do it.

CONDUCT.

Action has a good deal to do with one's inner though, my young friends. The mere practice of rules of etiquette will carry with it an effect upon the morals. Such rules as these should be observed carefully by boys:

To take off the hat whenever you enter a house or private office.

To speak out distinctly but not roughly when answering a question.

To do the bidding of your parents, teacher or employer cheerfully and promptly.

To keep your face and hands clean, and your clothing neat.

To keep silent when others are talking, and never to interrupt a man or woman who is speaking to another.

To resign your chair or seat to a woman, wherever you may be.

Never to take a chair when in a strange house or office, unless you are requested to do so.

When you are addressed to be attentive, and to look the person who addresses you in the face.

At the table to use knife and fork quietly and decently, and to eat without making a noise.

These rules will generally apply to "our girls," too, and I will assure you that young people can not do such things every day without rising in mental character, and becoming more and more worthy.

Editor's Corner.

We give place this issue to an interesting letter from Palestine, and are pleased to inform our readers that they will be continued from time to time as events of interest may in that land transpire; thus bringing the readers of our magazine into direct communication, as it were, with the Holy Land. We have written Sr. Alley to spare no pains in order to obtain information of the present condition of the country and prospects of the future.

Many Saints will remember a periodical published in New York some years ago called the "Israelite Indeed," and edited by a converted Jew named Lederer. In reading one number of this periodical our attention was drawn to an account of a visit paid by the editor to a church located in Indian River, in the state of Maine. Among other things narrated mention was made of the fact that he arrived there sick, and after reaching the house of Bro. Adams, lay down upon the lounge and felt that he would be unable to meet the appointment given out for him to speak to the people that night. While these thoughts were passing through his mind, sister Adam's came into the room, and seeing his condition knelt down by the lounge, and placing her hands upon his head, silently prayed for him, when to his astonishment the intense pain he was suffering was instantly removed, and he was as well as ever in his life.

From this he proceeded to give an account of these people, their numbers, faith, doctrine, etc. They styled themselves the "Church of the Messiah," and were then making preparations for starting to Palestine. We remember what an impression this made upon our mind at the time, and reasoning from effect to cause, we were convinced that this church must be an offshoot of Mormonism; and so the result proved, for George J. Adams had been an elder in good standing in the old church, and the doctrines taught by him was the same everlasting gospel, preached by Christ and his apostles. As the readers of the *Herald* are aware, this colony went to Palestine, and although the movement was reported as an unfortunate one, and generally looked upon as a failure, the letter of Sr. Alley proves that it was not. It may be that so far as the intention which was in the mind of its leader was concerned, it was a failure. "Man proposes, God disposes;" and though what may have been proposed by man was not brought to pass, who is prepared to say that the purposes of God were, or ever have been in any wise frustrated?

With the facts contained in this letter before us, it is not difficult to trace the connection between some of the most important changes in Palestine and the "marvelous work and a wonder" of these latter days. The idea of this colony originated in the latter day work. God sent his servant to bless the land, and after the curse was removed and God had restored to them the former and the latter rain, then came from America, the "land shadowing with wings," the agricultural implements necessary to turn the attention of the people to the development of the wonderful resources of the land; and now there is in waiting to receive God's ministers, when the time for sending them shall come, those of like precious faith, who will furnish them a home, and are prepared to instruct them in all things pertaining to the laws and customs of the country, and also to act as interpreters for them. It was a widow with an only son who sustained the prophet Elisha, and who can say that Sr. Alley may not do as much for some servant of God in the future? Of one thing we are well assured, and we would be glad to fix this assurance in the minds of our young men and women. It is this. The work begun by Joseph Smith in these last days, is God's work; and he is, not only abundantly able to bring it to pass,—but in his own due time will bring it to pass, irrespective of the belief or disbelief of any individual or the whole world combined. The mockings and unbelief of the people in the days of Noah did not stay the waves of the terrible flood by which their cries of mockery were changed to shrieks of despair. Could unbelief at any time have availed aught, would not the arm of God have been powerless from the beginning? Has not the devil from the very beginning persuaded man that when God said he would do, he meant he would not do? He is no less earnestly engaged in this work today than he was in the garden of Eden; and as he found disciples then willing to join him in his unbelief, so will he find them to-day; but through it all the truth of God will live and steadily march on to its final triumph.

Mark Twain, in his "Innocents Abroad," tells a very interesting circumstance in relation to this colony. The ship upon which he was

traveling took on board at Jaffa some forty of the poor, discouraged, homesick colonists. Of course to him they were only the poor, deluded dupes of a designing man. But it is not his opinion which interests us, but the fact that upon this vessel was also traveling Mr. Moses S. Beach, of the New York *Sun*, who, when he learned the condition of these people and their intense longing for their native land, and also that an appeal to the hearts of their countrymen for help had been met with the most cruel indifference, asked the captain of the steamer how much it would cost to send them to their homes in Maine by the way of Liverpool. When told that $1.500 in gold would do it, he immediately gave his check for the amount; and although they had landed in Alexandria, the place for which they had started, they were informed of their good fortune, and soon started upon their homeward way rejoicing. May God bless Moses S. Beach for his kindly heart and disinterested generosity; and may he hear the Master say, as surely he will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Twain observes that it is refreshing to know that another man received all the credit of helping the unfortunate colonists. Should not circumstances like this teach him and others how little reliance is to be placed upon the world's opinion? His judgment of these people was about a parallel case. George J. Adams never pretended to be a prophet, and though he may have led them into a mistaken move, he never humbugged them, neither do we believe that they ever charged him with so doing. It is always such a temptation to bestow an extra blow upon the already unfortunate.

SINCE last going to press an event, which to our mind marks an era in the world's history, has transpired in a quiet, out of the way place; and although noticed by some of our public journals, has scarcely created a ripple of excitement, or attracted a moment's attention from the world at large. We refer to the death of David Whitmer, the last of the three special witnesses of the divine origin of the Book of Mormon, and that it was translated by the gift and power of God. Full particulars of this event, together with comments upon the relation which Bro. Whitmer bore to the Reorganization, will be found in the *Herald* of February 11th. For this reason we do not purpose do dwell upon these points; neither, for want of space, will we in this issue call your especial attention to the remarkable manner in which God has seen fit to witness to this generation the truth of this latter day work; but, Providence permitting, we will in our next issue present for your consideration a few reflections upon these latter points. In no dispensation or age of the world has God left himself without witnesses; but we think truth will safely bear us out in asserting that at no time, in no age or dispensation, have witnesses for God ever stood firmer in the midst of trials so adverse and severe.

It must not surprise our readers that quietly, unnoticed, and unheralded by the trump of fame or the panoply of a nation's display, this man, chosen to a high position of honor by the God of heaven, has passed away. He was a messenger chosen by the Lord to bear witness to the fact of the restoration of the everlasting gospel and the setting up of that kingdom which God revealed to his servant Daniel was never to be thrown down nor given to another people. Faithfully has he discharged this commission, and with unswerving integrity, on the very confines of eternity, has repeated his testimony to the world; and this is one of the many testimonies which will condemn the unheeding in the day of judgment. But the kingdoms of this world have not yet become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. The god of this world has power to blind the eyes of those who worship him, and the time has not yet come when all honor shall be given to the Saints of the Most High. Bro. Whitmer has outlived all of those who together with him saw the display of divine power, and has been handed down to his grave in peace! He has gone to his reward, and is in the hands of a just God, who will not counsel with man, but will meet out to each one a recompense according to the deeds done in the body.

Rest in peace, thou witness of the Most High God to a sinful and perverse generation of the truth of this latter day work. Small matter that in minor points you may have disagreed; every day, yes, almost every hour is swelling the ranks of that great cloud of witnesses who know the truth of what you have affirmed in regard to the divine origin of the Book of Mormon; not building their faith upon your testimony alone, but upon the divine revelation given to them by the gift and power of the same God who years ago presented to you the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated, and told you, "that he would demand that you bear witness of them to all the world."

Rest in peace, for the work of God is moving forward with rapid strides. You have only been transplanted from the cloud of witnesses below, to join the cloud above—have closed your eyes upon the scenes which to man below

are seen as "through a glass darkly," to open them in the purer atmosphere where we shall "know as we are known, and see as we are seen." Rest in peace.

In this issue we begin the publication of a series of articles on Jewish history, under the general title of "From Malachi to Matthew," now running in *The Current* of Chicago. These cover the history of a period of over four hundred years, and will be found to contain matters of intense interest to all interested in Jewish history. We bespeak for them a careful reading from our young people.

We wish however, to call special attention to a series of "Letters to Young Men," by elder J. F. McDowell, commenced in this number. If our young men will read these, and when they have once read them, turn back and read them again, and then make the advice contained in them an incorporated part of their lives, then will Zion begin to lift up her head and rejoice. Mothers will be proud to say, "These are my sons," and the church will be justly proud of her young men.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

For weeks the demand has been pressing in upon us for copies of the January number of our magazine, steadily and urgently, some even asking that we solicit those who have read them that they part with them in favor of those who have not. As we stated in our first issue, the price of subscription was placed too low, leaving scarcely any margin for replacing lost copies, gratuitous distribution, or possible failure on the part of those subscribing to pay promptly the money pledged, to say nothing of compensation for time and labor, or the expense of re-setting the first number. Notwithstanding this, we have made arrangements to have it re-set and will have five hundred copies struck off, making the January number equal the February in point of the number of copies. It is our determination to spare no pains to make Autumn Leaves worthy the support of the church, and at $1.50 per annum, the cheapest magazine (circulation considered) in the United States or any other country. We say $1.50 per annum, for we have gone far enough now in our work to know that we can not furnish it for less after the first year is ended.

Bro. Scott informs us that we can promise number one to be ready by about March the 1st, but it will probably cause a delay of some two weeks in the April number. To all whose subscription began with the February number (because they could not get a January number) we will mail number one, thus closing their subscription with the first volume, unless they notify us otherwise. Now is the time for all who want the complete volume to subscribe, and also the time for friends interested in the permanent success of the magazine to lend us their aid. Several interesting biographies, among which is included one of Bro. Glaud Rodger, are in process of preparation, and all will be illustrated.

AGENCY FOR ENGLAND.

Joseph Dewsnup, Sen., Book and *Herald* Agent for the Manchester district is agent for Autumn Leaves in England. His address is 42 York street, Cheetham, Manchester, England.

It's all right for a husband to wish his wife "A Happy New Year" on the first day of January; but if he wishes her to be happy and keep happy the whole three hundred and sixty-five days, to save her from fretting and stewing over what to get for his meals,—to say nothing about the stewing after the marketing has been done, —he should provide her with the greatest help to all housekeepers, the most valuable publication ever taken into a home: that fortnightly magazine, the Springfield, Mass., "Good Housekeeping," whose writers are practical housekeepers, and who treat of every department of housekeeping in a very interesting way. But we do not wish our readers by any means to think that "Good Housekeeping" is devoted merely to the drudgery of the house. Its aim is a noble one—the "Higher Life of the Household"—and as we carefully peruse each number, we can cheerfully recommend it to our readers as the very best publication we know of.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

The first number of "Autumn Leaves" has been sent to us. We like it very much. "Stratford-on-Avon is a good selection. I was born about four miles from there; have been in the house where Shakspeare was born and know the country well. A brother of mine is living now about twelve miles from Stratford. Where we used to live when we were boys was on the old battle ground where Cromwell fought King Charles' troops in 1642. A neighbor of ours in breaking up an old pasture about sixty years ago plowed up nearly a half-bushel of bullets and an old musket barrel. The musket was in a good state of preservation for the number of years it had been under ground. The boys stocked it and put a flint lock to it (the kind in use those days) and used to shoot sparrows with

it around the barn and yard. An antiquarian heard of it and bought it from the boys for five shillings. That was before there were any railroads in England, and when it took from six to eight days to travel from London to where we lived, one hundred and twenty miles. I think sometimes of the scenes and incidents of my boyhood days, never dreaming then what my after life would be, and especially that of my connection with the latter day work.

JOHN PETT.

Bro. Pett mistakes in supposing Stratford-on-Avon to be a selection. It is an article sent us by Bro. Armstrong.—ED.

CURRENT NEWS.

ONE of the great items of news of our times, and one that seems in its import to be associated with the prophecies of the latter-days, is that from far China of the appalling deluge that occurred in December, by which the greater part of the province of Honan was inundated. There was by heavy rains an unparalleled rise of the river Hoangho, so that the water broke through the banks and spread over thousands of square miles of the richest farming country of China, and where a dense population dwelt. It is said that three thousand villages were swept away by the raging waters, and over one hundred thousand people are believed to have been drowned. At least a million more lost all that they had, and the most of these are in a starving condition. Where before were villages, gardens and farms over a vast area of fertile land are now great lakes, ponds and marshes. The papers state that is undoubtedly the most stupendous calamity by flood that has ever happened in any part of the world since the great deluge in the days of Noah.

The people of the United States experienced during January one of the most bitter seasons of storm and cold that has ever been recorded. Throughout all the Western States it was very severe, but it was especially so in Minnesota, in Dakota, and in parts of other states. Upwards of two hundred bodies have been found, and it is believed that the number will reach three hundred, for many are missing yet, some of whom are not likely to be found till the snow goes away in the Spring. Many school children and their teachers were caught in the blinding fury of the storm while on their way home from school, and it is sad to read of their being frozen to death, the teachers with their skirts protecting their little charges till the life went out of both. One little boy was found with his little sister's hands gathered is his to keep her warm as long as he could, but the two little darlings of somebody's house were both dead, frozen in the terrible storm of that awful night.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"HOME circles of amusement are the best and safest." The home where the children's play is encouraged by father and mother, who sometimes, when not too weary, take a part in their merry games—where keen fun, the merry repartee, the harmless jest are enjoyed by the older as well as the younger ones, where the mother is a girl among her girls, and the father a boy among his boys, where the children feel that father and mother share their troubles and their sorrows, as well as their pleasures; where a boy or girl can bring a companion home with them for a meal and feel assured of a kind welcome—such a home for a boy is the strongest kind of safeguard against saloons, horse races, and the thousand and one evils of social life; and a girl brought up in such a home will never lower her standard of morals so much as to keep company with any gentleman (?) addicted to such vices.

In such a home I heard a boy once say, "Mamma, the boys all like to come home with me, because they say you and auntie just make them feel as if they were one of the family." (Now boys will be boys, and you can not doubt but what in their vigorous youth they quite often upset a well ordered household). There were calls for sheets, shawls, etc., to make tents,—strings were needed—often the only ball of cord in the house was found tied in unmanageable knots when they were through with their frolic and too tired to "straighten up" things. Chairs were turned upside down for horses for the little folks, and for railroad trains; but let me tell you I never knew the boys in that house—any one of them—to loaf an evening away from home. They neither chew nor smoke, and would feel it a shame to sit on any street corner whittling and making remarks about passers by. Their home is home to them. Their parents are able to be indulgent, it is true; but after all it is not what we do, but the way we do it, which cheers, warms, and gladdens the heart and cements the tie which binds us in families.

Who can estimate the value of a mother who, with a large family, and the various dispositions of each one to contend with, can yet bring them up in the way of the Lord and cultivate in their hearts a cheerful forth-going loveliness, while knitting their hearts together in a bond which neither time nor distance can sever. God bless all true mothers! To the children of such, when the landscape of their lives lies stretched

behind them, sweet memories of that mother will rise like a tender haze, and not only magnify her virtues, but be to them a shield and safe-guard from harm.

I LOVE MY LOVE.

This is an excellent pastime for sharpening the wits of a company, and will readily determine who possesses the greatest facility in the use of adjectives. Each member in the first place, is required in his turn to apply to "I love my love" an adjective, the spelling of which commences with the letter "a."

Thus, one may say, "I love my love" with an "a" because she is antagonistic; the next may say, "I love my love" with an "a" because she is amiable, and so on, each member in his turn applying an adjective that has not been used before. When a member is unable to respond readily when his turn arrives, he must retire, and the game is continued by the others until all the adjectives beginning with "a" that can be thought of have been used, and all the members have retired. All then start anew with adjectives beginning with "b," and so on. A dictionary should not be resorted to.

A GAME OF NOTED MEN

is played in this way. The hostess begins the game by saying, "I know a celebrated poet; the first part of his name is very black, and the last is an elevation." Whoever gives the right name, which is Coleridge (coal, ridge), in her turn describes the name of some noted person. She may choose Shakespeare and say, "I give the name of a noted author and poet. The first part is something people are apt to do when they are cold; the last is a weapon of warfare." There are quite a number of names which will do nicely for this game. A few of them are Wordsworth—words, worth; Shelley—shell lea; Cornwall—corn, wall; Washington—washing, ton; Howitt—how, it; Fillmore—fill, more; Millman—mill, man; Longfellow—long, fellow.

When giving a name to be guessed, the profession of the man, whether poet, author, statesman, or soldier, must be given, but nothing else should be told about him.

MATCH SCRATCHERS.

Japanese figures are always ornamental—one way is to make match scratchers out of them. Cut out card board the shape of a full dressed Japanese figure; paint the face and hands and the everlastingly accompanying fan; then paint bright strips and ornaments along the edges of the gown, leaving the whole of one unornamented side to be coated with thick glue or varnish, over which sprinkle white sand. If the face, hands, fan and ornaments are all allowed to dry thoroughly, the figure, which has just been coated all over the plain places with varnish or glue, can be laid face downward in a box of sand, so that it will adhere more evenly to the surface.

Talking of match scratchers, I have made a number of original ones out of sand paper. They save the wall and are quite ornamental. One of the simplest is a sheet of the sand paper painted to represent an old mill with a storm coming up over far away hills. In painting these use an old worthless bristle brush, as the grit of the hard sand soon wears it out. I use either oil or water colors, preferring the former well weakened with turpentine to make it flow easily. Another design is a desert scene, with camels drinking from a stone trough under a group of palms. Away in the distance the pyramids are seen, giving it a truly Egyptian appearance. The water trough is a box fastened to one half the bottom of the sheet of sand paper and the camels' heads reach down into it, apparently. Another design is a girl carrying an umbrella—painted—with half a market basked in relief, this to hold the matches. There is a street scene with a corner and lamp-post, and the more one scratches the sand paper the more the picture looks as if the rain were really coming down, for every time a match is lighted it leaves a long streak across the picture.

A design of a fat old lady selling melons in market is a cute one. In front of her is a half of a big basket—like a round bushel basket—while all around her lie big, green and yellow melons and pumpkins. Over her head is painted a big umbrella, and no matter how many matches are lighted across her smiling, fat visage, she never seems one bit afraid of getting wet. The basket holds the matches, of course.

One can vary these designs still more, but these are pretty fair samples.

FOR GRANDMA.

A thoughtful little maid once noticed how often grandma wiped her spectacles, and also remarked the lint left by the handkerchief on the glasses she wanted to keep so bright. Christmas brought grandma a neat little article made of two bits of chamois skin, clasped like a leaf, and ornamented with little stitches of green representing the veins of the leaf. A bit of ribbon to hang it to a button of her dress enabled her to keep it always at hand, and grandma's spectacles were never linty again.

On a toilet table lately, I found a useful article, it being two pieces of card board covered with blue plush, and lined with blue silk. On one side in gilt thread was the word "Magazines", and apple blossoms were daintily embroidered on the other. The covers were united by silk rubber bands of the tint of the lining and the magazines slipped inside. I confess to liking to see the current numbers lying about, but then some people may prefer this dainty method.

A great deal of sweetness is expressed in a string of tiny bags, like so many miniature mail bags. strung along on baby ribbons and hung over the dressing mirror or on the edge of the mantel shelf. Dull-red, pink, blue and yellow ribbons about one and a half inches wide and four inches long, make good shaped bags, the part above the tying place being fringed out to add to the half tangled effect. The bags are filled with wadding and sachet powder, and are fastened to baby ribbons of the same shade. Five bags are used and may either be put in a line or on two separate strands. Use plenty of ribbon and tie generous bows, otherwise the effect is "stringy" and trivial.

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[See page 157.]

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Vol. I. LAMONI, IOWA, APRIL, 1888. No. 4.

THE RISEN LORD.

AN EASTER POEM.

The western glow that lights Judea's skies,
  Proclaimed the close of eastern summer-day;
Twain, from Jerusalem, with down-cast eyes,
  Pursued with weary limbs their lengthened way;
And whilst their journey on they sadly sped,
  They talked of hoped for things that might not be—
The joy and light that from their hearts had fled,
  The loss of all they fondly hoped to see.

Passed there another traveler the same way,
  Who questions of the things of which they talk:
"What manner of communication these,
  Ye have one with another as ye walk?"
With wonder, lifting up their sorrowing eyes
  One of them answering quickly says:
"Art thou a stranger in Jerusalem,
  Nor know things come to pass there in these days?"

"What things?" the welcome stranger questioneth,
  While they their holden gaze full on him bent.
"Concerning Jesus, out of Nazereth,
  A prophet mighty, whom our God had sent—
Mighty in deeds and merciful commands,
  And all the people felt his wondrous love;
Him have they crucified with wicked hands,—
  Oh, matchless guilt, all human guilt above!

"And we had trusted that this had been he
  Who should our nation and our faith restore;
And now these hills and vales of Galilee
  Shall know the wonders of his power no more.
This is the third day since the sad event;
  Darkness descended as a funeral pall;
The veil before the holiest was rent,—
  Creation groaned, and yet this is not all.

"For certain women whom the Master loved
  (Last at the cross and earliest at the tomb)
Found not his body, but an angel spake
  From out the darkness and the gloom:
'What seek ye? Do the living dwell
  Among the dead? behold! he is not here;
Jesus is risen; go your way and bear
  This message; let it his disciples cheer.'

"'Say that before them into Galilee
  The Master goeth; there shall they behold
His face, and there again the things of God
  Unto their sorrowing hearts will he unfold.'
But him they saw not, and when certain came
  They found the cloths and linen napkin laid
Beside two angels sitting in the tomb,
  In shining robes of spotless white arrayed.

"And therefore are we sad!" "Oh, slow of heart,"
  (The stranger walking with them sadly said),
"Ought not Christ to have suffered all these things—
  His body to have rested with the dead;
His spirit to the depths of hell go down,
  Obtain the keys and set the captives free,
And henceforth to the sons of men declare:
  'Where is thy sting, O death? O, grave thy victory.'

"Is it not written, 'As a lamb they led
  Him to the slaughter; as a sheep is dumb
Before its shearers so he opened not
  His mouth?' How else should all of these things come?
Did not God say, 'I will not leave thy soul
  In hell, neither corruption shalt thou see,
But shall ascend to dwell forever more
  In glory my Beloved One, with me?'"

Their journey ended and the stranger made
  As though to leave them, farther on to go,
But they constrained him saying, "Sir, abide
  And tarry with us; we would have it so."
Their hearts were burning with a wondrous love;
  Hope sprang anew and swept each trembling chord;
But still their eyes were holden and they knew
  Not they were talking with their Risen Lord.

But now the board is spread; they gathering,
And when the bread is passed and they partake
Their living portion from the blessing hand,
The veil before their eyes begins to break.
Oh, wondrous love! their hearts and souls expand
Almost to breaking—"Jesus, Master, King!"
But he has passed from out their midst, and now
Breaks forth their shouts, their glad hossanas ring.

Their feet are winged, what reck they of the hour?
In far Jerusalem their brethren wait,
Bowed down with sorrow, they must reach her wall
Before her watchmen close and bar the gate.
The road is passed, they know not how; they reach
The gate, pass in with eager, earnest speed;
They can not wait, but shout it forth aloud:
"Hear, men and brethren, Christ is risen indeed!"

But lo! while yet they spake, Jesus himself
Stands in their midst, saying: "Peace be unto you."
Their souls are troubled, and with fright they cry,
Thinking a spirit there before their view.
"Why are you troubled, why do thoughts arise?
Behold my hands, my feet, that it is I.
See here, the print of cruel nails which bound
Me to the cross when lifted up to die!"

And while they yet believed not for great joy
And wonder, Jesus said to them: "Have ye
Here any meat?" Then took he fish and ate
Before them, honey too, that all might see;
Then said he: "Spake I not these words to you
While yet I tarried, that all things must be
Fulfilled which Moses in the law did write,
In prophets and in Psalms concering me?"

"And now repentance preach ye in my name.
All nations shall my great salvation see.
Here tarry till the Comforter I send,
To fit you to be witnesses of me."
Then led he forth that faithful little band,
And while beholding with their wondering eyes,
The opening heavens receive their risen Lord—
Our great High Priest, God's Lamb of sacrifice.

"FRANCES."

LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN.—II.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

"'Forget Thee?' if to dream by night, and muse on thee by day,
If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to heaven's protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee,—a thousand in an hour,
If busy fancy blending thee with all thy future lot—
If this thou call'st forgetting, thou, indeed, shalt be forgot!" *Moultrie*

How many sons have in infancy tread upon a mother's lap, and in youth and manhood tread upon their heart!

How many sons have been encircled in a mother's prayers; and in every petition ascending to God have words of motherly remembrance fallen from trembling lips, and echoed by stammering tongues, indexes of an anxious heart and heaving breast that could only bespeak a soul's burning desire for the welfare of him who was loved only as a *mother* can love! Let heaven tell! Let seraphs count the prayers; let angels number the tears!

Young man, is your mother alive, or sleepeth her form in the grave?

COMPANIONSHIP.

No greater care can be bestowed upon any one department of life than on this. The low estate with which it is regarded is lamentable indeed. George Herbert wrote: "Keep good company, and you shall be of the number." Henry Martyn wrote:

"Examples preach to th' eye—care, then, mine says,
Not how you *end*, but how you *spend* your days."

We are created social beings; man requires association, companionship. But, to make the proper choice is very important. To mingle with ill-bred persons

begets coarseness of manner. Coarseness of speech suggest crude thoughts that become unsavory in the development of life. A truism the writer's mother early instilled in his mind was this: "Make yourself as good as you can; then keep no company worse than yourself, but as much better as possible." And one he made for himself was like this: "Run no risks, and you may encounter no dangers."

The early impressions of life become strong as the years pass by, and take deeper hold upon the nature of man if heeded. The little mysteries that enshroud maternal maxims, unfold in beauty and power, when manhood's years creep on. When he who was a boy finds the jacket getting too small, looks for the mantle of manhood; and life seems as it never did before. The idealistic future that had been painted upon the child-mind canvas becomes more real; the scenes change; the many-colored bubbles of fancy burst, and are no more. Still, in their stead are matters more solid, things harder to be determined; questionings that require mature reflection, the exercise of developed reason and the answer of a somewhat enlightened judgment!

The probably harmless associations of early life are changed to the associations of men! The world and the things thereof are present in all their actuality. The pitfalls of youth are left, to find maelstroms of disaster. The guide-boards along the pathway cry out—warning of dangers unlooked for, ot terrible possibilties unthought of! And all these the belongings to certain classes of companionship! Is it any wonder, my young friends, that companionship of life should be made, not a thing for casual thought, but of deeper thought, and careful reflection? The gates of hell stand open wide. Men wiser than you may be, have fallen unsuspectedly. The busy whirl of business life and the surging masses that crowd the thorough-fares of our great commercial marts, cry aloud with warning voices to him whose life would be saved from iniquity and death! "The natural education of home is prolonged far into life—indeed it never entirely ceases." This is very true. Yet, imitation seems natural; and you will often find persons who follow others even into an evil life. Young men of to-day require a dauntless courage. If early home-training has been favorable, its hallowed instructions should never be ignored. Can it be possible that a young man of favorable advantages of life knows more than a man of age of like advantages? Is it possible that years add not to experience, and experience teach no lessons of wisdom, discretion or judgment? Surely they pass not heedlessly, fruitlessly by!

I had a young friend write me a few months ago something like the following: "Supposing while standing by others, I hear them say 'smart things,' and act and talk in a manner wholly out of place for honor, &c., shall I stand by silently, or would it be best for me to mildly reprove them?" The answer was for reproof in kindness; why should you, by your silence appear to consent to their doings? Herein is oftentime moral courage found lacking. Paul says: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." And is it not true? See the commingling of young men of to-day; what is it but the recital of obscenity; the utterance of profanity; the scheming for iniquity; the devising of mischief! And it all comes under the heading of "smartness."

We need, need young men now, who will stand out upon the shores of mortal life, and amidst the darkness of sin be as beacon lights casting super-human rays out upon the waters of human existences! Young men, who will stand firm and unflinchingly for right, despite the sneers of calumny and reproach. Young men, look out upon the world's varied scenes, and as you behold the practices of intrigue, of sharp-practice, of uncertain dealings, of questionable business transactions, cast not your lot there; but look upon it with an abhorrence born of an honorable pride that suggests a higher, nobler aim in life, and the seeking of a way that leads to a better estimate of life's real worth. The dangers of a promiscuous companionship are manifold. The world has a peculiar estimate to place upon real honor. A boy once asked his father if "Hon." stood for honest, and he was told—"not always, my son." It must be sought for independent of words or letters; it exists best in action.

An author writing upon companionship says: "It is a common saying that men are known by the company they keep. The sober do not naturally associate with the drunken, the refined with the coarse, the decent with the dissolute. To associate with depraved persons argues a low taste

and vicious tendencies, and to frequent their society leads to inevitable degradation of character. * * * If young men are wisely influenced and directed, and conscientiously exert their own free energies, they will seek the society of those better than themselves. In companionship with the good, growing natures will always find their best nourishment." "Association with persons wiser, better, and more experienced than ourselves, is always more or less inspiring and invigorating. They enhance our own knowledge of life. We correct our estimates by theirs, and become partners in their wisdom."

The writer knows of young men to whose lives an entirely new direction has been given by a kindly suggestion, and considerate counsel of a loving friend. He knows of young men who stand higher in life to-day, for having heeded honest advice, and godly entreaty. Too many young men are spoiled through a vain conceit of "know-it-all;" when they do not know as much as they might have known. There are times when some are compelled to say: "Experience sad hath taught me." This is a true saying, and worthy of note: "He must needs be a fool, who shall learn all things by experience, and nothing by observation or counsel."

In the presence of Dr. Arnold, young men learned to respect themselves, and from that grew up the manly virtues. His biographer writes of him: "His very presence seemed to create a new spring of health and vigor within them, and to give to life an interest and elevation which remained with them long after they had left him." Surely character will tell in all conditions of life. The man of good character in a work-shop will give the tone to his fellows, and elevate their every aspiration. We know of a young man who, when at the age of seventeen, in a shop among ungodly men, his life was so ordered by goodness of conduct, purity of speech, honesty of purpose, that he shed a light upon their unsavory lives; and often hushed their blasphemy, rebuked their ribaldry, and had a favorable effect upon them. Herein lay dauntless courage, independence of character, and the thought of personal responsibility! Captain John Brown once said to Emerson, that "for a settler in a new country, one good, believing man is worth a hundred, nay, worth a thousand men without character." The example of an honorable man is contagious.

"Were I a trembling leaf
On yonder stately tree,
After a season gay and brief,
Condemned to fade and flee:
I should be loth to fall
Beside the common way,
Weltering in mire, and spurned by all,
Till trodden down to clay."

Montgomery.

A PRAYER.

Great God, may thy spirit our meetings attend;
Give each of us wisdom, make each one a friend;
Nay, more; may our hearts be united in one,
And fulfill the command of thy will beloved Son.

O, bid every feeling of envy depart,
And give us a humble and penitent heart;
At the close, may we say, without any regret,
With feelings of love, we forgive and forget.

May no evil speaking among us be found;
O, let thy good Spirit encircle us round.
In the hour of temptation, be near us, we pray,
And shield us from danger by night and by day.

We pray for assistance, to guide us safe through,
'Till we've finished the work thou hast sent us to do;
When death shall approach may we hear the glad word,
Come home to the joy and the rest of your Lord.

July 17th, 1870. MATTIE RODGER.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

I DO not like to sow the seeds of suspicion in the minds of parents about their children, but there are thousands and thousands of parents in our great cities who think, who know that their children "never lie," and yet their tongue is like a bended bow. They think their children never drink; but there is not a fashionable saloon within a mile of their homes that the boys are not familiar with. They think their children never do unvirtuous things; and yet they reek with unvirtue. There are many young men who, when they return to their fathers' houses, are supposed to have been making visits to this or that person; it is mere guise.

The practice of allowing children to go out at night to find their own companions and their own places of amusement, may leave one in twenty unscathed and without danger; but I think nineteen out of twenty fall down wounded or destroyed. And if there is one thing that should be more imperative than another, it is that your children shall be at home at night: or that, if they are abroad, you shall be abroad with them. There may be things that it is best that you should do for your children, though you would not do them for yourselves; but they ought not go anywhere at night, to see the sights, or to take pleasure, unless you can go with them, until they grow to man's estate and their habits are formed. And nothing is more certain than that to grant the child liberty to go outside of the parental roof and its restraints in the darkness of night is bad, and only bad, and that continually.

Do not suppose a child is hurt only when he is broken down. I have quite a taste in China cups and such things. I like a beautiful cup, and I have noticed that when the handle gets knocked off from a cup of mine that cup is spoiled for me. When I look at it afterwards, I never see the beauty, but always see the broken handle. If I have a beautiful mirror, and it is cracked, it may still answer all the purposes that I want a mirror for, to reveal my beauty, but nevertheless it is spoiled for my eye. There is that crack, and when I look into the glass I never see myself, half so much as I see the crack. Its perfection is gone. In the matter of beauty a speck or a blemish is more than all besides, and takes away the pleasure of all besides. And it does not require that a child should be broken down to be made useless by his exposures to temptation. I aver that there are many things which no man can learn without being damaged by them all his life long. There are many thoughts which ought never to find a passage through man's brain. As an eel, if he were to wriggle across your carpet, would leave a slime which no brush could take off, so there are many things which no person can know and ever recover from the knowledge of.

There are the minions of Satan that go round with hidden pictures and books under the lapels of their coats, showing them to the young, with glazing, lustful, hideous, infernal scenes represented, which once to have seen is to remember.

I can say these things, when some others could not, because I am known, and want to be known, as a friend of liberty and a friend of pleasure. I rebuke the young who would turn monks. I do not believe in solitude. I do not believe in melancholy. I believe in gayety and joyousness. And I believe that the closer a man keeps to the laws of nature the happier he will be, aud ought to be. Therefore, being on the side of liberty, though not on the side of license—being on the side of wholesome, manly pleasures, and freedom in the indulgence of them—I have authority to say, when you pervert nature in this way it is utterly wicked and utterly abominable.

There is another application which, although partial, is of great range and of supreme importance, addressing itself to to doctors, to guardians, and to parents, chiefly. I refer to the practice of allowing children to go out at night into the street, if in the cities; or, if in the country allow children to find their companions at night and their pleasures at night, away from parental inspection. If I wanted to make the destruction of a child

sure, I would give him unwatched liberty after dark. You can not do a thing that will be so nearly a guarantee of a child's damnation as to let him have the liberty of the streets at night.

I do not believe in bringing up the young to know life, as it is said. I should just as soon think of bringing up a child by cutting some of the cords of his body and lacerating his nerves and scarring and tatooing him and making an Indian of him outright as an element of beauty, as I should think of developing his manhood by bringing him up to see life —to see its abominable lusts, to see its hideous incarnations of wit, to see its infernal wickedness, to see its extravagant and degrading scenes, to see its miserable carnalities, to see its imaginations set on fire of hell, to see all those temptations and delusions which lead to perdition. Nobody gets over the sight of these things. They who see them always carry scars. They are burned. And though they live, they live as men that have been burned. The scar remains. And to let the young go out where the glazing courtezan appears, to let them go where the lustful frequenter of dens of iniquity can come within their reach, to let them go where the young gather together to cheer with bad wit, to let them go where they will be exposed to such temptations—why, a parent is insane that will do it. To say "A child must be hardened, he has got to get tough somehow, and you may as well put him into the vat and let him tan"—is that family education? Is that Christian nurture? Is that bringing a child up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?

I thank God for two things—yes for a thousand; but for two among many: First, that I was born and bred in the country, of parents that gave me a sound constitution, and a noble example. I never can pay back what I got from my parents. If I were to raise a monument of gold higher than heaven it would be no expression of the debt of gratitude which I owe to them for that which they unceasingly gave, by the heritage of their body and the heritage of their souls, to me. And next to that I am thankful that I was brought up in circumstances where I never became acquainted with wickedness. I know a great deal about it; for if I hear a man say A, I know the whole alphabet of that man's life, by which I can imagine all the rest. If I see a single limb, I have the physiologist's talent by which I know the whole structure. But I never became acquainted with wickedness when I was young by coming in contact with it. I never was sullied in act, nor in thought, nor in feeling, when I was young. I grew up as pure as a woman. And I can not express to God the thanks which I owe to my mother and to my father and to the great household of sisters and brothers among whom I lived. And the secondary knowledge of these wicked things which I have gained in later life in a professional way, I gained under such guards that it was not harmful to me.

To all husbands and wives whom these written words may reach, I say, if you have children, bring them up purely. Bring them up with sensitive delicacy. Bring them up so that they shall not know the wickedness that is known, unfortunately, by the greater number of men.

And if there are children that are sometimes impatient of parental restraint, let me say to them, you do not know what temptation you are under, and if held back by your mother, if held back by your father, you shall escape the knowledge of the wickedness that is in the world, you will have occasion, by and by, to thank God for that, more than for silver or for gold or for houses or for lands.

Keep your children home at nights. There is many a sod that lies over the child whose downfall began by vagrancy at night, and there is many a child whose heart-breaking parents, would give the world if the sod did lie over them. What a state that is for children to come to, in which the father and the mother dread their life unspeakably more than their death! What a horrible state of things that is, where parents feel a sense of relief in the dying of their children! Then, I say, take care of your children at night.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MY HAPPY THOUGHT.

IT is doubtful if an amount of money less than a dollar, can in any way be expended in household decoration, that will give more solid satisfaction than when invested in gold paint.

The work is pleasant and speedy, the results immediate, the whole thing satisfactory; save the inevitable longing to be the possessor of more tarnished articles to brighten with it.

I had heard and read of gold paint; it had even been offered for sale at the door, but declined by me, having a few days before bought a powder which purported to kill flies instantly; and of which

"They ate and ate and ran away;
And lived to eat another day."

I had also purchased a stove polish from a wandering Arab, which was to "give the beautifullest shine you ever see, and without any rubbing at all," which it did, until a fire was put in the stove, when the smell was—as an old servant expressed it —"deafening."

I must not forget to mention the silver polish also bought at the door from a whimpering old creature, which her son, "God bless him, had made his own self, as he set in the house, bein' crippled, ye see, ma'am;" which was sold for fifteen cents, and proved to be plaster of Paris, moistened with water, rolled into a ball and allowed to harden. So remembering these infelicities I did not buy the gold paint.

One unlucky evening, however, or rather I should say lucky, a gilt frame in which was a picture, happening to be too near a gas get, one corner of it became a smoked and blistered ruin, necessitating regilding or a new frame. As it could not be made worse than it was, the happy thought came to me to try gold paint; so twenty-five cents was invested in a box containing a small bottle of gold dust, a similar bottle of fluid, a small tin plate in which to mix them, and a brush.

My only aim was to repair the tarnished place: but it was such a charming surprize to see the imperfections disappear so rapidly, that the whole frame received a coat; making it not "amaist as weel as new," but in my eyes better. One may be sure that every gilt frame in the house not up to high water mark, was subjected to a golden bath; and I then looked around for more worlds to submerge.

A picture frame was brought forth, which had been kept as a memento of pleasant evenings of one winter when our son and daughter—then little children—took delight in helping to ornament it with something, which, as a decorator was new to us, and perhaps may be new to others; and that something was putty. We always treasured the remembrance of the evening it was commenced in our home in the country; a stormy, sleety night without, while within all were seated at a center table upon which were the materials for wax flowers, which was our pleasant pastime that winter.

Our busy, active little boy—now a man and with a boy of his own—had finished covering his ball, and was rolling a piece of soft putty in his chubby hands. He picked up one of the tin leaves, moistened it, and pressed the putty upon it, making a perfect leaf. This suggested a new idea. We hunted up a plain but substantial picture frame, and commenced, full of enthusiasm, to ornament it with putty A design for corner pieces of eglantines, forget-me-nots and foliage was drawn, the children cut and moulded the flowers and leaves, and they were placed upon the frame, where they stuck as fast as—putty.

It took several evenings to finish it; then it was put by to harden; and if the prints of little fingers were here and there indelibly impressed on leaf or flower, it was no blemish in the eyes of any. Then we painted it mahogony color, and mahogany it remained until the advent of the paint, which, like love, "is the divine alchemy which turns all things to gold which it touches and tries." Now that it has blossomed into a rich gilt frame, and with a photograph of the dear old Nottingham Friends' Meeting House, which stands at the head of our native village, in it it occupies a place of honor in our home.

There was still some paint left, so a cologne bottle with a straw-plaited covering, bought in cologne by a brother and brought "over the seas" as a present to me, was taken from "the old oak chest" where it had "long lain hid," and gilded from stopple to base, a pretty ribbon tied round its neck, and now holds a conspicuous place in the parlor.

Then a new thought was suggested even so great as that of gilding a chair. So another bottle was purchased, and in a very short time what had been a plain cane seat chair, descended from the bath room to the parlor resplendent in gold and silken sheen, for it had a large bow of ribbon at its back. From that box enough was left to gild a silver-plated card receiver of beautiful design—being strawberry leaves, blossoms and fruit—but tarnished and cast aside for many years, and it is far prettier than when new. Since then gas fixtures have been gilded, the soiled edges of the leaves of books have become new by the application of the ever useful gold paint, and so charmed am I by its manifold uses that if it were again offered at the door, I fear I should be tempted to buy it.

Mary E. Ireland in "The Household."

CHILDREN GOING HOME.

They are going—only going—
  Jesus called them long ago;
All the Winter-time they're passing
  Softly as the fallen snow.
When the violets in the Spring-time
  Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
  Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going—
  When the Summer earth is dressed,
In their cold hands holding roses
  Folded to each silent breast;
When the Autumn hangs red banners
  Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
  Thick and fast like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,
  All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
  March to that serener clime,
Where the watching, waiting angels
  Lead them from the shadow dim
To the brightness of His presence
  Who has called them unto Him.

They are going—only going—
  Out of pain and into bliss,
Out of sad and sinful weakness
  Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them;
  Bright eyes—tears shall never dim:
Rosy lips—no time shall shade them;
  Jesus called them unto him.

Little hearts forever stainless,
  Little hands as pure as they,
Little feet by angels guided,
  Never a forbidden way.
They are going—ever going—
  Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them,
  Suffer, and forbid them not.

Selected by Ruthie M. Sheehy.

THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

THE FIRST BOOK OF NEPHI.

BY H. A. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER IV.

The Vision of Lehi.—The Field: the Tree: the Delicious Fruit.—The River; the Rod of Iron; the Pathway.—The Mists of Darkness.—The Building and its Scornful People. — Lehi Prophecies of Christ, of the Jewish downfall, and of the final Restoration of all Israel — The Vision also shown to Nephi and Interpreted.—The Messiah to come to Jerusalem.—The Land of Promise also to be Visited by the Messiah.—What Nephi saw Concerning his Posterity and their Brethren.

WHILE Lehi and Ishmael and their sons and daughters, and Zoram, were still dwelling in their tents in the valley near the Red Sea, a wonderful and instructive vision was unfolded to Lehi in a dream of the night. He saw himself as standing in a dark and dreary wilderness, and that, while he looked with astonishment upon the scene of desolation, a personage dressed in a white robe came and stood before him, and then bade him follow after. This command Lehi obeyed, and followed the angel. For some distance the way seemed dark and desolate, and because it made him unhappy Lehi lifted his heart in prayer to God to be preserved from the influence of darkness, and he asked to be brought out of it into the full light of God's love and mercy.

Then his vision changed and he saw a large field spread out before him. And in the field stood a tree loaded with fruit, which he understood was greatly to be desired for its excellent qualities. Then he went to the tree, and when he had come he found that the fruit was white, its clear whiteness exceeding in beauty anything else that he had ever looked upon. And when he had partaken of it he found that it was indeed sweet and delicious, as he had been given to understand, even more so than any food that he had ever before tasted; and as he ate it his whole soul was filled with joy. Immediately he thought of his family, and wished that they were with him to partake of the same precious food so that they might be as glad of heart as he was. Then, as Lehi looked around for his wife and sons, he saw that a river ran through the field and past the tree by which he stood; and near the fountain-head of the stream he saw his wife and two youngest sons standing, as if uncertain which way to go. To them he called, inviting and urging that they come to the tree and partake of the delicious fruit, which he declared was more precious and valuable than anything else they could seek. And they three came and did eat with him, and they rejoiced greatly in what they experienced because of doing so. After this he sought for Laman and Lemuel, that he might call them also, and he saw them near the head of the river, but when he called they refused his entreaties and would not come and partake of the fruit as the others had done.

While he was still looking at them he saw that a rod of iron extended along the bank of the river to the tree by which he stood, and that by it was a narrow pathway leading from the other side of the field direct to the tree. The field represented the wide world, and in it he saw multitudes of people, some of whom were striving to enter the path that led to the tree. But, as they started out, some power caused a fog to rise before them, one so dense that it darkened their view of the path, and for this reason many lost their way; for they did not come up and lay hold of the rod of iron (which was a sure guide to the tree), therefore they had no security and wandered away into deeper darkness. Others made their way to the rod; and, taking hold of it, they pressed forward through the mists till they arrived at the tree and partook of the fruit. Then Lehi saw that some, after they had begun to eat, looked around and away from them, and for some reason acted as though they were ashamed that they were there.

So Lehi looked across the river and there saw a very large building which seemed lifted above the earth, and it was filled with men and women dressed in rich apparel. The building was itself a fine one, and the people in it were full of mirth and

glee about many things they saw. Then Lehi noticed that some were pointing their fingers in derision at the people who stood by the tree eating its fruit, and they mocked them, hence the shame that some by the tree appeared to feel. And some of these seemed no longer able to endure the manifest scorn of those in the building, so they ceased to hold to the rod of iron. Then they fell away into the darkness and were lost, like those who failed at the outset to find their way to the tree. Thus, altogether, many lost their way and went into unknown regions. But multitudes pressed forward towards the grand building of pleasure, to gain a standing with those already there. And all these continued to show contempt for those who came to the tree and ate of its fruit. But, for all that, Lehi saw that many took hold of the rod and felt their way to the tree, and when they had eaten they did not turn away. So these, with Lehi and his wife, and Nephi and Sam, heeded not the contempt of the multitude; but Laman and Lemuel came not unto the tree.

When Lehi wakened from his night vision, he arose and exhorted his two oldest sons to hearken unto his teachings and to turn to God so that they might be blessed of him. Then he prophesied of the captivity of the Jews in Babylon, but he said that after it was past they should return and dwell in their own land again. Also he declared that six hundred years from the time he spoke the Messiah should come unto the Jews, even the Savior of the world, of whom the prophets in days of old had spoken and written. And he was shown that all mankind were in a lost and helpless condition, and ever would be so except a redeemer should come and deliver them, and that only He who was the Son of God could restore them to their proper place as the sons and daughters of God, for no one else was able to do it. Then Lehi spoke of one who was to come before the Messiah, who would prophesy of and declare him as the Lamb of God, and that this man was to baptize him in the river Jordan and then bear witness by the Holy Spirit that he was the one sent to take away the sins of the world. And Lehi foretold that the gospel would be preached unto the Jews, but that they would not believe. Instead they would be so perverse and wicked as to crucify the Messiah, and, as a consequence, they would go into still greater darkness and unbelief, so much so that they would be under condemnation as a nation, and as a people they would be scattered by the hand of the Lord upon all the face of the earth.

But the Son of God would rise from the dead and having been rejected by the Jews he would manifest himself unto the Gentiles, by the Holy Ghost and with power, while the Jews, as branches cut from the tame olive tree, should be sent abroad from their covenant dwelling place. So Lehi and those with him had been commanded to go forth as a branch of the tree, and if they hearkened to the Lord they should be led to a part of the earth that should be unto them and to their posterity a land of promise forever. It was also shown to Lehi that in later times the people of Israel were to be brought again to their own land, and all the branches of the true olive tree should be gathered and grafted in again, according to the purposes of the Lord.

Now Nephi wrote the vision and the words of prophecy uttered by his father, that they might be kept. And after that he had done so he became anxious to have a knowledge for himself of the truth of these things, even by the same divine power that they were shown to his father. For Nephi knew that it could only be by the power of the Holy Spirit that heavenly things could be assured unto him. While he was meditating upon it the Spirit caught him away into a mountain and there asked him what he desired of the Lord, and when he replied that he wished to see the same vision that had been unfolded to his father's view, he was commended by the Lord for his faith. and the vision of the field and the tree was opened before his gaze. And when he asked for an interpretation of its meaning the Spirit enabled him tell it himself. He saw that the tree and the fruit which it bore signified the love of God, of which those in Christ partook, and in doing so they rejoiced greatly, especially those who remained steadfast against the mockery of the world.

The rod of iron to which they clung while on their way to the tree, and by which they staid afterwards, was the word of God. The building, so great and fine, was the pride of the world, into which the

rich, the gay, and the careless pressed so eagerly, and when in it they stood and mocked those who were eating the fruit of the love of God at the tree. And he was informed that the mists of darkness (in which so many disappeared) represented the allurements and temptations of Satan, by which the hearts of men became hardened and their eyes covered from the sight of the real and enduring good they should have sought, therefore they wandered away into many evils and returned not. And the river was as the dark waters of despair which separated the tree of God's love from the pride of the world, unless the people saw their error and turned back to the rod of iron and followed it in the face of persecution to the precious tree. Thus unto Nephi was made plain the meaning of these things that had been seen in vision by his father, and he comprehended the difference in results between doing good and doing evil, the joy to be found upon one hand and the misery upon the other.

Then the vision changed and he saw the city of Jerusalem and the village of Nazareth, and in Nazareth he saw a fair and lovely woman who held in her arms a child. The angel of the Lord told Nephi that the child he saw in vision was the Son of God who was to be born into the world and to grow up and to go forth teaching the children of men concerning the salvation of God through him. And Nephi saw that he was to be baptized by one who came to prepare the way for him, and that then the Holy Spirit came down upon the Messiah and remained upon him. And then he went on his way ministering unto the people, and great power and glory were given unto him, and many worshipped him because he was the Son of God. Also twelve men were with him, and angels, too, came down from heaven and aided in the work. And he saw that the afflicted were made whole, the sick were healed, and evil spirits were cast out by the power of the Lamb of God. Afterwards he was taken by the people of Jerusalem and hung upon the cross, thus fulfilling the prophecies that he would die for the sins of the world. (*g*)

After that Nephi saw that the people contended with the twelve apostles, and those who did so were the ones dwelling in the spacious building that he had seen. But he saw that the building would fall, and that great would be the fall of it, and that so it would be with all peoples and nations who should fight against the Son of God and against his ministers. Then the land that was made one of promise unto him was shown to Nephi, and he saw that his descendants would become very numerous upon it, and that they would prosper greatly and build many cities. But he beheld that in the course of time they would gather themselves in battle to destroy each other, and that multitudes would be slain. Then he saw darkness rest down over the land, and in the darkness lightnings flashed. And he heard thunderings and other tumults, while earthquakes rent the face of the earth and caused mountains to fall; also cities were burned, and others were destroyed by earthquakes and whirlwinds. And many people perished, and others fell down in mourning because of the awful judgments of God that had fallen upon them for their wickedness. Then the darkness passed away, and later the Son of God visited the land and taught the people who remained. And he also chose and ordained twelve men to do likewise, sending them to teach the posterity of Lehi and Nephi concerning the gospel of Christ. And the angel told Nephi that these twelve were to become, by their ministry, the judges of the dispensation unto his posterity, as the twelve whom he had seen in vision with the Son of God in Jerusalem were to be the judges of that people.

And it was shown to Nephi that the posterity of his brothers, Leman and Lemuel, would make war upon his posterity, and would finally overcome them in battle, because of their going into iniquity and being lifted up in pride, the Lord not defending them as he had done before their departure from the ways of righteousness, humility and peace. Hence their destruction would occur during one of the generations to come, in consequence of it. And he saw that from that time the descendants of his brothers fell more and more into ways of degradation and sin, until they became an idle and filthy race upon the land that had been one of such promise unto them; and he saw them as no longer fair-skinned and intelligent, but dark in color and loathsome in appearance.

(*g*) I am aware that the opposers of the Book

of Mormon make an argument against the work on account of its claims that, centuries before Christ was born into the world, Lehi and Nephi saw him in vision, knew his name perfectly, and prophesied in completeness about his coming and his work of atonement and redemption for the entire race; and that their posterity upon this land are represented as having had, at times, a full knowledge of his special ministry and all that it included.

To these objectors, and for the benefit of some who may read this Story, yet who have not at hand or in their minds the evidences therefor, I would say that there are many real and presumptive evidences that the leading Bible characters of ancient times understood as much about Christ and his great work of redemption as Nephi and other Book of Mormon characters are said to have done. It is said in the Bible that He was a Lamb slain (provided) from the foundation of the world; that he was "delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God."—Acts 2:23. Hence it was no secret; and being known in the counsels of heaven it may also have been known from the beginning of the world by righteous men to whom God saw that it was wise to reveal it, for their benefit and that of their descendants. In fact Peter says that the prophets of old did, by the Spirit of Christ that was in them, testify of the sufferings he should endure, and of "the glory that should follow."—1 Pet. 1:10, 11.

Christ, himself, declared: "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day."—Luke 24:45. When we read this and other passages we are compelled to admit that there must have been a great deal written about Christ that has not come down to our day. Paul said that he preached nothing "save Jesus Christ and him crucified," yet stated that he taught "none other things than those that Moses and the prophets did say should come; that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles." In vain do we seek the copy of the prophets now extant for the proof texts used by Christ and Paul and others to condemn the Jews for not believing the prophets, wherein they declared that he should suffer on the cross, that he should be the first to rise from the dead, and that he should bring salvation to the Gentiles also, as well as to the Jews.

Again, we find Paul saying that Moses esteemed the "reproach of Christ" as being of greater value to him than were the treasures of Egypt, (Heb. 11:26), which shows that Moses knew of Christ and made the choice between him and the world's honor and wealth. Evidently he fully understood what he was doing or he would not have left all that he had to go and keep sheep forty years in the land of Midian. He would not have endured lowly toil, and reproach too, for some one whose name he did not even know, nor for one about whose prospects there was a great uncertainty. In 1 Cor. 10:3, Paul says that the spiritual meat and drink that supported Moses and the Church in the wilderness was Christ. Furthermore, Eusebius, a historian of the Church, gave his testimony as follows: "The very name of Christ was honored by the pious prophets of old. . . . Moses gives the name of our Savior Jesus Christ. . . . The prophets also plainly annouuced Christ by name."

In the first Psalm and in the ninth chapter of Isaiah (as well as in the eleventh, and elsewhere in the Bible), Christ is the one referred to, but his name is not given; and also these passages tell of his glory and power, of his might and dominion, not of the ignominy, shame, suffering and death, to which Jesus and his disciples so often referred to as being in fulfillment of many prophecies. The fifty-third of Isaiah as we have it gives a part only. In Daniel 3:25 we find that even the heathens knew that there was such a being as the Son of God, and that where he manifested himself there was no use to fight against him. Hence the tradition must have gone out in a very perfect manner from the fathers, and from Noah and his sons after the Deluge, in order for this great knowledge to have still been had by Nebuchadnezzar and the Babylonians so long afterwards.

Christ said that Abraham saw His day and was glad: and that many righteous men had desired to see the day that his disciples lived in. Probably they desired to assist Christ in his work. Yet, in the face of all this, men say that the ancients were ignorant of Christ. Professor David Swing, in a sermon preached November 7th, 1875, said: "Abraham and Job reached bliss without personal consciousness of a Christ. . . . Abraham knew nothing of a trinity, and Job was unable to distinguish the Son-ship of Christ." Also he said that, "Enoch and Noah, Job and Daniel," were alike in ignorance, "not seeing the coming Son-ship of Christ," and that all of them bowed down and worshiped "in the twilight only." That is they lived in "the dim starlight before the dawn," in wondering ignorance as to what their Creator intended to do with them and with the race. But instead of Abraham "walking home to glory," with no knowledge of Christ, Paul says that the gospel (of Christ) was preached to him (Gal. 3:8): also that to Moses and the Church in the wilderness was the gospel preached (Heb. 4:2). More might be written, but it is not necessary in this connection.

A little boy who was forced through adverse circumstances to wear a shirt two or three sizes two big, exclaimed, "Mamma I feel awful lonesome in this shirt."

A little girl who was asked if she was having a good time, replied, "Yes; I is so full of happiness I could not be any fuller unless I grew."

Two little girls who had just put their dolls away, exclaimed, "There we shall have a little peace now"—as though a great weight had been taken from their shoulders.

"What is responsibility?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher in a Newark school. "Boys have two buttons for their suspenders, and when one comes off there is a greater responsibility on the other button," replied a street urchin.

STRANDED.

[See Frontispiece.]

THE storm has spent its wildest fury and the good ship which for days under bare poles has been impelled before it, and finally, saved as by a miracle, now lies standed upon the beach. When the clouds shall lift and the mists from the sea hide themselves away beyond the blue ether, then will the bold and dangerous rocks upon which she came so near being dashed in pieces stand revealed, and all on board will realize how close they came to destruction and death; but touched them not!

Stranded! After escaping the hungry waves rising mountains high around thee, thy keel has grazed the sandy shore and thou art a prisoner. After the fierce winds of heaven have chased thee from billow to billow, playing with thee as a feather, now thrown upon a mighty wave, now cast in sounding depths with watery walls of foaming brine on either side, there is not a breeze to move a torn sail, or lift thy rent pennant, and thou shalt not go hence until He who "holds the sea in the hollow of his hand" shall from that hand pour out the drops of thy release. A plaything for the waves, imprisoned by the grains of sand, thou art but a type of life. Safe and free in the storm, but escaping its bitter blasts, a prisoner when its fury is spent; what lesson read we?

How quietly the mists are lifting themselves, and how calmly the ocean is gathering her waters back to the caves of the great deep. Gathering her waters and yet not alone; for she is gathering with them the fruits of her wild carnage, and calling upon her myriad citizens to come to the feast in the banquet halls of death. Long will the dark-eyed maiden wait the return of her lover, whose cold form is hidden there. The flowing tide will never bear him to her feet, for deep in the deepest cave of ocean, the pitying mermaids toy with his golden locks, and lay his still form to rest forever. The little babe who lies in helpless infancy upon his mother's breast, while hour after hour, day after day she sits in a cleft of the rock by the shore of the mighty deep, will grow to strong and stalwart manhood, but never again will the barque come back which bore husband and father away, nor the form which her weary eyes search for by day and see in visions by night return unto her. Thou art widowed and thy babe is fatherless, for the hungry waves have beaten the warm, throbbing life from his manly breast, and while yours aches unto bursting, his is stilled forever. Forever did we say? Nay, not forever. Stranded, not wrecked; saved amid the storm which hurled stronger ones upon hidden rocks, beating them back again to sink into the depths with none to rescue. They have gone down with their treasures of silver and gold; with their costly fabrics from Eastern looms, and rare jewels from distant mines. Hungry, mysterious ocean, well has the poet questioned of thee,

"What hidest thou in thy treasure caves and cells,
Thou hollow sounding and mysterious main?
Pale, glist'ning pearls and rainbow colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain!
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee."

"Yet more, the depths have more! what wealth untold,
Far down and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems—the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies!
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again."

"Yet more, the depths have more!—thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weeds o'er grown the halls of revelry.—
Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay."

"Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!"

"Give back the lost and lovely! Those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long!
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke midst festa song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown.—
But all is not thine own."

"To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown.
Yet must thou hear a voice,—'Restore the dead!'
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee:
Restore the dead, thou sea!"

Mrs Hemans

Stranded, not wrecked! Youth and maiden, standing just upon the shore of life's sea, pause and take in the full meaning of this picture e'er you launch your barque upon the uncertain wave. Can you sail this sea without compass or chart? If not, have you taken them on board? Remember that you carry with you but one thing of real value—only one. Stranded you may be, but never wrecked while God and heaven remain, if your anchor is cast within the vail; for when the winds shall howl fiercest, and restless waves roll highest, "That anchor shall hold." Be true to yourself and your God and then let thy lot be cast where it may, it matters not; the final summons shall come to thee, and with glad haste thy spirit shall rejoin its tenement of clay by the power of the resurrection glorified and made immortal, and thy Redeemer, the Holy one of Israel, shall call you blessed of my Father," and shall appoint you your home in his Father's mansions.

Deceive not yourselves and let no one else deceive you. Life is no romance in which a happy youth finds fruition in an early marriage, and bliss thenceforth the result. Life is a battlefield and he or she who wins its honors and rewards will be of those who have fully equipped themselves, and with noble aim and high resolve are ever to be found at the post of duty. If you were going to take a journey in far Russia would you equip yourself as for the tropics? And yet many of you, with the journey of life before you, when breezes cold and cutting as any that sweep down from the snow capped heights of the Balkans are sure to meet you. are preparing yourselves by devouring tales of fiction just as little like life and its stern realities, and just as illy fitted to prepare you for its duties as would be the light muslin robe necessary in the tropics to shut out the cold of the polar regions. Love, courtship and marriage are ordained of God. It is not good for man or woman to be alone, for each is the complement of the other, and should and will, when properly mated, be but one in God's sight. But how shall you have wisdom to choose a companion for the fierce battle and hard journey of life if you seek it from no higher source than fiction. Young man, if ever you are to marry she who is to be your bride is now living; and if you believe there is a God, pray to him that he will lead you to her. If there dwells in thy soul the nobility of true manhood, keep thy body and thy mind undefiled, that when thou hast found thy chosen one thou may'st offer to her a love as pure, undivided and holy, as thou wilt demand of her. Love can not exist without respect, and nothing but virtue is a foundation for this. Let not your life-barque be stranded, before the voyage of life is begun; but if you believe in God, take counsel of him in secret, and he will reward you openly. Life is real and terribly earnest, but if like Don Quixotte you spend your time in fighting wind-mills, how shall you be fitted to come from its battle fields a victor? And, my young sister, you too can not afford to do less than this. Fit yourself to be the wife of an honorable, God-fearing man, and then accept no other.

Stranded! aye, not stranded only, but wrecked; wrecked forever upon the shores of time lies many a life-boat, which when the morning was fair, the dew fresh upon the flowers and the sea unruffled by a breeze, left the harbor of home amid the benediction of friends, but took with them neither compass or chart for the lengthened sail. Be true to yourself, young man, young woman; and if you are this, you will take counsel of God. His wisdom is unerring and he is able to direct you in all the affairs of your life.

Under the Lamp-light.

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

ADVICE TO THE YOUTH.

There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man, whose aim is honorable and whose character is noble. The inducements for the formation of a good character are almost innumerable. Among these the respect of the world should not be forgotten. All people love to be respected. To obtain respect one must possess a good character. Nothing on earth is more beloved, esteemed, and honored, in the world's great heart, than a noble youth; one whose character is pure, whose aims are high, whose ruling principle is duty. To be conscious of being beloved for our real worth, respected and honored for the excellency of our character, is rich and hallowing in its influence. But let the youth fix it in his mind as a fact unalterably and everlastingly true, that this respect can not be gained without a good character. He can not deceive the world with respect to this, for it will out: and if for a while he has blinded the eyes of men, he will be all the more despised when he is found out. Again, let the youth fix it as a fact, that he must make his own character. It is a work which God has wisely consigned to him alone. No other can do it for him: and glorious is the thought that our characters are of our own framing. We form them for earth; we shall wear them through time and in eternity. Every man and every woman has his or her assignments in the duties and responsibilities of daily life. Life is short, and yet for you it may be long enough to lose your constitution. Every youth should form at the outset of his career, the solemn purpose to make the most and the best use of the powers God has given him, and to turn to the best possible account every outward advantage within his reach. The youth who thinks, reads, studies and meditates, has intelligence cut in his features, stamped on his brow and gleaming in his eye. No possession is so productive of real influence as a highly cultivated intellect. It is only to the man of large and noble soul—to him who blends a cultivated mind with an upright heart, that men yield the tribute of deep and genuine respect. Some one has said, "nature holds for each of us all that we need to make us useful and happy, but she requires us to labor for all that we get." Take heed young man, of an aimless life. Whatever a man's talents and advantages may be, without an aim, or with a low one, he is weak and despicable; and he can not be otherwise than respectable and influential with a high one. "Water will find its level." "Tell me whom you prefer as companions, and I will tell you who are like." Do you love the society of the vulgar, then you are already debased. Do you seek to be with the profane, in your heart you are like them.

A MOTHER.

"I HAVE WARNED YOU, AND FOREWARNED YOU."

"It is pleasing unto me that meats should not be used only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine." Men's opinions are different in regard to the different kinds of food we should take to nourish and strengthen the body; but we have tried in our own mind, and for our own good to accept the will of God in this matter, that we might receive the benefit which is promised for obedience to his law and commandments. We commenced to observe that which we believed to be the will of God and which was pleasing in his sight. Our appetite craved strong drink, but we resolved we would please God in this by abstaining from it; and we now feel the benefit of it. Hot drinks also we put from us, and feel that we are pleasing our Lord in that. Tobacco we did not use, therefore did not have to overcome; but we still continued in the use of meats, not having determined in our own mind what to use and when to use it. One evening, while in this state of mind, we had, as usual, asked the watchcare of the Father and retired for the night. We were soon lost in slumber, when before us was presented a beautiful meadow, decked in its carpet of green, and upon it was feeding a beautiful herd of swine of the kind which we had always admired. But while we stood gazing upon them and admiring them in their healthy and thriving condition the scene was transformed; and in place of the beautiful meadow carpeted with green, was a sterile field covered with obnoxious weeds. The swine that had been so beautiful to look upon were changed, and they now appeared in

an unhealthy condition; so much so that the "soul sickened at the sight." They were a living mass of corruption. The worms, reveling in their glory, as they clung to the creature for support, would now and then loose their hold, as if from disgust, and fall upon the ground. We awoke, and there was an impression left on our mind that this sort of meat was not for us; and as we related the dream to others it seemed to have the desired effect, and we resolved to abstain from it, as we believed the dream was given for our benefit. Weeks and months passed by, and we remained true to our resolution; but by and by temptation came and we partook again. Slightly at first, but the appetite continued to grow until it seemed good in the sight of God to again warn us. As before, we had while slumbering upon our bed a presentation of a vast amount of bacon. We admired it, being a lover of it; and while we were looking upon it, and thinking of the perfect manner in which it had been preserved and made good for the use of man, the scene was again changed. The bacon was strewn about upon the ground, a loathsome and disgusting sight. In place of its former inviting and healthy look, it presented the opposite appearance. It was filled with worms, and we saw dogs turn away from it in disgust; and our soul was sick and our heart almost fainted within us. In this mood we were left to ponder and reflect upon the scene, and as we awoke we again resolved to abstain from it, this time forever; and we feel that our resolution is good, and that the presentation was for us, and we are trying to live accordingly.

We have not written this for the purpose of "judging in meats or in drinks," but as we were requested to write it, we have done so; hoping that every one will be directed by the Spirit of God in what they shall do for their own benefit. Praying for the prosperity of truth, we are,

Yours in bond,

A FAITHFUL WORKER.

In connection with this article from our highly esteemed brother in the gospel, we insert a brief extract from "Every Body's Guide," and commend both to the careful attention of the young.

"Trichina is the term applied to a minute, slender, and transparent worm, scarcely one-twentieth of an inch in length, which has recently been discovered to exist naturally in the muscles of swine, and is frequently transferred to the human stomach when pork is used as food. Enough of the filthy parasites have been detected in half a pound of pork to engender thirty million more, the females being very prolific, each giving birth to from sixty to one hundred young, and dying soon after. The young thread-like worm at first rages freely through the stomach and intestines, remaining for a short time within the lining membrane of the intestines, causing irritation, diarrhœa, and sometimes death, if present in sufficient numbers. As they become stronger, they begin to penetrate the walls of the intestines in order to effect an inlodgment in the voluntary muscles, causing intense muscular pain and severe enduring cramps, and sometimes tetanic symptoms. After four weeks migration they encyst themselves permanently on the muscular fiber, and begin to secrete a delicate sac which gradually becomes calcareous. In this torpid state they remain during the person's life-time."—*Page* 56.

CARD-PLAYING GIRLS.

There are so many ways in which girls can be amusing, entertaining and useful to themselves and others that it seems a great pity that any of them should resort to the common vices of coarse men. That they do so in the evening entertainments of private and elegant homes, and at the most fashionable summer resorts, appears to be beyond question. And that the results will appear in unlooked for demoralizations in the future of what is called good society may be set down as among the certainties of natural law. Young ladies may not be expressly susceptible to such prosy moral arguments, but they should not forget that the young men who gamble with them, and who appear to enjoy the fun, lose their respect for young ladies in the exact measure that the latter cease to be governed by fine womanly feelings and standards of character. Men may laugh at the shrewdness of a girl in a game of cards for stakes, but she is not the girl they will trust or honor or that they care to marry. That is an argument to the quick, and may find its way home. The man who marries a gambling girl is already an incipient suitor in a divorce court.

RUTH'S CRADLE SONG.

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt!
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go.
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!
Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony,—
Of the unknown sea that reeks and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle-roof that flies
Foreward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast—
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest!
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and burries his face.
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmurs the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well!
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow, and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes,
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

J G. Holland in "Bitter Sweet."

[In looking over our scraps and correspondence of former years, we came across the following poem, in the well known hand writing of the author. There is in it a sweetness and a pathos which will commend it to the heart of every one of our young people, who truly love the weal of Zion. We do not know whether it was ever published before, but if it has been it will bear re-reading, as well as many others from the same pen, which will in time find a place in Autumn Leaves.—Ed.]

O, ASK ME NOT TO JOIN THE DANCE.

BY DAVID H. SMITH.

O, ask me not to join the dance,
For even now I see
The scorn revealed in that proud glance
Yon beauty flings at me.
I know it would be your delight
To tempt me from my way,
For well I know the subtle light
That o'er your face doth play.

It is not friendship urges you
To speak so light and free;
Those fair ones robed in every hue
Have no regard for me.
I feel I would not be at home
To glitter with them there:
Not one of them would deign to come
And bow with me in prayer.

Now, while my heart is young and warm,
I strive among the blest
To dress this frail and humble form
In robes of righteousness.
And gems of truth and purity
More beautiful than gold,
That makes your scenes of gayety
Appear so dull and cold.

It is not well for me to speak
Of Zion unto you,
The great and mighty good I seek,
The home I have in view.
I am not lonely; far from this,
My soul is full of hope
Unspeakable, and full of bliss
To bind my spirit up.

Those murmuring viols sweetly ring;
They touch a tender chord,
They mind me that all power to sing
Is given from the Lord;
So I will use that power to Him,
And serve Him day by day.
But lo: thy joy I must not dim;
I pray thee go thy way.

THE MODERN DANCE.

BY WILLARD J. SMITH.

It may be thought strange that we should attempt to write on this subject, and the only apology we offer is, that while traveling in various places, trying to sound the gospel trumpet, we have frequently been asked the question, What do you think about dancing? This we believe to be an important question, and therefore a proper consideration should be given it; especially as all Christian parents are interested in how their children should be reared to best conduce to their happiness and well being, and to the benefit of the world and glory of God.

This great question has been ably discussed through the medium of the Home Column, and we are satisfied that if the instructions contained therein are heeded and practically observed there need be but little anxiety in regard to the final issue.

But, as our children go into society and mingle with those who frequent the social dance, the public ball or other amusements of a kindred nature, we are called upon to decide what attitude we shall assume towards these popular amusements.

Shall we allow our children to dance? "Why not," says one; "the Bible says there is a time to dance?" "Why not" says another; "surely there can be no harm in the graceful movements of the cotillion; it adds grace, dignity and self-possession to young people, and is a healthful exercise?" "Why not," says a third, "it is much better to spend our social hours in dancing than to be engaged in foolish talking, back-biting, &c.; and, in fact, it is no worse to be engaged in than a great many other amusements introduced in our homes?" Now all this is urged, and scores of other thoughts of a like nature, in favor of the modern dance. But, dear friends, let us consider these things for a few moments; and while we launch out on the broad sea of investigation (although we do not expect to get very far from shore), let us see if there is any merit—anything elevating—in the modern dance.

First, if dancing is necessary in order to give grace, dignity and self-possession to young people, why still continue dancing after these graces are acquired? How often do we see old men and women tapping their feet to the sound of the violin! Are they doing so merely to acquire "grace and dignity?" Go with me to yonder ballroom and witness that vast number of people while they circle and fume and sweat in the giddy whirl of the dance. Are they aiming simply to correct their awkwardness of manner, acquire grace and dignity? Again, if we look upon dancing as a matter of discipline—a part of education—what becomes of it as an amusement? But we question whether true grace and dignity are acquired by dancing.

"But," says one, "surely there can be no harm in dancing?" This is also said of many other amusements and indulgences; such is the plea for the social card table, social wine cup, theater and opera, and a thousand other things; and if the rule is good in dancing, it is equally good in the other cases. But some may argue: "There are no such evils arising from dancing as from those other pastimes mentioned." Be not deceived. Go to any of our cities where there are houses of ill-fame and inquire into the real cause of the degradation of those unfortunate ones, and you will find them dating their downfall from the ballroom. Hundreds of the most pure and virtuous, who have been taught the principles of chastity by kind parents, have been led astray by reason of frequenting the dancing halls. There are always some disreputable characters there, waiting to take advantage of the fair sex, and by their artfulness and cunning too often accomplish their design, leaving the deceived to drag out a life of shame and disgrace.

It has become an adage that, a person is known by the company he keeps. If this is true, let us ask what company is kept by those who delight in the modern dance? Is it not a notable fact that they are those who delight in wickedness and vice? Do not ninety-nine per cent of them take the name of our Master in vain? Surely, no one will deny this; hence, if these are facts, is it not also a fact that by associating with those who are our inferiors we become assimilated to them, and by that assimilation become degraded? And as our characters are what we make them—are formed by our course of action—should we not strive to turn our attention to those things which tend to elevate? It is said that "wherever character is made a secondary object, sensualism and crime prevail;" hence it should be one of the highest aims in life to mould our characters in such a manner that they will be a benefit to those with whom we associate; and if we do this it will be quite necessary to observe the apostolic injunction, to "shun the appearance of evil."

Just here, dear reader, I would like to ask you to turn your attention to Italy and France. In those two countries dancing and the theater are a consolidated power, having almost unlimited ascendancy over the hearts of the people. What is the character of these for virtue and morals? for purity and chastity? We hardly need reply. Paris to-day has over twenty theaters in full blast, and sometimes advertises sixty to seventy balls to come off on a single Sunday night. What a commentary upon the refining and elevating influence of the stage and the dance! In consequence of these and similar engagements and what they lead to, there is such a depravation of morals that the city is literally flooded with wickedness and vice. And yet these are the boasted schools of re-

finement and morals tolerated by many professing Christians!

Solomon, it is true, has told us there is a time to dance; but we should not forget that he also tells us there is a time to hate, a time to break down, and a time to kill; and upon the same ground that we argue that this passage justifies us in dancing, the murderer may claim with equal propriety that his is the time to kill. But, dear reader, torture the language as you may, and yet you can not make it appear that anything more was meant by this statement, than the mere assertion that there is a time when these things occur.

The word dance in its various forms occurs twenty-six times in the Bible; but it is grossly absurd to think of studying the signification of the word by connecting it with the modern dance. A few instances where the word occurs will suffice. As an amusement or pleasure it is spoken of in 1 Sam. 30:16, where the dissolute Amelekites are represented as being spread abroad upon all the earth, eating, drinking and dancing, after having made a foray upon Ziklag. Job, also, says concerning the wicked, "They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance, . . therefore they say unto God, Depart from us, for we desire not a knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty, that we should serve him? and what profit should we have if we should pray unto him?—Job 21:11, 15. Such also is the instance given by the Evangelists—Mathew in 14: 6, 11. Mark 6:21—28; here is an example of dancing that Christians would do well to consider. Jesus said of John, that he was one of the greatest prophets; and yet we find that in consequence of the daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod and his company, which pleased the drunken and debauched ruler, it cost John the Baptist his life.

But we must not be led astray by a word. The words dance, and dancing, have been applied to exercises widely different in character and object. It has been applied to the indecent gestures and motions of dancing women at a Bacchanalian festival, also to the gesticulations of the savage, or Indian, when going out on the war path or returning a victor from it, and yet in character and object they are entirely different. It is also applied to those ardently engaged in the worship of God, and likewise applied to the fashionable amusements of the present day; but the former is no more like the latter, than the latter is like the gathering together of the children of God in the capacity of a prayer and testimony meeting. Dr. Wilson, an eminent divine, says of the modern dance, that "it has its counterpart, not in the graceful though unstudied movements of the sister of Moses, prompted by the impulse of emotion, but in the voluptuous pantomime of the daughter of Herodias, impelled by vanity, and leading to crime."

Now, dear reader, if you still ask, Is there any harm in dancing? let me ask the questions, Why do you dance? Is it to gratify the spiritual, or the carnal mind? If you answer that it is to gratify the carnal mind (and we are saisfied modern dancers can not conscienciously answer otherwise), then remember, "the carnal mind is enmity against God." If not, then never engage in it. We should refrain from going to places where we can not take Jesus with us, or taking part in anything upon which we could not ask his blessing.

Jesus said, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Let me ask those card-playing theater-going, round-dancing Christians, Are you letting your light shine, as Jesus commanded, by participating in the dance and the opera? What influence can a member of the church who frequents the ballroom and its kindred places have? Is such a one disposed to exhort or pray? If so, who is disposed to hear him? Will the Spirit of God accompany his message? Will the wicked feel its power? Will not religion seem a mockery when presented by such an advocate? If we attend the dance to-day, and the communion to-morrow, what will those who witness these actions say in regard to the matter? Why, you will see it whispered in every ear: "Just look at Miss Jones; partaking of the sacrament to-day, and only last night was engaged in the ball room till nearly day-break this morning; a pretty Christian, I am sure!" And thus, instead of the influence of such a one tending to glorify God, it causes hundreds to look upon religion with sheer disgust and disdain.

Now just a word to Christian mothers. Do you expect your daughters, after the most of the night has been spent in the dance, to bow with you in the spirit of

prayer around the family altar? Is she disposed to draw near to her heavenly Father, and hold sweet communion with him, in her closet before retiring to rest? Will she any longer love the prayer meeting, or delight in religion! What will become of those seeds of piety, of reverence and love for God you have endeavored to instill in her young mind? Are they apt to germinate and grow, under the influence of dancing parties? If she is allowed to frequent the ball-room, which is she most likely to become; an intelligent, exemplary Christian, enjoying the happiness of God's favor, or a devotee of dress, a lover of fashion, a worldly minded, pleasure-seeking, woman? You certainly can not be so blind as to expect her to become a woman of excellence in the prayer circle, or a good Latter Day Saint! No, no; that can not be. But she must go to church? Oh yes; but it must be a fashionable church, where such small matters as the people's pleasures are not intermeddled with, where there is not religion enough to offend the devil, and where worldly indulgence and fashionable sins are no bar to communion.

In conclusion I will say, that the spirit of religion and the spirit of dancing are as little alike as the Spirit of God is like the spirit of the devil. And if dancing and its like are followed up and practiced, they will paralyze our love for God, our love for the church and its institutions, and stagnate our zeal for the cause of Christ; hence, let us remember that Jesus has given us an example, that we should follow in his steps, and we should therefore walk even as he walked.

"JUST DREAMING."

I dream of a city by moonlight,
With streets like to broad silver bands,
Where under the shadowing maples
The old door-yard gate open stands.
I enter, but pause for a moment
Just to gaze on the scene that I love;
The roses I left have all faded,
But the moon smiles the same from above.

Soft autumn winds stirring the sweet-briar,
Seem to waft sweet-breathed welcome to me,
While shadows look friendly and home-like,
Dancing 'neath the dear old cedar tree.
The three steps that lead to the doorway,
In memory gleaming and white;
My feet oft in girlhood have pressed them,
And in home-dreams I touch them to-night.

I stand in the dear old porch shadows,
Then I cross through the door and the hall,
And into the moon-lighted parlor,
Where the softest of mellow rays fall.
Once more I'm before the old organ,
My fingers the loved ivory press,
And the chords that I touch, so familiar,
While they thrill me, both comfort and bless.

Again: I am in mother's rocker,
And my "Collie" I fold to my breast,
And sing of the birds and the flowers,
Until softly it lulls her to rest.
While Arthur, our little home dreamer,
With those wonderful eyes, blue and bright,
And our Joe, so brave and so manly,
Kiss me each with a sleepy "good night."

Or out in the soft summer moonlight
I'm roaming with sisters held dear,
While Don and Fred whistle an answer
To the song of the cricket so near.
Then I kiss the dear mamma gently,
And give father his good night caress,
And turn—but alas, I am waking,
And the hot tears I can not supress.

VIDA.

APRIL CLUSTER OF MEMORY GEMS.

"So live that, when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."—*Bryant.*

1	S.	INDULGE NO DOUBTS—THEY ARE TRAITORS.
2	M.	Nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own.
3	Tu.	Discretion and hard valor are the twins of honor.
4	W.	Usefulness is confined to no station.
5	Th.	Light is but the shadow of God.
6	F.	Great souls have wills—others only feeble desires.
7	S.	Even from the body's purity, the mind receives a secret sympathetic aid.
8	S.	Nobility without virtue is a fine setting without a gem.
9	M.	Obscurity of expression generally springs from confusion of ideas.
10	Tu.	Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.
11	W.	Old men go to Death; Death comes to young men.
12	Th.	Use not excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad thing.
13	F.	Be not diverted from your duties by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you.
14	S.	The arrow can not be detained which has once sped from the bow.
15	S.	Some had rather lose their friend than their jest.
16	M.	Time's gradual touch has mouldered into beauty many a tower.
17	Tu.	How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character?
18	W.	Experience is a pocket-compass that few think of consulting until they have lost their way.
19	Th.	You must not too hastily conclude that prosperity is felicity.
20	Fr.	Ambition breaks the ties of blood, and forgets the obligations of gratitude.
21	S.	Reason is a ray of divine light.
22	S.	Every library should try to be complete on something, if it were only on the history of pin-heads.
23	M.	There is nothing so bad which will not admit of something to be said in its defence.
24	Tu.	Right is exactly rewarded, and wrong exactly punished.
25	W.	Always rise from the table with an appetite, and you will never sit down without one.
26	Th.	It is possible to go wrong in many ways, but we can go right in one way only.
27	Fr.	The regard one shows economy is like that we show an old aunt who is to leave us something at last.
28	S.	Our griefs, as well as our joys, owe their strongest colors to our imagination
29	S.	Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer.
30	M.	Statutes are milestones telling how far yesterday's thought had traveled.

EXPERIENCES OF ELDER J. R. BADHAM.

AS I have read the first number of AUTUMN LEAVES, and like it very much, and feel that it ought to be sustained, both by means and the pen, I attempt the task of giving a brief account of my youthful experiences as connected with the latter day work. Many of our young people, as well as older ones, think that the Lord has no use for them; but by following this narrative all will be able to see that the blessings of the gospel are within the reach of the young, and are not confined to any definite age. My father, Samuel Badham, united with the church in 1840, and my mother, the following year, only one month before my birth. In January, 1844, we set sail from Liverpool, England, bound for America—the land of promise, coming via New Orleans, and being upon the water until about the 1st of April, same year, when we landed at the city of the Saints, Nauvoo. On the 9th day of June my mother suddenly passed away to the other side, and I was left, not only without a mother's loving care, but also without either brother or sister to share my joys or griefs.

My readers all know about the sorrows of those times—on the 27th of this same month our prophet was slain by a reckless mob; the dark cloud of distess resting down upon every heart that was old enough to realize the sad condition of the church. Not only was the prophet slain, but the fruits of evil designing men began to appear, and the spirit of apostasy was manifest; the enemies of the cause taking advantage of the situation, persecution against the saints continued until their exit from Nauvoo was commenced.

My father married again during the year 1845, and in the spring of 1846 our migration westward took place. There are many now living who can well remember the troubles and incidents of those times. Although I was only a child of about four years I can remember many things as though it was but yesterday. Our cattle were made to swim across the Mississippi, and the wagons and people were ferried across in flat-boats. Driving the loose stock, and the long string of wagons mostly drawn by oxen, the exiles wended their way across the wild prairies of Iowa Territory.

Many incidents, some of which were startling, might be related. I will refer to one relating to myself especially, which will illustrate the manifestation of God's power, although it was displayed at a time when the church was fast tending to apostasy.

When we had reached nearly the western part of the territory, in the vicinity of Wheeler's Grove, some of the teams became frightened at some loose horses, and ran away. I fell from a wagon, one wheel passing over my body while another struck against my head. I was picked up for dead, but life was not entirely gone, of course. When consciousness returned, I remember, the elders were administering to me. The result was that I was healed, which was a noted miracle, as some who are yet living can testify.

During the same summer (1846), the Mormon battalion was mustered in for Mexico, and my father enlisted as one of the volunteers. I was left with his brother-in-law, Silas Richards, who lived at Council Bluffs—then Kanesville. During the fifteen months I lived with him, I remember many incidents which took place among the then confused saints. Though scarcely five years old at that time, yet I well remember that while I was alone in my little bed I would pray unto the Lord to preserve my life until I became a man, and that I might be privileged to preach the gospel. Of course, while so young, I had but little idea of what religion was, nor did I know one system of religion from another; but I verily believe that the principles the latter day work were made a part of my nature.

In 1847, when my father returned from the battalion, he had seen so much that was contrary to the gospel as he first learned it in England, that he was disheartened, discouraged, and felt that his religious life was a failure; and notwithstanding the many testimonies he had received in his early experience, he was disposed to try to give the whole matter up; and gradually he drifted back into the

world. The subject of religion was not often mentioned in our house unless neighbors came in, when a rehearsal of evils by those who were once Saints was freely indulged. There seemed to be "no balm in Gilead," and all seemed to sink in dispair —all was a failure. Those conditions, when I have thought upon them in later years, have reminded me of the time when the disciples of Christ thought all was lost when the great Redeemer was crucified. I used to attend the meetings of other denominations, but I was not ever interested. I was entirely untaught, and grew up an untutored youth, having but little or no principles from education, either religious or otherwise. Many times I have attended the meetings where they would scream and groan and make great demonstrations, which they called religion. All this had no effect upon my mind.

In January, 1858, at Farm Creek, Mills County, Iowa, where there was quite a settlement, mostly of old Latter Day Saints, a Methodist revival was inaugurated. I would attend, night after night. Great excitement prevailed; nearly the whole neighborhood united with the church, with the exception of the older ones, who had been Saints. I stood out until nearly the last. Finally the excitement ran so high that I yielded; went to the mourners bench; was converted, and, I suppose, passed through with the experience of the "shaking of the dry bones."

My father had attended all the meetings, and had not said a word until I united. Then, at the close of one of the meetings, he attempted to speak, but was not permitted to do so. He then announced a meeting at his own house. For over ten years he had not attempted to defend the faith in a public manner; now what was he to do? The time came. The house was full to overflowing, for the purpose of of hearing what the "Old Mormon" (as he was called) had to say. In the mean time he had arranged with Calvin Beebe, Sen., who was at that time an elder in the Cutlerite Church, to speak in his place.

Up to this time I had not stopped to consider the necessity of baptism being administered by one having authority from God; and, like many others, supposed any minister had the right. It was my intention to be immersed after I had served my six months' probation in the M. E. church; but as the old brother unfolded the scriptures, explaining the fulness of the gospel, together with the necessity of being legally baptized, I drank it down as being that which seemed to be just what I wanted. Indeed, I was convinced of the truth before the sermon was finished; and as soon as I could get to the speaker, I asked him if he had authority to baptize, and told him that I was ready. In a short time Wheeler Baldwin and S. Eggleston, elders in the Cutlerite church, came and commenced holding a series of meetings. The third meeting, opportunity was given for baptism, and I was the first on my feet. Eight others, with myself were baptized; this being on the 9th day of March, 1858. My father renewed his covenant by being baptized at the same time.

Preaching continued for some little time. Every few days there were additions made by baptism, nearly all the old Saints uniting. We had warm times with those of the M. E. church. Quite a bitterness on the subject of religion would often arise. As you will see by the dates, I was only sixteen years of age, but I seemed to comprehend the gospel as fast as it was presented, and was ordained a priest within a few days after my baptism. I believed the teachings of the elders when they told about the blessings that would follow the believers through obedience, living a godly life, and seeking, by the prayer of faith, for the promises. I had not stopped to investigate the question as to who was the legal one to stand at the head of the church, or as to its specific organization. Those questions did not enter into the minds of the younger ones at that time; but we sought for the gospel in its pure and unadulterated form; and as the elders preached the word as taught in the New Testament, it was received with gladness. We had many meetings and much prayer. We remembered the Sabbath day. We had no disposition to find fault with each other, but love and union prevailed. We were anxious to meet each other, to talk about the faith, and to rejoice together. Our constant theme was this latter day work.

My faith began to be strengthened so much that I believed that the Lord would bestow upon me some of the gifts of the Spirit, as promised in the scriptures; but I knew that I could not obtain them unless I asked, so I determined to make the

effort. I was consantly reading all the church works that I could get hold of, and the Lord blessed me wondrously in my researches. I would often retire to secret places to pray. I would pour out my soul in prayer to God to bestow upon me some of the precious gifts of the Spirit, that I might know of the truthfulness of the work as brought by the angel to Joseph the Seer. I believed, without a doubt, that God would answer my petitions.

On the 17th of June, only two months after my baptism, as I was laboring in the field for my uncle, John Richards, and was feeling well—being continually under the influence of the Spirit, and meditating on the promises made to the saints of God—the Spirit rested upon me, and for the first time I spoke in the gift of tongues.. I was all alone, and too full to work, so I went to the house. I had no desire to eat. I did not get strength to explain what was the matter. I stepped into the back door of old Father Beebe's. I could not hold my peace longer. For the first time in public, I spoke by the gifts in a powerful manner. Such rejoicing as followed! Father Beebe almost shouted aloud, as it was the first spiritual manifestation many of them had heard for years. At the prayer meeting that afternoon an interpreter was present, and all had a glorious time. Many rejoiced in the return of the Holy Spirit among the saints. The spirit of prophecy and interpretation of tongues was soon given to me, and dreams and manifestations of different kinds in their time. Those who may read this must not think I am boasting by referring to these things; I am writing my individual experiences for the benefit of the young, and that which I am stating—and more too, can be verified by many who will chance to read this.

In September of this year I had an open vision which continued nearly two hours, a portion of which I will now relate. But before doing so I will state that during this year I had read much in the Bible, Book of Mormon, and as many of the church works as I could find; and many questions of doctine were presented to my young mind that I was not able to grasp, which caused me to seek earnestly for light; and little did I know that the experience through which I was passing and the information I was gaining would be of such value in the future, although the Spirit often declared I would be called upon to do a work for the children of men, and would preach the everlasting gospel. I did bear my testimony by the Spirit, fearlessly to both young and old, and to all people who came within my reach; so much so that by strangers I was often called the boy preacher. My desire for information seemed to have no end, and I seemed to be in constant communion with the Holy Spirit. Many prophecies were made and fulfilled, which it is not necessary to refer to in connection with these experiences.

THE VISION.

I was taken away a distance of about seven miles, and was standing upon a vast plain at the mouth of a valley a little south of where Mecedonia now is, in Pottawattamie County. Iowa. A vast multitude of people, with their horses and modes of conveyanc, was shown me, coming from northward in great confusion, looking in every direction—appearing to be very anxious about something which I at that time could not understand. After the multitude had passed there appeared a beautiful woman, neatly and plainly dressed. The guide that was with me said that was the true Church of God. I was made to understand that the confusion represented the distracted state of the world, and that the church was set up in the midst, and all invited to accept the gospel. Following that was a confused condition of the Israelites as represented among the Indians, and many things that I did not at that time understand; and also the exit of the Cutlerite people from their homes was plainly shown, and a rebuilding of their place, Manti, which has been literally fulfilled, many years since. The guide told me to look. I then saw a representation of the sons of perdition, which was shown by large, finely-built men who had obtained the right to the crown, but were lying upon their backs, bound with cords, with no power nor hope of being extricated.

He again said, Look, and I beheld concourses of people, of all imaginable kinds of dress, and of all sizes. I was told that that represented the Telestial World. He again said, Look. Multitudes appeared, as far as the eye could see; all of one size and same dress, but were all of a dark color. I was made to understand that this represented the Terrestrial World, and es-

pecially the African race and those who were ignorant but honest, who received not the gospel, &c.

Another time I was told to look, and to behold Jacob's ladder. There appeared a ladder leading from the earth to an aperture in the heavens, to which persons would come and ascend and descend in succession; some, however, would come and look up and turn away, as though the task was too great and the ascent too difficult.

I was still again told to look and I should see Christ on a white horse, as did John upon the Isle of Patmos; and at once the scripture in Revelations 19:11–15 came to my mind. At this moment thick darkness came over me, so that I could not see any thing. Doubts began to arise in my mind, and the thought came that I would not behold what the angel said I should; but soon my sight seemed to extend a great distance, and I saw a kind of grey light which I can only liken to the sun shining through a fog. It seemed to approach nearer and nearer, until I was again wrapped in the vision. Looking up into the heavens, there appeared the aperture again, but more beautiful than before; the description of which I shall not attempt. All at once, at one side, a very bright round ball appeared; as large as a very large wagon-wheel, and as bright as the sun. In the center of this was a white horse, on which sat a man whose brilliance was equal to the sun shining in his strength. I looked to see the sword which is spoken of in Rev. 19:15, for up to this time I had supposed that it would have the appearance of a literal sword; but the angel told me it was not a literal sword, but the sword of his spirit, dividing asunder both joint and marrow. I then looked and saw a halo of rays proceeding from his mouth, with which he would thresh the nations; and by it the gospel would be proclaimed to the nations, before the great day of the Lord would come. I seemed to wither, and shrink into nothingness because of the great power. But that vision passed away to make room for still another.

The angel that was with me then told me to go with him to the place where the New Jerusalem should rest, and behold the Celestial City. I accompanied him, traveling in the air with perfect ease, a distance of over one hundred miles; and as we approached the place, there appeared the city—four-square, with her magnificent walls. We approached on the north side. Several companies approached, mostly women, some of whom I knew; and they halted near the outside of the gate, where were stationed a number of persons, three of whom I knew and shook hands with—one of these has passed behind the veil, two are still living. The crowd then passed into the city through the north gate. I with my guide went inside the walls, to view the beauties of the city. I wish I could give in words that which was made known in this view. There was a pureness and whiteness that I have never seen elsewhere. The whiteness was not like snow, for that would be too white. It was not like electricity, for that is too blue—not soft enough; not like gas-light, for that is too red, but such a soft haziness about the appearance that made one feel at home. The houses, streets and pavements, together with the enclosures, were all alike,—the same mellow beauty. Angelic beings were clothed with the same pure white, and could traverse space with much more ease than we move in our sphere. I looked for the sun, and was told that the city did not need the light of the sun or the moon, but the Lord God was the Light thereof. Not until then was I able to understand how the length, breadth and height were equal. I am able to see that the space above the city was susceptible of navigation to the extent of the length or breadth. I noticed that the same general appearance of mellow whiteness was set forth in the beings who were climbing Jacob's ladder, the white horse, the city, and the angels who were wafted with such ease in space over the New Jerusalem.

Other vision scenes appeared one after the other, which I will not stop to relate. The above will suffice to illustrate that God designs to show to the young as well the old the mysteries of his will, and that too, in this age of the world as well as in ancient times; and that within the reach of the young Saints great blessings are offered, and can be obtained. That they may be well furnished for the work they may be called to perform, they should place themselves in a position to receive that which is promised. The reader will see from the foregoing dates I was only seventeen years of age. Many were the

spiritual blessings I received, and many were the efforts of Satan to overcome me, while I was young and inexperienced; but God in his mercy bestowed upon me many of the gifts of the Spirit, both by day and by night. Although I was not gifted with ability at this time to stand up and defend the faith, yet I was able by God's power to bear testimony of the gospel of peace.

At this time I supposed that the Cutlerite church (which was called The Church of Christ), was, indeed, The Church, and that all others claiming to be Latter Day Saints were wrong. It had not entered my mind that the testimonies received were confirming the word of the gospel alone, but supposed that it was evidence of the man who was the leader. In this way myself with many others were led to affirm that the faction of which we were members was the only work on earth that the Lord acknowledged. Indeed, we knew of no other at this time except that in Utah, and we could not accept that in any way. The Spirit of the Lord was with us in much power, revealing through the several gifts of the gospel the mind and will of the Lord; confirming the word continually.

During the summer of 1859, Elders W. W. Blair and E. C. Briggs came to our branch at Farm Creek. As soon as we had learned that there were some new Mormon preachers in the neighborhood, it was made known by the Spirit to some that they were preaching for young Joseph. And when the Sabbath came, the Saints assembled, as usually, at the house of Bro. Newton Richards. It was a double house, and both rooms were well filled. Elder Blair was invited to preach by President Calvin Beebe. He explained about the great reformation that was taking place in the church, that the Lord had made known by revelation that young Joseph would soon take his place at the head of the church and that it was his right by blessing and also by lineage; and he testified of the gospel with great power, and in a very impressive manner. There is no doubt but what every old Saint felt the influence of the message and the testimony that was borne. When he had finished his discourse and Elder Briggs had testified, the Spirit rested upon me in power. I arose and spoke in the gift of tongues. The interpretation was given by Father John Smith, which was that these were the servants of God, and the Lord had sent them on this mission, and that a great work would be done in all that region of country, and the Lord would greatly bless his people; and to beware what we received and what we rejected, for many deceivers had gone out into the world. We were also called upon to look well into our condition, for these were the servants of God, and the work which they represented and that which we were engaged in would come together, and in time the Lord would remove the obstacles which were in the way of the Saints. (An account of this is briefly given on page 643, Life of Joseph the Prophet).

This was the first that I had heard of the work of the Reorganization, and it came upon me like a thunderbolt. I did not know what to do with it; and when Elders Blair and Briggs visited Manti and failed to effect a reconciliation, you can imagine the disappointment that filled my heart; for I supposed that would be done at once, and I was unable to see any difference in the spirit that characterized the two bodies. It did not occur to me that it would take so long time to fulfill the prediction made. It was about eight years after that before I united with the Reorganized Church The next year, 1860, on the 6th of April, was the time that Joseph took his place at the head of the church. The Cutlerites had always admitted that young Joseph had rights, but he was to have come to them and receive certain blessings by the hands of Alpheus Cutler; and thus myself and many others were confused and did not unite at once.

In 1864, I was married to Miss E. C. Fisher. The same year, with a company of Pioneers and in midwinter, I made the trip to North-western Minnesota, and pitched at the place now known as Clitherall. I remained there only a short time when I returned to old Manti, there to meet many of my former brethren, who had united with the Reorganized Church. They were very anxious to have me unite with them; but there were some things connected with the proposition that were not clear to my mind. I had now arrived to mature age, so as to think and investigate for myself. Upon investigation I found that all the factions had tes-

tified to the calling of young Joseph, and each one had supposed that Joseph should come to it. These things began to open my eyes, and the former testimony began to have its effect. By reading the books upon the subject I soon learned that Joseph was in his right place; and yet I was unable to see why the factions of the church should be blessed with the Spirit and yet be wrong in their church organization. I made application to be received on my former baptism, but was denied. I left the decision of my case with Joseph, which he decided (rightly), that in order to remove all mistakes that had occurred during the "cloudy and dark day," the church could not receive any on baptisms since the 27th of June, 1844. I soon learned the wisdom of this, and I renewed my covenant in April, 1867. The following June I was ordained an elder under the hands of H. P. Wheeler Baldwin, and the following fall I began preaching the gospel. The prayer of my childhood and the promise by the Spirit in my youth began to be realized. Since that time I have preached the gospel in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri and in California. There has been but little of my time but what I have testified of the gospel's power to save those who believe. So from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, and now after passing the middle age of life—a period of over thirty years, I am able to say to the young, "It is good to be a Saint in Latter Days;" that there is nothing connected with the work that any one should be ashamed of, and that children and youths can enjoy the gifts and blessings as well as older ones.

The foregoing sketch, which is very much abridged, I will conclude by calling attention to the following points:

First.—It will be seen that the conditions of the parents has something to do with the future interests and destiny of the children. Second.—That children, while in childhood, may have definite ideas of God and religion, and can pray with much faith. Third.—That while in faith, they can receive the fullness of the gospel, although untutored and without experience. Fourth.—The testimony of the Spirit can be attained by youths as well as those of mature years. Fifth.—That God will bestow upon young persons the gifts of the gospel, for their comfort, and for the edification of the body (the church). Sixth.—That the education of the Spirit is much superior to that of man. Seventh.—That visions are not confined to older ones, but young persons can obtain them as well. Eighth.—That usefulness, as pertaining to church work, is not confined to the older, but God has divided the responsibility to each as he wills. Ninth.—That these blessings produce the same effect upon the young as the old; namely, to assist them in the trials which so often come upon them. Tenth.—That such spiritual power is necessary to qualify the young for future usefulness, and prepare those for the ministry who are to be set apart for that purpose. Eleventh.—Without such evidences neither the young nor old can feel secure and accepted of God. Twelfth.—That in order to obtain these things true faith with repentance from evil doing, followed by legal baptism, together with the imposition of hands, are absolutely necessary as preparatory requisites to obtain such blessings.

And, in addition to the above, they should add to their faith patience, brotherly love, temperance, long-suffering, charity, love and hope, etc.; living lives of sacrifice and self abnegation—all which if obeyed, will not fail to produce the testimony which will prepare all classes, both old and young, to be Saints indeed; and by their thus continuing they will prepare them to meet the Lord in the air, or entitle them to the resurrection of the just, and to reign with Christ for a thousand years.

Hoping that the young will profit by the above experience and advice.

I subscribe myself your brother,

J. R. BADHAM.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY the next morning long before the sun had risen, while the dew lay fresh and sparkling upon the bushes by the road side and the forest was vocal with the song of birds, our travelers resumed their journey. As the day advanced the road occasionally led them where from an eminence the blue waters of Lake Erie could be seen in the distance, with here and there a vessel showing like a speck upon its surface. As the miles grew less which separated them from the end of their journey the intensity of their feelings increased, and an unspoken anxiety took possession of their hearts. They had undertaken this journey wholly upon the information obtained from a stranger, and what if they had been misled? Even if this information should prove to be correct, they still had no assurance that they should find what they were seeking. It had now been some four years since they had left the Methodist church, and though they had never regretted what they had done, yet at times they had been lonely, and they longed for church privileges and fellowship. Were they to be disappointed, and if so, how much longer might they have to wait?

They were near the village now, and a turn in the road soon disclosed it. Quiet, unassuming, with nothing to especially distinguish it from other villages of its size. Could it be that in this quiet place God had a prophet and a people? And yet why should this seem so strange? A prophet was but as any other man unto whom God made known his will, and the Jews had never been wont to treat them with any great respect while they were alive, though as soon as they had killed them, they would garnish their sepulchers and show great respect to their bones. But these people were not Jews, and such a thing as a prophet among the Gentiles had never been heard of. Once it had crossed the mind of Mrs. Clark to wonder if her husband could possibly have been deceived, but the time had come to test this.

The village was built upon the hill overlooking the little river Chagrin, which wound its quiet way along like a thread of silver between its verdant banks. Driving along the principal street Mr. Clark stopped in front of the tavern, and assisting his wife out he gave his team in charge of the hostler, while they went within to seek a few moments of rest and refreshment, before searching further for the object of their visit. Leaving his wife in the sitting room, Mr. Clark joined a number of men who were in the main room, in order to make inquiries, and found to his satisfaction that he had not been misinformed, but that there was a large number of people here called "Mormons," and they did believe "Joe Smith" to be a prophet.

Mr. Clark was scrutinized closely by these men, but they were too polite to ask his business with this people, and thanking them for their information, he joined his wife; after partaking of an early supper they left the tavern and proceeded towards the house which had been pointed out to them as the one in which Smith lived. As they came near enough to observe what was taking place around it, they saw many groups scattered here and there under the shade of trees, while teams and horses hitched outside the yard indicated that many others, like themselves, were in quest of information. The building was a plain wooden one, and upon raping at the door they were admitted by an elderly man whose hair was sprinkled with gray, but whose mild, dark eyes beamed with intelligence and kindness. Perceiving them to be strangers, after the customary salutation he invited them to walk in.

"Is your name Smith," said Mr. Clark?

"It is, Joseph Smith," was the answer.

"My name is Clark, and this is my wife. We have come from Pennsylvania purposely to see you."

"Perhaps you mean my son whose name also is Joseph. He is not at home now,

but is in New York on business, and will not be back for some two or three weeks."

"I am sorry to learn this, as I can not remain from home so long, and am very anxious to see him."

"It is possible that if I knew your business I might be of service to you."

"My business has reference entirely to things of religion. I have heard that your son claims to be a prophet, and is propagating a new faith. Is it correct?"

"It is correct that he claims to be a prophet, but as to propagating a new faith, that is a mistake, for the doctrine he preaches is very old."

"Does he not claim to have found and translated a new Bible."

"No, not a Bible, but simply a record of the people who once inhabited this continent. This record contains the history of the prophets and kings who lived among them, and also tells of the visit of Christ to this continent, after his crucifixion at Jerusalem. It is called the Book of Mormon, and we hold it sacred."

"Do you believe the Bible?"

"Certainly we do, which is more than other Christians can honestly claim; and the Book of Mormon is a strong testimony to the Bible."

"What do you mean by saying "This is more than other Christians can honestly claim? All Christians believe the Bible."

"That depends upon how you present it to them," said Mr. Smith, with a quiet smile. "If it is closed they believe it, but if it is open they not only repudiate it, but cry delusion, imposture, and yet harder names, of those who do believe it."

"I am not sure that I understand you," said Mr. Clark, not feeling willing to renounce all his old faith and belief in the church of which he had for years been a member, and which of course was included in the term Christians. For a moment he suffered a spirit of antagonism to master him, forgetting what the voice had told him, and the declaration that instead of preaching his gospel they were teaching the commandments of men. This however lasted but a moment, and he was ready to receive any message which might come to him from God.

"May I ask," said Mr. Smith continuing the conversation, "if you are a church member?"

"I am not now, but have been a Methodist from my childhood until a few years since."

"Very good; did you ever hear them explain the last chapter of Mark, where Christ gave commission to his disciples and sent them out to preach?" and opening a Bible he read:

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover. So then, after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following. Amen."—Mark 26: 15–20.

Mr. Clark remembered upon more than one occasion when he had asked to have these same passages explained to him, and had been told that such things were not needed now and were therefore done away, and he answered accordingly.

"But what did Christ call these things?"

"Signs which should follow the believer."

"The believer in what?"

"In the gospel, of course."

"Pardon me, Mr. Clark, but in whose gospel?"

"The gospel of Jesus Christ; there can be no other."

"You are right; there can be no other, for there is no other name given under heaven or among men * * * neither is there salvation in any other. Now, admitting this, let us reason together about this parting commission of Christ to his disciples. First he sent them to preach his gospel unto every creature, and as a sign or a witness that it was his gospel, those who believed and obeyed it were to have power to do certain things, among which were casting out devils, speaking with new tongues, laying hands on the sick for their recovery, etc. Was this, or was it not a part of the gospel?"

"It must have been a part of it."

"Yes; and it was the confirmatory part, given for that purpose and having that ef-

fect, for we read, They went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and *confirming the word with signs following.* Does it not appear to you that to have any message which we are called upon to deliver confirmed, is a very important matter?"

"It leaves those who reject it without any excuse for doing so."

"That is just the important factor in the case; for instance, not long since an infidel came to me, and he was well versed in the Scriptures. Like yourself he was ignorant of the fact that it is not every one who professes to believe the Bible who does believe it, and not knowing anything about our peculiar faith, only having been told that I was a minister of the gospel, he, in the course of our conversation said to me, "Mr. Smith, one of two things is evident; either that Christ was a base impostor and his religion a fraud, or that no one believes and obeys his gospel."

"Why do you come to a conclusion like that," I asked?

"Because he sent you into the world to teach the people certain things, and promised that those who obeyed your teachings should do certain works, or certain signs should follow them; but when I have asked in regard to these things, I have been called a seeker after signs, etc. Now if a friend of mine was to go back on me after that fashion, I would have nothing whatever to do with him afterwards, and yet this is just what your Jesus is doing with you."

"Hold, sir," I answered, "for I will not hear that name profaned; and moreover I tell you that your assertion is false, for I have seen the words of Jesus verified in hundreds of instances; have seen all the signs which he promised should follow the believer, follow him; and you, sir, may see the same if you will go where there are those who believe on his word."

"Yes," he answered scornfully, "you will doubtless tell me that every soul which is converted to God, is in itself a stupendous miracle; but I would remind you that I am not speaking of conversions, as you are pleased to term them, but I am asking for the fulfillment of a certain promise, and I tell you your religion is a fraud and a humbug, and your Master promises you things he never intended to perform."

"Did I mention conversion to you, sir?"

"No, but that was what you meant."

"I do not know, sir, who gave you the right to interpret my meaning, and if you will excuse me I will tell you plainly, I meant no such thing. I have no authority, nor do I wish to cast pearls before swine; we as a people preach the gospel of Christ, and know that the signs Christ spoke of do follow the believers in that gospel, and I invite you to repent of your sins and be baptized for the remission of them, and see whether Jesus is not able to verify his word to the uttermost."

"How did he answer that," said Mr. Clark, so absorbed in the thought as to forget his personal interest in the same controversy.

"He professed utter disbelief, but he asked where our people held their meetings, and I have seen him once or twice among the congregation."

Mr. Clark refrained from asking if he had seen the power of God when there, for the Spirit was reminding him of what the promise had been, and he knew that in time, if he had found the people of God, he would find these things with them; but now he was more anxious to know of the doctrine they believed, that he might test it by the light God had given him in his study of the word.

As our object, however, in writing this brief sketch is to present a simple narrative of circumstances as they really happened, we pass over the hours which that night and the following day were given to conversation, and in which Mr. Clark learned to his entire satisfaction that he had found what he had been seeking for, simply remarking that he had been directed to the word of God, not only directed to it, but held there, and in all things required to go according to it. He found no creed but God's unchanging law; no spiritualizing of the word of God, but a simple following out in the most direct manner of all the requirements of the gospel, and as this was what he had been seeking, he knew it when found and stood ready to obey.

Their arrival attracted no great attention, for it was a thing of constant occurrence; and even then the house was filled with people, some from a greater distance than even they had come, hungering for the bread of life. In groups and in companies they were being instructed by Father and Hyrum Smith, and by other

elders who lived in the place. They were entertained free of charge, and when baptized were sent on their way rejoicing, many of them having been ordained to preach the word carried the glad news with them, and thus the circle enlarged, wave upon wave going out bearing the glad tidings of great salvation.

The next day being the Sabbath a large congregation gathered in the morning, and for the first time in his life Mr. Clark listened to a gospel sermon from one having authority to preach. In the afternoon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, and then followed such testimonies as many had never heard before. Prophecy, unknown tongues, interpretation of tongues, with the melting influence of the Holy Spirit, until it seemed a tangible presence felt by all. After meeting they adjourned to the water where the ordinance of baptism was administered to a large number, among whom was Mr. Clark; Mrs. Clark however could not quite make up her mind, and was not baptized until the following morning; and the same morning a little babe was born in the house of Joseph Smith, who was also named Joseph, after father and grandfather, so if our young friends want to know the date of what we are telling them, they can find it out by asking Bro. Joseph how old he is.

The mother-heart of Mrs. Clark was already longing for her children, and early on Monday morning they prepared to return home. It was a disappointment to Mr. Clark that he had not seen Joseph Smith, but apart from that his mind was fully satisfied that he had found the Church of Christ, and above all the Spirit of God had borne witness to his spirit of the truth of the gospel of Christ as restord by the angel in the latter days; still it would have been a satisfaction not only to have seen Bro. Joseph, but to have tested his ability to recognize him when he saw him. He was standing by the front window which overlooked the street, waiting for Mrs. Clark to come down as their team was ready and waiting. While standing there absorbed in thought, his attention was arrested by a man who rode up on horse-back, and jumping from his saddle proceeded to fasten his horse. As he turned to enter the gate Mr. Clark recognized him immediately, and turning to Father Smith, who was in the room said,

"There is your son Joseph."

"You must be mistaken, he will not be here for three weeks yet;" but as he spoke he rose and walked towards the window.

"I can not be mistaken, that is Joseph Smith."

"You are right, it is Joseph, but what brings him home now?" and he turned towards the door just as his son came in.

So you see my young friends that God showed to one man, at least, the servant he had chosen for the purpose of establishing his church in the last day, and many others have testified to the same thing. Joseph Smith did not in the beginning of the work go out to seek and persuade men to become his disciples, but God himself moved upon the hearts of many who sought for his servants, and in their turn, when authority from God had been given them, they carried the glad tidings of life and salvation to their friends and neighbors.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know;
'Tis far too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers thrown
Upon the floor are seen;
No finger-marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given,
No knicknames, "Love" and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea,
No baby in the house.

Anonymous.

AN ACROSTIC

Addressed to His Royal Highness, ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, and her Royal Highness, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA of Denmark, on the occasion of their Wedding, 10th March, 1863, by Charles Derry, First Missionary of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to England.

H eir to the proudest Throne this earth can boast,
I hail your nuptials with becoming joy!
S weet may your union prove! Long may it last,

R eplete with happiness without alloy.
O n thee, and on thy Royal Consort, too,
Y ear after year, may heavenly blessings fall,
A s doth on earth the gently falling dew,
L ife, health, and vigor to impart for all.

H igh as the heavens be your grand aim,
I n all conditions of your regal life—
G oodness is greatness, the true path to fame,
H eavens own royal road to endless life.
N ot all the diadems that earth can boast,
E ncircle as they may thy royal brow,
S anction can purchase from the Lord of Hosts,
S ave as thy soul performs its marriage vow.

A s from the fountain flows the crystal stream,
L impid and pure, at His behest divine;
B right and unsullied as the solar beam,
E ver may your love and virtues shine.
R oyal Bridegroom, walk the path of right;
T hat path alone leads to the realms of light.

E arth's noblest crowns will surely fade away;
D ust are the brows on which they all repose.
W hat is there, here, not subject to decay?
A re princes free from all these mortal woes?
R ead but the past and mark its lesson well;
D ust is the sport of time since Adam fell.

P rinces must bow before the Eternal's Throne,
R ulers be governed by His law supreme;
I n His dread presence all must trembling own,
"N othing are we;" "Our help is all in Him."
C all then, on God for help, O Prince beloved;
E nsure His blessings by a life approved;

O then, thy life will be a blessing here;
F rom every heart thy praises shall resound;

W here'er men live, thy name shall be revered,
A nd in their love thy bulwarks shall be found.
L isping childhood, too, shall bless thy name;
E xtol thy virtues; sing thy growing fame;
S o shall thy virtuous life on earth be crown'd.

H ere with becoming reverence would I give
E arnest welcome to thy Royal Bride;
R ich in every blessing, long may she live,

R enowned for truth and virtue far and wide.
O, may no blighting curse be hers to bear,
Y ielding its bitter fruits, the fruit of sin:
A h no! Forbid it, Lord, that it should mar
L oves purest temple, and make it unclean.

H ope of England, may your union prove
I ndeed a blessing to our favored land;
G raced be that union with the fruits of love,
H eavens own gifts, a lovely cherub band.
N or may you once forget this sacred truth,
E ternal as Jehovah's August Throne--
S elf hath no lasting bliss on earth, forsooth,
S ave as we feel all interests are one.

P rinces but live conjointly with the poor;
R ulers and ruled the self same blessings need;
I nfinite goodness ope's to all the door;
N or e'er refuses when we humbly plead.
C hrist, the great teacher, gave the golden rule;
E ach precious line declares our interests one;
S ee the same lesson taught in nature's school;
S hould mortals treat the same with scorn?

A h! no, for this neglect the world now mourns;
L ove, pure, unsullied love, is scarcely found.
E nvious, hateful self, the world o'erturns;
X erxes thus basely sought to obtain its crown,
A nd dreadful ruin followed in his wake.
N ations dismembered, totter and decay;
D issevered ties and noblest hearts a wreck,
R ecord the ravages of self, to-day;
A nd shall we still to self become a prey?

O Royal Pair; know where this curse began;
F ond hearts like yours, but to their interest blind,

D estined as one, to form the social man,
E nticed by evil, each must act unkind.
N ursed in each bosom, mark its rapid growth;
M ark its dread image in their offspring seen;
A las! domestic strife has brought it forth.
R ampant it quickly spreads o'er earth's wide scene;
K ings, peasants, all have felt its blighting curse;

W here shall its antidote on earth be found?
I n true obedience to the Royal Law;
N ought else will make the social compact sound,
D estroy disunion, and give peace to all.
S o may we, one and all, in truth return;
O bey the mandate of the King of Kings;
R ight wrong at home; bless those who mourn.

P eace then o'er earth will spread her angel wings.
A nd now I pray our common Lord to give
L ong life to Albert and his happy bride,
A nd fill your cup with blessings while you live,
C ement your union, and let peace abide
E ver with you; and His Spirit for your guide.

Loyally yours,

CHARLES DERRY.

We are pleased to tell our young people that when Bro. Derry sent this to the Prince of Wales and his fair bride, the Prince, (through his secretary) returned him their thanks, sealing the letter with the royal signet. Doubtless they felt that they were conferring an honor upon our brother, and it would not surprise us if some of you should have the same feeling; but we think the case was just the reverse, that the honor was conferred upon them, by Bro. Charles. Do you ask us why we think so? Come with us to the judgment hall of Pontius Pilate, and see there arraigned before his judgment seat the meek and lowly Jesus. Accused by the Jews, his life eagerly sought after by wicked, bloodthirsty men, Pilate turns to him to know the truth of that which is being witnessed against him, but receiving no answer from Jesus, he says, "Speakest thou not unto me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?"

"Thou could'st have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above," answered Jesus; and we want our young people to realize that Bro. Charles Derry, (in common with every worthy elder of the church), has authority from the king of heaven not only to use his signet seal, but to adopt into his royal family all who through obedience to the laws of God desire to become heirs of God and joint heirs with their risen Redeemer, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away. It is pleasing in the sight of God that we render honor unto all men unto whom honor is due, but it is still more pleasing to him that while we do this, we render to God and his servants the honor which belongs to them. The time is near when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and in that day kings and queens shall stand before him, being no more in his sight than the beggar who asks your alms to-day. Small power will then attach to their royal signet, for the time will come when the Saints of the Most High God will possess the kingdom, and in that day will be recognized the authority of his officers, and then will be known the power of his signet, which he has entrusted to those officers to use in accordance with his will and the gospel plan of salvation. Then before the assembled hosts of earth and heaven will it be known that the seal which Bro. Charles Derry has the authority to affix will be honored by the only King, who from that time forth shall take to himself all authority, all honor, and shall say to his humble followers, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." The seal of Prince Albert is only for time—the seal of God's servants is for eternity. Let the young think of this and choose wisely. —Ed.

YE ARE MY WITNESSES.

Fifty-eight years ago last June, in the county of Seneca, state of New York, David Whitmer (one of the subjects of this sketch), Hyrum Smith and Peter Whitmer presented themselves as candidates for baptism at the hands of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. At this time, according to the most approved history of the church, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were in possession of the Aaronic priesthood only; which priesthood had been conferred upon them by John the Baptist, in the month of May, 1829, just one month previous to this baptism of David Whitmer by Joseph Smith (which was in Seneca Lake). Let this fact be noticed by our boys and girls, for they may yet come into contact with those who deny the existence in the Christian Church of the Aaronic priesthood. If Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery did not hold this priesthood at this time they did not hold any, for the Melchisedek priesthood was not conferred upon them until after the angel had conferred upon the three special witnesses the knowledge which enabled them to declare to the world boldly and persistently that the Book of Mormon was brought forth and translated by the power of God.

After the baptism of David Whitmer, as Joseph and Oliver continued to translate the Book of Mormon they came to the knowledge of the fact that the Lord had promised to provide three special witnesses to the truth of the book and to qualify them to fill this office. When this was discovered, Joseph inquired of the Lord who these witnesses should be, and was told they should be Oliver Cow-

dery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris.

When this communication was given to Joseph Smith the plates were in his possession, and had it been the will of the Lord that it should have been done in such a manner, he had but to lift the cover which was thrown over them and these men could have seen them and have borne a faithful testimony to the fact. But this was not God's plan. The testimony which these men were to bear to this generation was to be of a character very different from this, and such as should leave without any excuse all who reject it. It will never be in the power of those who have rejected this latter day work and the testimony of these witnesses to say, "We surely believed that these men had been deceived by an impostor and only swore to having seen plates from which he pretended to translate;" for God chose them as his special witnesses, and fitted them for the work entrusted to them, that in the great day of judgment there should be no excuse left for those who should reject them to their own condemnation. Let us pause to see how this work of preparation was accomplished. A few days after it had been revealed who the special witnesses should be, they, in company with Joseph Smith, retired to the woods, and kneeling upon the ground, with the leafy boughs of the forest trees as a canopy above them, lifted their hearts in prayer to God, that he would qualify them for the work which he had called them to do. How this qualifying was to come, it is doubtful if they had even thought, much less shaped in their own minds the way. God had promised the prophet Moroni that so it should be, and he was abundantly able to make good his promise in his own way and time. One after the other led in prayer and, while they were thus engaged, suddenly there appeared above them a light of exceeding great brightness, and an angel of God stood before them. In his hands he held the plates, and turned over the leaves one by one, and so slowly that the engravings on them could be distinctly seen; and then there came a voice out of the bright light above them, saying, "These plates have been revealed by the power of God. The translation of them which you have seen is correct, and I command you to bear record of what you now see and hear." Thus were the special witnesses qualified for the part which they were to take in the great work of the latter days; and we come now to see how their part of the work was performed.

Our readers will bear in mind that we have but one object in view, and that is, Did these men prove faithful to their trust as witnesses? We assert that they did, and that too under circumstances the most trying, and utterly diverse. In identifying themselves with the latter day work they cast in their lot with the people of God at a time just prior to what they fondly dreamed would be a day of triumph and glory; a day in which God would manifest his power in the salvation of his people and vindicate his truth in the eyes of all men. There was much every way to lead them to this conclusion, and the power of God which they had seen manifested was not among the least of that which the father had seen fit to display in order to establish them in the truth. Have you, my young friends, ever thought seriously of this? When reading the Evangelists we have sometimes wondered why it was that the disciples did not more fully understand the work Christ had just before him, nor why even after he was risen again they should not have known that through century after century time would roll on ceaseless wing, the great departure from the faith would come, and yet "the kingdom not be restored unto Israel." But they did not know; and, "Wilt thou at this time?" was but the longing of ardent souls, finding expression in words. So in this latter day; looking back over the history of the past, we wonder that those who saw so clearly the plan of salvation and the former-day departure from truth and righteousness, should not have known and understood concerning that departure from the faith by and through which was to be revealed that Wicked One, whom the Lord was to destroy "with the brightness of his coming." But, understand it they did not; and when it came, nothing but the power of God availed, amid the broadcast wreck and ruin upon every hand, to enable those who had received the truth and whose souls had been baptized with a love of it, to stand. You who have many times felt so keenly the disgrace that attached to the name of "Mormon," who have often felt your cheeks burn and the indignant blush rise when you have been classed

with those who departed from the truth, pause for a moment and ask yourself, "What does apostasy mean?" "A departure from the truth," you answer. Could there have been a departure from the truth, if truth was not in existence? Certainly not; and therefore let us not feel so keenly the reproach, for the name of our Savior has always been associated with reproach, and it was this which Moses esteemed greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, and which Paul so earnestly besought his brethren to take up when he said, "Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach." Remember that all which is pure, holy, and worthy of the highest aspirations of a human soul has ever been revealed and is found in the gospel of the Son of God. The reproach is an excrescence, resulting from the unworthy actions of men. But we are digressing.

Full of zeal, faith and earnestness in the work, these special witnesses drew up their testimony, and affixing to it their names, sent it forth to the world. This may have been done with many a silent throb of pride, for there was as yet no reproach to bear. True they were looked upon as deluded fanatics; but when men know before God that of which they testify, this becomes a small matter indeed. This was no more than was laid to our Savior's charge, and, dear boys and girls, just fix this one fact firmly in your minds; write it upon the tablets of your hearts; and if you will do this, you can afford to bear all such judgments with equanimity,—"One with God is always a majority." This is what Paul meant when he said, "If God be for us who can be against us?" For this reason they went on their way rejoicing, for the time of their trial had not yet come.

It came however in due time. Hardness grew up between two of these witnesses and the church, which finally resulted in the former being disfellowshipped by the latter. Here was a grand opportunity for them to turn state's evidence, confess themselves a party to the fraud of the Book of Mormon, and so obtain absolution from the world at large, and at the same time be avenged of those they now looked upon as having been guilty of great injustice to them. But while in the economy of God they were free agents, to go, or to remain with the church, he had chosen them for their qualification of steadfastness to their testimony, and from this they never departed. God chose Abraham because of his fitness for the peculiar work which was to be entrusted to him; and although men are free agents unto themselves, God never makes mistakes, for he knows just what is in man. Joseph Smith did not choose these men; he simply acquiesed in God's choice; and having no deception to cover over, when it became evident that they did not see alike, there was no hesitation on the part of either to disagree. "When rogues fall out then honest men get their dues." So runs the proverb; but small is the comfort that has ever come to those who would destroy the divinity of the Book of Mormon through the disagreement of Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer with the church. So that we might reverse the proverb and say, "When honest men fall out rogues get their due;" for notwithstanding the fact that for nearly fifty years neither Cowdery nor Whitmer, have been identified with the church, their testimony has been undeviatingly the same with reference to the Book of Mormon.

We have adverted to the fact that almost up to the time of its taking place, not one in the church seemed to comprehend or appreciate the fact that an apostasy had to come before the Son of Man would return to the earth, and yet in the word of God it was most clearly foretold. If any doubt had ever existed in the minds of these witnesses with regard to their testifying to what they had actually seen and heard, and not only this, but what they knew to be the power of God, here was the crucible in which to test them. Instead of seeing the church arise and shine forth in the undimmed light of truth, as a bride preparing herself for the coming of her royal bridegroom, they saw her leaders martyred, the reins of government usurped by wicked men and the honest in heart scattered like sheep "upon every high hill," without fold or shepherd. But whenever called upon to bear their testimony, with undeviating truth and firmness it was still the same. And just here we will take occasion to insert this testimony, thinking that it may fall into the hands of some one who has not before seen it, and if not, we can not become too familiar with it ourselves; for that to

which God has set his seal should be well studied by his people.

THE TESTIMONY OF THREE WITNESSES.

Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues and people unto whom this work shall come, that we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower of which hath been spoken; and we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us; wherefore we know of a surety, that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shown unto us by the power of God, and not of man. And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true; and it is marvellous in our eyes, nevertheless, the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the father, and the the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen.

OLIVER COWDERY,
DAVID WHITMER,
MARTIN HARRIS.

This testimony we find was given in obedience to the command of God and for the purpose of freeing their garments of the blood of this generation. Will it cling to the garments of others? Oliver Cowdery seems to have gone through trials very similar to those of Whitmer, his home also being in Richmond, Missouri. Differing however from these, very widely in some respects was the trial of the third witness, Martin Harris. Many of his relations and those of his immediate family were led away into the great apostasy; and he himself, although not endorsing their doctrines, finally followed his son to Utah, where he died at the advanced age of ninety-two years. We have been told that when he first went to Utah, the authorities of the church there invited him into the stand to preach. He took his text from the Book of Mormon, and told them that they were violating the teachings of that book by their system of polygamy, and exhorted them to put it away and come back to the true way which they had forsaken. He was never invited to speak again, and an exile in the midst of those who were once friends and brethren, he died true to the one trust God had chosen him for, an especial witness to the divinity of the Book of Mormon.

During all the years when the cloud of darkness rested upon the church and scarce a ray of light penetrated the gloom, these three men mingled with the world, and at times became as it were a part of the world, but never under any circumstances did either of them for one moment deviate from the plain, straightforward testimony given to the world as early as the year 1830, when the Book of Mormon was first published. Martin Harris was a man who loved a social glass, and many a time during these years he was tempted to indulge by those opposed to the latter day work, for the sole purpose of getting him, while under the influence of liquor, to vary from his testimony in regard to the book; but those who knew him best, know that it was in every instance a signal failure, for instead of denying, changing or varying therefrom, he bore his testimony more faithfully, if that could be, than when sober; and we have been told that it always had the effect of sobering him.

We wish here to introduce an incident related to us by Bro. Joseph Tuttle of Pennsylvania, and if any of the Saints now in England remember anything concerning it, we will be very glad to have it confirmed by their testimony also. Disgusted with Utah, and not living near enough to his God to be guided in his ways by the Spirit of truth, Martin Harris made up his mind that he would use the influence which the fact of his special relation to the Book of Mormon gave him, to destroy the work as far as everything pertaining to it except the connection he had with the Book of Mormon was con-

cerned. For this purpose he resolved to go to England and there strike the first blow; and on his way he stopped at the house of Bro. Tuttle, and freely discussed his object while there. This brother could not understand how Harris could do this without invalidating his testimony to the Book of Mormon, and so tried to persuade him not to do it. Persuasions however were in vain, for his mind was fully made up that he would deliver a course of lectures against Mormonism, let the result be what it would. Bro. Tuttle, when he found out that persuasion was in vain, feeling grieved in his soul and not being able to see how Martin Harris could separate the two, placed on a table the three books, Bible, Book of Mormon, and book of Doctrine and Covenants. When he had done this he turned to Martin Harris saying, "Martin Harris, upon the truths contained in these three books I have staked the salvation of my immortal soul. To the divinity of one of these books your name and the seal of your testimony is affixed as a witness for God to the entire world, and now in the name of that God, before whose judgment seat we are both to appear, I adjure you to tell me whether you have borne a true testimony or a false one." Martin Harris arose, and placing one hand upon the books, he raised the other to heaven and said, "Bro. Tuttle, I call God and his angels to witness that my testimony to the Book of Mormon is true." Notwithstanding this, nothing could dissuade him from his purpose. He could not understand the purposes of God, he could not separate the true from the false, and his heart was sore over the corruption he had seen, and if he could do it, he would hew down the tree called Mormonism, root and branch. Many of the Saints who read this, looking back upon their own experience will fully understand this feeling. It is akin to what the prophet felt when he prayed to God for death, saying, "I only am left and they seek my life." Martin Harris, like the prophet, was yet to learn that God had reserved unto himself in these latter days, many more than seven thousand who had never bowed the knee to this modern Baal.

Before starting for England he promised Bro. Tuttle that he would stop on his way home, and let him know what success he had met with, and this he did. We do not remember the length of time which intervened between his coming and going, neither what city he went to, but we believe it was London; but we will give our readers in substance the result of his journey, as he himself narrated to Bro. Tuttle after his return. Arrived as his journey's end, he rented a hall; had large circulars posted, announcing that Martin Harris, one of the three special witnesses to the Book of Mormon, would at such a place and upon such a time, lecture to the people, exposing Mormonism; and all were invited to come and hear. When the time arrived the house was well filled, and just in front of him many of the Saints were sitting, their countenances expressive of the grief surging in their hearts, and the cry of their souls going up to God, "How long, O, Lord, how long?"

"I remember," said Martin Harris, "of announcing my subject to the people, and of feeling a pain at my heart when I saw that little handful of Saints sitting before me, and realized that what I had to say would be as death to them; but I know of nothing more, I can tell you of nothing which occurred until I found myself surrounded by those Saints, who, with streaming eyes and broken utterances, were thanking me for the glorious manner in which I had defended the faith, and the powerful testimony I had borne to the truth of the work. There was not a dry thread in my garments, and I trembled in every limb."

This we believe was the last effort ever made by Martin Harris to expose Mormonism, and he went home satisfied that "It was hard to kick against the pricks;" and when the messenger from the silent shore where rolls the surging waves of death's cold river came for him, he, like the true soldier who has worn out his life beneath his country's flag desires its folds to be wrapped around him in death, he also desired that book to the divinity of which he had for forty-five years testified, to be placed near his heart. The years of his life were ended and he might have exclaimed with Israel of old, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." The hopes and aspirations which must have surged through his soul when first called to stand forth as a witness of the great work of God in these latter days had been blasted as it were in an hour; and, to all human discernment, the work

of God had proven a failure. Alas for the short sightedness of man?

Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris and David Whitmer, the three special witnesses appointed by God through his servant Joseph Smith, have been handed down to their graves in peace. During long lives and troubled ones, their testimony has been the same, and the last thought in the heart of each when summoned home has been, "Let me die true to the trust the Lord committed into my hands."

In our brief editorial notice last month of the death of David Whitmer, we remarked that to our mind it was an event of great importance to us as a people and to the world at large. We wish briefly to give our reasons for so thinking. In the 9th chapter of Hebrews Paul uses these words: "For where a testament is, there must also of necessity be the death of the testator, for a testament is of force after men are dead, otherwise it is of no strength at all while the testator liveth. Whereupon neither the first testament was dedicated without blood."—Heb. 9: 16, 17. The witness which these three men were chosen to bear to the world, in that it embraced the fact that by the power of God the Book of Mormon had been translated, becomes not only a witness to the divinity of the book, but to the divine calling of Joseph Smith; inasmuch as the work itself being divine in its origin, whoever had done that work had done it by divine appointment, and these men were chosen to be witnesses of this fact. It was the restoration of the gospel to the earth in its power and fulness through Joseph Smith as the instrument in God's hands. Paul says where a testament is, there must also of necessity be the death of the testator. Webster tells us that a testament is "to be a witness." Here then is a testament to all the inhabitants of the earth, and, like the first which was a type, this also has been sealed with blood, even the blood of him whose divine calling these men have testified to; and now it goes forth to the world sealed and stamped with all the force of divine and human authority combined; and in the death of David Whitmer we recognize the closing scene of the first act in the great drama of this latter day work, the next of which will be the ushering in of the righteous reign of the Prince of Peace. Let us be understood just here. We do not say this because it is David Whitmer who is dead, but because the last special witness whom God chose to declare to the whole world that this work was of divine origin has been called home—his work is finished—their work completed. And now let the world assuredly know, that far behind, amid the wrecks of the past, unhonored and soon to be forgotten in the glory and brightness of that which is just at our doors, lie forever buried the great latter day apostasy; and before the people and church of the living God there opens a future more glorious than ever dawned upon the Saints of God before. A future which is to end in no dark night of terrible apostasy, but in the advent of Zion's King, who shall himself assume the reigns of government, and perfect the work the Father gave him to do.

Said Jesus, "As the light of the morning that shineth out of the one part under heaven, and lighteneth to the other part under heaven, so also shall the Son of Man be in his day." And what saith the voice of the Spirit to the Saints:

"It is even now as day break,
And the night not fully gone,
When the sky is tinged with crimson
Ere the coming of the morn."

Have you ever watched through the long, weary hours of the night, perchance by the bedside of a friend, or it may be, with the shrouded form soon to be committed to the keeping of mother earth. How the hours seemed to lengthen out until minutes themselves became as ordinary hours. Again and again, with hasty hand, has the curtain been drawn aside, and your eyes have sought the eastern horizon with the hope of distinguishing the first gray dawn of the morning. The Spirit here is not speaking of the first dawn, the rays of which then filled your heart with joy. Oh, no; we are past that, for

"It is even now as day break;" not the gray dawn of the morning, but "The sky is tinged with crimson." Crimson, the bright warm color which lingers nearest to the sun, and is but slightly in advance of his royal appearing; and with this glad announcement comes the summons, "Then arise and work together." There is work yet to be done for the Master; there are honest hearted ones to be brought into the fold, and the time in which to labor is short.

Have the young no interest in this matter? They have, far more than the aged ones. It is appointed unto man once to die. The aged are passing away. One by one they are falling like valiant soldiers at the post of duty. Through many dark and cloudy days they have traveled on. They have stood forth with bared heads amidst the howling storms of persecution, and amidst fiery trials have been witnesses for God. Few have been their opportunities for advancement in the world, for the acquisition of knowledge and learning, when compared with those you have had. Will you be qualified? Will you be worthy to take their places?

Cheer upon cheer greets the passing by of the old corps of veterans though their uniforms are tarnished and worn, and their colors are rent and faded. What matter, the men who wear those tarnished uniforms are heroes, and on many a fiercely contested battle field they have followed that rent and faded flag to victory. Cheer, then, you lovers of the brave and true, as you may not, can not cheer those other corps, be their armor never so bright, their flag unrent and their uniform untarnished. They look like those who shall make brave and loyal soldiers, but they are all untried, and in the long and weary marches who may say they will not fall out by the wayside, or yet when the battle rages fiercest turn their backs to the foe? Let the young then remember, and see to it that they are prepared to take the places soon to be left vacant in God's great army, for the day of grand review is not far distant, when the opening heavens shall reveal the King; and his reward will be with him, to bestow upon all who have been valiant soldiers in his army. Listen again to the sweet voice of the Spirit and grieve it not.

"It is even now as day-break,
And the night not fully gone,
When the sky is tinged with crimson,
Ere the coming of the morn;
Then awake, ye Saints, and labor;
Labor while in life you may;
Gather out the honest hearted,
Bring them in the narrow way.

"Yes; the clouds are fast dispersing,
And the darkness well nigh spent;
Then go forth ye faithful workers,
Saying unto all, Repent;
For the work is all majestic,
And the Spirit is divine;
Then arise and work together,
And, behold, the sun will shine."

The above, sung in tongues and interpretation in the same way by the Spirit, as noticed in the *Saints' Herald* of February 25th, not only points to the hour of day, but assures us that the coming of our Lord is near. He has gathered to himself his special witnesses of the great work of the latter days; but every one, who with an honest heart obeys his gospel, is entitled to a testimony for himself which shall qualify him to stand as a witness in the presence of all men, if need be, of the truth of this gospel restored by an angel, and never more to be taken from the earth until Christ shall come.

A TRUE GIRL.

A TRUE girl! How much is embraced in these three words, and what does constitute a true girl? We must not merely understand by a true girl one who is truthful, but one who endeavors, under whatever circumstances she may be placed, to do her duty. There is no happiness in this life without duty. A sense of duty always pursues us; it is omnipresent, like the Deity.

The chief characteristic of a girl should be truth. "Of all the duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. Truth is God. To love God and to love truth are one and the same." It is this quality more than any other that commands the esteem and respect, and secures the confidence of others.

To the true girl in all her relations, as daughter, sister, friend, in all her actions, in all her words, faithfulness will be the first consideration. Faith is the root of all good works, and it is a fruitful parent of all other graces. "Her word must be

her bond through life." A true girl will not make a promise and break it, nor say one thing and mean another, but will be true in deed and word. A broken promise is an untruth told. The excellent advice given by Polonius to Laertes in "Hamlet" may be followed out by girls:—

"This above all—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not be false to any man."

The next attributes which hold a high place in the character of a girl are patience and gentleness—necessary qualities in every girl's life. Patience aids us in extinguishing envy, overcoming anger, and crushing pride. How much good may be done and joy brought by a gentle word or look! Truly, "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Girls are not called upon to do great things, except in rare instances; but the every-day trials of life in the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces afford ample scope for practicing that virtue of mankind which has become proverbial. The best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves, are those in which we have to bear with the failings of those about us; to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks; to bear with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor.

Earnestness ranks next as holding a high place in a girl's character, for do not earnestness and simplicity carry all before them? Charles Dickens tells us that "there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness." Let us bear this in mind, and whatever we have to accomplish, let us be earnest. Hand in hand with earnestness goes the Roman virtue—perseverance, which has perhaps been the radical principle of every truly great character. Perseverance, working in the right direction, grows with time, and when steadily practiced, even by the most humble, will rarely fail of its reward. Trusting in the help of others is of comparatively little use. The grandest inventions have been completed by the diligent pursuit of perseverance. The great success of this virtue is seen in the proverb, "A falling drop at last will cave a stone."

We are told by a great author that he considers a beautiful form better than a beautiful face, and a beautiful behavior better than a beautiful form. To have true beauty a girl must have a tender regard for the old and young, for the poor and suffering; must be sensible and pure in her thoughts, chaste in her conversation, sympathetic with those in adversity, and have an affable and open disposition; and above all, humbleness of her soul.

The true girl is not complete without the blessing of the gift of industry. Girls instilled with the habits of industry are more safely provided for than if they had a fortune given them; for there is no art or science too difficult for industry to attain. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy." Industry qualifies us in all our various classes for the highest and lowest employments; it inspires us with fresh vigor in the performance of social and religious duties, and it gives a wider scope for the display of our talents. The habit of constant useful occupation is as essential for the happiness and well-being of woman as of man. The happiness of the body lies in health, that of the mind in knowledge. Without occupation women are apt to sink into a state of *ennui* and uselessness, accompanied by sick headache and attacks of "nerves." If we followed in the steps of the Germans, teaching children all kinds of work, it would no doubt prove more beneficial to domestic happiness. The education of women has made great strides in the last few years, and the question of higher education still holds the prominent place it deserves. Are we content to be as we are? No, let us put forth our strength in doing our utmost to elevate our standard of perfection, and strive, one and all of us, to become "true girls." We need not live grand lives, but good and useful ones, doing the work which falls to our lot most faithfully and conscientiously, for, as George Eliot tells us, "The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life." Let us also bear in mind those beautiful lines of Charles Kingsley's:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

We should all endeavor to live for something, and begin life by promising ourselves all we can perform, and prove our fidelity by carrying out all we have promised.

Joseph de Maistre, speaking of women, said, "it is quite true that women have produced no *chefs d'œuvre;* but," he said, "they have done something far greater and better than all this, for it is at their knees that upright and virtuous men and women have been trained—the most excellent productions in the world."

Women accomplish their best works in the quiet seclusion of the home and family, by sustaining effort and patient perseverance in the path of duty. The influence they exercise, even though it be unrecorded, lives after them, and in its consequences forever.—*Sel.*

DRIFT-WOOD.

The threads our hands in blindness spin,
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.—*Whittier.*

BEST DONE IN THE FAMILY.

The best society for the suppression of pernicious literature is the family. The best legislation that can be passed for the prevention of the sale of vile literature can be passed by father and mother in joint convention assembled. Daily teaching to love and study good and useful things will bring boys and girls to detest the opposite. These are the only means by which the sale of pernicious literature can ever be permanently and effectually suppressed. The passage of laws by the state and the watchfulness of the societies for the suppression of pernicious literature may do some good for the youth who have no parents to teach them, but to provide sound early training for them would do far more.

LIFE IN THE LITTLE SEED.

1. Did you ever look at a dry seed? You thought it was dead, but in that small prison-house, there was a great deal of life shut in. It did not look as if anything could come of it, did it? But wait. Put it in the ground, and let the moisture swell it until it bursts its tiny covering, and by and by a large tree will come from the little seed you thought so dead.

2. It was asleep! In the ground it woke up, and a great many seeds have come from the one small seed you placed there.

3. There is a great deal of life asleep in the winter. Some seeds sleep longer than that, hundreds of years, and then spring up into life as if they had only been asleep a year.

4. Seeds are scattered in many ways. They do not all stay where they drop. Some are carried away by water, and settle far from the place where they grew.

5. The hairs of animals take others, and drop them as they go to pasture, or rub against the fences, and many are so light that they are blown about by the wind.

6. Some seeds have little fibres or wings on purpose to fly. The maple is one, so is the dandelion. With these wings they can go a great distance.

7. The seeds of mosses and ferns are so small that they can go farther than any other. Mosses fly almost everywhere, even to the tops of mountains.

8. How wonderful all this is! Year after year our heavenly Father sends the sunshine and rain and wind to make the seeds grow, and has promised us that "seed-time and harvest shall not fail."

MUSCLE BREAD.

German children learn to make bread when very young. The kneading, which every one knows is the hardest part of bread-making, is given an impetus by the father putting into the dough some small silver coins, the number being unknown to the little Gretchen, who industriously kneads over and under to find the coin, which she adds to her wedding dowry. In this way they learn to knead thoroughly, and are excellent bread-makers, the grain being fine and close the bread light. The art of kneading once learned is never forgotten.

"WORK TO DAY IN MY VINEYARD."

Mrs. Fletcher of Madely, who was a very devoted handmaid of the Lord, said, to encourage others in the same blessed service, "Do each hour just the good that opens before you. Doing so, you will prove the Lord's faithfulness to that saying, 'He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.'" Another has said, "Do the duty that is just at hand to be done, even if it be with self-denial; and you will find that the Lord will open your path to further usefulness. 'To him that hath shall more be given' Let us bring ourselves into warm contact with those we wish to bless. Paul said that he became 'all things to all men, that he might save some.'"

Heaven does not give up reprobates as easily as we do. God is "long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish; and his long-suffering often proves salvation. This is a pattern for us to be prayerful and patient in well-doing." Let us "show the kindness of God to them that know him not;" thus "through our mercy they may obtain mercy."

Oh, how important it is that we should be prompt in what we do for the good of souls! also, steadfast and persevering while life is ours; for when we come to the close of life, we shall feel overpowered with a sense of our short comings in the Lord's service, and we shall mourn to think that we have done so little for him, and that little so imperfectly. This has been painfully felt by many Christians on the bed of death. What others have lamented when it was too late to make further efforts should serve as a solemn caution to make us more diligent in improving the present moment for the good of souls. The greatness of the object—to try "to save a soul from death"—calls for much prayer for the Holy Spirit to make our efforts useful; and if we are truly united to Christ as the branch is to the vine, our faitnfulness will bring glory to the Lord."

THE IMMIGRANT TRAIN.

BY JOHN ATKINSON.

"A Fearful Collision!" The newsboys said.
"The names of the injured and names of the dead."
I purchased the paper and glanced to see
If the dead or dying were dear to me.
They were strangers all! An Immigrant Train
Had been telescoped by a freight from Maine.
So I folded the paper and drew my cap
Down over my forehead to take a nap.
But I could not sleep, for a restless thought
In my brain a future of sorrow wrought
Of fond mothers, weeping in far off lands,
For their slaughtered sons—their good right hands;
And I blushed to think that I felt relief
At what they would read in the deepest grief.

But our train rolled on with a hissing speed,
With a rumble, and roar, and a hungry greed
To devour the miles. An old friend sat down
By my side, to talk of the busy town,
Of actors and plays, and the chance of war
Between German Kaiser and Russian Czar;
And I soon forgot the grief and the pain
Of the strangers wrecked on the other train.
God's angels guarded me all the way,
In safety I reached my home that day.
I kissed my children again and again,
With joy that was tinged with a touch of pain;
For I recollected the horrid fate
Of the strangers entering at our gate,
And I thought of many a cabin door
Thro' which gladness will ne'er enter more,
Of blinding tears and the moan of pain,
For the wounded and dead of the Immigrant Train.

Detroit, Feb. 1888.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

NOTHING, in the long run, commands a higher reward in the world than perseverance and thoroughness. Here is an incident in point:

A young lad in Pennsylvania who was supporting himself as a stenographer, studied in his leisure the art of photography. Photography has been a craze for years past with American boys, and tens of thousands of young lads are going about with their cameras taking pictures. Most of them, however, grow tired of the pursuit in a short time, and give it up, without, probably, having made a single creditable picture.

But this boy was as anxious and careful with the amusement as if his livelihood depended on it, and studied not only the practice, but the theory of the art. An exhibition was given in Philadelphia a few years ago of all electrical discoveries and machinery. Among the exhibits was the photograph of a storm. The boy discovered that no one had ever succeeded in photographing a flash of lightning. He resolved to attempt this scientific feat, which was pronounced impossible.

The lightning must paint its own likeness, hence the photograph must be taken at night. For two years whenever there was a storm he put on a waterproof and carried his camera to the roof of the house. The prepared plate was put in, and turned to the quarter of the sky from which the flash would probably come. But the lightnings, no more tamed than in the days of Job, will not come at our bidding, and say unto us, "Here we are."

The lad watched, in the drenching rain upon the house-top through every stormy night, for two years, and spoiled one hundred and sixty plates in attempting to catch the evanescent flash. But on the hundred and sixty first plate there appeared the black sky, riven by a dazzling stream of electric light. For the first time in the history of the world there was a true picture of a flash of lightning.

Copies of this picture are now to be found all over the world, and the boy received letters from all scientific men of Europe congratulating him on his success.

Audubon, the ornithologist, spent hours every day standing up to the chin in the waters of the bayoux of Louisiana, studying a certain moth. His wife complained that he had thus brought on congestion of the lungs, and permanently injured his health.

"Possibly," he said, with indifference. "But there can be now no doubt as to the species of that moth !"

We hear much complaint among young men entering life that there is no room for them in any business or profession. There is room in each for zeal and thoroughness, and they never fail to command success and recognition, even in the making of a picture or the study of a moth.—*Sel.*

NIGHT-TIME DOTH HEALING BRING.

As on wrecked battle grounds
  Some black-robed, piteous nun
Binds up the bleeding wounds
  When the day's fight is done;
So, stealing o'er the way
  Where, gairishly, has passed
The heated, burdened day,
  To wither, bruise, and blast,
Night comes in sable dress,
With soothing, soft caress,
To heal and sweetly bless.

Sad eyes, which long did weep;
  Hearts—heavy, sick, and worn—
Praying for peaceful sleep;
  Hands weary, briar-torn,
Feet that for courted rest
  Halt by the sunset gate,
Welcome this dark-robed guest,
  And for her coming wait.
Bird of the broken wing,
Cease now thy sorrowing,—
Night-time doth healing bring.—*Sel.*

Helpful Hints and Suggestions.

The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.—*Whittier.*

DIPHTHERIA.

Take 1 (heaping) teaspoonful of golden seal, 1 tablespoonful of garden sage, steep together in ½ cup water; strain tea and add to it lump of alum size of a hazel-nut, and the same quantity of burnt alum pulverized fine, then add ½ cup strained honey; simmer ½ hour and bottle for use. When it is needed use a throat sponge, and in bad cases sponge the throat out good every hour, until the ulcers disappear; and let the adult or child swallow a little, (it will not hurt them). Keep the feet warm and the head cool, and give a little mild physic if the throat is swollen; bathe with spirits of turpentine, and put a piece of flannel around the throat. Diphtheria generally comes on with a chill, and if seen in time before the chill leaves the patient, give a bath in hot water and mustard. This receipt has never been known to fail.

POULTICE.

A poultic made of spikenard and a little bran is excellent. For cold on the lungs, also, drink often a tea made of spikenard sweetened with honey. Flaxseed also makes a good poultice, and tea for lung troubles.

A USEFUL RECIPE.

The *Scientific American* says: The unpleasant odor produced by perspiration is frequently a subject of vexation to persons who are subject to it. Nothing is simpler than to remove this odor much more effectually than by the application of such unguents and perfumes as are now in use. It is only necessary to procure some compound spirits of ammonia, and put about two teaspooonsful in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands and arms with this leaves the skin as clean, neat and fresh as one could wish. This wash is very harmless and very cheap. It is recommended on the authority of an experienced physician, and it ought to be tried at least by all those whose persons are so offensive in this respect.

A GOOD COUGH MEDICINE.

Split fine 2 or 3 roots of licorice root (according to size); take about 1 teaspoonful squills, and a little spikenard, put all into an earthen vessel; add enough water to nearly fill and boil about 2 hours. Sweeten with honey and strain; give 2 or 3 teaspoonfuls at a dose—whenever the cough is troublesome; good for a child.

MUSTARD PLASTER FOR YOUNG CHILD.

1 level teaspoonful mustard, 8 heaping teaspoonfuls flour, mix to a paste with vinegar. If it reddens the skin in 5 minutes, wet a cloth in warm water, lay it next to the skin, and the plaster on top; grease the skin after taking off with sweet-oil and turpentine, equal parts. To test any kind of a plaster for a baby, lay against your cheek a few seconds, if it does not burn it will be right.

If the soft water that flows in your pipes is yellow put bluing into the boiler, before boiling the clothes. It will give them a better color.

Fruit stains are removed by bleaching on the grass, when apple trees are in blossom.

To keep silver pieces looking new do not rub them but pat them dry—this is on the authority of a manufacturer.

Buckets and all wooden pails not in use, as well as wash tubs should be turned bottom side up, to prevent leaking.

Hold raisins under water while stoning, this prevents stickiness to the hands, and cleanses the raisins. Put the quantity of raisins needed in a dish with water to cover, stone them before removing from water.

N. B.—If housekeepers would watch for the first appearance of the Buffalo beetle in the Spring, and kill it, as Saul slew his enemies by the "tens of thousands," they would have less trouble with the Buffalo bug, in the summer.

The beetle is ambitious. It soars high, it also crawls and it flies. To find it "at home" go to the attic, or the highest window in your house, when the sun shines warm. It looks like a lady bug, but don't be deceived, it doesn't smell like one. Kill all you can find, there will be as many more awaiting for to-morrow. Follow this up every day for weeks, or until not one beetle can be found. Don't forget to look well in cracks of the floor and window casings, and don't be surprised if the second story, and even the front parlor show signs of the intruder. It works its way down, head it off and extermite it if you can.

Editor's Corner.

As we notified our readers in the last issue that on account of getting out another edition of the January number the April number would probably be delayed some two weeks, we trust that none have felt disappointed at its nonappearance, but stand ready to give it a cordial greeting. If any have failed to receive the January number, or if any wish to commence their subscription with that number, it will be necessary to signify it very soon, as we have but a limited supply left, and after this is exhausted no more of this number will be printed.

We will esteem it a favor if our friends who have been assisting us in the circulation of the Magazine will send in their list of names, in order that we may be able to award the premiums offered. Do not fail to comply promptly, in orrer that all may be in on time.

We wish to call especial attention to the letter of Henry Ward Beecher, found in this issue, and to say to every parent who has not before read it, give it a prayerful and a careful reading. Put it side by side with the tract issued by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, "What are your children reading?"(see Her. vol.35, p 173) and answer to your conscience now, as you will one day have to answer at the bar of Him who placed your offspring in your care in all the purity and helpless innocence of childoood, "Am I true or false to my trust?" Do not strive, we beseech you, to silence the voice of conscience, nor be deceived into thinking that for any purpose on earth you can set aside the duty you owe to your child.

We earnestly desire the boys and girls who read this to know that for every act of parental watch-care and authority put forth to restrain them from evil, from tarnishing the unwritten pages of their lives, they ought to thank God and reverence their parents. You will do this in time, just as surely as virtue is to be loved and vice hated; but woe to that father or mother who in that day shall find that when put into the balance of God's just judgment, they kick the beam.

Round Table.

EDITED BY SALOME.

A lady gave us a rule, not long since, by which she had succeeded in interesting her lively, fun-loving boys, so they preferred to remain at home evenings instead of seeking amusement elsewhere.

She said, "I remember that children are children, and must have amusements. I fear that the abhorrence with which some good parents regard any play for children is the reason why children go away for pleasure. Husband and I used to read history, and at the end of each chapter ask some questions, requiring the answer to be looked up if not given correctly. We follow a similar plan with the children; sometimes we play one game, and sometimes another, always planning with books, stories, plays or treats of some kind, to make the evenings at at home more attractive than they can be made abroad. I should dislike to think that any one could make my children happier than I can, so I always try to be at leisure in the evening, and to arrange something entertaining.

"When there is a good concert, lecture, or entertainment, we all go together and enjoy it; and whatever is worth the price of admission to us older people, is equally valuable to the children, and we let them see that we spare no expense where it is to their advantage to be out of an evening.

"But the greater number of our evenings are spent quietly at home. Sometimes it required quite an effort to sit quietly talking and playing with them when my work-basket is filled with unfinished work, and books and papers lie unread on the table; but as the years go by, and I see my boys and girls growing into home-loving, modest young men and maidens, I am glad that I made it my rule to give the best of myself to my family."

THE HAMMOCK CRADLE.

A hammock cradle may be put up quite easily after this fashion: Screw two stout hooks about three feet apart into the ceiling where a beam runs, for safety. Hang from each hook a metal ring, then tie a heavy cord in each end of the hammock to the hook opposite to prevent a fall if one hook should give way. Place the baby's mattress and pillows across the swing and tie up the head with a bow of bright ribbons.

I know one young mother who has this hammock swung directly over her own bed, and she is thus enabled to attend to the wants of her baby without leaving her own couch, while if the child stirs uneasily, a very slight motion of the easy swing quiets it at once.

Given plenty of pure fresh air, and a quiet dark room, this cradle will be a promoter of refreshing sleep.

A new coquettish globe cover for a lamp is composed of a network of beads in any delicate color, as pale blue, amber, pink, or yellow. This network may be made on a foundation of crepe or put directly on the globe without a lining. It is bordered by a silk fringe. The network of pink or yellow beads has a magical effect, like a thousand dewdrops or jewels when the lamp is lighted, and a pretty effect by day also.

THE BUTTERFLY KITE.

Make a thin straight stick of a piece of elastic wood, or split rattan: to the top end of this attach a piece of thread or string; bend the stick as you would a bow until it forms an arc, or part of a circle; then holding the stick in this position tie the other end of the string to a point a few inches above the bottom end of the stick. At a point on the stick, about one-quarter the distance from the top, tie another string, draw it taut, and fasten it to the bottom end of the bow. Take another stick of exactly the same length and thickness as the first, and go through the same process, making a frame that must be a duplicate of the other. Then fasten the two frames together, allowing the arcs to overlap several inches, and bind the joints securely with thread. The head of the insect is made by attaching two broom straws to the top part of the wings where they join. The straws must be crossed, the projecting ends serving for antennæ or, as the boys call them, the "smellers" of the butterfly. Now select a piece of blue or yellow tissue paper, place your frame over it, cut and paste as directed below. When the kite is dry, with black paint make markings on the wings similar to those you see on the common butterflies, or better still, cut out some pieces of dark, colored paper in the form of these markings and paste them on, taking care to have one wing like the other as in nature.

THE TURTLE KITE

Is very simple in its construction. Suppose you want your kite to measure two feet from tip of nose to end of tail, the spine or center-stick must then, of course, be two feet long; make the leg sticks each one and a half foot long; place the stick for the fore legs at a point on the spine seven inches below the top, and put the stick for the hind legs eight inches below the fore legs. Make a hoop of rattan (or some light wood that will bend easily), large enough to extend four inches above the fore-leg stick and the same distance below the hind-leg stick. Let the diameter across the center from side to side be about fifteen inches. Take a piece of rattan six inches long, fasten it in the center to tip of head; curve by drawing down both ends with pieces of thread and tying securely to the hoop about one inch from the spine. This forms the head. Put small cross pieces on for the feet and attach to hoop in like manner. Run a thread over the bottom end of the spine and tie to hoop on either side. Your foundation is now complete, and after covering with tissue paper a look at a picture of a turtle will help you to make the markings so that it will look natural. Green is a good color for this kite.

CUTTING AND PASTING.

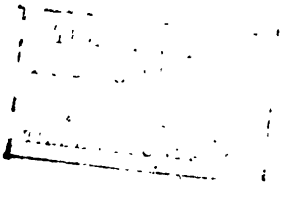
You will say perhaps that every boy knows how to cover a kite; that may be, and yet perhaps a few hints may be helpful—remembering in this as in everything else, "whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well;" and attention to details, though they may be tiresome, is very often essential to final success. If your paper is not large enough, paste together before using. Paste made of flour and water boiled to the consistency of starch is best. Put the paste on with a small brush: make the seams or overlaps, hardly more than one-fourth of an inch wide, and press them together with a soft cloth. Let it dry; then lay the paper smoothly on the floor and place the frame of the kite upon it, using heavy books or weights to hold it in place. With a pair of scissors cut the paper around the frame, leaving a clear edge of one-half inch, and making a slit in this edge every six or seven inches and at each angle; around the head these slits must be made about two inches apart, to prevent the paper from wrinkling when you commence to paste. With your brush cover the margin with paste, one section at a time. Turn it over, and with the cloth press it down. Continue until completed.

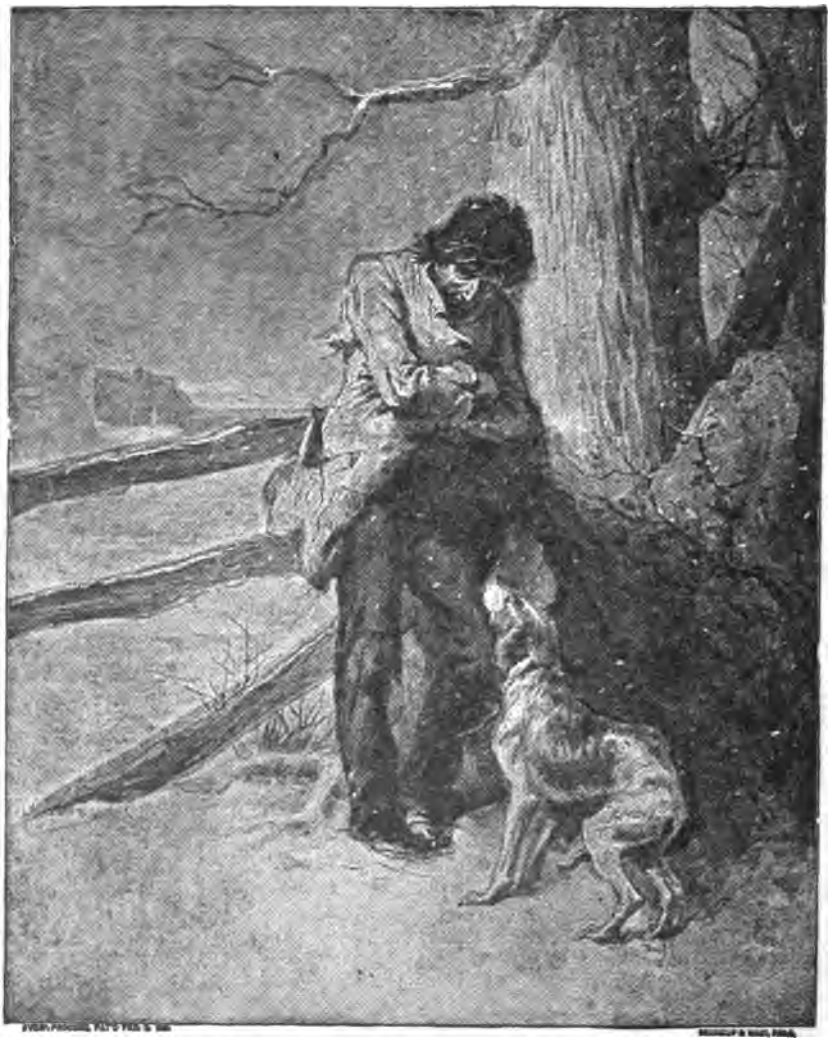
TRADES.

Every player except the one who holds the office of reader selects a trade or profession which he or she must retain throughout the game. When all have chosen their trade the reader opens a book at random and reads a passage from it aloud, but when he comes to any common noun he looks at one of the tradesmen, who must instantly name some article that he is supposed to have for sale, or some implement connected with the exercise of his craft. By this substitution of one noun for another, the most pathetic passages are converted into absurdities, and the reading of them affords a great deal of merriment.

WORDS FOR CHARADES.

Court-ship. Night-in-gale. Skin-flint. To-ma-to. Lap-wing.





The Vagabonds.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Vol. I. LAMONI, IOWA, MAY, 1888. No. 5.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER V.

OUR readers must not suppose that we have forgotten Daniel, for such is not the case, neither had Daniel forgotten his experience of the night in the woods; but with the exception of his mother, he had rarely spoken of it to any one. His father, but especially his mother, had noticed a great change in him from that time. He was just as lively with his young brothers and sisters, but when they did not make demands upon his time he was seldom found, when not at work, without a book in his hand, and most frequently that book was the Bible. And many times, when his mother, before retiring for the night, went into the room where her boys slept, she found him still awake, and knew that he had been listening to his father's reading.

Like Mary of old, she hid these things in her heart, and sometimes when they chanced to be alone, he spoke to her about the future and the thoughts which entered his mind.

"I heard father tell you his vision," he said to her one day, "and I believe it is true, and do you know, mother, that I sometimes feel as though the Lord would let me have a part in the work, for I so often seem to hear again the words, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.'"

"I hope and trust you are right, my son, and if God calls you to do any work for him that you will be very faithful in it."

Daniel did not make any answer, but in his heart he was firmly resolved to give his life to the service of God. He knew that God had sent his angels to protect him the night he was a prisoner in the forest, and when he thought about it he felt that all he could do would be little, indeed, in comparison with what God had done for him. Having been near unto death, and expecting nothing but to be torn to pieces, limb by limb, he could realize, as he never had before, what it meant for Christ to lay down his life for his enemies. Life is very sweet to the young, and Daniel felt unspeakable gratitude for the preservation of his, and never could tell any one *how real, how near* God had seemed to him since that time.

It had now been six days since the young people had been left alone, and today they expected father and mother to come back to them. Everything in and about the house was made to look as neat as possible, and as the afternoon grew towards evening, the children all gathered in a group under the trees in the yard to watch the first turn in the road which would reveal the travellers to them. Lucy, the little blue-eyed sister of whom Daniel had thought so tenderly that night in the woods, was standing by his side, and was the first one to catch a glimpse of the spirited bay horses as they came rapidly down the road towards home. Then there was a general rush for the gate, and no sooner had the carriage stopped than Mrs. Clark sprang to the ground, and returned the embraces of her children with a will.

"I am so glad to be at home again," she said, as after embracing each one she walked with her oldest daughter towards the house. "Have you all been well?"

"Yes, mother, quite well, but very lonesome. Did you have a pleasant time?"

"Yes, very pleasant, but I have missed my home and children very much, especially when night came, and would have been much happier if I could have known that you were all well and happy. What a nice housekeeper you are, to be sure," said she, as she took in at a glance the tidy room and the neatly spread table in the room beyond, around which they were all soon gathered and partaking with a relish of the refreshments which their long drive made very acceptable.

The meal disposed of, amid many questions and answers on both sides, the little trunk which they had taken with them was opened and was found to contain some small present for each one of the children, together with quite a number of books and papers, among which was the "Book of Mormon." This arrested the attention of Daniel, who asked his father if it was the book spoken of by the stranger who had stopped with them the other night.

"Yes, it is the same book."

"Why did he call it a 'Golden Bible?' It looks just like any other book."

"I presume it is given that name from the fact that it was first written upon plates of gold."

"Who wrote it, father?"

"Men who were inspired of God; and after they had written it, it was put into a very tight box and buried in the ground."

"Who found it, and how long had it been there?"

"One question at a time, boys, and as the story is both long and interesting, let us first do our chores and then I will tell you all about it."

The boys moved slowly away as if reluctant to go, but they had been trained to habits of perfect obedience; and the girls, while busy with their work, questioned their mother from time to time about what she had seen and heard while away. At last the work was all completed, and an eager group of listeners gathered around the table, all anxious to know the history of this strange book which was lying so quietly upon the table.

And just here we are led to pause for a moment and ask if the Children of Zion were all collected together, and called upon to rise one by one and tell the story of the finding of the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated, how many would be able to respond to the call, and tell it in a straightforward, intelligent manner? And yet, is it not most natural to suppose that a story like this—a story at once fascinating and strange, but just as true as it is fascinating—would be told by fathers and mothers to their little ones; and not only this, but the pure principles of righteousness which it contains would be taught to them in their youth, that they might grow up to love the word of God, and might know what their parents mean when they hear them bear a solemn testimony that they know it is God's work, and must triumph?

Said a western man to a stock raiser, "It is a great mistake to brand the old cattle and not the calves." Do we see the philosophy of this? Let us tell you; the Church of God to-day are feeling the effects of it, whether they see its philosophy or not; and sons and daughters who should have been ornaments in the church are bitter scoffers at the religion, the truth of which their parents would lay down their lives rather than deny. Was their a time when they might have been "branded?"

"Of all sad words of lip or pen
The saddest are these, It might have been"

"I must first tell you, children," began Mr. Clark, "a little of the history of Joseph Smith, the man whom God chose to translate this book, and then I will tell you how he found it and translated it.

"He was a farmer's son, brought up to labor, very much like one of you boys, and lived in the state of New York, from which we moved when we came here. When he was in his fifteenth year his parents were living in Wayne county, in a town called Manchester, and about this time there was a great excitement upon the subject of religion, and four members of his family united with the Presbyterian church. At this time Joseph himself was much concerned in regard to his own condition, and attended the meetings with great regularity, but could not make up his mind which church he ought to unite with, although he rather inclined to the Methodist. Being unable to decide, he was reading the Bible, hoping to gain light from that which might help him, when he came to the instruction given by James in his Epistle: 'If any of you lack wisdom, *let him ask of God.*' This came to his heart with such power that he felt as though it had been written expressly for him, and he determined to carry the

matter to God. Accordingly he retired to the woods, but had no sooner knelt down to pray than he was seized by a power of darkness, seemingly bent upon destroying him. In his extremity he called upon God for deliverance, and exerted all his faith to believe that his prayers would be heard. No sooner had he done this than he saw a pillar of light over his head, brighter than the sun, which descended upon him, and he found himself delivered from the power of darkness. While this pillar of light rested upon him, he saw two personages whose brightness and glory defy description. One personage called him by name and said to him as he pointed to the other, 'This is my beloved Son; hear him.'

"Joseph had gone to God in prayer, with the sincere desire to know which church was right, and which he should join; and as soon as he could speak, he asked the question, 'Which of the sects are right, and which shall I join?'

"To his astonishment he was forbidden to join any of them, and was told they were all wrong, and their creeds were an abomination in God's sight. 'They draw near me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrine the commandments of men, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof.' When Joseph came to himself after having had this vision, he found himself lying on his back looking up towards heaven.

"A few days after this he was talking with one of the Methodist preachers, when he innocently told him the vision, never suspecting that he was saying anything to make this man or any of the other preachers angry, but from that time they began to slander him, and told him his vision 'was all of the devil;' and they will shortly say the same to me," added Mr. Clark, "for God has told me the same thing, as I told your mother years ago, though I did not then think it best to tell you, my children."

"I heard you telling it to mother," spoke up Daniel, "as I was lying awake in my room, and I believe it."

The others looked at Daniel with surprise, wondering why he had never mentioned it to them; but quickly turned to their father, waiting for him to go on.

"Joseph received this first vision about the year 1819, and being now perfectly satisfied that none of the different sects were right or accepted of God, he continued to labor with his father until 1823, and all this time subjected to persecution and slander. Being young, and just such a boy as many others are, he was not only tempted into folly and the doing of many things which were wrong, but unhappily he yielded to the temptation. Being very sorry for this he repented, and again sought the Lord in prayer, asking earnestly to be forgiven for his sins. Again a heavenly messenger appeared to him, and Joseph thus describes his appearance. 'I discovered a light appearing in the room, which continued to increase until the room was brighter than noonday, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceeding white and brilliant; his hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrist; so also were his feet naked, as were his limbs, a little above the ankles, and his head and neck were bare. Not only was his robe exceeding white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. He called me by name and said unto me that he was 'a messenger sent from God and that his name was Moroni.' This angel told Joseph about the gold plates upon which the Book of Mormon was written, and he saw the place so plainly in this vision that he was able to go directly there afterwards. The angel told him that the fulness of the everlasting gospel was contained in this record, as it had been delivered to the people of this continent by the Savior when he visited them here. Also that there were two stones in silver bows hid up with the plates, which had been placed there for the purpose of translating the writing on these golden plates. The angel also told him that the time had not yet come when he should obtain the plates, but when he did obtain them, if he showed them to any one he would be destroyed. He told him also that his name should be known in all the world; that some should hold him in great esteem, and some in contempt, or that 'he should be both good and evil spoken of among

all people.' When the angel had finished the message he had come to bring, the light in the room began to gather immediately around him, and Joseph saw a passage open, as it were, directly up into heaven, and the angel ascended up through this until he entirely disappeared.

"While Joseph was meditating upon these things the same heavenly messenger returned a second time, and after having repeated what he had said the first time without the least variation, he told him still further, that great judgments were coming upon the earth, with desolations by famine, sword, and pestilence, and that they would come in this generation. After having related these things he again departed as he had done at the first.

Again the third time the same messenger appeared, and after repeating what he had before said, he added a caution to Joseph, telling him that Satan would tempt him to think of using the plates (because they were of gold), for the benefit of his father's family, as they were poor and many times in need of money; but he warned him never to think of this, for he must have no object in getting the plates only to glorify God and help to build up his kingdom; for if he had any other motive he would never get them. Again the angel departed, and shortly after this Joseph heard the cock crow and saw that day was approaching, and knew then that these interviews had lasted the whole night."

"Was this a vision, father," asked Daniel," or was he really awake and saw the angel?"

"He was awake, and saw the angel, and heard him."

"But if the angel was real and had a body, how could he enter the house without coming in as we do? Could he come right through the wall?"

"Do you remember how many times Jesus came to his disciples in this manner, after his resurrection?"

"No, father."

"If you will turn to the 20th chapter of John, and read the 19th verse we will listen."

"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."

"Now read the 16th verse of the same chapter."

"Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master."

The children listened attentively, but presently Mary said,

"Might he not have come through the door, father, by opening it just as we do?"

"Why had the disciples closed the door, daughter?"

"For fear of the Jews."

"When we close a door because of fear, what do we do beside?"

"Oh," said Mary, "we fasten or bolt it."

"If we did not, there would be no benefit in closing it, for wicked men would enter just as quickly with the door closed as they would with it open."

"Who was Moroni, father?"

"You will find his history told fully in the Book of Mormon. He was the son of Mormon, and the one who hid the plates in the place were Joseph found them."

"But, father, said Daniel, "do those who have once lived here on earth ever come back to visit men? I thought angels were beings who had always lived in heaven."

"The angel who appeared unto Zacharias told him his name was Gabriel, and that he stood in the presence of God. This was the angel that was sent unto the prophet Daniel to give him 'skill and understanding' concerning the things which should happen to his people. But can you tell me who it was that appeared to Jesus on the mount of transfiguration?"

"It was Moses and Elias," answered Mary.

"They had once lived upon earth, had they not?"

"Yes, father, but they are not called angels."

"No, but it is said, 'They appeared in glory,' and it is sure that they did appear unto him. Turn now to the 19th chapter of Revelations and read the 10th verse."

"And I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not; I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus; worship God, for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."

"Here, my daughter, you see the angel who had been talking with John, forbids John to worship him; and at the same time tells him he was one of his brethren that had been slain for *the testimony of*

Jesus, and was only a fellow servant."

"Yes, I see it now, father, but never thought of it before. It is good to have so much evidence of the life to come, and know that we shall live again."

"You are right, daughter, and these things confirm the words of the apostle when he tells us that our bodies, in the resurrection, shall be like the *glorious* body of Christ."

THE VOICE HEARD IN SILENCE.

I lay one night when all was still
  Thinking my past life o'er;
And a voice seemed to say, "What would you do
  If Christ should knock at your door?"
I closed my eyes in deepest thought;
  Would I be ready to go
With Him to the home of the pure in heart
  Where life's fair waters flow?

"I have done no wicked thing," I said,
  And the small voice answered "True!
But have you in words and actions done
  The very best you could do?"
I closed my eyes again to think,
  And my heart beat heavy and sad;
For I knew that I could not answer and say
  That I really thought I had.

"Have you tried to comfort the weary ones
  And bid them find sweet repose;
Just a kindly word, if nothing more,
  Like a dewdrop on the rose!
Have you always done your best to help
  Those who had burdens to bear
A great deal heavier than your own,
  Whose pathway seems never so fair?

"Have you given one word or look of love
  To the poor one stained with sin,
That they by your outward act might know
  There was pity your heart within?"
Then the voice died away in the silent night
  Saying but one thing more:
"Be ready, my child, for you know not the hour
  When Christ may knock at your door."

I arose, and by my bed knelt down
  In earnest, fervent prayer;
And asked my Father in heaven above
  To give me His watchful care,
That if I should meet an erring one
  Whose feet had been led astray,
That I with unfaltering, helpful hand
  Might lead to the better way.

DOLLIE.

1844.

MAY CLUSTER OF MEMORY GEMS.

"There are overshot water-wheels and undershot. In the one case, the motive power falls from above; in the other, the water turns the wheel from below; the first is the more powerful. Men, like wheels, are turned by forces from various sources, and too many more by the under-current; mercenary desires and selfish aims drive them. But the good man's driving-force falls from above; let him endeavor to prove to all men that this is the most mighty force in existence."—SPURGEON.

1	Tu.	LIE NOT; BUT LET THY HEART BE TRUE TO GOD.
2	W.	It is not so important for us to know what suits us, as to know what we are suited for.
3	Th.	Everyone is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.
4	F.	Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
5	S.	Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to heaven.
6	S.	The more judgment a man has, the slower and the more careful he will be to condemn.
7	M.	Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked by children.
8	Tu.	Use soft words and hard arguments.
9	W.	To understand one thing well is better than many things by halves.
10	Th.	Laws are like grapes that, being too much pressed, yield a hard and unwholesome wine.
11	F.	Every man is conscious of a power to determine in things which he conceives to depend upon his determination.
12	S.	True wisdom is in God, comes from God, leads to God, and rests in God.
13	S.	Thou mayest be sure that he who will in private tell thee of thy faults is thy true friend.
14	M.	He who wishes to have a friend must be willing to be a friend.
15	Tu.	Years know more than books.
16	W.	He who is lord of himself, and exists upon his own resources, is a noble, but a rare being.
17	Th.	Each man has his own vocation; the talent is the call.
18	Fr.	A spark of life is better than an ocean of knowledge.
19	S.	Reason may be the lever, but sentiment gives you the fulcrum, and the place to stand on, if you want to move the world.
20	S.	The good heart and pleasant disposition make love and sunshine everywhere.
21	M.	Be to yourself as you would to your friend.
22	Tu.	Esteem is the harvest of a whole life spent in usefulness.
23	W.	There is only one kind of hatred, the fruit of which is peace—the hatred of self.
24	Th.	Real joys are scarcer than anticipated ones, and consequently, more enjoyed.
25	Fr.	Unreasonable haste is the direct road to error.
26	S.	Economy in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes that good breeding has on our conversation.
27	S.	Thou must be true thyself if thou the truth wouldest teach.
28	M.	Old age is a long shadow lying in the cold and evening sun, but it points towards the morning.
29	Tu.	Grieve not that others know thee not; grieve rather that thou knowest not others.
30	W.	Only by the wickedness of our deeds could we learn the evil of our hearts.
31	Th.	Death and love are the two things which bear man from earth to heaven.

SERMON BY ELDER JAMES WHITEHEAD.

LAMONI, IOWA, 22D MAY, 1887.

THE most of you are strangers to me in the flesh, but not in the spirit; God's children are one. It is not my intention to preach to you this afternoon. I have more important work for the present. I have earnestly desired from my Father in Heaven, the privilege of bearing testimony to the truth of the work in which I am engaged in connection with my brethren, that it is the work of God. Jesus has manifested himself for the salvation of all mankind, and the gospel has been restored in its beauty and excellence, in order that we might have an inheritance in the due time of the Lord.

I joined the church in England, my native land, on the 18th day of October, 1837, and was baptized in the river that runs by Preston, by Heber C. Kimball. I never repented it, and I am exceedingly thankful to my Heavenly Father that I ever embraced the gospel and took a humble part in proclaiming the truth for the salvation of the human family. They were good men at that time. Heber Kimball was a choice man, and he enjoyed much of the Spirit of God. I can tell you many incidents that took place in the church in those early days in England, that were thrilling in the extreme. They were faithful and indefatigable in the work of God. Orson Hyde and Heber Kimball two of the twelve, came with five others. Two returned to America in a very little while, and the rest remained. They came to Preston where I lived. Orson Hyde was a wonderful speaker, and Heber Kimball was the waterer. They preached in the demonstration and power of the spirit of God. I then went in prayer to God and asked him to make known to me if it was his will that I should join and become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, proclaimed by these brethren from America. And as I said before, I was baptized October 18th. I had been superintendent of a Sunday School in which threre were nearly seven hundred pupils. I have always worked, whether I was right or wrong, and my intentions were good, and God blessed me, according to the light that I had; but when I joined the Latter Day Saints I soon experienced the difference. I was confirmed the Sunday after I was baptized; and when that brother, Heber Kimball, laid his hands upon me, I felt such a power running through me as I had never experienced before. He pronounced upon my head blessings that amazed me. I did not comprehend them at the time. In two weeks he called me up and ordained me a Teacher in the Church, and in four weeks I was ordained a Priest, so that I could preach the gospel, so that I could warn men to flee from the wrath to come, so that I could be instrumental in the hands of God to persuade men to embrace the truths of the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation. I labored with the best ability I had in that vicinity many months, and preached from three to four times on Sunday in the open air. Things moved on in power and the brethren went forth, Orson Hyde proclaiming the truth, and Heber C. Kimball baptizing the the people by scores. They were only about eight months that time in England, and how many do you suppose were brought into the church during that time? There was a conference held at Preston before they left for their native land, and it appeared that between seventeen and eighteen hundred had embraced the gospel in that short space of time; for the power of God was made manifest upon every hand, and there was a glorious outpouring of the Spirit of God. The saints pressed forward and were true to the work they had embraced, and worked together as one man. But I tell you, brethren and sisers, never since the day that Joseph departed; never since the day that the church became corrupt, have I felt such a power of the Spirit of God as I feel this afternoon. He will bless you and he will work his work; for truth must be established, and a people prepared for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I will tell you a little circumstance that took place with me a little while after I came into the church. I became torment-

ed with the fear that I should sin against the Holy Ghost. I prayed to my Heavenly Father, but when I arose from prayer the the temptation would come again from time to time, and I never mentioned it to mortal being. One afternoon, after I had closed my school—I was teaching school then—I went to the brethren for comfort. I was in terrible agony lest I should commit that terrible crime. I went there, and I found Bro. H. C. Kimball and Bro. Hyde. They were in their room and I went in there. They received me with kindness as they always did, and I sat down with a heavy heart. Bro. Hyde got up and walked to and fro some three or four times, and then he came to me with his fist in this way (speaker illustrating), and said, "You never will sin against the Holy Ghost, for God will never suffer it." That load left me, and I never have been thus tempted since. My brethren, can I mistrust that the Spirit of God moved upon that man to speak words of salvation and peace to His mourning child? I was made free, and shortly they ordained me to be an elder, and I labored in that capacity until they returned a second time, and then seven of the twelve came to England. As soon as they came, H. C. Kimkall told me that they were going to ordain a patriarch; for they had instructions from Joseph the Seer to do so. They chose one Peter Mellen, a good man, and they chose me to be his scribe, and I went with him from branch to branch where he blessed the children of God—the fatherless who had no one to bless them. I will tell you one circumstance that took place, which I can never forget as long as eternity rolls. He called a meeting at a brother's house—it was a very large room, and the doors were opened so that two rooms were used and they were filled with the children of God. Bro. Kimball was there and John Taylor and Brigham Young. Father Mellen called the meeting to order and asked Bro. Kimball to pray. Then he gave out another hymn, which was sung. He then commenced to bless, and continued until he had blessed six, which I had written down as the blessings came from his mouth. A brother then came to me and said, "Bro Whitehead, it is too bad for you to work so hard; will you allow me to write two or three for you?" Yes, I said, I am perfectly willing. I gave him the pen and he wrote down four, which made ten, and Father Mellen still called them. I took the pen and wrote again, the eleventh and twelfth, and he called the thirteenth. Brigham Young got up, and he says, Father Mellun, will you allow me to say a word to Bro. Whitehead? Take the man's name and age, then lay down your pen and hear the blessing, and I tell you in the name of Israel's God, to-morrow morning you will copy every word that has been spoken by the Patriarch. I took him at his word. Father Mellen blessed him, and after he had blessed that one, he was done for that time, and I took the papers up and went home to where we lodged. One of the twelve said to the congregation, "Now we want you to come here to-morrow night, and that blessing will be read, and if any of you can detect a word wrong, we want you to speak." The next morning I arose, went into the room, took the papers up, and the first was the blank, all excepting the man's name and age. I took up the pen and commenced to write, and wrote till I had filled three sides of foolscap paper, and then amen came and I wrote it. Father Mellen did not get up very early that morning, but after he was up and had eaten his breakfast, he says, "Have you written that blessing?" I says yes. "Will you let me see it?" I handed it to him, and he read it and cried like a child, and said, "I thank my God for I believe this is a verbatim copy of the blessing which I gave; I can not detect a single word wrong. We will take it and let the brethren and sisters see if they can detect any errors in it." It proved true; for no one upon hearing it read was able to detect a single error in it. In that meeting they began to prophesy and speak in tongues. One sister spoke in tongnes and I could have interpreted, but Bro. Taylor got up and says, "I will interpret." And he interpreted, and I will give you one clause of it; for I want you to see that God was with his people—and He is with the Reorganized Church too. That one clause is "That this brother shall live until his hair is as white as wool," and that was forty-five years ago. It has been fulfilled, and no one need to tell me this is not the Church of God; but sorry I am that they ran into transgression. But God is raising up another people, which Joseph the martyr declared he would.

We went on from one thing to another. The next Sunday it was announced that John Taylor would preach at Carpenter's Hall, on the Book of Mormon. I went in with Bro. Mellen and sat down, and I saw Bro. Pratt coming up the isle, and he clapped his hand on my shoulder and he says you have got to go into the stand; for Brigham says he wants you there. I had gotten a back seat and did not wish to come in front. I did not know what he wanted, but I went and sat down with Heber Kimball on one side of me. Brigham gave out the hymn and Heber prayed. Brigham gave out another hymn and still another, but Bro. Taylor did not come. I thought one of the rest of them would take the subject up. Brigham got up and said, "Bro. Taylor is sick butI will appoint some one to take his place," and spoke it may be a dozen words, and then said, "Bro. Whitehead I will appoint you to preach upon that subject." I said Bro. Brigham I can't preach upon that subject. But he says, "You must preach and God will be with you." I got up and read the chapter that speaks about the sticks of Ephraim and Judah, shut the book and laid it down. I felt something like the darkness of midnight come over me for a moment, and then I felt something rushing through my being, and I felt as I never felt before. I got up, began to speak, and spoke for one hour and a half; and I will tell you this day, I did not know anything that I said. It was not I that spoke, but it was the Spirit of God within me. After I had done, Bro. Brigham got up and said, "Bro. Whitehead said he could not preach upon that subject, but I told him he could, and God would help him. I must say before this vast congregation, of 1,500 people, that I never heard it handled in that way before, and although I have heard it preached upon many times by the power of the Spirit, never did I hear it so demonstrated beyond the power of contradiction." I whispered, Brother Brigham, it was not I. "No," he says, "it was the Spirit of God within you, and to God be all the glory." After meeting Brigham put his arm around me and said, "You are one of those men who will never deny the faith; God will bless you because of the integrity of your heart." Now I am weak and feeble; but my Father in Heaven sustains me, and I only want to do my duty, and when I am done, then I want to go home; and in all probability it will not be long. When I leave here, there is one thing comforting, I have many friends there; and I have one great attraction there—I have a noble companion there, and the only one I have ever had or ever expect to have either in this world or any other.

The Spirit of God continued to be poured out in great measure. At a meeting three miles from Preston, they began to speak in tongues, but nobody seemed to have the gift of interpreting. Of course they prophesied and gave glorious testimonies of the truth of the work in which they were engaged. I went home to my private chamber, fastened the door, and knelt down before God, and said, "Father, I want that gift, I pray for it, and I can not rise from my knees until God has heard my prayer." In less than two minutes after that the Spirit of God rested upon me, and I began to pray in tongues. I felt the power of God, but I did not know a word I said. I got up with a thankful heart. And I was not the only one. It was poured out upon the brethren and sisters, and there was a glorious work done. The power of God was with the elders, and they baptized by the scores, and God manifested himself in majesty and glory to the salvation of human beings. In Preston and vicinity there was a very large branch. Father Mellen would have me sit by him—he was like a father to me, and I a son to him—and the power of the Spirit of God rested upon the people. There was a sister spoke in tongues, and the Spirit of God rested upon the entire congregation. Father Mellen asked if any could interpret, and, brethren and sisters, the Spirit of God was so powerful upon me that I arose and gave the interpretation, and it contained things which I never understood until I saw Joseph the Seer, and he made it plain as the noon-day sun.

The work prospered; but after Joseph and Hyrum were martyred for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus, what a wonderul change took place! They began to disorganize the church which Joseph had been called to organize and set in perfect order, wherein every man should stand in his own place. They soon changed it, and why? Because it did not suit their purpose. They had a desire to be

more than they really were. They rose up and claimed to be presidents. Father Cutler claimed to be the president of the church, but he never was ordained to the office of president. I know what he was. He was a member of the[a] High Council, one of the quorums that God gave through Joseph for the protection of the church from false spirits and false revelations; and if that quorum had not been destroyed, they never could have introduced the things they did introduce. But it was broken up, and then what did the Twelve do? They went around and delcared that it was the law of the Lord that all the families of the Saints should be sealed to them and become members of their families. One of them came to me and said, "Bro. Whitehead, I want you to come into my family, you and your wife and your children." I says, I can't do that. "It is all right." I says, Where do you get your doctrines? Did Joseph teach you that? He says, "No matter, it is all right." I says, I can not do it, it is not right. I can not do it, and I won't do it for any man in the world. I believe in the work, but Joseph never taught that doctrine, and I can prove it beyond the power of contradiction. "Well now," he says, "it is all right, and it must be done." I says it can not be done by me. He came the next day, H. C. Kimball, and it was pretty hard for me to refuse him. I loved that man, but I could not sell my birthright. Says I to Bro. Heber, No, I can not do it. I do not believe in the doctrine, and I can not do it, so do not press me any farther. Then Brigham wanted me, and I told him no, and I refused them all steadfastly, and I thank God that I did. It was because of the goodness and mercy of God. What was it for? It was as Joseph Young termed it, they had an iron band around them, and they were so scared by what they told them that they could not turn or do anything; but, he says, that ring will snap. They were vexed at him, and were going to put him out of the church, but did not do it. I could tell you many more things about the work, similar to those I have narrated, but I forbear for the present.

Brothers and sisters, the main part of my testimony that I have to bear, and the part that is most deeply interesting is yet to come. I will tell you things I know to be true, and I know they were true. Some would gladly persuade you that our present Joseph was not appointed, was not a prophet of God; but brethren and sisters, I know better than that. Joseph Smith, the son of Joseph the Martyr, our present Joseph, was anointed, ordained and set apart, to be a prophet, seer and revelator to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints by his father and his uncle Hyrum. Hyrum was a prophet but not to the church. The prophet to the church is the one through whom the law comes to prepare them for the great and glorious events that have to come. Joseph the son of Joseph the Martyr, he was called, he was appointed by direct revelation from heaven, for his father told us so. Joseph told us that God had commanded him to do it; and N. K. Whitney, bishop of the church, held the vessel that contained the sacred oil that was poured upon his head. This was done in Nauvoo, in the upper room of what was known as Joseph's store. I lift my hands to heaven before God, and declare unto you that this is the truth of heaven unto you, for it is a positive fact. When was he to come out? Was he to take his place right then? No, that was not the ordination. Right after that Joseph the Martyr brought his son Joseph on the stand with him in Nauvoo at the east end of the temple, and after preaching one of the grandest discourses I ever heard him preach, he called Joseph to his right hand —I was as close to him as I am to that brother—he called him to his right hand, and put one of his hands upon his head and said, "Brothers and sisters, I am no longer your prophet; this is your prophet. I am going to rest." But we did not think he was going to be killed. But he knew. When was Joseph to come out? He was anointed and set apart to be prophet, seer and revelator to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and to be his father's successor in office; but he was to remain after that ordination until God should call him from the heavens to take his place. I tell you if the Almighty had not called Joseph to take his place, he would not have taken it to this day. But he did call him while he was in his field, and he was lost to the sight of his brethren and the glory of God shrouded him, and a cloud prevented him from seeing them. It seems enough. He is the true prophet; he is the leader, the

anointed of God, and he is filling his mission. Look at the beautiful revelation given at Kirtland. God is with this church, and it is the very power of God unto salvation, and let us treasure up the words of eternal truth; let us love God from the heart, and live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Then we shall be prepared for the coming of the Lord Jesus.

Now a word about returning to Jackson County. Father Cutler, Father Calhoun and Bro. Joseph and myself were together once, and Bro. Calhoun said, "Bro. Joseph, how long do you think it will be before we shall have the privilege of returning to Jackson County and building that temple, and how long do you think it will be before Jesus comes?" The first question, he answered in this way: "Brethren, I firmly believe, that in about sixty years from the time of the organization of the church in Kirtland, in about sixty years from that time the Saints will be permitted to go back to Jackson County, and be fully prepared to build it up. In regard to the second question, the coming of Jesus Christ, I do not know. But I will tell you one thing; he never will come until there is a people ready to receive him, if it takes a thousand years to prepare them." These were his words, I believe; so if we want the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ we must all prepare for it. Let us walk in the ordinances and precepts of the house of God blameless. Let us be honorable in all our dealings, faithful and honest towards God and man. As soon as we do all these things he will come. Remember the declaration, "He will suddenly come to his temple; as a refiner of fire, and a purifier of silver, and he will purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an acceptable offering." Remember the promises of Jesus Christ. Mothers attend to your little ones. The responsibility is upon you, and you must render an account to God. See that they do not use tobacco. See that they do not indulge in strong drink. Let them be honest men; let them be pure men and women. I charge you before my God that you attend to these things, and try to protect and teach, instruct and culture your own loved children. You want them with you in heaven. "They without us," says the apostle, "can not be perfect." Neither can we without them. How would a mother feel if her children were dragged down to a lesser kingdom while she was in the Celestial Kingdom of God? My sisters, you would weep if it should be so.

There are other things which it is not my business to tell you at the present time. Fathers, love your children. Husbands, love your wives and treat them well. Stand by them in the glorious truths of the gospel. Teach them the principles of life and salvation. Be obedient to the law of God, and he will bless you. Children, obey your parents.

Brothers and sisters, let brotherly love continue.

Did Joseph say anything about the church being led away into this terrible condition? He did, and I heard him. One Sunday afternoon after partaking of the sacrament, Joseph got up and spoke and said, "Brothers and sisters, I am going to warn you to day of things to come. Do not let these things overthrow you, but be faithful and cleanse yourselves from filthiness and everything corrupt. Beware of all kinds of iniquity, for it is in high places." He then turned round to Parley Pratt, and pointing to him said, Brothers and sisters, if that brother knew what I know, he would turn around and want my life." The Twelve did not stand by Joseph. Heber Kimball was the best of the whole. They did not do as they were instructed by that choice seer. He was the man to whom they should have hearkened. He did instruct them, and sent them on their mission; and when they returned he did not let them rest until they took their report to him. He also told them, that if they did not cease from their sins God would reject that people; "but," said he, "God will raise up another people that will keep his commands, and either I or one of my posterity shall be the president and prophet of that people, and he shall be their teacher." He knew Brigham Young or John Taylor did not have this authority. They were not called to this work, and Joseph was not afraid to lift up his voice and tell them so. I loved that man; he was a kind benefactor, he was a father to me. I never shall forget the kindness of that man, and I never shall be satisfied until I go to where he is again. I have seen him and have conversed with him, and with Hyrum and father Joseph and N. K. Whitney. After Joseph

had blessed his son Joseph he said to me, "I have one request to make of you." I said, Brother Joseph, what is it? "My request of you is, to stand faithfully by my son Joseph." I said, "God being my helper, and by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I will stand by your son Joseph as long as he stands faithful to the gospel of Jesus Christ; "and as long as he stands faithful to the Kingdom of God, I mean to be faithful to him.

I have been nearly fifty years in the church, and have had to contend with powers you know nothing of; but hitherto God has preserved me, and if I am faithful he will continue to preserve me. Be faithful to God, and his peace be with you. Amen.

From "Lamoni Gazette."

Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

THE UNFRUITFUL TREE.

There stood in a beautiful garden
A tall and stately tree;
Crowned with its shining leafage,
It was wondrous fair to see.
But the tree was always fruitless;
Never a blossom grew
On its long and beautiful branches
The whole bright season through.

The lord of the garden saw it,
And he said, when the leaves were sere:
"Cut down this tree so worthless,
And plant another here.
My garden is not for beauty
Alone, but for fruit as well,
And no barren tree must cumber
The place in which I dwell."

The gardener heard in sorrow,
For he loved the barren tree
As we love some things about us,
That are only fair to see.
"Leave it one season longer,—
Only one more, I pray."
He pleaded; but the master
Was firm and answered, "Nay."

Then the gardener dug about it,
And cut the roots apart,
And the fear of the fate before it,
Struck home to the poor tree's heart.
Faithful and true to his master,
Yet loving the tree so well,
The gardener toiled in sorrow
Till the stormy evening fell.

"To-morrow," he said, "I will finish
The task that I have begun."
But the morrow was wild with tempest,
And the work remained undone.

And through the long, bleak winter
There stood the desolate tree,
With the cold white snow about it,
A sorrowful thing to see.

At last the sweet spring weather
Made glad the hearts of men,
And the trees in the Lord's fair garden
Put forth their leaves again.
"I will finish my task to-morrow,"
The busy gardener said,
And thought, with a thrill of sorrow,
That the beautiful tree was dead.

The lord came into his garden
At an early hour next day,
And then to the task unfinished
The gardener led the way.
And, lo! all white with blossoms,
Fairer than ever to see,
In its promise of coming fruitage,
There stood the beautiful tree?

"It is well," said the lord of the garden,
And he and the gardener knew
That out of its loss and trial
Its promise of fruitfulness grew.
It is so with some lives that cumber
For a time the Lord's domain;
Out of trial and mighty sorrow
There cometh a countless gain,
And fruit for the Master's pleasure
Is born of loss and pain.

Selected.

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good girls from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust in,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom no one can ever deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girls,
They are very few, understand;
But oh, for the wise, loving, home girls
There's a constant and steady demand.

Selected.

AN EMPTY NEST.

A grave old man and a maiden fair
Walked together at early morn;
The thrushes, up in the clear cool air
Sang to the farmer planting his corn.
And oh! how sweet was the fresh turned mold!
And oh! how fair were the budding trees!
For daisy's silver and daffodil's gold
Were full of the happy honey bees.

"Ah, look! there's an empty nest," she said;
"And I wonder where sing the last year's birds!"
Then the old man quickly raised his head,
Though scarcely he noted her musing words;
He tore the nest from the swaying tree,
He flung to the winds its moss and hay,
And said: "When an empty nest you see,
Be sure that you throw it far away."

"But why?" she asked, with a sorrowing face—
"Why may not the pretty home abide?"
"Because," he answered, "'twill be a place
In which the worm and the slug will hide.
Last year 'twas fair enough in its way,
It was full of love, and merry with song;
But days that are gone must not spoil to-day,
Nor dead joys do the living joys wrong."

The maiden heard with a thoughtful face—
Her first false love had gone far away—
And she thought: Is my heart become a place
For anger and grief and hate to stay?
Down, heart, with thy sad, forsaken nest!
Fling far thy selfish and idle pain.
The love that is ours is always the best;
And she went with a smile to her work again.

Selected.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me, the morning sun
Just tints with golden light the hills,
And in the woodland, field and glen,
His morning song the wild bird trills.
The dew lies fair on leaf and flower,
The breath of morn is fresh and sweet,
And all untried in this bright hour,
Is youthful heart, and hands, and feet.
That I the way aright may see,
Dear Lord, at morn, Abide with me.

Abide with me, the noontide rays
Beat on my head their fervent heat,
And rough and steep has grown the way
That leads through burning sands my feet.
And oft my way is dark with clouds,
And I the bitter storm must breast,
O weary with the toil and strife
I long for evening's quiet rest.
That I the way aright may see,
Dear Lord, at noon, Abide with me.

Abide with me, the evening light
Is slowly sinking down the west,
And home from toil with peaceful heart
The laborer seeks his evening rest.
The shadows lengthen round my path
The air is sweet with evening sounds,
And slow and faltering grows my step,
My little task is almost done.
That I thy rest at last may see,
Dear Lord, at eve, Abide with me.

JENNIE M'LEOD.

WHEN TO MARRY.

BY "LOUISE."

THIS is a question in which all young people of to-day are more or less interested. It is a question which all parents have considered gravely. Matrimony is the corner-stone of the foundation of the human race. It is the principle of existence. It is in itself all that is good and useful, noble and beautiful. And it depends greatly with ourselves—the way in which we act, whether it proves a blessing or a curse to us. Hence in consideration of its complicacy and importance, arises the question, "when to marry."

No young man or woman is ready to marry until he or she has come to an understanding of the care and responsibility involved by marriage, and the duties he or she will have to assume, and be capable of performing. It is not poverty that causes the alarming number of divorces that are daily being given. It is partly through a lack of respect and reverence for the sacred indissolubility of marriage, and ignorance of the duties and responsibility that would devolve upon them, and their incapability to execute them. No young man is prepared to marry until he has fully determined upon some trade, business or profession for an avocation in life, and is competent to undertake it. A young man who uses intoxicating liquors, or is an intemperate consumer of tobacco, is not fit to marry. The young woman who marries a wild, reckless, and dissipated man in hopes of reforming him, will one day wake up to the bitter realization that she has sacrificed herself in vain. If a man will not reform himself for the sake of the woman he would marry, that he may win her, he certainly will not do so after he has got her. If an exception to this ever occurs it is seldom, and no girl can afford to take such a dangerous risk.

A young lady is not prepared to marry until she has acquired a thorough and practical knowledge of housekeeping, and has an education in the kitchen, knows how to cook a palatable meal, can bake a creditable loaf of bread, and tempt the appetite with a savory pie or cake. She should be able to utilize the scraps of bread, meat, etc., into something that would be relished, for the amount that can be wasted in this respect is simply ruinous. She should have judgment in managing generally, understand what economy means, and know how to practice it in relation to everything pertaining to the household. Let not dress and fashion be uppermost in her mind. While due attention should be paid to appearances, it is foolish and wicked for a poor girl to try to imitate the wealthy in style and fashion.

Let neither sex be deluded by fine outer appearances and brilliant manners and elaborate education; for the whole combined can not make a noble Christian man or woman if not accompanied by those two nobler and grander qualities—a good heart and sound sense. Then do not reject a companion simply because he or she may not have so much polish, and such a finished education as some others, if he has the more desirable qualities before named. It is not how many talents we possess, but *how used*, that avails. The man or woman who makes use of what gifts they may possess will make more headway and progress in the world, by honest and industrious work, and earn the esteem and respect of his fellow-men a hundred times more than the one who spends his talents in useless display, and dies with the wasted boast—he had them.

Young man, choose for a wife a clever woman, of economical, industrious habits, amiable and good disposition, and ladylike, refined sentiments. And though she possess no dowry, she will prove a jewel to be highly prized.

Young woman, choose for a husband a man of good moral character, steady, industrious habits; one who has self-respect and ambition to be "somebody," and energy and perseverance to carry out his desire. Though he may have little surface polish, he must be a gentleman at heart. Such a man will make a noble husband,

an enterprising citizen, regardless of money. Honesty and industry will always be recognized and sought after. Though his wages be small at first, with such qualities and the loving and sympathetic help of his wife they will soon increase, for such a man will rise if he has not a dollar to start with. A noble, high-minded gentleman will not ask a woman to marry him until he can provide her with the necessaries of life; and when he is able to do that, no good, true woman would refuse. For if she shares and sympathizes with his cares and struggles, and stands the winds of adversity with him, the victory gained will be all the nobler, and the reward for such efforts will be doubly sweet. Wealth is no virtue in the sight of God, and what finds favor in his perfect judgment is right, which in this case is "worth and merit." So young men and women, adhere to and practice this principle, and you will bless the day you allowed yourself to be actuated by it in deciding "When to marry."

LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN.—III.

IN my former letters I treated of some of the essentials of character.

Character, to be good, must be possessed of those qualities that give force. In the planetary system motion is resultant upon application of force; so in human character the moving, efficacious works of life must be, or can be produced only by, the applying of those traits that contain the elements of force.

SELF-CONTROL.

This is indeed a grand requisite—control of mind, tongue and passion. Herein lies the real strength of manhood. There are times in one's life when he will meet with things that arouse the feelings of the soul with intensity of life's passion. When every nerve is summoned to the exercise of its strength; when every muscle seems strained; when the pulse beats quickly, the heart heaves, the temples throb and the brain is a'fevered,—then for self-control! A hasty word may be fatal; an angry look, a dagger. One word improperly spoken may fire a multitude. Not only so, but it is best to be not like a pitcher with a broken lip, which when full slops over.

Controling one's self by keeping one's "own counsel" to a goodly degree, is commendable. Carlyle in speaking of Cromwell said, "He that can not withal keep his mind to himself, can not practice any considerable thing whatsoever." Of "William the silent" it was said, by one of his enemies, that never an arrogant or indiscreet word was by him spoken. There are but few who possess this power as did William. It is written of Washington that "he was discretion itself. Lady Elizabeth Carew penned the following beautiful lines:

"A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn—
To scorn to owe a duty over long,
To scorn to be for benefits forborne,
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind,
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind."

Indeed! "Scorn to bear an injury in mind;" a thought harbored only to fester and send its impurities through a mind only to taint it by the putridity of an unforgiving and selfish heart!

Patience comes under the heading of self-control Miss Julia Wedgewood writes of it: "Of all mental gifts, the rarest is intellectual patience, and the last lesson of culture is to believe in difficulties which are invisible to ourselves." It can not be successfully disputed that it becomes essential to one's happines to control his words and actions. "There are words that strike even harder than blows." There are looks that wound more sorely than a dagger. Self-control is desirable among all things else. Pythagoras wrote: "Be silent, or say something better than silence." George Herbert said: "Speak fitly, or be silent wisely." St. Fracis de Sales said: "It is better to remain silent than to speak the truth ill-humoredly, and

so spoil an excellent dish by covering it with bad sauce." If a man call you a liar, it may be best to require no proof for the statement, much less to return a blow; calling one such, is no evidence of its truthfulness, and a clear conscience though wounded, may not resent the insult. That "self-control is the root of all virtues," may be taken for granted. The exemplification of it in one's life attests its worth, and proclaims its advantage. An author writes: "Although the moral character depends in a great degree on temperament and on physisal health, as well as on domestic and early training and the example of early companions, it is also in the power of each individual to regulate, to restrain and to discipline it by watchful and persevering self-control. I should say that the habits and inclinations of a person's life are as teachable as Hebrew or Greek, and far more essential to individual happiness.

The curbing of temper, the bridling of tongue and the controling of every passion shall cause an outburst of human excellencies that will shine with ineffible glory. Oh for young men—among the teeming millions—who shall live a power of light and honor in a world of sin and darkness.

WORK.

"Blest work! if ever thou wert curse of God;
What must his blessing be!"—*J. B. Selkirk*

Work is said to be the law of our being. Stagnation ends in death. The rivers and rivulets, the oceans and seas, work; they move and are moved upon. The air is not still. The earth revolves. All planets move. Nothing is still or idle but that which is dead. There are varied modes of operation. All mankind must move or die; die from inactivity! Without work, what thing could be done? The bridges that span our rivers, the cars that traverse our continents, the steamers that plow the deep, the electric wire that binds our globe,—all the products of labor! All these bespeak active brains, penetrating thought, searching mind, busy folk. Our palaces, temples, cathedrals, colleges, academies, schools, churches; our galleries of art; our halls of science,—all the fruitage of work!

"It is idleness that is the curse of man, not labor. Idleness eats the heart out of men as of nations, and consumes them as rust does iron." It is said that when Alexander conquered the Persians, and he observed their manners, he remarked that "they did not seem conscious that there could be anything more servile than a life of pleasure, or more princely than a life of toil.

"Burton wrote the following significant language: Idlenes is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief mother of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the devil's cushion, his pillow and chief reposal."

Lord Stanley said: "I don't believe that an unemployed man, however amiable and otherwise respecable, ever was, or ever can be, really happy."

There is manual labor, that which exercises the muscular system; There is literary work, that calls for the use of brain power, working upon the nervous system. There are different kinds of work that require the use of both mental and muscular strength largely. We find man is well adapted to the several vocations in which he may move. This exercise develops his faculties, stimulates his mind, and makes the world busy. Indolency will accomplish nothing. There are many young men, who like to "appear respectable," and avoid work because their perverted minds tell them it is menial! There are young men who will let their mothers and sisters toil hard to keep them up as "fine young men." Henry Ward Beecher, in speaking of this idle class in cities, very truly said: "There are young men in Brooklyn who would stand in the middle of a leather swamp bare-footed; stand in a lumber yard without shelter over them." Indeed! However strange it may sound, yet it is true. There are young men every where who peculiarly shirk the responsibility of work. Idleness will destroy character, and create an unenviable reputation. It eats the vitality of one's life, as the canker does fine metal.

True respectability attaches only where good character is adorned by a life of proper activity.

Spirituality of a Christian becomes deadened by inadvertency to labor. So we may readily note by observation that God approves not of indolency. See a man indisposed to labor of any kind, and you will discover that the course pursued will blunt the otherwise keenness of the intellectual faculties. Idleness will stunt the growth of all man's noblest powers,

and make him a mere tool in poor trim, scarce fit for any practical use. Indeed, if not useful he would not appear ornamental.

To show you, how some men have worked, I cite you my young friends, to the following: It is recorded of one Villani, author of an excellent history of Florence, that he was a merchant; and that Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, were engaged to a great degree as important embassies. Dante was engaged at one time in chemistry and the drug business. Galileo, Galvani, Farini, were once physicians; a lawyer, was Goldoni. These Italian celebrities, you notice, were men of work. It is said that Hampden once wrote to his mother: "My lyfe is nothing but toyle, and hath been for many yeares, nowe to the commonwealth, nowe to the kinge. . . . Not so much tyme left as to doe my dutye to my deare parents, nor to sende to them."

It is true the world has been busy alway, but there has been a large class among all people who have been idlers.

Young men there are, and, indeed young women too, who, live with no objective point in view. Day by day passes idly by: time "drags on their hands;" lethargical feelings swoon them into drowsy indifference; the world loses its attractiveness; beauty fades away, and at last it seems as though darkness covers their every thought—if they should even happen to think.

Illustrious men of all ages have been men of labor. All men who have won life's race well, have been men of push and energy. Work is not menial, it is honorable; it matters not whether it soil the hands, or leave them clean. Soiled hands can earn honest money. No young man should be without a trade; it is almost like a ship's being without a rudder. It was a commendable thing among many ancient nations of civilization that a boy should learn a trade of some kind, that when he became a man he might honorably earn a livelihood. A man feels more like a man when he remembers that he has something of skill that shall help carry him through the world. We may be independent in a special sense, yet are we all dependent upon each other, for the world's business interests are inseparably connected. The world owes no man a "living" only as he earns it. A living unearned, is one dishonestly gotten. Ability to work coupled with a will, gives force to manhood, and lends a man the power of self-reliance. Servile dependency belongs only to imbecility. True intellectuality rises above it, where physical strength allows of it.

Sidney Smith wrote: "Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the conciousness that he has done his best."

J. F. McDowell.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

ACROSTIC.

A s rich as the sunset, on Autumn Leaves falling
U nique are thy pages, redolent with love;
T hy precepts are faultless, thy stories enthralling,
U nimpeachably moral, they point us above.
M ay thou long live and flourish, thy wisdom increasing,
N onpariel for thy motto, the gospel thy theme.

L ovingly lifting the erring and fallen,
E ncouraging virtue, rebuking the mean;
A prayer we now offer for thee and thy mission,
V ade-mecum be thou to all God given sheaves.
E ver guiding to truth and to faith's holy altar,
S uccess to our last born—our dear "Autumn Leaves."

Joseph Dewsnup, Sen.

Manchester, England, 11th Feb., 1888.

FROM MALACHI TO MATTHEW.—No. II.

CAUSES OF JEWISH INDEPENDENCE.

SELEUCUS Philopater, king of Syria, in the eleventh year of his reign, sent his only son Demetrius as a hostage to Rome, and released his brother, Antiochus, who had dwelt in that city twelve years. While this exchange was going on, there was no heir to the crown in Syria, and Heliodorus, the officer who had so narrowly escaped while attempting to plunder the public treasury of the Jews, obtained possession of the kingdom by destroying Seleucus with poison. The brother of the murdered king returned from Rome at the head of an army, and deprived Heliodorus of his usurped authority. Thus in the year B. C. 175, Antiochus IV, surnamed Epiphanes, or the Illustrious, quietly ascended the throne of Syria, while the lawful heir, Demetrius, was absent at Rome.

The new king was imbued with the idea that he could best advance the standing of his country through the social, political, and religious amalgamation of all the different nationalities in his empire. He singled out Olympian Jupiter as the object of his especial adoration, and with profuse liberality bestowed gifts in honor of this divinity at the temples of Athens Delos. The kings magnanimity was loudly proclaimed in the public assemblies of the Greek cities. To carry out this policy of unification was not a difficult task in a large proportion of the Syrian provinces, for their worship was such that a transfer of homage to Jupiter could be accomplished without doing violence to conscience; but in Judea such was not the case, since the Jews, as a people, would die for their religion, rather than submit to any essential change in its form. Herein lay the greatest obstacle to the royal policy of religious amalgamation. Any one who would greatly assist the sovereign would have lasting claims to his gratitude and honor.

For the appearance of such a man the king had not long to wait. Among the leading men from all parts of the empire who thronged to Antiochus Epiphanes to assure him of their allegiance was Joshua, a brother of Onias, the high priest at Jerusalem. Joshua, young, ambitious and unscrupulous, was admitted to the entertainments and social re-unions at the court of Antioch, the location of the royal palace. This man, tainted with the philosophy of Epicurus, assumed the name of Jason according to the custom of those Jews who desired to imitate the manners of the Greeks, for the Jews, having been so long under the government of Grecian rulers, had now become familiar with the customs, literature, and sciences of the classic race. For these they had acquired a taste, and many preferred the Grecian manners to their own, and even the idolatrous Greek religion to the rational worship of one true God. To this class belonged Jason, who had gone to court royal favor at Antioch. Knowing the penury of the Syrian treasury, Jason offered Antiochus Epiphanes five hundred thousand dollars as an annual tribute for that most sacred and illustrious office, the high-priesthood of the Jews. The king, influenced by this temptation, deposed the excellent Onias, and commanded him to retire from Jerusalem and dwell at Antioch. Jason aimed at a fusion of Judaism with Greek philosophy and civilization, which accorded with the wish of his sovereign, and as an aid in accomplishing his purpose he paid the king $150,000 for license to build a gymnasium, establish a Greek academy, and confer on the Jews the citizenship of Antioch. To the gymnasium, built near the temple and called the Xystus, he summoned the young men of the chief Judean families, and required them to engage in games and exercises after the fashion of the Greeks. They were enchanted with the ease and freedom of the Grecian mode of life, and took hold of the sports with the fire of a fascination; the priests neglected their service at the temple to be present at the exercises, some of which the youth performed without clothing, save the hat of Hermes, the patron of the palæstra. This conduct divided the people into two factions, called the Free, and the Faithful. The party of the Free no longer called themselves Jews,

but citizens of Antioch, and Jason, their leader, sent three hundred drachmas of silver to be expended upon the quinquennial games in honor of Hercules at Tyre. The party of the Faithful was composed of those who adhered rigidly to Jewish manners and forms of worship. Antiochus, well pleased with the progress Jason was making, visited Jerusalem and was received with every demonstration of joy and loyalty.

In the year 172 B. C., when this bold usurper had labored three years to destroy the constitution and religion of his country, he sent his younger brother, Menelaus, to Antioch to carry the annual tribute and transact other business with the king. This ambitious and profligate messenger, instead of attending to the business of Jason, turned traitor to his brother, and bought the high-priesthood, agreeing to pay three hundred thousand dollars annually more than that which Jason paid. He received the appointment and professed for himself and associates an entire conformality to the religion of the Greeks. Backed by a detachment of the Syrian army, he haughtily repaired to Jerusalem and established himself as high-priest. Jason, unable to resist, fled to the land of the Ammonites. Menelaus soon found that he had overtaxed his resources, and for non-punctuality in payments, he was called to Antioch by the king. Thither he repaired, leaving his brother Lysimachus at Jerusalem to act as high-priest. Learning that he could not retain the king's favor without prompt payment, and having exhausted his own coffers as well as credit, he sent directions to Lysimachus, ordering sacred vessels to be taken from the temple and sold at Tyre, that funds might be obtained. This disgraceful act was denounced by Onias, the venerated, though deposed high-priest, who was living at Antioch. Menelaus bribed Andronicus, a royal officer, to put Onias to death. The murdering of this innocent man raised a great outcry among the people, and the king stripped Andronicus of his purple and caused him to be slain on the very spot where Onias had been murdered. Menelaus, however, escaped the storm, and at his instigations, Lysimachus resorted to such unheard of exactions, sacrilege and violence, that the people of Jerusalem rose in rebellion, scattered his men like chaff, and slew Lysimachus at the treasury of the temple. The Jewish elders sent three venerable deputies to Antiochus to explain the cause of the riot, and accuse Menelaus as the instigator of all the troubles. The king heard the case, and was convinced of the guilt of Menelaus, but in a drunken revel he absolved the high-priest and put the three Jewish deputies to death. To this he had been persuaded by his favorite, Macron, whom Menelaus had bribed to watch and control the inconstant temper of the king. This foul deed shocked the Jewish nation and was regarded with abhorrence by foreigners. Public opinion was against the king; his pride was offended, and he began to hate the Jews. Menelaus continued to rule as high-priest with fierce barbarity, and the party of the Free was powerful and victorious; but there were Jews of the party of the Faithful, who were conscience-stricken at the desertion of their own sacred law for the fashions of the Greeks. While these disturbances were going on, there were, through all the city, for the space of forty days, "seen horsemen running in the air, in cloth of gold, and armed with lances like a band of soldiers, and troops of horsemen in array, encountering and running one against another, with shaking of shields, and multitudes of pikes, and drawing of swords, and casting of darts, and glittering of golden ornaments, and banners of all sorts; wherefore every man prayed that that apparition might turn to good."

While Antiochus Epiphanes was warring against Egypt, 169 B. C., a report of his death was spread abroad, and Jason, with an armed force, regarding the time propitious, marched against Jerusalem, slew many citizens, and drove his brother Menelaus into the Syrian citadel on Mt. Acra, overlooking the temple. The news of this outbreak was reported to Antiochus as a general insurrection against his authority, and he hastened from Egypt to punish the Jews. Jason, on the approach of the king's army, fled from Jerusalem, and, wandering from place to place, finally died in Lacedæmonia, without friends or consolation. Antiochus took Jerusalem by assault. "There was killing of young and old, making away of men, women and children, and slaying of infants and virgins; and there were destroyed within the space of three whole days four score thousand, whereof forty thousand

were slain in the conflict, and no fewer sold than slain." Antiochus then entered the temple and plundered its treasures, amounting to about fifteen millions of dollars, including public and private funds. In this prostrate condition the capital of Judea was abandomed to Menelaus, supported by two Syrian generals of relentless cruelty, Philip, a fierce Phrygian, governor of Judea, and Andronicus, governor of Samaria.

Two years after this inhuman treatment, the Syrian king was conducting a successful campaign against the Egyptians, when he was met by Popilius, a Roman commissioner, who handed the invader this message from the senate, "Antiochus, thou wilt abstain from making war on the Ptolemies." The Syrian, suppressing his indignation, calmly said, "I will confer with my friends and let you know the result." Popilius, instantly, with his staff, drew in the sand a circle around the king and said, "I require thy answer before thou steppest out of this circle." A brief fierce struggle taxed the king, and then, "I will obey the senate," was the faltering answer as his eyes quailed beneath the steadfast gaze of the stern republican. Antiochus at once withdrew his army from Egypt, and as he beheld his mighty array of thousands upon thousands of well-accoutred and highly-disciplined warriors, and reflected upon its chief as nothing but an abject slave of a remote common-wealth, his rage and mortification knew no bounds, and his favorite, Macron, deemed it necessary that his sovereign should vent his indignation on some hated object which might serve as a "substitute for detested Rome."

As soon as Antiochus heard the proposal he determined to carry it out, and detached against Jerusalem, Apollonius, a Syrian general, at the head of twenty-two thousand men. This commander approached the city and remained quiet until the Sabbath, on which day the Jews of that age would not fight even in self-defense. He ordered his soldiers to massacre all the men they met, and make slaves of the women and children. The courts of the temple and the streets of Jerusalem flowed with blood. The city walls were thrown down, houses were pillaged, and the buildings near Mount Zion were demolished, and with the materials, Apollonius strengthened the fortification of the citadel, garrisoned with a strong force under his own command. This castle, on Acra, overlooking Mount Moriah, gave Apollonius complete control over the temple, so that the Jews could no longer visit the sanctuary. Menelaus was now all-powerful, and refusing to perform the duties of high-priest, the daily sacrifies ceased in the month of June, B. C. 167. The surviving priests and Levites dispersed, and Jerusalem, a city numbering probably one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, was soon deserted, the citizens seeking refuge in caves of Judea and in towns of the neighboring gentiles.

Antiochus Epiphanes had now advanced in his policy of religious amalgamation to the point at which he deemed there was lacking only one final and sweeping blow. Consequently, at Antioch, a royal proclamation was issued, commanding the inhabitants of the whole empire to worship the gods of the king, and to acknowledge no religion but this, the avowed object being that all should "become one people." The decree prohibited the public practice of the Jewish religion, and declared circumcision, the keeping of the Sabbath and the reading of the law, to be capital offenses whose penalty was death. Many Jews, for fear of punishment, submitted to this edict, while others, long attached to the Grecian customs, gladly embraced this opportunity to declare themselves fully and pass over to the Syrians. But the better part of the inhabitants fled and kept themselves concealed.

The king sent to Jerusalem an old man named Athenæus to instruct the people in their new religion, and compel them to an observance of its rites. This director-general of public worship dedicated the temple to Jupiter Olympus, the favorite divinity of Antiochus, and on the altar of Jehovah he placed a smaller one to be used in sacrificing to the heathen god whose image was erected in the sanctuary. The courts were planted with shrubs that they might become one of the idol groves, a herd of hogs was killed in the temple area. The largest one was sacrificed, and its blood poured upon the altar and on the Holy of Holies. Broth was made of its flesh and sprinkled upon all the copies of the law. Herein was the fulfillment of that to which Daniel the prophet alludes when he speaks of "the abomination that maketh desolate." Groves were planted

and idolatrous altars erected in every city, and the inhabitants were required to offer sacrifices to Greek Gods, and eat the flesh of swine every month on the birthday of the king. In lieu of the feast of the tabernacles there were instituted the licentious orgies of the Bachanalia, at which the people were required to march in the procession, crowned with ivy and almost naked. The inquisition was most thorough; any act in violation of the royal decree was promptly punished in a revolting manner. Two women having circumcised their sons in the utmost secrecy, were brought before Philip the Phrygian, "and after being dragged 'round Jerusalem, with their dead babes hung from their necks, they were thown from the lofty battlements on the south side of the temple into the deep valley below."

Since the greater part of the people fled or kept themselves concealed, Antiochus resolved to go to Jerusalem that his personal presence might influence the result and obtain general acquiesence in his decree. This royal inquisitor located himself at Jerusalem, and so great was his fury at efforts to exterminate the religion of the Jews that few fanatical persecutors of after ages have equaled his cruelty and determination. Every month when the king's birthday came around, the Jews were summoned to a public sacrifice of hogs, the flesh of which, sacred to the Grecian gods, was strictly borbidden to the chosen people; consequently, the eating of this meat by a Jew would indicate that he had broken his own law and acknowledged the worship of the Grecian gods. That this act might be enforced upon the nation, no threats, torture, or punishment seem to have been spared. On the arrival of Antiochus at Jerusalem, he applied himself to enforcing his decree of uniformity by every means in his power. Those who readily obeyed were received with favor and in some cases rewarded; but those who would not conform were exposed to his utmost rage, since he deemed their disobedience a sacrilege against his gods. Accordingly he personally superintended the most horrible tortures, and seemed to derive pleasure from the agonies of his victims. Manifold were the instances of his cruelty, but only a few of them can herein be given.

Eleazar, one of the chief among the scribes, a man ninety years of age, venerated for his piety, and respected for his social position, was denounced as a rebel against the king and commanded to show his abandonment of the Jewish law by eating the flesh of swine. He refused to comply with the order, and declared himself ready for the torture. His persecutors, struck with admiration at the old man's fidelity, and, desiring to save him from the suffering he would have to endure. offered to provide him meat of his own choice, so that he might join in the sacrifice without breaking the law. This simulated but public submission to the king would be regarded as sufficient to save his life. He promptly rejected the proposal, and said, "It becometh not our age in any wise to dissemble, whereby many persons might think that Eleazar, being four score years and ten, were now gone to a strange religion; and so they, through my hypocricy and desire to live a little time longer, should be deceived by me, and I get a stain to mine old age and make it abominable. Wherefore, now manfully changing this life, I will show myself such an one as mine age requireth, and leave a notable example to such as be young to die willingly and courageously for the honorable and holy laws." He then bravely submitted to the stripes and died with these words: "I now endure sore pain in body by being beaten, but in soul I am well content to suffer these things, because I fear God."

More remarkable than this is the account of a mother and her seven sons who were brought before the king to be required to eat swine's flesh from the idolatrous banquets. When they were punished with scourges and whips, the eldest son exclaimed, "What wouldst thou ask or learn of us? We are ready to die, rather than transgress the laws of our fathers." At the order of the king this son's hands, feet and tongue were cut off before the eyes of his mother and brothers, and his body was thrown into a red-hot cauldron. "As the vapor of the pan was for a good space dispersed, they exhorted one another, with the mother" to meet their death manfully, and prayed to the Lord for courage in their impending trial. In like manner the second son was treated; and as his last moments approached, he said to the king, "Thou like a fury takest us out of this present life, but the king of the world shall raise us up, who

have died for his laws, unto everlasting life." Four of the brothers were next subjected to tortures varied with fiendish cruelty, being upheld in their last moments of agony by their heroic mother. With equal resignation and unshaken hope of a future reward, they suffered the death of martyrdom. All the sons were now executed save the youngest, who, with undaunted eye had witnessed the cruel murder of his brothers. The beauty and innocence of the brave boy greatly interested the king. In vain did he use every argument and hold out every promise to the youthful martyr. As thousands were crowding around the tribunal, the desire to save the young hero became almost irresistible in the royal mind. The throng were watching this species of duel between a child and the monarch of all Syria. Antiochus offered liberty to the boy on condition that he would kneel and pick up from the ground the royal signet-ring which the king would drop from his hand. The youth, noting that the multitude looking on would interpret the act as a recognition of the royal will in regard to worship, refused compliance with this offer of the king. Antiochus finally bid the mother counsel her son to yield to his persuasions; but she laughed the tyrant to scorn, and speaking in the Hebrew tongue said to her son, "Fear not the tormentor, but being worthy of thy brothers, take thy death that I may receive thee again in mercy." The boy needed no admonition; turning to the Syrian he said, "Whom do you wait for? I will not obey the king's command, but I will obey the commandment of the law that was given to our fathers by Moses." The royal patience was exhausted. At a given signal the executioners rushed on their victim, and "while his body became a prey to tortures the most revolting, his pure spirit returned to its Father in heaven." Bereft of her children the mother next suffered torture, but in her last moments, she, exulting, exclaimed, "Father Abraham, I have surpassed thee, for thou hast only raised one altar for the sacrifice of one son; whereas, I have raised seven altars for the sacrifice of seven sons."

For six months the persecution throughout Judea was unrelenting. Apostates became numerous, but martyrs were still more numerous. Emissaries spread over the country and ruthlessly enforced the king's decree. Every public act of Jewish worship was at an end, and loud was the cry of despair that rang through the districts and towns of Judea. But a deliverer was at hand, and in his breast was a patriotism like a burning fire.

W. R. Houghton in The Current.

To be continued.

WOMAN'S LOVE FOR WOMAN.

"Good-night, dear heart, good night," she said,
Clasping my hand at parting,
And as I left her standing there
I felt the tear-drop starting.

For like a benediction breathed
On suppliant low kneeling.
Fell soothingly upon my ear
Those kind words full of feeling.

They sank into my inmost heart,
Renewing every power.
As heaven-sent dew revivifies
The faint and thirsty flower.

A woman I, with human needs,
Guessed by this gracious woman,
Those sweet-voiced blessings near and far,
My pathway shall illumine.

Would there were more such hearts as hers,
So god-like, although human!
For rarest of all earthly loves,
Is woman's love for woman.

Sel.

Under the Lamp-light.

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

We present to our young friends a few extracts from an address delivered before the Temperance Union at Nashville, Tennessee, by George T. Angel, and we commend them to their most careful reading; and from time to time we purpose to direct your attention to this same subject. God formed and gave life to every dumb creature. Yet why should we call them dumb? If they do not speak our language, who shall say that they have not a language of their own, and that in this language they do not understand each other? It can not be said that they never understand ours, for the intelligence with which they many times act gives evidence of something higher than instinct. By the all-wise provision of God these creatures were placed in the care of man, and would it appear a strange thing if man should have to render an account to God for his treatment of them? At some future day we will draw your attention to some passages of the word of God sustaining this view.

TWO KINDS OF ARMIES.

There are two kinds of armies in the world—armies of cruelty and armies of mercy.

Of one kind are the armies of war.

For thousands of years they have been marching on to battle-fields for the purpose of destroying human life.

Personally, the individuals composing those armies have had no cause of offence; personally, they might have been friends. Many of them have belonged to the same Christian churches and have been looking forward to an inheritance in the same heaven.

Yet at the command of politicians they have marched on to battle-fields to kill each other, and the armies which could kill the greater number—pile the battle grounds with the largest heaps of dead and wounded horses and men—have won glorious victories, and costly monuments have been erected to tell future generations what a noble thing it is for Christian men to kill each other in this way.

But within the past few years something new has come on to these battle-fields, and the distant spectator looking over the smoke of the battle has seen floating from the top of some high building on either side a flag different from all the rest—a white flag with a red cross on it.

What does that mean?

It means another army on that battle-field, seeking to save the lives which the others are seeking to destroy—going out with stretchers—bringing in the wounded—binding up the wounds—taking messages to the wives and mothers at home—speaking words of comfort and cheer to the dying. It is one division of the great army of mercy.

On the stormy nights of winter, when the tempest is on, and the great waves come rolling in on our Atlantic coast, if you could look through the darkness you would see for hundreds of miles along the coast, strong men, bronzed by exposure to the weather, walking all night long like sentinels, up and down, peering out into the darkness.

By and by a vessel—perhaps a great steamer, comes driving ashore. A signal light is flashed, other strong men come hurrying down the coast with life-saving apparatus. If a boat can live the life-boat is launched and, manned by brave fellows, pulls out into the storm. If a boat can not live, then a life-line is fired over the vessel, a cable is drawn on board, a chair is rigged on the cable, and backward and forward it plies until every passenger and every sailor is saved.

Another division of the great army of mercy!

A fire breaks out to-night here in Nashville in some high building, and the sleepers, suddenly awakened, rush down and out of the building—now the staircase is burning—now a frantic mother discovers that her little child has been left sleeping in the fourth story.

But the fire alarm has sounded—you hear the horses galloping down the street—a ladder is planted against the building, a brave fireman goes up, a stream of water is turned on him to protect him from the flames, he enters the building, he comes to the window with the little child in his arms, he descends the ladder and places it in the arms of its mother. * * *

DO ANIMALS SUFFER?

I need not tell you that animals suffer.

Eight hundred thousand cattle are reported to have died on our western plains last winter.

Starved to death because their owners provided no food—frozen to death because they provided no shelter. The bones of those eight hundred thousand cattle lie bleaching on the plains today.

When I visited New Orleans one of the first to call upon me was the agricultural editor of one of the leading papers of that city, a most highly respected planter. He told me of the cruelties practised in the Southern States, and before leaving said, "I believe, Mr. Angell, the curse of God is on my state for the cruelty inflicted here on dumb animals." I heard the same story in Florida. I hear it wherever I go. Hundreds of thousands die in transportation on the cars every year for want of food, water and rest, and the flesh of many of them is sold in our markets. Hundreds of thousands are slaughtered in ways most barbarous, when all could be killed without foreknowledge and almost without pain. I have stood in slaughter houses and witnessed scenes that compelled me to leave or drop fainting on the floor—hundreds of animals compelled to stand and see others slaughtered, knowing their turn was coming next. Hundreds of thousands of young calves are taken every year from their mothers when too young to eat hay, and kept without food three to six days before they are slaughtered, and in the mean time in some parts of our country they are bled from one to three times to get all the blood out of them and make their flesh look very white and delicate.

I need not go out of my own state to find plenty of cruelty. My attention was called to the subject many years ago. A gentle, high spirited horse, which I had never struck with a whip in my life, was loaned by the man who took care of him to two young men to be driven with great care, a short distance. They stopped at a tavern, got drunk, and drove the poor creature almost to death. He was brought back into the door yard, covered with sweat and foam, so weak he could hardly stand, and with such a look of despair in his eyes as I never saw in either human or animal eyes before, and hope never to see again. It was only by working almost the entire night that his life was saved. There was then no law to punish the men who did it, or the man who sold them the rum that made them do it.

In my town near Boston, a valuable stock of cattle were left by one man in charge of another. He quarreled with the owner, and out of revenge locked the stable doors and starved all the cattle to death in their stalls. The neighbors broke into the stable and found the cattle lying dead there, and where they had gnawed the wood work in the vain effort to sustain life. There was no law in the state of Massachusetts under which he could be punished.

I was walking in early spring in a town near Boston, and saw driven out of the yard of a rich woman a cow that was only a skeleton. It could hardly walk. I asked what was the matter, and they told me it was the custom of that rich woman to keep her cow, all winter, almost at the point of starvation to save the cost of hay. There was then no law in Massachusetts to prevent her doing it.

I was calling upon people in Milton, near Boston, one day and they told me how their old family dog had just been killed. They wouldn't kill him themselves because they loved him so. So they hired boys to do it and furnished them a revolver. The boys tied a rope around the old dog's neck, dragged him to the woods, tied him to a tree, fired every barrel of the revolver into him without killing him, and then beat him to death with sticks and stones. I am glad to say that the Society with which I have the honor to be connected now employs men to kill every one of these dumb animals in and about Boston; horses, dogs, and cats, mercifully, and we sent out directions to our agents all over the state, and to our Bands of Mercy and others, widely throughout the country, to enable them to kill mercifully. * * *

THE GROWTH AND PREVENTION OF CRIME.

But there is another thought which I think will strongly impress this audience. There has been in this country in the past twenty years a vast increase of crime—far beyond our growth of population. I could give you statistics, but it would make this address too long. And it is becoming a great question with good citizens how are we going to stop this increase of crime. The churches alone can not stop it, for they do not reach the great masses who never attend them. It is said that all the churches in New York City, with every seat filled, will not seat over 250,000, while the population is about 1,400,000. I have seen recently that out of the about sixteen millions of children in this country of school age, only about seven millions attend the Sunday-schools. What will stop the increase of crime? You will say temperance. I answer Yes. Temperance, and more cultivation of the hearts of children; and there is not in the whole range of human thought a better or more practicable way of cultivating the hearts of children than by teaching them kindness to God's lower creatures.

There are hundreds of thousands of parents among the depraved and criminal classes of this

country whom no child can be taught to love or ought to be. There are hundreds of thousands of homes where the name of the Almighty is never heard, except in words of blasphemy. But there is not a child in one of those homes that may not be taught to feed the birds and pat the horses and enjoy making happy all harmless creatures it meets, and so be doing acts of kindness a hundred times a day, that will make it not only happier and better, but more merciful in all the relations of life. "Ever after I introduced the teaching of kindness to animals into my school," says DeSailly, an eminent French master, "I found the children not only more kind to animals, but also more kind to each other; and I am convinced," he adds, "that kindness to animals is the beginning of moral perfection, and that a child who is taught humanity to them will in later years learn to love his fellow men."

ADVICE TO THE YOUTH.

YOUNG man, there is certainly no age more potent for good or evil than that of early manhood. There are certain claims, great and mighty, resting upon all young men, which they can not shake off if they would. Society claims and demands that they fill with honor and usefulness the places which they are destined to occupy. Every young man should do all the good he can, and try to make the world the better for having lived in it. He should not live for himself alone, but for society and mankind and home. Nothing better recommends an individual than his kind attention to his parents. It should be the constant study how to promote their welfare and happiness. Young man, speak kindly and tenderly to your mother. It is but a little while and you will see her no more forever. Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness and love while she is living! How heedless of her tender, watchful care. But when she is dead, then it is that we think of the mother that is laid away in the silent tomb.

Young man, remember that vulgar and profane language will surely undermine your finer moral nature. Do not use vulgar and profane words, and roll them under your tongue like a sweet morsel, and think your statements will not seem true without an oath of some kind. You will be a better man in the broadest sense of the word if you will resolve never to suffer yourself to use low language; for bear in mind, the little half-swear words soon grow into double strength oaths which will rob you of your noble, God-given manhood in more ways than you may now imagine.

Young man, please think of this, and believe these words are from a friend and well-wisher.

MOTHER'S FACE.

Three little boys talked together
One sunny summer day,
And I leaned out of the window
To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
One of the little boys said,
"Was a bird in grandpa's garden,
All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
Said the second little lad,
"Was a pony at the circus—
I wanted him awful bad."

"I think," said the third little fellow,
With a grave and gentle grace,
"That the prettiest thing in all the world
Is just my mother's face."

"God often calls on us," says the Abbe Roux, "but generally we are not at home." The godless man may smile at this quaint putting of a serious fact; but it is no smiling matter for mortal man to treat the calls of the Almighty One with contemptuous neglect. There is an awful meaning in God's declaration concerning this heinous sin. "Because I have called," he says, "and ye refused . . . I also will laugh at your calamity. I will mock when your fear cometh!" Think, therefore, O trifler with the calls of God, that thy refusals to listen to Him are seeds destined to grow into words of condemnation upon thee from His lips. What wilt thou do when Heaven laughs at thy calamity?

HIGHER CULTURE OF WOMEN.

THERE is no admiration greater than that which is accorded a true woman. How scarce such specimens of creation are in our land! Too seldom do we see a woman with a high, noble, Christian character. The number of true women is comparatively few. "To be a woman in the truest and highest sense of the word," as a writer has said, "is to be the best thing beneath the skies."

To be a woman is something more than merely to live eighteen or twenty years; something more than to wear flounces, exhibit dry goods, sport jewelry; something more than to be a belle. All these qualifications do but little toward making a true woman.

A true woman exists independently of outward adornments. It is not wealth, or beauty of person, or station, or power of mind, or literary attainments, or variety and riches of outward accomplishments that make the woman. These often adorn womanhood, but they should never be mistaken for the thing they adorn. This is the greatest error of womankind. They take the shadow for the substance—the glitter for the gold—the heraldry and trappings of the world for the priceless essence of womanly worth which exists within the mind.

Woman has been regarded almost by the whole world as a mere ornament. Hence woman is too often a vile, idle, useless thing. No one can look at woman's present estate without feeling that she has many long steps yet to take before she will attain her true position, her full womanhood. Men hold that wisdom is for them. They alone may draw from the deep wells of knowledge. Why do they think this? It is for the want of an enlightened view on the part of both sexes. Men as well as woman have failed to comprehend the true idea of womanhood. Both have been satisfied with too little in women. They have borne with the narrowness of woman's culture and the aimlessness of her life, believing it all right.

It is a fact, a glaring, solemn, humiliating fact that woman is not what the Creator designed her to be. She is weak, thoughtless, heartless, compared with what she ought to be.

If the young women of the present day possessed a sufficient force of character, their influence would be greater. They have not sufficient resolution and energy of purpose. Their moral will is not resolute. Their influence is not armed with executive power. Their goodness is not felt as an earnest force of benevolent purpose. Their opinions are not wise and thoughtful. The great deficiency of young women is a lack of power. They need more force of character. Women must have strength of will to do and dare. They must dare to be and to do that which is right; dare to face false customs; dare to frown on fashion; dare to resist oppression; dare to assert their own right; dare to be persecuted for risghteousness' sake; dare to do their own thinking and acting; dare to be above the silly pride, the foolish whims and trifling nonsense that enslave little minds. What was once regarded as a sufficient character for a woman is not now. Women are advancing, as well as science, mechanics and men. Once it was thought sufficient if a woman could read and write a little. The time is not far distant when she must be educated as well as man.

Women must be pure, that is, they must possess that virtue which wins laurels in the face of temptation; which is backed by a mighty force of moral principle; which frowns on evil with rebuking authority; which claims, as its right, such purity in its associates. There is a virtue which commands respect, which awes by its dignity and strength; a virtue that knows why it hates evil, why it loves right, why it cleaves to principle as to life; a virtue which gives a sublime grandeur to the soul in which it dwells and the life it inspires. This is the virtue that belongs to womanhood; it is the purity every young woman should possess. It is not enough to have an easy kind of virtue, which more than half courts temptation; which is pure more from fear of society's rebuke than a love of right. They would not have a drunkard for a husband, but they would drink a glass of wine with a fast young man. They would not use profane language, yet they love the society of men who they know are profane out of

their presence. They would not wish to be considered dishonest, but they use deceitful words and countenance the society of men known as deceivers. They would not be irreligious, but they smile upon the most irreligious and even immoral men. This is the virtue of too many women, a virtue scarcely worth the name —really no virtue at all; a hypocritical, hollow pretention to virtue. This is not the virtue of true womanhood.

Not only is a pure charater, not only is chastity of thought and feeling needed, but a character of energy. Life is a work. Woman has a mission—a work to engage in. This work requires that she shall possess energy as well as purity. Active duty presses upon her. This relates to a livelihood—to the practical work of pushing her way through life. It is degrading to accept of all life's necessities at the hand of charity.

Woman should be independent. She must not only have a good character but an ability to do something for herself, and others. Character would be of little avail if she were a shiftless, useless do-nothing in relation to all the great activities of life. It is through useful industry and labor that the rarest beauties and forces shine. Improve every moment. Characters must have some way to embody themselves in an outward form, to be-of service to the world. The best way is devotion to some useful calling or profession by which our powers may be called upon for their best efforts in a direction that shall promise a full reward for our selves and a good surplus for our fellowmen. Women must have employment. No woman of health and sound mind should allow herself to be or feel dependent on anybody for her living. Thousands of women have no employment, and live through life in a state of abject dependence A. woman can no more be a true woman than a man can be a true man without employment and self reliance. How can a woman who spends a listless, trifling life possess weight of character and force of mind and mental worth? How can she answer with honor to herself when she is called upon to do anything? Our homes are full of necessary and useful employment; girls must engage in it with unselfish zeal. Useful employment is a primary means of developing a true womanhood. Life is given that work may be done. We are here for a purpose. All young ladies should determine to do something for the good of humanity. They can at least determine, that for themselves they will do their own thinking; that they will form their own opinions from their own investigations, that they will persist in holding the highest principles of womanly morality and the virtuous attainments which constitute true womanhood.

When they have done this, let them call to their aid all the force of character they can command, to enable them to persist in being women of the "true stamp." Women have a great work to do. It is not enough that they should be what their mothers were. They must be more, since their advantages are superior. The demands of the country call on women for a higher order of character and life. The ladies of to day must heed the call. They must emancipate themselves from the fetters of custom and fashion and come up a glorious company, to the possession of vigorous, virtuous, noble womanhood—womanhood that shall shed new light upon the world and point the way to a divine life. Girlhood is the time to prepare for the great work of life. If girls would be women, they must begin before the years of maturity. If they would be wise they must not fritter away their early life. Girlhood is a preparation for womanhood. It sends its life and character into womanhood. Young ladies should step forward and be leaders in the great work of life. They have a right to do so; it is their plain duty; and why are they thus standing back?

Ladies may aspire to high positions, but unless they fit themselves will never reach them. Form high, noble, Christain characters. Live upright lives, so that when you are called to give an accouut of your stewardship you may be able to answer with honor to yourselves and to your God. One has rightly said: "A noble and influenential woman is an honor to the country and a pillar of civil and religious liberty. Every such woman is a central sun, radiating intellectual and moral light, diffusing strength and life to all about her." Woman is the hope of the world.

Selected from American Etiquette by A. E. Davis.

A SLEET STORM.

BY HARRIET HALE HARVEY.

A cold March rain had been falling
During the long and dreary day,
Making all without wet and cheerless,
And pleasures within less gay.

As night draws near in the gloaming,
We list to the wild weird surge
Of wind and rain, which together
Seem chanting a dismal dirge.

Thoughts of life's sorrow and trouble
Come crowding into the mind,
Of which the night seems an emblem
With its darkness and storm combined.

We think of the outward only,
Not heeding that storm and cold
Are working a strange transforming
Which with joy we shall behold.

We dream not of the transition
Which to-morrow's sunlight will show,
As it shines on the crystal beauty
Of trees, shrubs and hedges below.

All have put on a garb resplendent,
Too lovely for mortal eye;
And we wonder if ever there will be
A more beautiful scene on high.

The gnarled and scraggy old tree tops
Seem covered with diamonds rare,
Whose bright and varied colors
With the rainbow's hues compare.

And the smaller shrubs of the garden—
More lovely by far are they;
Each tiny tendril shedding forth
A brilliant shimmering ray.

Then we understand the working
Of a Father's omnipotent hand,
In sending to us those burdens
Which our sojourn here demand.

Every trouble, like the rain-drop,
Is preparing us a robe
That will some day shine with splendor
In His kingly, blest abode.

THE OAK-TREE AND THE IVY.

IN a greenwood stood a mighty oak. So majestic was he that all who came that way paused to admire his strength and beauty, and all the other trees of the greenwood acknowledged him to be their monarch.

Now it came to pass that the ivy loved the oak tree, and inclining her graceful tendrils where he stood, she crept about his feet and twined herself around his sturdy and knotted trunk. And the oak-tree pitied the ivy."

"Oho!" he cried, laughing boisterously, but good naturedly. "Oho! so you love me, do you, little vine? Very well, then; play about my feet, and I will keep the storms from you and will tell you pretty stories about the clouds, the birds and the stars."

The ivy marveled greatly at the strange stories the oak tree told; they were stories the oak tree heard from the wind that loitered about his lofty head and whispered to the leaves of his topmost branches. Sometimes the story was about the great ocean in the east, sometimes of the broad prairies in the west, sometimes of the ice-king who lived in the north, and sometimes of the flower-queen who dwelt in the south. Then, too, the moon told a story to the oak tree every night—or at least every night that she came to the greenwood, which was very often, for the greenwood is a very charming spot as we all know. And the oak tree repeated to the ivy every story the moon told and every song the stars sang.

"Pray, what are the winds saying now?" or "What song is that I hear?" the ivy would ask; and then the oak tree would repeat the story or the song, and the ivy would listen in great wonderment.

Whenever the storms came, the oak tree cried to the little ivy: "Cling close

to me and no harm shall befall you! See how strong I am; the tempest does not so much as stir me—I mock its fury!"

Then, seeing how strong and brave he was, the ivy hugged him closely; his brown, rugged breast protected her from every harm and she was secure.

The years went by; how quickly they flew—spring, summer, winter, and then again spring, summer, winter—ah, life is short in the greenwood as elsewhere! And now the ivy was no longer a weakly little vine to excite the pity of the passer-by. Her thousand beautiful arms had twined hither and thither about the oak tree, covering his brown and knotted trunk, shooting forth a bright, delicious foliage, and stretching far up among his lower branches. Then the oak tree's pity grew into a love for the ivy and the ivy was filled with a great joy. And the oak tree and the ivy were wed one June night, and there was a wonderful celebration in the greenwood, and there was the most beautiful music in which the pine trees, the crickets, the katy-dids, the frogs and the nightingales joined with pleasing harmony.

The oak tree was always good and gentle to the ivy. "There is a storm coming over the hills," he would say. "The east wind tells me so; the swallows fly low in the air and the sky is dark. Cling close to me, my beloved, and no harm shall befall you."

Then, confidently and with an always growing love, the ivy would cling more closely to the oak tree, and no harm came to her.

"How good the oak tree is to the ivy," said the other trees of the greenwood. The ivy heard them, and she loved the oak tree more and more.

And, although the ivy was now the most umbrageous and luxuriant vine in all the greenwood, the oak tree regarded her still as the tender little thing he had laughingly called to his feet that spring day, many years before—the same little ivy he had told about the stars, the clouds and the birds. And, just as patiently as in those days he had told her of these things, he now repeated other tales the winds whispered to his topmost boughs—tales of the ocean in the east, the prairies in the west, the ice king in the north, and the flower queen in the south. Nestling upon his brave breast and in his stout arms, the ivy heard him tell these wondrous things and she never wearied with the listening.

"How the oak tree loves her!" said the ash. "The lazy vine has naught to do but to twine herself about the arrogant oak tree and hear him tell his wondrous stories!"

The ivy heard these envious words, and they made her very sad; but she said nothing of them to the oak tree, and that night the oak tree rocked her to sleep as he repeated the lullaby a zephyr was singing to him.

"There is a storm coming over the hills," said the oak tree one day. "The east wind tells me so; the swallows fly low in the air and the sky is dark. Clasp me round about with thy dear arms, my beloved, and nestle close unto my bosom and no harm shall befall thee."

"I have no fear," murmured the ivy; and she clasped her arms most closely about him and nestled unto his bosom.

The storm came over the hills and swept down upon the greenwood with deafening thunder and vivid lightning. The storm king himself rode upon the blast; his horses breathed flames and his chariot trailed through the air like a serpent of fire. The ash fell before the violence of the storm king's fury, and the cedars groaning fell, and the hemlocks and the pines—but the oak tree alone quailed not.

"Oho!" cried the storm king, angrily, "the oak tree does not bow to me—he does not tremble in my presence. Well, we shall see."

With that, the storm king hurled a mighty thunderbolt at the oak tree and the brave, strong monarch of the greenwood was riven. Then, with a shout of triumph, the storm king rode away.

"Dear oak tree, you are riven by the storm king's thunderbolt!" cried the ivy, in anguish.

"Ay," said the oak tree feebly, "my end has come; see, I am shattered and helpless."

"But I am unhurt," remonstrated the ivy, "and I will bind up your wounds and nurse you back to health and vigor."

And so it was that, although the oak tree was ever afterwards a riven and broken thing, the ivy concealed the scars upon his shattered form and covered his wounds all over with her soft foliage.

"I had hoped, dear one," she said, "to

grow up to thy hight, to live with thee among the clouds and to hear the solemn voices thou didst hear. Thou woulds't have loved me bettter then?"

But the old oak tree said: "Nay, nay, my beloved; I love thee better as thou art, for with thy beauty and thy love thou comfortest mine age."

Then would the ivy tell quaint stories to the old and broken oak tree—stories she had learned from the crickets, the bees, the butterflies and the mice, when she was an humble little vine and played at the foot of the majestic oak tree, towering in the greenwood with no thought of the tiny shoot that crept towards him with her love. And these simple tales pleased the old and riven oak tree; they were not as heroic as the tales the winds, the clouds and the stars told, but they were far sweeter, for they were tales of contentment, of humility, of love.

So the old age of the oak tree was grander than his youth.

And all who went through the greenwood paused to behold and admire the beauty of the oak tree then; for about his seared and broken trunk the gentle vine had so entwined her graceful tendrils and spread her fair foliage that one saw not the havoc of the years nor the ruin of the tempest, but only the glory of the oak tree's age, which was the ivy's love and ministering.

Eugene Field in the Current.

GOD'S CREATURE.

A BOY and girl were playing together. The boy seized a kitten and was treating it cruelly when his little sister—sisters often have kinder hearts—with tearful eyes, entreated him to desist. "Oh, Philip," she said, "don't do that; it is God's kitten!"

It was a new thought; would that it might occur to many other boys—aye, and also to many advanced in years, who seem to think there is something manly in the torture they inflict upon animals, over whom God has given them power for a season!

"God's kitten!" Yes! God's creature; made by Him; cared for by Him. For even a sparrow falleth not to the ground without our Father's notice. The lesson was effectual; the kitten was liberated. But the matter did not end here. The next day Philip, on his way to school, witnessed a very common sight—a companion beating a dog most unmercifully. Almost unconsciously the words rose to his lips, and he gave feeling expression to them, "Don't do it; it is God's creature!" Again the entreaty was successful. But other ears listened to those earnest, truthful words. Just as they were uttered, a young man engaged in a profitable business in a neighboring town, on whom temporal blessings had been abundantly showered, passed by on the pavement. He was closely followed by a dirty, ragged being, the image of misery; care written in deep furrows on his brow. Both heard the words. The latter had that morning been dismissed by his employers for intemperance, and was on his way—to his home? Nay, the drunkard has no home. That which should be so is too wretched to deserve the name—his wife and children are pining there the living victims of indulged sin.

"God's creature!" said the poor, forlorn one. It was a new thought to him. "What! I, a drunkard, a burden to my own family, justly despised by society, ashamed to look my own children in the face because I know I have wronged them, —I God's creature, desolate, weighed down, alone, despaired of by those who were once my friends? Ah! I remember the days of innocence. I remember when I knelt by my mother's knee and breathed those hallowed words she taught me, 'Our Father.' Little did I then contemplate the future. Had some one foretold it I should have said indignantly, 'Am I a dog, that I should do this?' But alas! I yielded to temptations. I fell by gradual transgressions; descended Satan's ladder

step by step; and what a spectacle I am now! I was God's creature; I might have been his child. What am I now?"

He looked up: the public-house stood before him; he must pass it on his way home. Often he had drowned his miseries and silenced conscience there, and staggered home to inflict new miseries on those he was bound by every tie, human and divine, to love and to cherish till death parted them. He stopped; there was a struggle within him; the temptation would have overcome, but "the word spoken in season" again pressed upon him. The Holy Spirit had written that word, uttered by a child, on the fleshly tablet of his heart, "I am God's creature!" He hurried by the door, and presently he crossed his own threshold a sober man, a convicted man, a penitent man.

Conceive his wife's astonishment. Ruin stared them in the face; the prospect of starvation or a workhouse was before them; but it was enough for her to see those tears course down his cheek; they evidenced a change she would have relinquished everything to produce, for which she had often prayed with almost a broken heart. She felt there was cause for joy. This her husband was dead, and was alive again; he had been lost, and now he was found. Just then a knock was heard at the door. The young man whom God had prospered in worldly circumstances stood there. The word of the Spirit, the arrow from the quiver of the Almighty had pierced his heart also. He had seen his forlorn brother. His reflections had been those too often indulged in by proud Pharisees, who thank God that they are not as other men are. "Poor wretch! what a pest to society, what an object of scorn and loathing!" "It is God's creature!" fell upon his ear. He could not forget it; there was a struggle in his mind, too. He would go and see what could be done.

We need not describe what followed. It was a happy, happy sight. The tears of a penitent awaken the interest, excite the joy of angels. They wept together. They knelt in mutual affection, and felt how much it implied in the words, "Our Father."—*Our Own Fireside*
September, 1863

AN OLD SPANISH MISSION.

SITTING in the pleasant rooms of the Central House, in the old and picturesque town of San Louis Obispo, breathing the fresh, cool air springing up from the ocean a few miles distant, my mind filled with the beauty of the passage to this quaint old town, my reverie was suddenly broken by the chiming of bells. The sound was peculiarly adapted to the surroundings and gathering evening shadows. Slowly I passed out and followed the direction of the sound, which led me to an old mission or chapel, founded many years ago when California was a place where men came to make fortunes, instead of coming as now to spend them. The old church presents no remarkable appearance on the exterior; indeed, the average Californian can discover nothing of interest in the old ruinous pile. There are some in a far better state of preservation than is this one. Built of adobe brick, the front has been repaired and boarded up and thus made to present quite a modern appearance, so unlike the rear and ell which still remain in their primitive style. Once inside, however, the exterior is forgotten unless the three bells that are left swinging in the belfry pealing forth at morn and evening should again speak; then I could but forget, for their chiming voices carry me far away from this land by the sea to my prairie home, and floating with their dying echo comes sweet bells of homeland. At last they die, and soon no sound is heard. It is not public worship —just evening prayer. The door stands open, and with a feeling of awe I softly ascend a flight of steps. All is silent as the grave; a taper casts a lurid light, and my awe deepens as I proceed. A few silent figures pass noiselessly up the steps. I shrink into the shadow, feeling almost like an intruder. They dip their fingers

into the vessels containing holy water, which are placed each side of the door, and bending the knee, devoutly cross themselves, passing on to the interior to repeat a prayer before some image. Next to the water and near by on either side are places of confession, each of which consists of three apartments, each apartment being about two by three feet in size. In the centre one is a seat where the penitent one may sit, and on either side are desks where the holy fathers stand to receive the confession as it is whispered through the aperture, which is covered by a screen. A heavy curtain drops down over the entrance, and thus the confessor is left in total darkness. I could almost picture a wicked old Spaniard in here. How he feels I can not imagine, any nearer than my childish experience of the darkness of a closet until I promised to be good. It not being time of confession my curiosity led me to pull aside the curtain and still further examine this place of confession—human nature is ever ready to plunge into anything that seems in the least mysterious. Near the place of confession hung a large wooden cross, and near it hung a great card, bearing besides a cross with the usual inscription I. H. S., the following words in various colors of ink. Above the cross were the words "Indulgence;" to the left, "Granted by his Holiness, Pius ix;" upon the right, "to those who pray before the missionary cross erected by the Redemptorist Fathers;" below followed these: 1 "A Plenary Indulgence after confession and communion on the anniversary of the erection, or the Sunday following, also on the feasts of the finding and exaltation of the Holy Cross, by a Rescript of March 27th, 1852. 2 "An Indulgence of seven years and seven quartines for reciting before the cross, with a contrite heart, seven Aves in honor of the sorrows of Mary," by a Rescript of July 15th, 1858. 3 "An Indulgence of three hundred days for reciting before the cross, with a contrite heart, five Peter Aves and Glorias in honor of the sacred wounds, by a Rescript of March 27th, 1852.

A little further into the main room stands a table upon which burns four candles. This table stands in the aisle. In front of the sanctuary hangs twelve large oil paintings illustrative of the Savior's life and crucifixion. These are very old, and considered of great value, being brought from Spain in an early day. Within the sanctuary, separated from the main room by a railing, are many fine pictures, statuary and ornamented images of interest to the observer; but undoubtedly doubly so to the worshipers here.

Night had settled down when I emerged from the shadowy old chapel, and I passed out into the city, my mind wandering on amid scenes in Spain; and still weird and strange the scenes that thronged themselves through my thoughts as I left the old ruin in darkness of night.

DAPHNE.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her—
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan 's too formal for a woman;
Jane 's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 't was Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith 's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen 's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?

How I'm puzzled and perplexed,
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name I that should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her;
I will leave papa to name her.—*Sel.*

THE VAGABONDS.

(See Frontispiece.)

We are two travelers, Rodger and I.
  Rodger's my dog:—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!
  Over the table,—look out for the lamp:—
The rouge is growing a little old;
  Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out doors when nights were cold,
  And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
  A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
  The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
  (This out door business is bad for the strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
  And Rodger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir.—I never drink;
  Rodger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Ain't we, Rodger?—see him wink!—
  Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty too,—see him nod his head?
  What a pitty, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands ever word that's said,—
  And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
  I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
  (Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by through thick and thin;
  And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
  He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
  Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
  To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
  By George! it makes my old eyes water!—
That is, there's something in this gin
  That chokes a fellow. But no matter!!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
  And Rodger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir,)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
  Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
  (Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
  To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how a rebel shakes
  When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell how many drams it takes
  To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
  The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!
  Some brandy,—thank you,—there! it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
  But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
  And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
  And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
  To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
  At your age, sin, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink.—
  The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen those classic features,—
  You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
  I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
  Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
  When the wine went 'round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
  From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
  To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife;
  'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberist, prosiest life,
  Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent,
  On the dusty road, a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
  Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
  It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
  Is it amusing? You find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
  'Twas well she died before—Do you know

If the happy spirits in heaven can see
  The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
  This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
  Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
  No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
  And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.
  You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
  For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
  But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
  The sooner the better for Roger and me!

J. T. Trowbridge.

"KISS ME, MAMMA, I CAN'T GO TO SLEEP."

THE child was so sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant that curls at a breath and shuts its heart from the light.

The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin, and the most mournful, large blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock; misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas! that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature; so one day when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offense, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and, upon sending her to her little couch, I said: "Now, my daughter, to punish you, and to show you how very, *very* naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open—I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct then, and I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her little red lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for. "Oh, mamma, you *will* kiss me; I *can't* go to sleep if you don't!" she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling; and she held out her little hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said, give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That was the way I had been trained, till I was a most submissive child; and I remembered how often I had thanked my mother since for her straightforward course.

I knelt by the bedside. "Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement. She turned her little grieving face to the wall; I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with half-suppressed sobs, and saying: "Mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this," left the room for the night. Alas! in my desire to be severe I forgot to be forgiving.

It must have been twelve o'clock when I was awakened by my nurse. Apprehensive, I ran eagerly to the child's chamber; I had had a fearful dream.

Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat; her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glances.

From that night a raging fever drank up her life; and what think you was the incessant plaint poured into my anguished heart? "Oh, kiss me, mamma, *do* kiss me; I *can't* go to sleep! You'll kiss your little Ellen, mamma, won't you? I *can't* go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll only kiss me! Oh, kiss me, dear mamma, I *can't* go to sleep."

Holy little angel! *she* did go to sleep one gray morning, and she never woke again—never. Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins grew icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded

out of the beautiful eyes; whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me; but with her last breath she whispered: "I *will* be good, mamma, if only you'll kiss me."

Kiss her! God knows how passionate, but unavailing, were my kisses on her cheek and lips after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but only once, that I kissed her. God knows how I would have yielded up my very life, could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is all unavailing now! She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head, and a rose-bush at her feet; there grow sweet summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky smiles down to-day; and there lies buried the freshness of my heart.

Parents, you should have heard the pathos in the voice of that stricken mother, as she said: "There are plants that spring into greater vigor if the pressure of a footstep crush them; but, oh! there are others that even the pearls of the light dew bend to the earth."—*Sel.*

TALK TO YOUNG WIVES.

WHEN you started on your wedding journey with the words "until death do us part" sounding in your ears, I suppose you thought that every day would be as bright as that one; that into your life no rain would fall; that over your sky no shadow would creep, because the one you loved best was yours for all time. No more parting, except for a few hours; no more fear lest the cup of joy should be wrested from you, for you held it to your lips and thought yourself the happiest woman in the car, where notwithstanding your belief to the contrary, all the passengers suspected the relation you bore to the young man beside you, and said to themselves, with a nod of interest, "bride and groom." How attentive was you husband then, bringing water, buying fruit, buying books, opening the window, shutting the window and opening it again as often as the fancy or fever took you, and trying to appear as if next to yourself, there was nothing on earth he liked so well as to sit in a draught with his eyes full of cinders.

This was your wedding day; but how is it now, a year or six months later? Has no rain fallen into your life, no cloud crept over your sky; or is that sky so dark and the pools of your life so full of rain that love is almost quenched, and you sometimes wish that for you no bridal day had ever dawned? It is a sad truth that such conditions sometimes exist, and that the rosiest dawn is followed by the blackest noon, but where there is genuine affection, with a desire to do right, and a few grains of common sense, a necessity always, this need not be.

LOVE SHOULD GROW STRONGER.

The love of one's youth, if rightly bestowed, should increase in strength as the years go on until the frosts of old age, like the snows of winter, are only a soft covering for the warm life throbbing below. You have probably placed your ideal too high. No one can stand long on a dizzy height without swaying a little to the right or left; but don't think everything lost when your idol begins to totter and you see faults where you thought there were none. You have them yourself, but before your marriage you tried to conceal them. You never met your lover with angry words, or an impatient frown, or a soiled dress, or your hair in crimping pins. But are you as careful now? Do you study his likes and dislikes and try to please as you did before he was your husband? If not, how can you expect him to do better than yourself? A man is easily influenced by the woman he loves, and if you will make as much effort to keep your husband as you did to get him, the chances are that you will succeed. It is his duty, of course, to be just as polite

and kind after marriage as he was before, and to pay you those little attentions so grateful to every woman, and which keep her love alive longer than an occasional outburst of affection or some great sacrifice of his comfort and wishes to hers. But men are not naturally as demonstrative and emotional as women are, and too many of them seem to think that when they have paid a woman the highest compliment they can pay her by choosing her for their life companion they have done all that can be required of them, and that henceforth she must take their love for granted, as they can not be forever assuring her of it or parading it before the world.

Nor should she expect it. It is not always those who love the most that make the greatest show. I know an old man who, in the street, tucks his old wife under his arm and helps her over the rough places with all the care of a fond lover, and keeps her skirts from the mud and calls her "dear" and "darling," when any one is present, and then quarrels with her as a dog quarrels with a cat when they are alone. This is not an isolated case. There are many such, but would not be if each would do his and her duty with a kind consideration for the feelings of the other, a prompt recognition of virtues and a generous allowance for faults which both may have in common, and as a woman's forbearance and love are supposed to outlast those of a man, it is to the young wives we must look to right the matrimonial wrong.

DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH.

Don't expect too much of your husband or exact more than you are willing to give. If he wishes to retain his bachelor friends and occasionally pass an evening with them, don't object or think he cares less for your society. He can't always stay at home making love to you any more than you can live on ice cream as a steady diet, no matter how much you like it. You keep your girl friends, who come to you at all hours, drinking your tea, inspecting your parlors and wardrobe, criticising your furniture and quizzing you, perhaps, about your husband. But don't discuss him even with your most intimate acquaintance. Men rarely speak of their wives to any one as I have heard wives speak of their husbands, whom I knew they loved, but whose shortcomings they lamented and whose peculiarities they ridiculed. Keep such things to yourself, and if your husband is peculiar and faulty, try to make him less so, and if you fail, bear it and say nothing. And when he tells you that he can't afford something on which you have set your heart, believe him, and give it up and help him to save, instead of driving him to the wall by spending all he earns.

And now I am talking to that large proportion of wives whose husbands earn their bread by their own exertions, whether physical or mental; the teachers, the book-keepers, the copyists, the clerks on small salaries, the mechanics, the day laborers, whose lives are bounded by the whistle which summons them to work at seven in the morning and dismisses them at six in the afternoon. It is for these last that I am most sorry—the tin-pail army—as some writer has called them; but they might better be termed the bone and sinew of our country, whose struggles with poverty and hard work, seldom varied with recreation of any kind, would discourage stouter hearts than theirs. To the wives of such I make my strongest appeal. Make their homes as bright and attractive as your means will allow. Clean you can always have it, for water is free and soap is cheap. Meet your husband with a smile and pleasant word, even through your heart is heavy as lead. His may be heavy, too, from some unmerited reproof or rumor of diminished wages, which means starvation to him, or from some debt which must be met, with nothing perhaps to meet it. To such a man a pleasant, restful home is everything, and no matter how poor it is, you can, if you choose, make him so happy when there that he will have no desire to leave it for anything outside, and will thus be kept from temptation and sin, and made strong to withstand the allurements of vice and strong drink which beset him everywhere.

FACES TELL TALES.

I never see a group of tired men hurrying by when the day's work is done that I do not wonder what kind of homes they are going to, and I think I can tell by the eager or sorry expression of their faces and the elasticity or slowness of their steps whether their anticipations are cheerful

or otherwise. I once saw a man going home with a face so begrimed with coal dust that it was anything but agreeable to look at it, but which became almost glorified with a sudden lighting up of joy which shone through all the sooty black when from a door in the distance there came a little fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, fresh and sweet as a rose, who, with a glad cry, "papa, papa, papa's tum," threw herself into his arms. I knew the man was very poor, but I knew also that he was happy in a home the thought of which made the longest hour seem short, and in a wife who had helped to make him a nobler and better citizen than are thousands in the higher walks of life who spend upon one dinner more than he was worth.

Blessed be the wife who, having won her husband's love, knows how to keep it and does it.

MARY J. HOLMES.

DRIFT-WOOD.

The threads our hands in blindness spin,
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.—*Whittier.*

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE.

It is rarely that we read anything more touchingly beautiful than the way in which Catherine Tait, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, tried to comfort her own heart and the heart of her husband after they were suddenly deprived by death of "five blessed little daughters." Other parents who mourn because of empty cradles and desolate places at the fireside, may be strengthened by their example. Mrs. Tait writes:

"Now, constantly, with our daily prayers for them, we say the thanksgiving and commemoration:

Lord thou hast let thy little ones depart in peace.

Lord Jesus, thou hast received their spirits, and hast opened unto them the gate of everlasting glory.

Thy loving spirit leads them forth in the land of righteousness, into thy holy hill, into thy heavenly kingdom.

Thou didst send thy angels to meet them and carry them into Abraham's bosom.

Thou hast placed them in the habitation of light and peace—of joy and gladness.

Thou hast received them into the arms of thy mercy, and given them an inheritance with the saints in light.

There they reign with thy elect angels and thy blessed saints departed, thy holy prophets and glorious apostles, in all joy, glory, felicity, and blessedness, forever and ever. Amen."

OUR WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

Americans who think they must cross the water to find anything wonderful should remember the greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where water from the great upper lakes forms a river three-fourths of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 175 feet. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes. The largest valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe. The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over 2,700 acres. The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is, truly, an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The longest railroad at present is the Pacific railroad, over 2,000 miles in length. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Pilot Knob, of Missouri. It is 350 feet in height and two miles in circuit. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for orphans, Philadelphia. The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct, New York. Its length is forty and one-fourth miles, and its cost $12,500,000. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and

appear to be inexhaustible. And now the largest sign in the world, one-half of a mile long has been erected just out of New York.

"I am none of your mealy-mouthed, compromising fellows, that are afraid of saying the truth," said a blustering, ill-tempered dog, that never could let passengers go by in peace without a growl or a bark, intimating that they were in the wrong way; "I always speak my mind and let people know my opinion."

"That would be all very good if they wanted to know it, and your mind were worth speaking," said another dog; "but I rather think such is not considered to be the case; for generally those who do not pass you as if they had not noticed you, go by on the other side to keep out of the noise. Now, perhaps, if you kept a little quieter, and did not attempt to manage the whole street, you would be of some use, and pass for an honest guide, instead of a noisy, quarrelsome puppy, full of yourself."

Sometimes the smallest dog has the biggest bark of all. Dignity has its value, and some human beings might take a lesson in it from a decent dog.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

[Suggested by the sight of a little girl planting flowers on her mother's grave in a country church-yard.]

Sweet child! of golden hair and azure eyes,
  Why art thou here alone among the dead
This May-day morn, while from the genial skies
  The sun so brightly beams, and overhead
The meadow lark sings merrily, and bees
  In all the joyousness of spring are found
Engaged at orchard blossom jubilees,
  Or kissing wild-wood flowers that bloom around?

How can a place like this have charms for one
  So young in years, whose meek angelic face
Speaks almost Heavenly innocence? Upon
  Thy guileless heart has sorrow made his trace?
Has Death, with his relentless icy hand,
  Concealed a treasure from thy vision here?
Ah! yes, this marble tells; I understand
  Without a word the secret of that tear.

"We buried mother here, and I have come
  To plant these flowers on her grave, that they
May tell me, as she said, how bright the home
  Is where she lives with angels, far away!
We loved her so—she taught us how to pray—
  And said if Willie, Pa and I were good,
That Jesus on the Resurrection Day
  Would take us all up with Him in a cloud."

The lips that spoke these simple words were pale
  And quivering with a love which can not die,
But faith that would illumine death's dark vale
  Was radiant in the little speaker's eye.

No fact in all of matter's wide domain
  Could to her outward gaze more certain be
Than inward consciousness that death is gain
  To those who live for immortality.

Oh! teachers of the dark Agnostic school,
  Who would destroy this little maid's belief,
And measure life by your material rule,
  What sweetness bring ye for her cup of grief?
For all she knows, ye substitute "unknown,"
  For angel songs a silence worse than death,
And, flowerless, ye would have her stand alone
  Above this grave and say: "Life is but breath."

Can that be true which links the soul of man
  In final destiny with brute or clod,
Gives life no inspiration and no plan,
  And leaves us orphaned from a living God?
Forever be this cruel creed "unknown"
  To those who comfort find in faith and prayer,
For all who hold it are compelled to own
  Their "truth" begets a midnight of despair.

The largeness of our capabilities,
  The conscious mind's wide ranges while we sleep,
Our love of peering into mysteries
  Which to us all are as the Godhead deep;
The loud protesting of our better part
  Against the termination of our love,
The sorrows and the longings of the heart,
  All speak an endless life for man above.

Rev. James Stephenson in New York Observer.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

MARY H. KROUT.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
  Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field
  That is yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick-waving grasses,
  Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows,
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
  And the first crimsom buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
  They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple,
  In the soft tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
  And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
  On the long thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
  And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells—
  Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall rocking tree tops,
  Where the Oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night they are folded in slumber
  By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
  The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
  Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
  The noble and wise of the land;
The sword and chisel and palette,
  Shall be held in the little brown hand.

These lines were written by the author, when a little girl thirteen years old, and so, you see, she has been able to put into poetry, all the various enjoyments that make the days of childhood so happy.

The first line is enough to send my thoughts away back to the times when I used "to drive home the cows from the pasture," and linked to those days are memories of rambles for berries and nuts, when we trudged through the woods looking for red haws or anything else eatable, or paused on the open hill-side to laugh and shout, and laugh again when our voices echoed from the opposite hills. It seems to me now that those were happy times, and yet I remember that I was not always happy, and sometimes I thought my troubles very great. I laugh now when I think of a little girl that when flying down a stony hill-side path, after a willful black and white cow that had made up her mind to go to the river to spend the summer day. But I did not laugh then; for I was that anxious little girl and that contrary cow was my especial charge.

So, children, I have come to think that the present is the time to be happy. It will do no good to look ahead and say, "When I am older I shall have more pleasure," or to look back and say, "I was happy when I was a child." There is only one time when any can be really happy, and that is when we can say truly, "I am doing right." Let us all try to be happy now by doing all the good we can now. The author says in her last stanza:

"Those who toil bravely are strongest;
  The humble and poor become great;
And from these brown-handed children
  Shall grow mighty rulers of state."

She goes on to say that the "noble" and "wise" men, the warriors and sculptors and artists of the land, shall come from these same little children. And it is true, that the little boys and girls of to-day, in a few short years will be men and women.

"The humble and poor become great."

What is it to become great? The Savior said, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister," that is, "let him serve the others." From this we understand that the greatest man is the one who does the most good to others. In this way we all may become truly great, if we will. And now, we of the true Church of Christ, have plenty of work waiting for all, young and old, and not one can afford to be idle. We may not become "mighty rulers of state," but we may be "servants of Christ," and carry the good news of the Gospel to those who do not know it. We can bring in our tithes and offerings to help the work on; we can be industrious and careful, we can inform our minds by study and thoughtfulness. Each of us should live with the thought "There is something for me to do," and often we are brought to think that our greatest work is to keep our own hearts right. If we are not watchful we are very apt to become selfish and to want everything to be just as it pleases us, and when we feel so, it will be well for us to remember that God's own Son, Jesus, came into the world "not to be ministered

unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many."

We may not be called to die for others, but we are called to live for the good of others. We would not have our boys and girls old before their time, we would not take the brightness or joyousness from their lives, but we would have them learn early what many have learned late in life, that he who seeks to make others happy finds his own happiness, And another thing—the men and women of the future will be much like the children of to-day; for "men are only boys grown tall." Perhaps a short story I have just found will teach what I wish.

"Well, boys, busy as bees this bright Saturday afternoon, I see," said Mr. Atkins or "Uncle William," as the boys called him. "What are you all about?" he went on, as he threw himself on the grass beside them.

"I'm trying to make a mast for my ship," said John, who was whittling at a knotty stick; "but the old thing is so crooked that I shall never get a straight mast out of it."

"I'm afraid not, indeed; but what are you at, Edwin?"

"I was going to make a telegraph, sir; but the wire if so full of kinks, and they are so hard, I can't get them out."

"Look here, boys!" cried James, coming from the house, where he had gone for a pitcher of water; "isn't this the queerest old pitcher you ever saw. It looks as though it were making faces at you."

Sure enough, the handle was put on all awry, and the mouth was twisted "as if it had been eating persimmons," John said.

"Ah, boys!" said uncle William, "take care of the crooks before they become so hard. John's stick was once a tender twig that you could bend any way, and now you can't get the crooks off without splitting it all up. James' pitcher was once soft clay, and could be molded into any form; but the crooks are baked in, and you can't get them out, even if you break the pitcher in pieces. And as to Edwin's wire, the only thing you can do with it is to heat it in the fire, and then, when it is red hot, pound them out. Take care of the crooks, then, lest God put you into the furnace of sorrow, and pound them out with many hard knocks."

Dear children, guard your thoughts day by day, avoid the "crooks," and from your ranks God will call those who are willing to work for Him. The little brown hands may help to raise the banner of Christ.

A. S.

THE JEWS.

They wait His coming; toward the Orient
They gaze with mystic awe and sadness blent.
"Why waiteth He? our weary eyes are strained
To pierce the darkness where the light hath waned."

They wait His coming: knowing not His feet
Have trod the earth and made its service sweet.
"Why lingereth our King that like a star,
Shall reign throughout the desert lands afar?"

They wait His coming and their hearts grow sad,
They do not hear the song of tidings glad.
"His chariot delays; we see no sign
By which we claim the promises divine."

They wait the blessed Christ who dwelt with them
Unknown, without the earthly diadem.
"Oh Father! for our blessed King we wait!
Fulfil Thy word! the day is dark and late."

—*Portland Transcript.*

SADIE'S RESOLVE.

"I WONDER if that girl has any idea of the power she might be if she only would," said Miss Laurence to herself, as she stood looking out of the window, watching her niece, Sadie Arnold, and Tom Evans, who stood talking by the gate.

There was a certain reckless, don't-care look in Tom's boyish face that pained Miss Laurence, and there was a flippant, self-satisfied air about him that was anything but manly, so she thought. But to all appearances Sadie did not disapprove of him, nor share her disparaging thoughts. Presently they separated, and Sadie came into the parlor.

"I don't like Tom Evans' looks, Sadie," said her aunt, abruptly. "I don't believe he is doing very well, is he?"

"I don't really know; but I am afraid not, auntie."

"Mrs. Aimes told me the other day that he was with the Rogers boys and the Deanes most of the time, and your father says that they are low, worthless fellows; his being with them speaks badly for him."

"I know, auntie; but they say that all young fellows must 'sow their wild oats.' He may come out all right yet."

"My child, that is one of the most false and dangerous of sayings. No man or woman ought to sow anything but good seed in his life; for whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap. Oh, it is a pitiful, pitiful sight to see how recklessly and thoughtlessly you young folks sow seeds that will surely yield the bitter harvest of unavailing regret and remorse. Don't you see or think what you are doing, or don't you care?"

"Aunt Sarah, what do you mean?" asked Sadie, her face flushing with surprise and indignation. "I am sure I can not see how I am to blame in the least for Tom Evans' doings.

"There is another old saying beside the one that you have just quoted, which I would like you to remember, Sadie: 'Power to its least particle is duty.' You girls, with your pretty faces and bright ways, have a world of power in your hands, and you know it; but how are you using it? Do you make your gentlemen friends feel that they must be good, pure, and true if they would win your favor and smiles; or do they feel that all you care about is a good time, and will not question if their lips and hearts are pure or otherwise? I tell you, Sadie, God will call you to account for the power entrusted to you. You are accountable to him for your use of it, and more than all that, if you do not use it to its utmost limit. Power to its least particle is duty."

Sadie's merry face grew sad and earnest. It startled her, this way of looking at it. Was she accountable in the least for Tom's doings? He was not doing well; she felt it, if she did not actually know it. She remembered several things that had happened of late. She had not approved of them; but she had laughed and talked with him just the same. There were others of the boys, too. Will Norcross, in particular. Could it be that she was in any way responsible?

"Have your good times, child, but remember always that you hold a great power in your hands. Strive in every way to be earnest yourself, and make them feel that they must be so also if they would win your favor."

"God help me," prayed Sadie, earnestly and humbly.

* * * * * *

They were busy getting up charades for the sociable, and met the next morning in the church parlors to prepare for them. Tom and Sadie, with one or two others, were fixing the curtains. Tom was over in the corner by himself, as he supposed, when accidentally his hammer came down with full force on his thumb, and, without thinking, he uttered an oath half audibly. When he moved the curtain a second later he saw Sadie standing there with flushed face and eyes brimming with tears. Tom's face colored with vexation.

"I beg your pardon, Sadie; I did not know that you were there."

"But it was all the same, Tom, if I was not here. God heard it, and that is worst of all."

The others came up just then, and there was not a chance for Tom to say

anything more. When they broke up to go home, he presented himself as usual at Sadie's side, but to his surprise she drew back.

"Not to-night, Tom, after that," she said sadly.

"Well," said Tom to himself, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully home alone, "if she was so shocked at just that, what would she say if she knew all? I declare, I never felt so mean in my life; she looked so shocked and sorry. I supposed that a good time was all that the girls cared about; but if Sadie really does care, I will be worthy of her favor."

Tom was young, his feet had only begun to stray into the by-paths of sin and danger; it was not so hard for him to change his course as it would have been later. And whenever he was tempted, the memory of that shocked, grieved look of Sadie's came to him and held him back, turning him to seek divine help for the battle of life.

"I don't know what there is about Sadie Arnold," said Will Norcross once, "but whenever I am with her I feel ashamed of my real self, and resolve that I will never think or do a mean thing again."

Girls, dear girls, how are you using the power in your hands? Are you seeking to lead your companions up? Are you trying to influence them to be purer and better? Are you holding up a high standard to them? God grant you are!

Christian Intelligencer.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

A PARTY of Northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song who had been delighting the party with the happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with:—

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously; "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other, and think, indeed, am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the south had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadow hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words:—

"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

"Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening, that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said with much emotion:—

"I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my

duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that he has created came to me with peculiar force. If he so cared for the sparrow, how much more for man created in his own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of his goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

The incident related in the above sketch is a true one, and was related to the writer by a lady who was one of the party on the steamer.—*Sel.*

Helpful Hints and Suggestions.

The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.—*Whittier.*

HOTCH POTCH.

Four large turnips, one pound of carrots, one onion, one lettuce, one parsley; put four quarts of water into a pan, set it on the fire and put in the carrots and turnips, part of which must be grated and the remainder cut into small square pieces, with other vegetables, all cut small; season to taste, and let all boil well together slowly. Young green peas, part of them to be put in with the other vegetables, and the remainder about an hour before the soup is ready.

Health Journal, Danville, N. Y.

I use cabbage in place of lettuce.—Sr. Sheehy.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

Grained woods should be washed with cold tea, and then, after being wiped dry, rub with linseed oil.

Remove flower-pot stains from window sills by rubbing with fine wood ashes and rinse with clean water.

Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads. Hot alum water is also good for this purpose.

Drain pipes and all places that are sour or impure may be cleansed with lime water, or carbolic acid, or chloride of lime.

Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

Hellebore sprinkled on the floor at night destroys cockroaches. They eat it and are poisoned. It should be swept up each morning.

Plush goods and all articles dyed with aniline colors, faded from exposure to light, will look as bright as ever after sponging with cloroform.

If the wall about the stove has been smoked by the stove, cover the black patches with gum shellac and they will not strike through either paint or calcimine.

Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first and then on the right side, after which spots may be removed by the use of ox gall, or ammonia and water.

Whole cloves are used now to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor, or cedar shavings.

Furniture needs cleaning as much as other woodwork. It may be washed with warm soapsuds quickly, wiped dry, and then rubbed with an oily cloth. To polish it rub with rotten stone and sweet oil. Clean off the oil and polish with chamois skin.

When hard-finished walls have been calcimined the soiled coats should be washed or scraped off before a new one is put on. This is the most disagreeable part of the process. The furniture should be covered, as the lime makes spots that are removed with difficulty especially upon black walnut.

KITCHEN HINTS.

Never put milk or butter in the cupboard where cooked cabbage, turnips or onions are, as the smell from them will taint butter or milk in a short time.

To keep your hands from chapping, get equal parts of benzine and glycerine, shake well and rub a few drops on the hands after washing them. It will keep them soft and white.

Every few weeks remove the lamp-wicks, and put the burners in a pan of boiling soap-suds and let boil a few minutes. It cleans them thoroughly and gives a better light. I clean my gasoline stove burners the same way.

MEAT CAKES.—One cup of chopped, cold meat, one tablespoonful of catsup, one cup of rolled crackers, one egg. Make in cake and fry in hot lard.

JELLY ROLL.—Three eggs, one cup sugar, one cup flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of water, flavor; bake on paper and roll while very hot.

BREAKFAST STEW.—Put some stock in a skillet, when it heats add some sliced cold potatoes, one onion chopped fine, a little peper and salt; cook a few minutes and serve very hot.

A true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

A common school education with common sense is far better than a college education without it.

One good, honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Respect elders and yourselves.

As you expect to be men some day, you can not too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

To wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

God is no respecter of sex, and when He gave the seventh commandment, He meant it for men as well as for their sisters.

By indulging depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, we are not fitting ourselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

It is better to be an honest man seven days in the week than to be a Christian one day and a villain six days.

Editor's Corner.

IN issuing this, the fifth number of AUTUMN LEAVES, we wish very briefly to refer to one part of its object and aim as set forth in the first number, "If our girls are wise they will embrace the present opportunity, to prepare for the future responsibility. * * * For this reason, our young people will find departments in AUTUMN Leaves, which have reference to the possible future of their lives, and will be useful to others who, though young, have already entered upon those duties, which for the former are still in the future." With the poet we have realized that, "Life is real—life is earnest," and had there been no thought in our mind other than that of amusement or the furnishing of pleasant, recreative reading for the young, AUTUMN LEAVES would never have had a being. This we would do, but not leave the other and weightier matters undone. For what are we rearing and training our sons and daughters? Do we desire them to be as "dumb, driven cattle," or is it not the fond ambition of each father and mother to see their sons and daughters occupying positions of trust and usefulness—to see them brave and valiant soldiers in the battle of life? If this be the case, how broad then is the scope of our Magazine—so broad that he who wishes to grasp beyond, to soar higher, reach deeper, or embrace more, will necessarily have to go into forbidden fields for the themes of which to treat. Our Magaazine is for the youth, for the young; but who are they? Let me tell you, fathers and mothers, as you yourselves well know, they are not children needing nursery songs and Bible stories to lull them to sleep; but they, many of them, are standing just upon the border land of manhood and womanhood. Some, indeed, have already crossed over, and others have one foot, as it were, planted beyond the boundary line. Life is to them untried, and if to father and mother have come experiences, upon the rough road, where they have planted way marks to serve as warnings, these are what we need, and here is a work to be taken up by every one interested in the welfare of the young. The day has gone by when ignorance of business, honest industry, and the duties of life are to be considered a recommendation to either boy or girl, young man or youug

woman; but to fit himself or herself for the active duties of life, to be prepared to struggle, fitted to endure in order to win in the race, becomes an absolute necessity for each one who hopes to succeed. Have we good housekeepers among the Saints (we are fully persuaded there are many)? then we solicit from them plain, simple directions describing their methods of doing various things needful for girls to learn. Will you respond? Have we economical housewives? We know there are many, and we solicit from you lessons in this department. Have we those skilled in cooking? then our request is the same. Have we those who love games and recreations? then share them with us. Impart to us the best of your garnered treasures of wisdom, and we will tax our pages to the utmost in order to make our "Helpful Hints and Suggestions," just what the name implies. And just here let us say that we think it would be very desirable for our young folks wanting information upon various subjects, to make their wants known; and for this purpose we will establish an exchange bureau, not with the view to answering questions ourself, but to publish answers sent in by others—subject of course to our supervision.

We want our young men to be as deeply interested in the Magazine as are our girls, and we know of but one way in which it is possible to awaken this interest. If subjects in which you are most deeply interested are not treated of, write and let us know. We will be very slow to think that we are more interested in your welfare and advancement than you are in your own; but you know there is always a test to apply, and acts mean more than words; and for this reason we shall wait anxiously to hear from you.

TAKE NOTICE.

HAVING made arrangements with the Board of Publication to have our books kept at the Herald Office, we wish to notify our friends that hereafter all *letters of business* connected with AUTUMN LEAVES, "Home Column" or *Hope*, must be addressed to David Dancer, box 82, Lamoni, Iowa. This will include remittances for every purpose, whether subscription money, offerings for Home Column Missionary Fund, birth offerings for *Hope*, or Christmas offerings from the children. Please remember and in the future send *all money* to David Dancer.

All applications for *change* of address on either AUTUMN LEAVES or *Hope*, or for missing numbers of either paper, must be sent to David Dancer in order to secure attention. *These regulations can not be departed from.*

Send to M. Walker, Lamoni, Iowa, all articles intended *for publication*, either in AUTUMN LEAVES, *Hope* or Mother's Home Column.

It is desirable at all times that letters and articles for publication as above specified be sent to M. Walker, but to accommodate our friends and lesson expense, such articles or letters if sent to Herald Office will be handed to us, always provided they be *written entirely separate from any matter of business.*

Parties not connected with the work of the Herald Office can form no just estimate of the absolute necessity existing for a strict conformity to the above notice. It is not for our own convenience merely, but in order that all mistakes be avoided and patrons have their requests promptly and correctly attended to. Let us repeat, SEND ALL MONEY TO DAVID DANCER, BOX 82, LAMONI, IOWA.

LET us call your attention to the deeply interesting chapter, "From Malachi to Matthew," found in this number. Paul speaks of the cloud of witnesses by whom we are surrounded, and what an illustration of the kind of persons composing that cloud is found here. It is well to have such examples of heroic endurance placed before us, that we may fully understand what the ancient people of God endured rather than prove false to the trust God had committed to their charge, and that we mav the better understand how favored we are in our day and generation.

DO NOT send for No. 1, as our second edition is exhausted. We have a few of No. 2 still on hands and can begin new subscriptions with that number. Parties subscribing hereafter, whose time will extend into 1889, will please remember that vol. No. 2 will be $1.50 per annum. The extra cost is but little, yet it is the many small drops which fill the bucket.

A CHINESE traveler says the most remarkable thing he noticed in the United States was a "lack of honor," and he tells us there is little doubt that the thing which most needs to be preached to this generation of Americans by ministors of the gospel, by both clerical and lay instructors of youth, by all who have public influence or private authority, is a sense of honor. It must be shown and insisted upon that every position in life, where one person is employed by another to do a certain work, imposes an obligation to fulfill the duties of the place with an honorable and disinterested regard for the interests of the employer.

THE HUMPED-UP SEX.

WE think the most careless man has not failed to observe that women have become subject to a curious deformity within the last few years. The matter is a delicate one to discuss, but really the evil is getting to be so general that public attention ought to be called to it and methods of counteracting it ought to be considered. We allude to the ugly and abnormal development just where the dress begins to set out behind.

There is something strange about this deformity, inasmuch as the victims of it do not seem in any way ashamed of it, nor does it appear to affect their general health and spirits. Indeed, there is nothing commoner than to meet a pretty creature with smiling lips and sparkling eyes tripping along as gayly and gracefully as Diana on the borders of Eurotas; and yet when she passes, you are shocked to observe an immense hump bobbing up and down on her back with every movement. The dear afflicted creatures chat with each other cheerfully, go about their shopping with the same conscientious punctuality as of old, and even appear to take pleasure in the society of the male sex; but while admiring their heroic endurance we can not help sympathizing with their misfortune and sighing over their departed grace of form. With feminine skill they have contrived a kind of cloak which is cut away at the back and has pieces hanging down at each side like the flaps of a saddle, and in such a garment the hump puts on a jaunty appearance, and even suggests the possibility that it had been developed to fit the new-fashioned cloak, but not infrequently, when an old-fashioned cloak or circular is worn, the protuberance is thrust out through the folds of the overflowing cloth like a rock among the ripples of a stream. In such cases the effect, if not grand, is at least gloomy and peculiar.

If there be any truth in the old saying that the back is fitted to the burden, there may be some purpose in the development of this curious hump. It would certainly afford a fine resting-place for a market basket or a carpet bag, and a baby might be set astride of it with great advantage; but, curiously enough, the women who carry loads of any kind in the street seem scarcely ever afflicted with this deformity, while those who appear to be out for no other purpose than to exhibit themselves are the most sadly misshapen.

What the character of the growth is we have had no opportunities to investigate, but there has been not a little discussion on the subject among scientists. The opinion long prevailed that the hump is a mere fungoid growth, a chaotic and incongruous bulk; but there is now good reason to suppose that in a majority of cases it is a highly complex organism built up about a regular skeleton, and somewhat resembling in form and action the jointed mechanism of a lobster's tail. Possibly the hump of this character is a later development and the fungoid growth is a mere survival; but at any rate its existence can not be denied, as instances have been known in which the hump has been squeezed out of shape in a crowded street-car and remained twisted, distorted and limp as if it were a mere mass of shavings or old newspapers. The fact that in such cases the woman has been known to step out of the car unconscious of injury, may be regarded as positive proof that the hump can not be very sensitive, or else that it can not be vitally connected with the person to whom it is attached. Professor Huxley after a series of careful experiments declares that in twenty-five cases out of twenty-six he found that the protuberance was not sensitive to a darning-needle, and yet in every instance he was convinced that it was subject to the volition of the wearer. He is of opinion that as we can know nothing clearly and comprehensively on the subject, it is outside of the sphere of scientific investigation, and that any man who tries to find out why modern women have this deformity imposed upon them might better be engaged in twisting ropes of sand.

But the prevailing opinion seems to be that something ought to be done to retard or modify the unsightly growth. For our own part we confess that our anxiety is not confined altogether to the evolution that has taken place. If a single hump has been developed within a brief period, why may not another hump be added to

it in obedience to some curious hump-producing tendency in femenine nature? And as a result, may it not come to pass that our women will in time be backed like camels? For the production of such monstrosities it is clear that this is a bustling world.—*Sel.*

BOY INVENTORS.

SOME of the most important inventions have been the work of mere boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a boy. Watt left the engine in a very incomplete condition from the fact that he had no way to open and close the valves except by means of levers operated by the hand.

He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy was hired to work these valve levers. Although this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working these levers he saw that part of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the exact time that he had to open or close the valves. He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other end to the valve lever. Then he had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move off with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he soon saw the ingenuity of the boy and also the advantages of so great an invention. Mr. Watt then carried out the boy's inventive genius in a practical form and made the steam engine a perfect automatic working machine.

The power loom is the invention of a farmer boy, who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He cut one out with his knife, and after he had got it all done he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy was afterward apprenticed to a blacksmith, and he soon found that his new master was kind and took a lively interest in him. He had made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, which he showed to his master. The blacksmith saw that he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a very valuable one. He immediately had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, the boy to receive one-half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should visit him and bring with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he (the father) had kicked to pieces but a year before.

Smeaton, the great mechanic, when a boy, disdained the ordinary playthings of boyhood. He collected the tools of workmen and bothered them with questions. One day, after having watched some millwrights, he was discovered, to the great distress of his family, in a situation of extreme danger, fixing a wind-mill on top of the barn. His father sent him to London to study law, but he declared that "law did not suit the bent of his genius," and addressed a memorial to his father to show his utter incompetency for legal pursuits. His father finally allowed him to do as he wished, and it was he who built the Eddystone lighthouse in the midst of the waves.—*Sel.*

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

A MAY-DAY custom, and a very pretty one, still survives among the young folks in our New England States. It is that of hanging upon the door-knobs of friends and neighbors pretty spring offerings in the shape of small baskets filled with flowers; wild ones if they can be obtained; if not, the window gardens at home are taxed. When the dusky twilight approaches the "Mayers" start out on this lovely errand of going from house to house, leaving behind them the evidence of their visit in these sweetest of offerings.

Now, boys and girls, when May day comes, remember there are many, young like yourselves, to whom it is just as natural to be glad and happy as it is for you, but have little to make them so, and it would be worth while to bring a little brightness into their lives by even the simple gift of a few flowers. The thought that they have been remembered with those more favored, will stay in their hearts long after the flowers have withered.

HOW TO MAKE THE BASKETS.

They are made mostly of crimped tissue paper, card board, silver or gold paper, tin foil, or straw. To make one of straw take for standards three straws seven inches long; sew them together two and one half inches from the bottom, forming a tripod. For the sides eighteen straws are necessary, six on each side, of graduating length, the three top straws being five inches long, and the lowest ones three and one half inches. These are sewed to the frame, log cabin fashion, one upon the other.

The bottom of the basket is made of a three cornered piece of card board, cut to fit the end that is nearest, where the standards are joined. Three straws two and a half inches long hold the base of the frame in position. Ribbons from each of the three corners, tied in a bow at top, form a pretty handle.

Baskets are also pretty cut of birch bark or card board in the shape of a canoe, and filled with moss and flowers. They can be made of card board in any shape that fancy dictates, and a covering of crimped tissue paper will make them look very dainty. Cut a slit in each side and insert ribbon for handle.

MY LADY'S TOILET.

To each one of the company is given the name of an article of dress; chairs are placed for all the company but one, so as to leave one chair too few.

They all seat themselves but one, who is called the lady's maid, and she stands in the center. When the maid calls for any article of dress, the one who has that name instantly rises, repeats the word, and seats herself again directly. For instance, the maid says: "My lady is up, and wants her dress." "Dress?" says the one who has that name; rising at the same time she speaks, and sitting down again as quickly. "My lady is up and wants her brush." "Brush!" says Brush, jumping up and repeating the name.

"My lady is up and wants her handkerchief, watch and chain. "Handkerchief," "Watch," "Chain," says each one of the three, rising together.

"My lady is up, and wants her whole toilet." When this is said every one must jump up and change chairs; and as there is a chair lacking, of course it occasions a scramble, and whoever is left standing must be Lady's Maid, and call to the others as before.

WHAT IS YOUR THOUGHT LIKE?

This is a pleasant game, and serves as a mental stimulus. It is played in this way: One of the company goes out of the room whom we will designate A. During his absence a word is selected that all are to think about. A is then recalled and inquires of one of the party, B, what his thought is like, who may answer, "Like a feather." C replies to the same interrogatory, "Like a gun;" and D, Like a fashionable woman." If the company is small, A may go around three times asking the same question, but when there are several persons present one question to each is enough. The reasons for the answers are now called for. B will reply, "Because it floats; C may say, "Because it is often loaded," and D, "Because it is well decked," etc. The one whose answer puts the first ray of light on the subject into A's mind goes out next.

PUT IN A WORD.

Some one in the company leaves the room, while those remaining select a word and then send for the person to return. She must ask some question of the person nearest to her, to which the one spoken to must make a prompt answer, and in answering he must make use of the word selected. Sometimes an acute person will guess the word from the answer given to her first question. Some awkward use, or slight emphasis may betray it; but generally she will go to a number, and sometimes to all present, without guessing the word. In that case, unless some one volunteers to take the place, she must go out again. If she discovers the word, the one by whose answer she guessed it leaves the room, and those remaining choose a word and the game proceeds as before. 'C'.

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See page 245

AUTUMN LEAVES.

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ALICE CARY.

THE SWEET SINGER FROM THE WESTERN WOODS.

ON an April morning in 1820, only a few miles from Cincinnati, Ohio, was born a little girl with great, starry eyes in whose liquid light lay a world of wonder and of poetry. She came into the home of poverty, toil and care. The little cabin, though mean, lowly, and uninviting, was not yet paid for and every member of the family felt the privation that the honest poor feel so keenly but bear so grandly. During the first dozen or fifteen years of this little fragile child's life in the West, to use her own words, "There seemed as though there was nothing reserved for our whole family but ceaseless toil and endless struggle for the right to live free from the curse of debt." The one thought and desire that possessed alike father, mother and children, was to wipe out what they owed and build a comfortable home, for the old house was what we of the present day would call a wretched hovel. Still, to the little girl the "old brown homestead" was a charmed palace where dwelt the glory of life's sweetest memories. What cared the little barefooted child whose soul was resplendent with the purest love whether the home be "low and little, black and old," so long as the mystic charm of the family circle was still unbroken. But a cloud was already rising, filling the background of a new picture with an ominous shadow. When Alice Cary, for it is she of whom we write, was twelve years old, her father, who by dint of hard labor and great self-sacrifice, had paid off the old debt, was now completing a new home—very plain, but much larger than the house in which she had been born. All, from greatest to least, looked forward with joy to the day when they should enter the "new home." "We thought," said Alice in after years, "that it was to be the beginning of better times, that the old days of pinching poverty and meagre comforts were fading away, and in their place would come a brighter future. Instead," she sorrowfully added, "all the sickness and death dates from the time the new house was finished. It seems as if nothing but trouble and sorrow has come to us since." At this time a strange and remarkable phenomenon presented itself, that Alice Cary frequently described with a voice tremulous and eyes brimming with tears; she called it

OUR GHOST STORY.

And to do her justice we will quote her exact words, for an experience of this kind should always be related by the soul on whose vision the apparition has been photographed. "Almost every family," said the poetess, "has a ghost story. Ours has more than one, but this one foreshadows all others. The new house was just finished, but we had not moved into it. There had been a violent shower; father had come home from the field, and everybody had come in out of the rain. I think it was about four in the afternoon when the storm ceased and the sun shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine, and the sun was shining full upon it, when some one in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy (two younger favorite sisters of Alice Cary) came to be over in the new house, and the door open. Upon this all the rest of the family rushed to the front door, and there, across the ravine in the open door of the new house stood Rhoda, with Lucy in her arms. Some one said:

'She must have come from the sugar camp, and has taken shelter there with Lucy from the rain.' Upon this, another member called out, 'Rhoda!' but she did not answer. While we were gazing and talking and calling, Rhoda herself came down stairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with us while we all saw, in the full blaze of the sun, a strange form with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink, sink into the ground, until she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we all believed it to be a warning of sorrow; of what we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died, then we knew. Rhoda died the next Autumn, November 11th; Lucy, a month later, December 10th, 1833. Father went directly over to the house, and out into the road, but no human being and not even a track could be seen. Lucy has been seen many times since by different members of the family, in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was very fond of wearing; the last time by my brother Warren's little boy, who had never heard the story. He came running in, saying "that he had seen a little girl up stairs in a red dress." He is dead now, and such a bright boy! Since the apparition in the door, never for one year has our family been free from the shadow of death. Ever since, some one of us has been dying."

There are many pathetic pictures in daily life—few more so than the sight of a child hungering and thirsting after knowledge, with the treasure placed beyond its reach, and its every effort to satisfy the soul craving, discouraged and discountenanced. Yet this was the experience of Alice Cary. Her father's store of books did not number a dozen volumes, and there was no library that she had access to. Moreover, shortly after the death of her two loved sisters, Rhoda and Lucy, her mother floated away to that mysterious land where infinity greets eye, ear, and soul, where time is lost in eternity, and progress is the watch-word of all ages. Two years later her father married a second time. This step-mother was a harsh, practical nature, who knew little and cared less about literature.

No rose-tinted dream of beauty—no weird strain of melancholy, in soft notes of poetic sweetness, had ever thrilled her being. Consequently, she could not understand, appreciate or sympathize with the finely strung and delicately wrought soul of the little orphan girl.

Meantime Alice and her sister, Phœbe, had commenced writing verses; lame and often out of meter, it is true, yet breathing the true poetic spirit and prophesying better things for the morrow. To the step-mother, the moments so spent were worse than wasted, and she contrived to keep the children hard at work during the entire day. When night came, however, Alice insisted on spending a little time in writing, for her breast swelled with the lofty ambition of some day having her writing published, and winning renown. Her step-mother, however, determined to nip this folly, as she conceived it, in the bud, and so

REFUSED THE POOR ORPHAN

A candle, claiming that they could not afford the expense. Alice had set her heart on the accomplishment of her childhood's dream, and would not have it thus rudely crushed. Accordingly, she made herself a lamp with a saucer of lard, and a piece of rag performing the function of a wick. Thus lighted, during the slow passing hours of the winter evenings did the poor lonely girl think, write, and when fortune favored her with a book, read. Often despondent, and almost heart-broken, she would rise from her chair, steal to the window, and gaze toward the graveyard where rested the ashes of earth's dearest treasures; then, lifting her eyes to the blue sky above, hope showed a star that seemed to becken her to brighter fields, and in the light of this star she trod the weary, thorn-strewn pathway of childhood, in which the very atmosphere she breathed was filled with the fatal miasma of uncongeniality,

Slowly the years crept by; day by day came freighted with hard, oftentimes irksome, toil; few indeed were the moments she could call her own, but, during those moments, she would steal away to the graveyard, where her grief-burdened soul could give vent to its anguish over the graves of her loved ones. During the nights of those long, weary years, she laid the foundation of her future fame by her tireless literary labors, blocking out poems and stories, and threading together pearls of bright thoughts that crowded her young brain.

At length she began sending her poems to the various Universalist periodicals that she was acquainted with, for her parents belonged to this denomination, and the splendid conception of a great God of love, that she imbibed from the teachings of her father's religious papers, dwelt in her pure soul from the morning of childhood even till the moment of her promotion into a broader and nobler field of labor. After a time her poems were gladly accepted by such papers as the *Boston Ladies' Repository*, *Graham's Magazine* and the *National Era* of Washington. The editor of the last named paper was the first to give her any compensation for her work, and that not until long after she had become a regular contributor to his journal.

Still, all this time her fame was growing; fine literary critics had been attracted by the beauty, simplicity, and pure poetic power of many of her creations. Even no less a critical scholar than Edgar Allan Poe declared that her "Pictures of Memory" was "One of the most musically perfect lyrics in the English language."

But before praising further the labors and struggles of this beautiful, sad, and sentitive life, we must mention the

ROMANTIC EPISODE OF HER LIFE.

A young gentleman of culture, and far more scholarly than the little country girl, came into the neighborhood; he was well connected, and his family well off and proud. However, the genius of Alice Cary, together with her pure, affectionate nature, her beautiful bright eyes, her open honesty, her ambition and her love, charmed and captured this young man. He wooed her, and she gave him the richest treasure in the world—a noble girl's love and devotion; then came the pressure of his family. They were determined he should never marry a poor country girl. He was required to return home, but left with the vows of deathless love given to the fair child in the Western cottage.

Long were the days, weeks and months that dragged slowly away, but no lover returned. Never, however, did she doubt the one who held the wealth of her soul, until the terrible blow came like a thunderclap from a serene sky,—he yielded to the pressure of his family and married another; she read the account of her plighted lover's wedding from the pages of a newspaper that chanced to fall in her way. Those who are not possessed of a finely strung, highly sensitive and intensely affectionate nature can form no conception of the frightful force of this blow to the confiding girl, whose whole soul had been given to one in whom she had unbounded confidence. Sufficient to say, the news almost killed her. He was the idol of her life,—

SHE NEVER LOVED AGAIN.

Fitted by nature to make an ideal wife, endowed by an intensity of devotion rarely seen, and peculiarly domestic in her natural disposition, she would have made the life of the man she so deeply loved indescribably happy; but, robbed of his affections, she buried her grief and her love, and turned from the joys of domestic life to literature and philanthropy. This was only one link of a chain of great disappointments, griefs, and sorrows that were woven about her, from the hour when her best beloved sister died, until the great, starry eyes closed in death's eclipse. The severest criticism that has ever been passed on Alice Cary's poems is the melancholy spirit that prevades them, the number of tombstones that constantly appear. They who so censured knew not of the shadows that filled the life, or the agony that thrilled the soul, of the patient and lonely toiler.

In 1850 Alice and Phœbe Cary came East, to visit the many friends who had sent them kindly words of praise, encouragement and cordial invitations to visit them. First to New York, then to Boston, and from this point they visited Amesbury, Mass., where lived our loved Quaker poet.

They arrived at Mr. Whittier's house in the evening, and departed in the morning, but that short visit was as a breath of spring laden with the aroma of roses, to both the poet and his guests. It was descriptive of this visit that, in after years, Mr. Whittier penned the following beautiful lines:

Years since (but names to me before),
Two sisters sought at eve, my door;
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
A gray old farm-house in the West.

Timid and young, the elder had,
Even then, a smile too sweetly sad;
The crown of pain that all must wear,
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet, ere the summer eve grew long,
Her modest lips were sweet with song.

A memory haunted all her words
Of clover fields and singing birds.

Her dark, dilating eyes expressed
The broad horizon of the West;
Her speech dropped prairie flowers; the gold
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Fore doomed to song she seemed to me,
I queried not with destiny;
I knew the trial and the need,
Yet all the more, I said, God speed.

What could I other than I did?
Could I a singing bird forbid?
Deny the wind-stirred leaf? Rebuke
The music of the forest brook?

She went with morning from my door,
But left me richer than before;
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed; through all the land her name
A pleasant household word became;
All felt behind the singer stood
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play;
Her tired feet climbed a weary way,
And even through her lightest strain
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her, her fair fame grew,
The good she did, she rarely knew;
Unguessed of her in life the love
That raised its tears her grave above.

Returning home from their visit in the great and populous East, it is probable that they would have settled down in the West, and perchance have given the world comparatively little of the great impetus to do right—the fragrance of their philanthropy, and the treasures of their literary genius, had it not been for the blow which fell on Alice about this time, to which we have already alluded, which shattered the idol of her devotion, and made her feel that she must flee from the haunts and nooks where the hallowed associations of love, now vanished forever, continually rose before her despairing heart. She determined to go forth a stranger in the great world, and battle for life and fame. Accordingly, in November, 1850, she set out for New York, and in the spring of 1857, Phœbe joined her here. In the hot and dusty metropolis of the New World they lived and labored, earning a livelihood by their pen, and for many years almost starving, because their pens brought in so little and they would not go in debt. At their rooms gathered many of the brightest, noblest, and bravest of our great men and women, and in their society all felt free and at home. In after years their circumstances grew better; they moved to Twentieth Street, where, until Alice's last sickness, their home was a kind of Mecca for literary, artistic, and philanthropic people. Of Alice Cary's

RELIGIOUS VIEWS,

we can not do better than quote her own words as embodying her thought and belief. Her whole life was consecrated to the service of humanity, to doing good and blessing the race.

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
  Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
  Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
  A selfish scheme, a vain pretence;
Where centre is not, can there be
  Circumference?

This I moreover hold; and dare
  Affirm, where'er my rhyme may go—
Whatever things be sweet and fair,
  Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies,
  That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
  And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
  Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or, by some cabin door, a bush
  Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
  Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers
That make us saints; we judge the tree
  By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
  From works, on theological trust,
I know the blood about his heart
  Is dry as dust.

And again she sings:

Laugh, you who never had
Your dead come back, but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream
  That these our mortal eyes,
  Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies
Do introvert upon eternity.
And that the shapes you deem
  Imaginations, just as clearly fall
  Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle element of light
  Upon the inward spiritual eye,
  As do the things that round about them lie
Gross and material on the external sight.

In 1862 her sister Elmira died, and from that hour her health gradually failed; her friends vainly implored her to quit the hot, dusty city, and renew life in the bracing air of the mountains, but she

would listen to no counsel on this subject until it was too late. Her sister died, and the shock prostrated Alice so terribly she never rallied, although for many long months she lingered, suffering untold agony, yet always cheerful and patient. On February 12th, 1871, she passed from earth, and the entire nation felt a thrill of sadness, as the wires carried the news of our loss.

Her poems are very dear to the people; they possess a purity, simplicty and sincerity rarely equalled in modern verse.

But her life itself was her grandest poem—pure, sublime and beautiful from first to last, though darkened by heavy shadows and great griefs, that rolled their blackness ever and anon against her highly sensitive soul.

B. O. Flower in American Spectator.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

CHAPTER I.

MY parents were not connected with any religious denomination when I was born, nor for some time after, until I arrived at the age of ten summers, or winters I should have said, for I first saw the sun-light of this terrestrial sphere in the winter of 1827, on "fair Albia's Isle." They used to diligently read the Holy Scriptures, with prayer to God that they might understand the word aright. They read about the church of God being organized with apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers, and having miracles, gifts of healing, diversities of tongues, interpretation of tongues, &c., as discoursed of by Paul in 1 Corinthians 12th chapter; read of the people of God in New Testament times seeing heavenly visions, and receiving the visits of heavenly messengers, and they would stop and wonder and ask the question why those professing to be the churches of God in this day were not organized like unto His church in ancient days, enjoying the like precious gifts.

They also used to go alternately to the different churches in the city where they resided, on each recurring Sabbath, to see if the professed ministers of Christ could or would tell them why the organization of God's church was changed, as they saw no warrant in holy writ for such change; and also they wanted to know why so many claiming to be the church of God, and differing from each other in their church organizations, as well as in their doctrinal teachings, could lay claim to be of God, when the Scriptures only recognized one church, "One Lord, one faith, and one baptism."

In the year 1837 Elders H. C. Kimball and O. Hyde, with five others, were sent to England on a mission, by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in America; who commenced their labors, I believe, in the town of Preston, Lancashire, and made quite a number of converts to the faith, and ordained elders and priests and sent them forth to the surrounding towns and cities to preach the word of salvation they had received, some of whom made their way the same year to the town of Stockport, where my parents resided. They taught that the church of God was organized the same in all ages, that God was no respecter of persons, the church, the gospel, the gifts and blessings were the same now as at first, and that all who obeyed the gospel as taught by them, should know of the doctrine, that it was of God, saying that the test that Jesus gave was the same in all ages, namely, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

They stated that there had been a general departure from the doctrine of Christ as taught by him and his apostles; that the different churches, Catholic, protestant, and dissenters, were man-made institutions, therefore not of God; that there was therefore a necessity for the restoration from heaven of the primitive gospel, with authority to preach it and to organize the church of God anew; which they declared had taken place, by God sending a holy angel to bestow the authority upon men

(which had been taken from the earth on account of apostacy from the true faith) to so act in His name; and the kingdom of God once more established upon earth, the officers of said kingdom stood ready to open the door to the penitent believer. The minds of my parents being already prepared by the light of that Spirit which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, which accompanied them in reading the Scriptures, were soon convinced that these men were the servants of God, and preached the truth which the Savior said should make them free; they yielded obedience to that truth, or to its initial principles, after which a knowledge of the truth of the same was received from heaven by them; agreeable to the promise of the servants of God they received that "Unction from the Holy One" whereby they knew of these things.

The writer being then about ten years of age, had, contrary to the teachings of his parents, and unknown to them, formed an acquaintance with very bad companions, and was led to do many very bad things, which eventually came to the knowledge of his parents, and caused them much sorrow of heart; but finally his mother's grief and tears, and her mild reproof, softened his hard heart and caused him to reflect upon his treatment of such kind parents, and where his conduct if persisted in would lead to; and he resolved in his heart he would break off from those evil companions and lead a better life.

Suffer me, my youthful reader, to digress from the thread of my narrative to exhort you to never undertake to do anything that you can not ask God's blessing upon, or that you are afraid of your parents knowing; for if you engage in doing that which you can not ask God's blessing upon it certainly must be evil, for God will bless you in doing that which is good; and if you engage in anything that you are afraid of God fearing parents knowing, it must be also evil, for you know they would encourage you in doing that which is good. The writer believes that the downfall of many a noble youth has been through not having the moral courage to brave the sneers of some of their companions, when they call them "milksops," or say, "they are tied to their mother's apron string," &c., when they are requested to do something, and they reply, I must consult father and mother about it. Never be made ashamed by any one to go to your parents for counsel, for they will always consult your best interests. They are your best friends, and will never knowingly advise you to your hurt; and always have the courage to say no when requested to do that which is wrong; and remember that the first commandment with a promise is, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

After resolving to lead a better life, which was in the fall of 1838, the writer concluded to go with his parents to the house of worship, and though young, determined to learn what God required at his hands. Learning that he was required to repent of his sins—which he understood was a godly sorrow for, and a breaking off from them, doing them no more—and then, to sustain a relationship with God, that he must be buried with Christ by baptism and raised to newness of life, and through the administration of the ordinance of laying on of hands receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, according to the word, he believed the word spoken, and put in practice that word, desiring like the apostle James to show his faith by his works.

After being confirmed a member of the body of Christ by the imposition of hands of those authorized of God to officiate in that ordinance, and receiving a promise of the gift of the Holy Ghost, the promise was verified; and with that Spirit came one of its gifts, enumerated by Paul in the 12th chapter of 1 Corinthians, viz., the gift of tongues; and the Spirit divided to another member the interpretation of the tongues, which interpretation on that occasion was a prophecy, foretelling a future event, which the writer saw fulfilled to the very letter, and ascribed all glory to God the giver of all good.

My trials commenced very early after my becoming identified with the people of God, for my former associates, when they found pointing the finger of scorn at me had no effect, resorted to cuffing and kicking, which was very hard for a boy of my combative nature to withstand, but I prayed earnestly to God to help me to not give way to my evil nature, for I desired to be a faithful and brave soldier in "the army of the Lord," bringing no

reproach on the cause of God. I found Him to be a present help in every time of need, and that He fulfilled His word of rewarding openly those who entered their closets, close the door and pray to Him who seeth in secret; and there is where my strength was, and there is where the strength of all God's children will be at all times, whether old or young.

I was working in a cotton mill at the time of my entrance into the church, which was situated in the neighborhood of where I resided, consequently my former companions worked there also, who upon every opportunity afforded them, abused and persecuted me, till I consulted my parents about changing my place of employment. Gaining their consent I obtained employment about a mile and a half from my place of residence, at a mill where a Latter Day Saint was overseer over the room I was to work in. I was what they styled a "back piecer," and had been working on hand mules in my former place of employment, but now I commenced to work on what is styled self-operating mules. I did not finish this first day's work, for about the middle of the afternoon I came near being killed. And how it happened I am at a loss to describe to those of my readers who are not initiated in the workings of a cotton mill, while to those initiated it would be easily done. For the benefit of those of my readers who are not acquainted with the internal workings of such mills, I will attempt to describe these mules, although I do not expect to do it in a style to suit the *connoisseur*. These mules are not made of flesh and blood, as the name would indicate to the novice, but consist of a frame of wood about two or two and a half feet square, and are of various lengths, according to the room afforded. These that I have in my mind were about sixty feet long. They are also called carriages, in mill parlance, under which name we shall attempt to describe their operations. I suppose they are called carriages because they run on wheels, one row in front, and the other on the back of the carriage. These wheels are about a foot in diameter, are of iron, cast with the face of their circumference—which is about three quarters of an inch, or an inch wide—having a groove in it to run on iron or steel rails, or slips, as they are termed, which are about half an inch thick and four inches wide, and in length about eight feet I should judge, placed at intervals the whole length of the carriage, for its support and to run on when in motion. These rails are placed edge-ways and fastened to the floor by iron clamps, and the upper edge is just wide enough to fit in the groove of the wheel, so that it can not jump the rail; which rail is raised from the floor high enough so that a boy of my size could lie down on the floor, and the carriage would pass over him without any danger of harm. The carriage is a hollow frame, and has upon the front side, next to the employee [front piecer] who runs it, a row of steel spindles, (hundreds in number running the whole length of the carriage), about eighteen inches in length and a quarter of an inch thick, and are placed about an inch and a half apart in a vertical position, the lower end pointed and resting in a brass step, the upper end running through a hole in the upper edge of the carriage, leaving about six or eight inches above the frame for the filling to be spun on for the weaver's use. The internal works of this carriage consist of tin drums, about a foot in diameter and the same in length, set at intervals in a vertical position, revolving horizontally on their axes; upon which run twine strings connected with the spindles mentioned; and running in the groove of a small wheel which is fastened to the spindles and which causes them to revolve horizontally of course, which motion gives the twist to the yarn of which the filling is made. The tin drums have grooves in their lower ends, in which a rope, the size of the groove runs, which rope is connected with machinery that sets it in motion, giving motion to the drums, which in turn give motion to the spindles through the medium of the strings referred to; and the machinery also sets the carriage in motion, causing it to run back and forth on the rails, which, as before stated, are about eight feet long. We have now the carriage on the slips, or rails, connected with the machinery which sets it in motion, all ready for action to accomplish the object of its design, the which, we have just stated, was to spin yarn for the weaver.

The fact of the yarn having to be spun finer, suggests that the material is in a coarser condition at first, and that in this condition it is connected in a continuous

thread, coarser at one stage, and rendered finer at another; and also suggests fixtures to hold the yarn in its coarser condition. When in this condition, the yarn is about the sixteenth of an inch thick, and comes from the carding-room wound on spools about eight or ten inches long, and an inch and a half in diameter. These spools of coarse yarn—roping is the technical term in mill parlance,—are placed on a frame-work of narrow shelves, or creels, consisting of two or three tiers whose uprights are fastened to the floor. Between this frame-work and the carriage is another strong one, supporting steel fluted rollers which are about eighteen inches long and run the whole length of the carriage, whose ends are supported, or run in steel sockets. There are four sets of them, two above and two below; the two above revolving one way, and the two below another. This coarse yarn or roping, runs between these rollers, which are turned by machinery in a steady motion, and take hold of the roping, serving two purposes; one to draw the roping through them, and the other to hold it in place, while the carriage drawing out and the spindles receiving the yarn on their extreme upper ends, by their horizontal revolution give it the twist necessary to strengthen so fine a thread, the carriage drawing it out the required length. A homely illustration of this process of drawing out the carriage and the twisting of the thread as drawn out, would be in the making of a hay-band, which most of the farmers are acquainted with. The farmer goes to the stack, takes hold of a bunch of hay, and walking backwards twists the band with his hands as he goes till he thinks it the required length. When the carriage is out the full length of the rail it then receives a counter motion to run back again, which motion is to wind the thread around the spindle in a smooth round form, of about an inch in thickness, and six inches in length, so as to fit the weaver's shuttle, and to run smooth from that while performing its journey to and fro across the warp.

The making of this filling, or cop, smooth on the spindle depends upon a piece of fine wire running the length of the carriage, which is held in place by steel fingers placed at intervals of about eight feet, so as not to let the wire sag, keeping it perfectly tight and smooth; and the fingers are so adjusted that machinery guides them in forming the filling, and raises them up above the ends of the spindles when the carriage is drawn out so as not to interfere with the yarn when twisting.

For the above description we bespeak a charitable criticism from those of our readers who are posted in the art of spinning, we wish them to remember that we are writing from memory of about fifty years ago.

We have now arrived at the place for which we have taken the pains to write out the above description, namely, to tell how the accident happened that nearly cost the writer his life. It was my business to keep this creel full of roping; to take out the empty spools and replace them with full ones. There were two creels to be kept full, as there were two carriages in operation, but there were two boys to tend them. The creel under my charge had only one end that I could get round to carry my roping or bring back my empty spools; the other end was against the wall of the building. This necessitated me to carry my spools, both full and empty, a long distance if I went round the clear end of the creel when the work had to be done on the end next to the wall. I had to carry my full spools around the one end because the roping was very tender and had to be handled carefully; but my empty spools, I could, to save time and labor, collect in armfuls and throw them under the carriage, and lie down on the floor, letting the carriage pass over me, and then pick up my spools and place them in a basket or box to go back to the carding-room to be refilled.

The reader will remember that this was my first day, and that everything was strange to me. I had not had time to notice every particular about the place, and did not notice that the floor was unlevel, (until too late), and higher at the end where I had to lie down for the carriage to pass over me, which of necessity made the rails not so high from the floor, to preserve the level of the carriage in order that it might run smooth on the rails. This being the case there was not more than bare room for the carriage to pass over me, and the end of a bolt stuck out below the frame-work of the carriage, making the space still less.

I had passed under the carriage a num-

ber of times in the forenoon about six feet lower down, and had not the least thought of danger, as I would naturally expect that the "front piecers" would have notified me if there had been any danger. I had been very busy taking out empty spools and replacing them with full ones, and had collected an armful of empty ones to throw them under ahead of me, which being done, I laid flat down in a hurry, turning the left side of my head up, not having time to look where I was going and I was in the range of this bolt spoken of, which struck me on the head, and tore a hole in it the size of the palm of my hand, and by barely missing the brain. I stood up on my feet and felt the blood running down my neck, and the back part of my clothing was pretty well covered in a very little time. One of the front piecers wondering what made the carriage jump, looked around, and seeing my condition was kind enough to get my hat, place it on my head, and tell me to run home, a distance of a mile and a half.

The "front piecers" are generally, young men pretty well in their "teens," or young married men, who have charge of the mules or carriages. I started and went staggering along out of the room, down one flight of steps, through the main door, and into the factory yard, and was reeling like a drunken man, when the Superintendent, passing by with two employees, seeing my condition told the two men to carry me into the drug-store opposite the main entrance to the yard. I was conscious when the doctor commenced cutting the hair from around the wound, but must have swooned soon after, and did not recollect anything more till the wound was dressed. The first thing I remember hearing was, when the doctor, addressing a maiden aunt said, "the lad has had a close shave for his life." I was carried home, and some little time elapsed before I was ready for work again. And thus my life was spared the first time; I having a number of narrow escapes afterward.

The branch of the church at Stockport were very few in number when my parents joined the church. I do not remember hearing of the exact time of its organization. I know for some time its highest officer was a priest, and that there used to come from Manchester an elder, or elders, every Sunday to preach, with the exception of once in a while they would fail to put in an appearance, and then the priest had to do the best he could. I remember also that we had no one capable, or had the courage, to lead the singers, and that brother Parsons, who now resides in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, I believe, used to come frequently with the elders, to take the lead in singing, until finally a man by the name of Martin Littlewood was baptized, who was an excellent singer, and he took the lead and brother Parsons said he was not needed any more, and we missed his pleasant countenance except at distant intervals. My first impressions upon entering the room where the Saints held service were anything but favorable. It seemed as though they had hired a very uncanny, dark room, in an out of the way place, that had been used for a warehouse, and had been cleaned out for present purposes, with, if my memory is not at fault, but two small windows at one end of the room. Nevertheless, it was a hallowed spot to the faithful people who met there to worship. The Holy Spirit condescended to enter there, and many a rich repast from heaven the Saints enjoyed seated on those homely benches with nothing to support their backs; and many a soul-stirring sermon they heard from the elder who stood behind the common deal table. When I first began to go there, there were a few of the front seats occupied by the Saints mostly, and a few strangers in the back seats; we had a few singers who could manage to carry the tune, but in about a little over a year from that time, the house was well filled, the branch had increased in number, and we had a splendid choir, and many a precious soul has been caught in the gospel net from their desire to hear the singing, as they were passing the house when the choir were discoursing their hymns of praise to Israel's God.

To be continued.

JUNE CLUSTER OF MEMORY GEMS.

"For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a violl, the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. . . . A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalm'd and treasur'd up on purpose to a life beyond life."—*Milton. Page 218, vol. 1.*

1	F.	WISHES LENGTHEN AS OUR SUN DECLINES.
2	S.	It is folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected with it.
3	S.	Sarcasms, bitter irony, scathing wit, are a sort of sword-play of the mind.
4	M.	He who waits to do a great deal at once will never do any.
5	Tu.	Everywhere in life the true question is, not what we *gain*, but what we *do*.
6	W.	Sorrow is a kind of rusting of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away.
7	Th.	Love and courage are spirits' wings raising to noble actions.
8	F.	Events mark time more truthfully than the course of the sun.
9	S.	Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
10	S.	God is in all matter; therefore, the ultimate laws of matter are inscrutable.
11	M.	Temptations are a file which rub off much of the rust of self-confidence.
12	Tu.	He who feels no love must learn to flatter, else he will not succeed.
13	W.	Everything that gives us liberty without giving us command over ourselves is destructive.
14	Th.	Never dispute anything trifling with anyone, even though you should be in the right.
15	Fr.	A beautiful and chaste woman is the perfect workmanship of God, and the true glory of angels.
16	S.	Speaking without thinking is like shooting without taking aim.
17	S.	Of all the duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest.
18	M.	Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.
19	Tu.	Right action, by being in itself simple and harmonious, brings an immediate reward in peace, equanimity, steadiness.
20	W.	Sorrow makes us very good or very bad.
21	Th.	Until we see God as he is . . . all our beliefs must partake more or less of superstition.
22	Fr.	No pleasure is comparable to the standing on the 'vantage ground of truth.
23	S.	Distinctness is a proper distribution of light and shadow.
24	S.	Every grade of society bears its distinctive and emphatic marks of progress.
25	M.	Childhood has no forebodings; but then it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrows.
26	Tu.	Lies should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found.
27	W.	Important steps should never be hasty steps, especially when they are irretraceable.
28	Th.	Not to laugh when Nature prompts is but a knavish, hypocritical way of making a mask of one's face.
29	F.	Economy does not consist in the reckless reduction of estimates.
30	S.	Satire is a glass wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own.

LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN.—IV.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

"And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show;
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age shall be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree."
—*Southey.*

THE questions of Self-control, and Work, engaged your attention in my last letter. There is a spirit of quiet peace that accompanies my efforts to write these letters. My young-men friends, there is something in human nature that partakes, or savors largely of, the divine; it is that feeling of kindly regard and Christian love that exists in souls desiring the good of others. God, who so graciously cares for the several works of his creation, has implanted within our natures a desire to care for the good of those with whom we may have to do. This indeed should be cultivated, that it may become an adorning trait to shed a ray of light upon others. Light in darkness is often sought for, and very desirable to have.

DUTY.

"I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty
I woke, and found that life was duty."

That one word of four letters only, environs our lives. No word may embrace so much, reach out so far, and grasp so many things as it. The lengthiest words do not always contain the most meaning. Were we to canvass this question at length, I doubt if even then we should be able to grapple well with all its varied phases.

Duty toward God: Shall we suppose from this that any duty owed to man be forgotten or neglected? No; duty toward God can not be wholly performed if any duty to our fellow creature be passed by. What a strange conception has blind infidelity of Christian principle, when it strives to convince the masses that any attention given unto God causes men to neglect human duties; to avoid human responsibilities! When God spake out of the vivip lightnings and crashing thunders of a Sinai, it was shown in all the Ten Commandments except one, that duty toward God in the observance of His word, caused man to pay high regard to all human interests. No lying, coveting, false-witnessing, profanity, theft, murder, desecration, adultery, irreverence to parents, &c. All the highest of human interests are strictly guarded. God asked that men observe these, and Solomon said, "This is the whole duty of man, to fear God and keep his commandments." Duty to God observed, so beautifully blends all duties unto man, that in every act of human kindness and nobility of soul we find the golden thread of the divine thought and intention passing through them, and so become pleasant unto our Creator. There are spiritual duties we owe God that do not come directly into connection with others; but when performed with a true heart so enliven and beautify the soul as to make it indeed attractive and graceful in the sight of men. The spiritualities that belong properly to Christian profeession adorn with a marked comeliness and excellence of life, so that the other varied duties, temporal, moral and social become better, and indeed purer, for having been found manifest in one's life.

Duty obligates. We are under restraint, while yet we may be free. Duty imposes many things, and causes one to become studious, and so thoughtful that they will become naturally concerned for all about them. Attended to, it enlarges one's capacity for doing good. It ennobles the heart, enlarges the soul, and brings out all of good there is in man; and proves him to be what he ought to be. Duty causes us to be grateful for all kinknesses shown us; to be truthful and hopeful, and "to do unto others what we would have them do unto us." "All things whatsoever," Jesus said. You notice that the language allows of no selfishness, narrowness nor unmanliness of act or word. Those three worcs, "All things whatsoever," pile together everything that belongs to human speech or conduct. They enter into all our social, moral, religious, political, educational, physical mental, spiritual and reputational departments, and

"put the question straight to one," "Under any one of these phases of my life, whatsoever may be the circumstance, or condition surrounding, what would I have any certain one do to or for me?" and when you have truthfully, conscientiously answered, then you know your duty toward him. And like a man go and do it. Duty can not be righteously performed until it is done that way. The "golden rule" is nice to make a motto of, and hang upon a wall, but to apply its meaning to our conduct is quite another thing.

SUBMISSION.

When boys begin to arrive at the age of from fifteen to seventeen years, they feel that manhood is beginning to asssert itself, and that some of manliness should be shown. But right here occurs too often the almost, if not altogether, fatal mistake—ideas entirely too big; eyes that see the world not as it is, but as their minds think it is. Ah, yes! How can it be that a babe now attaining toward the verge of manhood, one who has not yet had an actual test with the world, can know very much of it? He may have attended school, studied geography, learned the location and boundaries of continents and islands; he may have studied concerning the importance of nations, their numerical strength, the size of their armies, the force of their naval fleets, the immense proportions of their mineral and vegetable yieldings, the extent of commercial imports and exports; but after all that, what do these boys know of the "ways of the world?" To assume to know more than the mental capacities and age allow of is an act absurd. The writer admits that exceptional cases exist, and have existed, nevertheless, they are but exceptional. There are of these "young men" some so self-important and self-knowing as to make themselves obnoxious in society. To suggest anything to them by way of information, would be like trying to fit a bushel measure into a half-peck—simply out of the question. Such conceit spoils, ruins, misleads and blinds the mind. Such disposition overrides the better dictates of reason, and perverts the judgment. All "young men" of the age referred to should remember that manhood in its true manifestation is not self assuming, does not over-presume, nor avoid advice, suggestion, interchange of thought, confidence, or any laudable means of attaining and obtaining knowledge of matters that shall properly stimulate one's better nature, and develop a splendid life. Anything contrary to this shuts up the avenues for knowledge, and gives a young man the "big-head" so terribly and fearfully bad that he would fain be a walking cyclopedia, and yet ever afraid that his actual ignorance may at some time be made apparent to his own mortification, if such were possible to him!

To submit to parental advice kindly given, to accept parental instruction kindly spoken, can do no boy any injury, nor his would-be manhood an injustice. A father or mother who are such, and have tasted of life's bitter cup, as well as of its sweetness; father and mother who have given life and care and anxiety and daily, hourly thought and solicitude for the welfare of their sons, should by those boys be remembered; and they owe some gratitude, respect, reverence and love toward those parents. And furthermore, it should be remembered that those parents most surely know more by added years of experience of the world and its ways than the "boy" or "young man" whose life has not yet been so extended into time. Years give knowledge because they bring it by experience and observation and study; and when a parent advises for good, it should be heeded, and not refused—to refuse does an injustice to both parent and child.

The injunction, "Children obey your parents," was given advisedly. We are to understand that the parent shall ask of son or daughter only that of reason and goodness, and should make no needless or arbitrary demand. If you may allow the writer to tell it, it used to be said of him when a boy and entering church with mother: "Here comes J—, he's always tied to his mother's apron strings." Indeed! Was there any one any better on earth to whom he could so safely tie? He never thought so. Under that mother's voice has he sat many a time and listened to her loving counsel, warning and prayer! No mark or trace of regret is found upon his soul to-day for having received it. What dignity of manhood can a mother's loving voice degrade? What pure trait of human life can a mother's loving heart impair? Submission to all

reasonable demands is right. Youth may sometimes deem them unreasonable, still, youth can not always safely determine; what years have opened to parents they have not yet opened to you, my young man! It is good to be manly, but manliness is not found in "pettishness," obstinacy or selfish whining!

"THE WOMEN WHO FIGHT THE BATTLE OF LIFE ALONE."

THE Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle this morning the first of a series of sermons to the women of America, with practical hints for men. The subject of this discourse was "The women who fight the battle of life alone," and the text was from Proverbs xiv, 1: "Every wise woman buildeth her house." Dr. Talmage said:

Woman, a mere adjunct to man, an appendix to the masculine volume, something thrown in to make things even—that is the heresy entertained and implied by some men. This is evident to them: Woman's insignificance, as compared to man, is evident to them because Adam was first created and then Eve. They don't read the whole story or else they would find that the porpoise and the bear and the hawk were created before Adam, so that this argument drawn from priority of creation might prove that the sheep and the dog were greater than man. No! Woman was an independent creation, and was intended, if she chose, to live alone, to walk alone, act alone, think alone and fight her battles alone. The Bible says it is not good for man to be alone, but never says it is not good for woman to be alone; and the simple fact is that women who are harnessed for life in the marriage relation would be a thousandfold better off if they were alone. God makes no mistake, and the fact that there is such a large majority of women in this land, proves that he intended that multitudes of them should go alone.

Who are these men who year after year hang around hotels and engine houses and theater doors, and come in and out to bother busy clerks and merchants and mechanics, doing nothing even when there is plenty to do? They are men supported by their wives and mothers. If the statistics of any of our cities could be taken on this subject you would find that a vast multitude of women not only support themselves but masculines. A great legion of men amount to nothing, and a woman by marriage manacled to one of these nonentities needs condolence. A woman standing outside the marriage relation is several hundred thousand times better off than a woman badly married. Many a bride instead of a wreath of orange blossoms might more properly wear a bunch of nettles and nightshade, and instead of the Wedding March a more appropriate tune would be the Dead March in Saul, and instead of a banquet of confectionary and ices there might be more appropriately spread a table covered with apples of Sodom, which are outside fair and inside ashes.

Many an attractive woman of good sound sense in other things has married one of these men to reform him. What was the result? Like when a dove noticing that a vulture was rapacious and cruel set about to reform it and said; "I have a mild disposition, and I like peace, and was brought up in the quiet of a dove cote, and I will bring the vulture to the same liking by marrying him." So one day after the vulture had declared he would give up his carnivorous habits and cease longing for blood of flock and herd, at an altar of rock covered with moss and lichen, the twain were married, a bald headed eagle officiating, the vulture saying: "With all my dominion of earth and sky I thee endow, and promise to love and cherish till death do us part." But one day the dove, in her flight, saw the vulture busy at a carcass and cried: "Stop that! did you not promise me that you would quit your carnivorous and filthy habits if I married you?" "Yes," said the vulture, but if you don't like my way you can leave," and with one angry stroke

of beak and another fierce clutch of claw the vulture left the dove eyeless, wingless and lifeless. And a flock of robins flying past cried to each other and said: "See there! that comes from a dove's marrying a vulture to reform him."

Many a woman who has had the hand of a young inebriate offered, but declined it, or who was asked to chain her life to a man selfish or of bad temper, and refused the shackles, will bless God throughout all eternity that she escaped that earthly pandemonium.

Besides all this, in our country about 1,000,000 men were sacrificed in our civil war, and that decreed a million women to celibacy. Besides that, since the war, several armies of men as large as the Federal and Confederate armies put together have fallen under malt liquors and distilled spirits so full of poisoned ingredients that the work was done more rapidly, and the victims fell while yet young. And if 50,000 men are destroyed every year by strong drink before marriage, that makes in the twenty-three years since the war 1,150,000 men slain, and decrees 1,150,000 women to celibacy. Take then the fact that so many women are unhappy in their marriage, and the fact that the slaughter of 2,150,000 men by war and rum combined decides that at least that number of women shall be unaffianced for life, my text comes in with a cheer and potency and appropriateness that I never saw in it before when it says, "Every wise woman buildeth her house," that is, let woman be her own architect, lay out her own plan, be her own supervisor, achieve her own destiny.

In addressing these women who will have to fight the battle of life alone, I congratulate you on your happy escape. Rejoice forever that you will not have to navigate the faults of the other sex, when you have faults enough of your own. Think of the bereavements you avoid, of the risks of unassimilated temper which you will not have to run, of the cares you will never have to carry, and of the opportunity of outside usefulness from which marital life would have partially debarred you, and that you are free to go and come as one who has the responsibilities of a household can seldom be. God has not given you a hard lot as compred with your sisters. When young women shall make up their minds at the start that masculine companionship is not a necessity in order to happiness, and that there is a strong probability that they will have to fight the battle of life alone, they will be getting the timber ready for their own fortune, and their saw and ax and plane sharpened for its construction, since "every wise woman buildeth her house."

As no boy ought to be brought up without learning some business at which he could earn a livelihood, so no girl ought to be brought up without learning the science of self-support. The difficulty is that many a family goes sailing on the high tides of success, and the husband and father depends on his own health and acumen for the welfare of the household, but one day he gets his feet wet, and in three days pneumonia has closed his life, and the daughters are turned out on a cold world to earn bread, and there is nothing practical they can do. The friends of the family come in and hold consultation.

"Give music lessons," says an outsider. Yes, that is a useful calling; and if you have great genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough music teachers now starving to death in all our towns and cities to occupy all the piano stools and sofas and chairs and front doorsteps of the city. Beside that, the daughter has been playing only for amusement and is only at the foot of the ladder, to the top of which a great multitude of masters on piano and harp and flute and organ have climbed.

"Put the bereft daughters as saleswomen in stores," says another adviser. But there they have to compete with salesmen of long experience or with men who have served an apprenticeship in commerce, and who began as shopboys at ten years of age. Some kind hearted dry goods man having known the father, now gone, says: "We are not in need of any more help now, but send your daughters to my store, and I will do as well by them as possible." Very soon the question comes up: Why do not the female employes of that establishment get as much wages as the male employes? For the simple reason in many cases the females were suddenly flung by misfortune behind that counter, while the males have from the day they left the public school been learning the business.

How is this evil to be cured? Start clear back in the homestead and teach

your daughters that life is an earnest thing, and that there is a possibility, if not a strong probability, that they will have to fight the battle of life alone. Let every father and mother say to their daughters: "Now, what would you do for a livelihood if what I now own was swept away by financial disaster, or old age, or death should end my career?"

"Well, I could paint on pottery and do such decorative work." Yes, that is beautiful, and if you have genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough busy at that now to make a line of hardware from here to the East river and across the bridge.

"Well, I could make recitations in public and earn my living as a dramatist. I could render 'King Lear' or 'Macbeth,' till your hair would rise on end, or give you Sheridan's ride' or Dicken's 'Pickwick.'" Yes, that is a beautiful art, but ever and anon, as now, there is an epidemic of dramatization that makes hundreds of households nervous with the cries and shrieks and groans of young tragedians dying in the fifth act, and the trouble is that while your friends would like to hear you, and really think you could surpass Ristori and Charlotte Cushman and Fannie Kemble of the past, to say nothing of the present, you could not, in the way of living, in ten years earn ten cents.

My advice to all girls and all unmarried women, whether in affluent homes or in homes where most stringent economies are grinding, to learn to do some kind of work that the world must have while the world stands. I am glad to see a marvelous change for the better, and that women have found out that there are hundreds of practical things that a woman can do for a living if she begin soon enough, and that men have been compelled to admit it. You and I can remember when the majority of occupations were thought inappropriate for women, but our civil war came and the hosts of men went forth from north and south, and to conduct the business of our cities during the patriotic absence, women were demanded by the tens of thousands to take the vacant places, and multitudes of women who had been hitherto supported by fathers and brothers and sons, were compelled from that time to take care of themselves. From that time a mighty change took place, favorable to female employment.

Among the occupations appropriate for women I place the following, into many of which she has already entered, and all the others she will enter:

Stenography, and you may find her at nearly all the reportorial stands in our educational, political and religious meetings.

Savings banks, the work clean and honorable, and who so great a right to toil there, for a woman founded the first savings bank, Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield?

Copyists, and there is hardly a professional man that does not need the service of her penmanship, and, as amanuensis, many of the greatest books of our day have been dictated for her writing.

There they are as florists and confectioners and music teachers and stationers and book-keepers, for which they are specially qualified by patience and accuracy; and wood engraving, in which the Cooper Institute has turned out so many qualified; and telegraphy, for which she is specially prepared, as thousands of the telegraphic offices would testify. Photography, and in nearly all our establishments they may be found at cheerful work. As workers in ivory and gutta percha and gum elastic and tortoise shell and gilding and chemicals, in porcelain, in terra cotta, in embroadery.

As postmistresses, and the president is giving them appointments all over the land.

As keepers of lighthouses, many of them, if they had the chance, ready to do as brave a thing with her oar and boat as did Ida Lewis and Grace Darling.

As proofreaders, as translators, as modelers, as designers, as draughtswomen, as lithographers, as teachers in schools and seminaries, for which they are especially endowed, the first teacher of every child, by divine arrangement, being a woman.

As physicians, having graduated after a regular course of study from the female colleges of our large cities, where they get as scientific and thorough preparation as any doctors ever had, and go forth to a work which no one but a woman could so appropriately or delicately do.

On the lecturing platform, for you know the brilliant success of Mrs. Liver-

more and Mrs. Hallowell and Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Lathrop.

As physiological lecturers to their own sex, for which service there is a demand appalling and terrific.

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O young women of America! as many of you will have to fight your own battles alone, do not wait till you are flung of disaster, and your father is dead, and all the resources of your family have been scattered; but now, while in a good house and environed by all prosperities, learn how to do some kind of work that the world must have as long as the world stands. Turn your attention from the embroidery of fine slippers, of which there is a surplus, and make a useful shoe. Expend the time in which you adorn a cigar case in learning how to make a good, honest loaf of bread. Turn your attention from the making of flimsy nothings to the manufacturing of important somethings.

Much of the time spent in young ladies' seminaries in studying what are called the "higher branches" might better be expended in teaching them something by which they could support themselves. If you are going to be teachers, or if you have so much assured wealth that you can always dwell in those high regions, trigonometry, of course; metaphysics, of course; Latin and Greek and German and French and Italian, of course, and a hundred other things, of course; but if you are not expecting to teach, and your wealth is not established beyond misfortune, after you have learned the ordinary branches, take hold of that kind of study that will pay in dollars and cents in case you are thrown on your own resources. Learn to do something better than anybody else. Buy Virginia Penny's book entitled "The Employments of Women," and learn there are five hundred ways in which a woman may earn a living.

"No, no!" says some young woman, "I will never do anything so unromantic and commonplace as that." An excellent author writes that after he had, in a book, argued for efficiency in womanly work in order to success, and positive apprenticeship by way of preparation, a prominent chemist advertised that he would teach a class of women to become druggists and apothecaries if they would go through an apprenticeship as men do, and a printer advertised that he would take a class of women to learn the printer's trade if they would go through an apprenticeship as men do, and how many according to the account of the authoress do you suppose applied to become skilled in the druggist business and printing business? Not one! One young woman said she would be willing to try the printing business for six months, but by that time her older sister would be married, and then her mother would want her at home. My sisters, it will be skilled womanly labor that will finally triumph.

"But," you ask, "what would my father and mother say if they saw I was doing such unfashionable work?" Throw the whole responsibility on the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, who is constantly hearing of young women in all these cities who, unqualified by their previous luxurious surroundings for the awful struggle of life into which they have been suddenly hurled, seemed to have nothing left them but choice between starvation and damnation. There they go along the street at seven o'clock in the wintry mornings through the slush and storm to the place where they will earn only half enough for subsistence, the daughters of once prosperous merchants, lawyers, clergymen, artists, bankers and capitalists, who brought up their children under the infernal delusion that it was not high toned for women to learn a profitable calling. Young women, take this affair into your own hand and let there be an insurrection in all prosperous families of Brooklyn and New York and Christendom on the part of the daughters of this day, demanding knowledge in occupations and styles of business by which they may be their own defense and their own support if all fatherly and husbandly and brotherly hands forever fail them.

I have seen two sad sights—the one a woman in all the glory of her young life stricken by disease, aud in a week lifeless in a home in which she had been the pride. As her hands were folded over the still heart and her eyes closed for the last slumber, and she was taken out amid the lamentations of kindred and friends, I thought that was a sadness immeasurable. But I have seen something compared with which that scene was bright and songful. It was a young woman who had been all her days amid wealthy surroundings by the visit of death and bankruptcy to the

household turned out on a cold world without one lesson about how to get food or shelter, and into the awful whirlpool of city life where strong ships have gone down, and for twenty years not one word has been heard from her. Vessels last week went out on the Atlantic ocean looking for a shipwrecked craft that was left alone and forsaken on the sea a few weeks ago, with the idea of bringing her into port. But who shall ever bring again into the harbor of peace and hope and heaven that lost womanly immortal, driven in what tempest, aflame in what conflagration, sinking into what abyss? O God, help, O Christ, rescue!

My sisters, give not your time to learning fancy work which the world may dispense with when hard times come, but connect your skill with the indispensibles of life. The world will always want something to wear and something to eat, and shelter and fuel for the body, and knowledge for the mind, and religion for the soul. And all these things will continue to be the necessaries, and if you fasten your energies upon occupations and professions thus related the world will be unable to do without you. Remember that in proportion as you are skillful in anything your rivalries become less. For unskilled toil, women by the million. But you may rise to where there are only a thousand; and still higher till there are only a hundred; and still higher till there are only ten; and still higher in some particular department till there is only a unit, and that unit yourself. For a while you may keep wages and a place through the kindly sympathies of an employer, but you will eventually get more compensation than you can make yourself worth. Let me say to all women who have already entered upon the battle of life that the time is coming when women shall not only get as much salary and wages as men get, but for certain styles of employment women will have higher salary and more wages for the reason that for some styles of work they have more adaptation. But this justice will come to woman, not through any sentiment of galantry, not because woman is physically weaker than man and therefore ought to have more consideration shown her, but because through her finer natural taste and more grace of manner and quicker perception and more delicate touch and more educated adroitness she will, in certain callings, be to her employer, worth 10 per cent. more or 20 per cent, more than the other sex. She will not get it by asking for it, but by earning it, and it shall be hers by lawful quest.

Now, men of America, be fair and give the women a chance! Are you afraid that they will do some of your work and hence harm your prosperities? Remember that there are scores of thousands of men doing women's work. Do not be afraid! God knows the end from the beginning and he knows how many people this world can feed and shelter, and when it gets too full he will end the world and if need be start another. God will halt the inventive faculty which by producing a machine that will do the work of ten or twenty or a hundred men and women, will leave that number of people without work. I hope that there will not be invented another sewing machine or reaping machine or corn thresher or any other new machine for the next five hundred years. We want no more wooden hands and iron hands and steel hands and electric hands substituted for men and women who would otherwise do the work and get the pay and earn the livelihood.

But God will arrange all, and all we have to do is to do our best and trust him for the rest. Let me cheer all women fighing the battle of life alone, with the fact that thousands of women have in that way won the day. Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoake female seminary, fought the battle alone; Adelaide Newton, the tract distributor, alone; Fidelia Fisk, the consecrated missionary, alone; Dorothea Dix, the angel of the insane asylums, alone; Caroline Hershell, the indispenable re-inforcement of her brother, alone; Maria Takrzewska, the heroine of the Berlin hospital, alone; Helen Chalmers, patron of sewing schools for the poor of Edinburgh, alone. And thousands and tens of thousands of women of whose bravery and self sacrifice and glory of character the world has made no record, but whose deeds are in the heavenly archives of martyrs who fought the battle alone, and, though unrecognized for the short thirty, or fifty or eighty years of their earthly existence, shall, through the quintillion ages of the higher world, be pointed out with the admiring cry: "These are they who came up out of

great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white by the blood of the Lamb."

Let me also say for the encouragement of all women fighting the battle of life alone, that their conflict will soon end. There is one word written over the faces of many of them, and that word is Despair. My sister, you need appeal to the Christ who comforted the sisters of Bethany in their domestic trouble, and who in his last hours forgot all the pangs of his own hands and feet and heart as he looked into the face of maternal anguish and called a friend's attention to it, in substance saying: "John, I can not take care of her any longer. Do for her as I would have done if I had lived. Behold thy mother." If under the pressure of unrewarded and unappreciated work your hair is whitening and the wrinkles come, rejoice that you are nearing the hour of escape from your last fatigue, and may your departure be as pleasant as that of Isabella Graham, who closed her life with a smile and the word "peace." The daughter of a regiment in any army is all surrounded by bayonets of defense, and in the battle, whoever falls, she is kept safe. And you are the daughter of the regiment commanded by the Lord of hosts. After all you are not fighting the battle of life alone. All heaven is on your side. You will be wise to appropriate to yourself the words of sacred rhythm:

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the roaring of the gale
I hear my Lord.
He holds me; when the billows smite
I shall not fall.
If short, 'tis sharp; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

"THE PENSIONER."

BY COL. JOHN ATKINSON.

I had seen him once before,
In the stirring days of yore.
It was where
We were fighting for the slave,
And the Union flag to save;
He was there.

Very young and very thin,
And the bravest of brave men
In a fray.
But a bullet struck his leg;
It was where that wooden peg
Is to day.

He's a pensioner just now,
And his bald and wrinkled brow
Says he's old.
His coat is thin and worn,
And thro' places where it's torn
Blows the cold.

What is fame to one like him,
Limping on a wooden limb
And a cane?
In every step he takes,
In every move he makes,
There is pain.

Treat him kindly, friend and foe,
For his deeds of long ago,
For his truth;
Still let it remembered be
What he gave for liberty
With his youth.

MICHIGAN, March 16th, 1888.

Under the Lamp-light.

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.

SIXTY years ago or thereabouts, a poor, forlorn-looking little girl was sweeping the steps of a little brown cottage, in one of the back streets of Stockholm. She was singing, too, as she swept, a simple Swedish roundelay, with one of the freshest and purest of voices. It was the only natural gift the young child had, this pure, melodious voice, and she sang as the very birds sing, with a natural outpouring and gush, quite innocent of art or training.

A lady passing by caught the wild notes and paused, charmed at the sound of the little girl's sweet voice. She was an actress, and she knew enough of the world to know that it would lay a forture at the feet of that young girl for the sake of her marvelous voice. She made some inquiries of the child-singer, and found that she had a love for music, and that she had a wonderful faculty for catching the notes of any tune she heard. A short consultation with her parents, who were poor but worthy people, followed, and their consent was obtained for the education of their child with a view to the stage.

Jenny Lind was nine years old when she was thus taken under the patronage of the kind Frau Lundburg, and placed for training in the musical academy of Stockholm. She was awkward, and not at all pretty; but that voice of hers won the regard of all her teachers, and she also developed a dramatic talent not less remarkable than her vocal accomplishments. She made rapid progress, and performed in juvenile parts to the delight of Stockholm audiences. By all she was considered a musical prodigy.

But, suddenly, without any warning, her voice began to fail her. The upper notes became clouded and harsh, and the idea of preparing her for the grand opera was abandoned. For four years the poor girl remained in seclusion, forbidden to exercise her voice at all, and finding her only solace in studying instrumental music. Those must have been dark days to Jenny Lind, for she could not tell if ever she could sing again; and if a bird can not sing what is it good for? What it its worth in the world?

When she was sixteen, however, her voice came again as suddenly as she had lost it. One night accident had brought her upon the stage to temporarily take the part of Alice, in Meyerbeer's opera of "Robert the Devil," and it was while playing this that she discovered that her voice had returned with more than its former purity and power. As her full, melodious notes filled the great hall, the audience fairly shouted with delight. Her music teacher cried when he shook her hand to congratulate her at the close of the evening's entertainment.

This was the real beginning of Jenny Lind's musical career. From that time she was established as a favorite. During nearly two years she was the reigning prima donna of the Stockholm opera.

But feeling the need of more training, particularly in the flexibility of her voice, she went to Paris and became the pupil of Manuel Garcia, then the first singing master of Europe. Here, too, she made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, who became an appreciative admirer of her talents. It was through his influence that she was engaged to sing at the Royal Theater of Berlin.

She spent two months in learning the German language so that she could sing in it. Her voice had been developed by patient and arduous training till she had obtained a brilliant and facile execution, and loving her art with her whole soul, regarding it as a sacred vocation, it was no wonder that she won success. She carried the whole city of Berlin by storm. Her voice, a soprano, embracing a register of two and one-half octaves, was not less remarkable for sweetness and purity of tone than for its sympathetic power. Her execution was equally remarkable, and in the interpretation of many varieties of music, from the oratorios of Handel to the rondos of Rossetti or Donizetti or simple national ballards, she was without a rival.

She sung in all the royal cities of Europe, save Paris, where she would never sing. The popular enthusiasm was extraordinary, calling immense crowds under her windows, and bands played and war vessels thundered in her honor. Her tours were almost like royal processions. Her progress was accompanied by multitudes of admirers. Monarchs and savants sought her society, and costly gifts without number were heaped upon her. Her annual receipts were over $20,000. The Emperor of Russia offered

her $56,000 for a season of five months. Mendelssohn said of her, when he engaged her services for the musical festival of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1846: "There will not be born in a whole century another being so largely gifted as Jenny Lind."

For ten years she was a queen, an empress of song. A Jenny Lind mania set in, and articles of dress and of furniture were named after her. The poor little Swedish girl had won a throne more potent than that of czar or kaiser; she had won it by genius and hard work, and it rested on the hearts of her admiring subjects. She was beloved because she was good, as well as admired for her wondrous voice.

Jenny Lind's first appearance in this country was at Castle Garden Concert Hall, New York, under the management of P. T. Barnum, September 11th, 1850. The wildest enthusiasm was excited, and her tour was one grand ovation. Her receipts were $150,000 for one hundred and fifty nights. The last of her stay in America was not under the management of Mr. Barnum. She is said to have given half of her earnings in behalf of charity.

Her generosity was unbounded, and she gave vast sums to charitable institutions and societies. Many individuals were also the subjects of her benefactions. The following is but a single illustration of her sweet tenderness: One night while she was giving concerts in Boston, a girl approached the ticket office, and laying down three dollars for a ticket, remarked, "There goes half a month's earnings, but I am determined to hear Jenny Lind sing."

The great singer's secretary overheard the remark, and a short time afterward he laughingly related the incident to his mistress.

"Would you know the girl again?" inquired Jenny Lind with an earnest look. Upon receiving an affirmative reply, she placed a twenty dollar gold piece in his hand and said: "Poor girl! give her that with my best compliments,"

Many who read this will remember her general appearance at this time. She had a good physique, a slender figure, full of grace, and a face of placid sweetness. Her features were expressive, her eyes blue and of a dove-like gentleness, and her flaxen hair was wavy and abundant.

It was in this country, at Boston, in 1852, that she married Otto Goldschimdt, a pianist, who was one of her suite. Her last appearance in America was in May, 1852. Those who had the good fortune to hear her once, will never forget the pleasure they enjoyed. She was the greatest queen of song the century has produced.

The latter years of her life have been spent in London. After her marriage she gave no public performance on the stage, except in two or three instances when she appeared for the benefit of the poor at London and elsewhere. She died November 2d, 1887, and with her death passed away a lovely, noble woman, whose career had been as beneficent to the world as it had been honorable to herself.

Fred Myron Colby in The Household.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER VII.

"HOW long was it after this before Joseph got the plates?" said Daniel.

"At first he thought that he would not tell the vision to any one," continued Mr. Clark; "but the angel Moroni appearing to him again, commanded him to tell his father of the vision and the commandment which he had received, and when he had done this his father said, "It is of God; go and do as commanded." He left the field, where he had been working with his father and went a distance of two or three miles to the hill Cumorah, where the angel was waiting for him. Now began the struggle in his mind, and the temptation against which Moroni had warned him. As he recognized the place where the records were hid there seemed to dawn upon his mind all at once the vastness and magnitude of what had been revealed to him. There, buried in the ground just at his feet, was the history of a people who had lived upon this continent long before the time when it had been discovered by Columbus. What an

astonishment the publication of such a book would be to the world, and what wealth it would bring to its fortunate owner! If the plates were once in his possession no one could doubt the truth of his story, for they themselves would be the proof of what he would tell.

Thus whispered the power of darkness to him, but the still small voice replied, "Did not the angel warn you to beware of ambition and to remember that in getting the plates you must have no object in view but to glorify God? Moreover, were you not warned that if you showed the plates to any one you would be destroyed?" Again the tempter whispered, "Who will believe this strange story if you have nothing to show in proof that it is true? What harm can possibly come of your showing the plates?" "Beware of disobeying the commandments of God, for if you are not faithful you can not obtain the plates," again whispered the Spirit to him.

Thus the conflict continued in his mind as he stood on the west side of the hill Cumorah, where, not far from the top, under a stone of considerable size the plates were lying, deposited in a stone box. Joseph removed the earth from the stone covering of the box, and taking a strong stick for a lever, he put it under the cover and raised it up. Upon looking into the box he saw the breastplate, the Urim and Thummim and also the gold plates upon which the history was engraved, but when he stretched out his hand to take possession of the record he was restrained by an invisible power. This attempt he made three different times, each time with a like result, until he at last exclaimed aloud, "Why can I not obtain this book?"

"Because you have not kept the commandments of the Lord," answered a voice seemingly very near him. Joseph looked, and to his astonishment beheld Moroni. Then he humbled himself in prayer, and the darkness began to melt away, and the power of God's Spirit was with him. The heavens were opened to his view, and the glory of the Lord thone round about and rested upon him. While he was looking in great wonder and awe upon this, the angel said, "Look!" and he saw the Prince of Darkness, surrounded by a great train of associates, and as this passed before him the angel said: "This is shown you, the good and the evil, the holy and the impure, the glory of God and the power of darkness, that you may hereafter know the two powers, and never be influenced or overcome by the wicked one. You now see why you could not obtain this record, that the commandment was strict, and if ever these sacred things are obtained it must be by prayer, and faithfulness in obeying the Lord."

Joseph was again told by Moroni that if he was faithful thereafter he should obtain the plates, and translate them by the gift and power of God, and by them the Lord would work a great and marvelous work. After this he returned home, and though disappointed he was determined to be patient and overcome by faith and obedience. Joseph made yearly visits to Cumorah and each time he met with Moroni, and from him received instruction concerning the great work of the latter days and the kingdom which God was about to set up, as shown to the prophet Daniel, never again to be thrown down nor given to another people. Four years these visits lasted, when on the 22d of September, 1827, Moroni delivered the plates into the hands of Joseph, telling him that he would come for them when he had done what was required at his hands. Joseph soon learned why the angel had given him such a strict charge in regard to them, for no sooner was it known that he had them than every device was resorted to in order to take them from him, but the lord watched over them until Joseph had translated the part of them which is contained in this book, and then the angel took them again.

"Father," said Daniel, "how is it that God did not have a church upon the earth? Did not Christ tell his disciples to go into all the world and preach his gospel to every creature? Where is the church they established?"

"Your question can not be answered without first telling you something about the plan of God's government and the laws by which his church must be governed. It may be a little difficult for you to understand, but I will try to make it plain to you."

"You will remember that when Christ was teaching his disciples he told them at various times that he did nothing only what his father had commanded him to do.

He always spoke of his Father as being the one to exercise authority, just as obedient children regard their parents."

"I think I understand that, father."

"Very well; now let us read the 29th verse of the 8th chapter of John: 'And he that sent me is with me: the father hath not left me alone; for I do always those things that please him.' Jesus here tells the Jews that his Father had not left him alone; what does he say was the reason?"

"For I do always the things that please him," read Mary.

"Here, my children, is the reason of the Son's not being left alone. He was sent by the Father with power and authority to do a certain work. He was obedient and faithful in doing just what the Father sent him to do, and therefore the Father honored him and was always well pleased with him.

When he sent his disciples into all the world to preach, he sent them to preach his gospel; and as his Father had given him power and authority to do certain things when he sent him to the earth, so Jesus gave his disciples power and authority. You must try to understand that neither Peter, James nor John had any authority as men—the power and authority was not in them, but was in the gospel they were sent to preach. Do you think you understand what I mean?"

You mean, Father, that if they had not told the people just what Jesus sent them to tell, he would not have been with them, and if he had not been with them they would not have had power to do the things he promised they should do."

"That is what I mean, Daniel, for the power was not in them, but in the gospel they were sent to preach; so, in time, after the disciples were dead, men grew careless of what they taught, and did many evil things; and at last they no longer had any power, for they did not teach men what Christ had taught; neither did they study the word of God to know what he had told them to do. Indeed, the church became so corrupt that they hid the word of God—chained it to the desks in the convents and churches—and taught the people that it was a sin for them to read it. Thus you see the people knew nothing about the teachings of Jesus, only as the priests told them, and the priests taught them many thing which Jesus never had taught, and neglected to teach the things he had taught."

"That was before the days of Luther, was it not, father?"

"Yes, and you remember how zealously Luther contended against their wickedness and what great good he did; but he never claimed to have been sent of God, as Jesus did. After his time came other good men and great reformers, among whom were John and Charles Wesley; but none of them claimed to have direct authority from God; never said that God had instructed them and told them how to organize a church; but they did the best that human wisdom could devise, and were great and good men."

"Were they not wiser than Joseph Smith, Father?"

"Yes, far wiser, and while he was but a young and unlearned boy they were men and had been well educated."

"It seems strange that God did not choose them, or send Moroni to some one older and wiser," said Daniel, thoughtfully.

"Do you remember the early history of King David?"

"Yes, father."

"You remember that after Saul had transgressed the commandments of the Lord, the Lord said to the prophet Samuel, 'Fill thine horn with oil and go; I will send thee to Jesse, the Bethlehemite; for I have provided me a king among his sons.' The prophet feared that Saul would kill him if he heard that he had gone to anoint any one to be the king of Israel, for though he had transgressed against God, he was still king and had great power in his hands and could punish those who did not do to please him. because of this, Samuel took a heifer and went to Bethlehem and told the people of the town that he had come peaceably to sacrifice to the Lord, and he sanctified Jesse and his sons and told them to come to the sacrifice. You must remember that among the sons of Jesse, Samuel knew was the one he had been sent to anoint, but he did not know which one of them it was. When Eliab, a tall, noble looking man, came to Samuel, the prophet, seeing his beauty and his strong, manly person, said in his heart, 'Surely the Lord's anointed is before me!' This was the natural wisdom of Samuel, and you must remem-

ber that from the hour when his mother, in agony of spirit, prayed to the Lord that he would give her a son, Samuel had been consecrated to God. The Lord had many times revealed himself to him, and he had never transgressed the commandments of God. If any man was capable of judging which of Jesse's sons was the one the Lord had chosen, would it not be natural to suppose that Samuel was the man?"

"Certainly, father, and could he not really tell which one he had been sent to anoint?"

"Let us see what the Lord said: 'But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance nor on the height of his stature, because I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.' Then in their turn the eight sons of Jesse were brought to Samuel, but the Lord gave Samuel to understand that the one which he was sent to anoint was not there, and Samuel said unto Jesse, 'Are here all thy children?' And Jesse said, 'There remaineth yet the youngest son, and behold he keepeth the sheep.' Samuel said unto Jesse, 'Send and fetch him, for we will not sit down till he come hither.' There was but one son left, and he was but a lad, keeping watch over his father's sheep; and so little was he esteemed that, perhaps, had not Samuel asked the direct question, Are here all thy children? Jesse might never have mentioned him or thought of him in connection with the prophet's errand; but when his father had sent for him and presented him to Samuel, the Lord said, 'Arise, anoint him, for this is he.'"

"You must learn, my chidren, that God does his own choosing, and it will be easy for you to do this if you remember that the wisdom of men is foolshness in his sight. He chose Abraham to be the father of the faithful, because he knew that he would command his children and his household after him, that they should keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment. He chose David because of the integrity of his heart, and though David in after years did many things which were wicked and for which God both reproved and punished him, just as you, my children, have done and may do again; yet he always repented and submitted himself meekly to the reproofs of the Lord and confessed his sins in humility of spirit. You must bear in mind that David was a man, and all men are liable to sin against God; yet God chose David, and he will in time vindicate to all men the wisdom of his choosing, whether David of old, or Joseph Smith of our day, be the man selected for his work.

"A great work is to be accomplished in these last days; and while Luther, Knox, Calvin and Wesley have all done their part, it remains for Joseph Smith, the last and the least, to step forward and say to the world, 'I have received my authority from God, and in his name I call upon every kindred, nation, tongue and people to repent and obey the everlasting gospel of the Son of God.' Men, without examination even, may reject the message God has given him to declare to this generation, but that will not alter the truth, neither will it vindicate them in the day of judgment to say, 'I truly believed it all an imposture,' because God is leaving them without any excuse whatever.

"Jesus upon one occasion said to the Jews, 'Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake.' Not only is the truth of the work of the Lord brought forth through Joseph Smith confirmed by hundreds who have sought him, confessing like myself that they had been sent of God; but he challanges their belief by telling them fearlessly, even as Jesus did, that the gospel he preaches is a divine message from God, and assures them that upon their yielding obedience to it God will give them a knowledge for themselves."

"How is this knowledge given, father?"

"It is given differently to different persons, but it is given by the power of the Holy Spirit. When Peter and the other apostles were brought before the council of the Jews for preaching Jesus and the resurrection, Peter told them boldly that God had raised up Jesus whom they slew and hanged on a tree, and then added, 'We are his witnesses of these things, and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him.' So does Joseph Smith and his elders tell the people boldly that they are witnesses of these things, and the Holy Ghost will also bear witness to those who obey the truth. I can tell you, my children, that I for one

know this work is true and is of God, and your mother can tell you for another, because the Holy Ghost was given to us under the hands of the elders, and thousands besides us can testify to the same thing. Besides this, the signs which Christ promised to the believers in his gospel do fellow them. It is possible for man to be mistaken and to think he is bearing witness to the truth when he is not, but it is not possible for God or his Holy Spirit to be mistaken, neither to lend themselves to built up a deceiver. Joseph Smith and his fellow laborers promise to the people that if they will do the will of God they shall know of the doctrine, and the people who have obeyed the will of God testify that they do receive the knowledge. How then can the world be left with any excuse for rejecting the servants of God?"

To be continued.

Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

EINFACH—ONE-FOLD.

And so the battle is nearly done,
  And the shield will be laid away,
For the golden bronze of the evening sun
  Slants over the meadow gray.
'Tis a long, long strife to the end, sweet wife,
  The end, just a myrtle crown,
Two billows of green, with a cross between,
  Where we lay our burdens down.

The way has been dark at times, and drear,
  With the dripping of tears between,
When the steady close of your hand in mine
  Has been all that has made it green;
But the sunlight broke when your smile awoke,
  And the valleys of rest were sweet,
When the hills were past, and the earth at last
  Grew soft to our aching feet.

One love, one home, one heaven before,
  One-fold in heart and life,
And the old love still it will last us through
  To the journey's end, sweet wife,
And reaching on, when this life is done,
  It will live, and thrive and grow,
With a deathless flame, and a deeper name,
  Than our mortal loves can know.

The wayside guides upon life's broad track,
  How oft have we read through tears!
We've traced the lesson with whitened lips
  When we could not pray for fears!
Some lie so small, and some so tall,
  But all are green at last,
We hold them, children, in our hearts,
  And keep them close, and fast!

And some have heard life's sweetest tale,
  And some its saddest song,
We leave them all to Him, whose love
  Can ne'er be blind or wrong!
While we, turned back, look o'er the track,
  And wave of greeting send,
The paths lie wide, and the way beside
  But all lead to one end!

So, slowly, as for days, or years,
  We journey on the way,
And in the west the amber light
  Proclaims a dying day.
And what, though life die out, sweet wife,
  And its signal fire burns low?
For a glory white, that against the night
  Like a watch-fire seems to glow!

Selected.

HAST THOU GLEANED WELL TO-DAY.

The shadows are falling,
  Swift closeth the day,
I hear a voice calling,
  It seemeth to say:
Oh, soul! hast thou gleaned well to-day?
  In the world's harvest field,
With its full precious yield,
  Has it vainly appealed,
Oh, soul! hast thou gleaned well to-day?

The day is departing,
  The darkneas is here;
Ah! why am I starting,
  While heart beats with fear,
Soul! hast thou not gleaned well to-day?
  In the world's busy throng,
Hast thou failed to be strong,
  Weakly yielding to wrong,
Oh! hast thou not gleaned well to-day?

The light is appearing,
  The darkness is gone,
For Jesus is nearing.
  And tender His tone,
Oh, soul! in My might glean each day;
  When the harvest is o'er
Shall be joy evermore,
  If the sheaves at thy door
Shall say, thou hast filled well thy day?

Dr. C. R. Blackall.

COMPLETENESS.

O love that all my being warms!
O love that shields my life from storms!
O love that every impulse wills,
And every flitting fancy fills!
O love that shines through all my dreams
Like starlight through the summer streams
That thrills with melody my days,
And rounds all discord into praise!—
I lean my face upon thy breast
As bends the noon-ray to the west,
And calmly, in my open boat,
I floating sing and singing float.
I wait no more by wayside lakes,
To dally with the reeds and brakes;
Behind me fade the mountain snows,
And in my face the June wind blows,
While strong and wide the currents sweep
Toward the ever-calling deep.
O love that rocks me in its arms,
And makes me brave amidst alarms!
I know not where thy stream may lead,
Through rocky pass or flowery mead,
I only feel that I am blest;
I only know I am at rest.

Selected.

HE WIPETH AWAY ALL TEARS.

He wipeth away all tears
  From eyes that are heavy with grief;
He guideth all their fears,
  And giveth them sweet relief.
Oh! tenderest promise given
  To His children beneath the skies,
Tho' the heart is with anguish riven,
  With His hand He will dry their eyes.

O! Infinite love so sweet,
  O, balm that must banish pain.
In humbleness at Thy feet
  We would worship Thee fain again.
Thy very compassion draws
  Us nearer unto the skies.
O! The blessedness of tears,
  When He wipeth them from all eyes.

O! cling to Him, troubled soul,
  In closest communion keep.
His healing will make thee whole—
  He comforteth those who weep.
And then at the last, when done
  With earth and its sad, sad years,
In the city beyond the sun
  No sorrow can come, no tears.

Selected.

I HAVE FORGOTTEN.

WITH a sigh we look back toward the studies we once pursued with such zeal and to the books whose pages once brought such a high pleasure, and say: I have forgotten them. At times comes the feeling that our memory is not a good one. It is that tub full of holes which one of the condemned in the classic *inferno* was compelled to keep stocked with water forever. This poor soul was ordained to carry water just such a distance and in just such a size of bucket as would make it impossible for him to get ahead in his task. The two facts—"holes" and "forever" must have made his sojourn in hell miserable enough. A heart-sinking not wholly different comes at times to all readers and students who acquire and forget, are thrilled and then forget, weep and then forget the words which drew tears, laugh and then can not remember what it was which gave such merriment.

Great memories such as are reported as belonging to a Macaulay or a Scaliger or a John Milton are very rare in our world; so rare as to warrant the belief that such all-holding-minds are not a part of the ideal human nature. They are exceptions and should not be mourned for when absent. That all should remember very

much and remember many things very long is evident, but it is also evident that the human mind was made for an unloading as well as for a loading process.

The tunes we hear, the strains which bring such grand feelings when the heart is blessed with an hour at a symphone concert or in some noble sanctuary where voice and organ lift the soul up out of the valley of sin, are more transient than the verses of the poet or the thrilling words of the orator. Neither tune nor word stays in the memory over night. They pass through it as a train dashes through the vale of a paradise. Of Croly's description of burning Rome most men carry only the opening sentence "Rome was an ocean of flame." Of William Wirt's "Blind Peacher," this sentence follows the schoolboy through life: "Socrates died like a philosopher; Jesus Christ like a God." Along with these words goes the memory that "The Blind Preacher" was giving the estimate made by Rousseau of the Son-of-Athens and the Son-of-Man. Thus nearly all students who have come to middle life wander over the past, and can find only here and there a stanza of a poem of which they once knew all; here and there a sentence from an oration which once in its grand entirety made the excited memory lie awake at night. The memory is an open prison from which the inmates can walk-out and walk-off at pleasure.

All well. Let us accept of the situation because of the reflection that these things once loved and now forgotten did for the mind and soul a service of infinite and perpetual worth. The sentiments which were awakened by these lost books and poems and music were made the inalienable quality of the mind, and it will never be again the crude kind of soul it was before it marched through the land of letters. The student forgets the items of Homer, of Dante and Milton, but he will never forget that he was in great company while he was hanging over those treasures of the human mind. To ask him what Homer or Dante said is absurd, because the reward comes not in the memory of Homer's words or Dante's words, but in the ability to stand any instant upon that height to whose summit those divine hands led the heart years ago. The words of Fenelon have passed away, but nothing can efface that sense of delicacy, that love of nature, that purity of language and morals, which marked his Telemachus or his discourses. It is with old books which have been unread for a quarter century as with the valued friends who have been for as long a period away from sight. The words witty or wise which those friends may have spoken have passed away, but the friendship remains—a song without words.

Unable to retain in memory the thoughts of the great books of the world it would be well to memorize some one verse of each poet and some one paragraph of each great prose-writer who has deeply impressed us. The first ten lines of Scott's Lady of the Lake will be able at all times to call up the poem and to represent its pictures; a stanza from Gray's Elegy will recall the dignified and pensive movement of the poetry and the thought; the entire merit of the "Old Wooden Bucket" comes back when we can recite a few consecutive lines. A mind well stored with these specimens has all his old favorites still within reach. A few links stand for the long chain.

Books of information must be remembered. But literature is not information so much as inspiration. Its object like that of music is not to convey knowledge but to awaken all that is good and latent in the soul. Literature builds up the powers of the reader, and hence when the words of the author are gone, the powers of the reader remain. A mind like that of Castelar need not read much in these latter years, nor need he remember, for he can now produce. Victor Hugo must have ceased to absorb the thoughts of others, because he had too little time for expressing his own. Memory may thus be as open as a coarse sieve letting through its meshes things great and small, and yet the mind may be little injured because those lost things built up faculties, tastes and feelings, which form a permanent part of the character. We may have forgotten the laughable things in Charles Dickens, but he taught us to appreciate the witty and grotesque; we may have forgotten the details of the pathos of "Little Nell," but our eyes will always shed tears the more easily, because we once walked with that novelist through some of the dark valleys of man's world.

DAVID SWING.

"HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME."

GALATIANS 2 : 20.

I'll sing my Savior's boundless love,
  I'll praise his matchless grace
Who left the shining realms above,
  To save our fallen race,—
Who gave his life a sacrifice
  To set the pris'ners free,
Yet was by sinful man despised;
  "He gave himself for me."

I was degraded, sunk in sin,
  A slave in fetters bound,
A leper foul, without, within;
  Nor could a balm be found
Until he gave his precious blood
  From sin my soul to free,
That I might be a child of God,
  "He gave himself for me."

A wand'rer from the path of right
  In darkness did I stray,
Without one gleam of hope and light
  To cheer my devious way,
Until the bright "day star" arose
  My friend and guide to be,
And bade me in his love repose
  Who "gave himself for me."

I'll sing his boundless grace and love,
  His gracious name proclaim,
Tell of his wond'rous cleansing blood
  Till earth has heard its fame;
And when I join the choir above
  Its power my theme shall be,
Enraptured by the wond'rous love
  Of him who died for me.

C. DERBY.

LEAVES FROM PALESTINE.—No. II.

JAFFA, Palestine, March 15th, 1888.

MRS. M. WALKER, *Dear Sister in the Faith:*—

I received your note and was glad to hear from you again and was glad also to receive *Autumn Leaves*. I am thankful to contribute a trifle towards the missionary cause. They, poor men, have many a hard battle to fight and suffer so much that it shortens their days, therefore we can not do too much for them. I knew what it was to be among strangers without a cent to help myself, and then be abused because I could not believe as they did. Well, thank God and my good boy, I have a home now as long as God spares him to me or spares my life.

My heart is in the work of God and has been. As long ago as 1863 I heard G. J. Adams preach the gospel of Christ, and hearing I and husband believed; first I and then my husband, like Adam and Eve of old—the woman to err first, then to draw the man into the error; but I reversed it, that is, I, with the blessing of God, drew him out of the evil by reading the Bible to him and explaining to him; then he was baptized. After our baptism brother Adams began to tell about coming out here; and when people began to buy lots of land out here, only on heresay, (as it turned out), my husband and I bought as well as others. I bought a house and lot and paid for them, and never took even a receipt for the money. I scorned the idea of a man of God doing wrong; my father's and mother's words were like the best of gold. I judged his word to be like theirs and my own, but was greatly mistaken, as the sequel showed. We sold all our property, and my husband bargained with Adams to get him a small sized house; and for everything, even to the patent roofing, a keg of mixed nails, doors, windows—everything. I paid him the money, but did not take a receipt for it. He never gave me the deed for house or land. I waited to get a chance to build, but brother Adams told me there was no house for me, all had been taken by others. I asked him then to give me my land. He took us a mile outside of the colony and showed me a piece of land, and told me to choose a house lot of that, but did not give me a written paper to show that it was mine. Every time I asked him he

told me, "I am busy now and can not attend to it." So time passed on, and one after another got disaffected, and sometimes they put him in prison, and then a part would go home to America. Twice he was imprisoned by the Consul, in the Turkish prison, but they never made any thing by it. I looked on and said to my husband, "It will be all right with him, and all will be right with us." But no, he made bills against us, and made us pay for the doors and windows of a house that we lived in; and afterwards he took them, so we did not have them, but had to pay twice over for them. Mrs. Adams gave me two doses of medicine, and she charged me fifty dollars for them. I have the bill yet. At last I spoke to Adams decidedly; I took him into the room where we lived, and shut the door and put my back against it, and told him what would come to him for what he had done by myself and husband; and he trembled all over, and every word came true. He did not dare to answer me at the time. I had two houses in America, one for summer and one for winter use. The one I lived in in the summer was on an island called Slate Island, as its rocks were all slate rock, worth a great deal of money; and the house and ground on the main land also was called one of the nicest there was in Jonesport. One was a slate quarry with house, and the other was a house and lot of two acres with three boats. All the money we got for them went into brother Adam's hands. My husband earned ten dollars per week until the 11th of August, 1866, the day that we came away, and out of this paid our board at my father's house, so we never used any of the money that we got for property. We lost the whole of our property, and then Adams told us that we never had any property, but came here and did not pay our passage money. I wish it had been true, it would have been better for him; but it was not. * * *

ABIGAIL Y. ALLEY.

We have published this much of a recent letter from sister Alley, because we wish the Saints to know just what kind of a man George J. Adams was, and that if he had been an honest man and true to his profession, the colony might have been flourishing to-day. But the blessing of God can not abide in the tents of wickedness. What sister Alley has endured since she left her native land, (if any combination of circumstances could do so), would justify her in turning away in utter disgust from a faith represented by such men as G. J. Adams; but in the midst of death, sickness, widowhood and poverty, the Spirit of God has sustained her and enabled her to forgive all her wrongs, hold fast to the truth of the living God, and by faith lay hold of the promise set before her in the word of God; and she is still looking for the redemption of Israel and believing that God has kept her there for a purpose, and that purpose to be one connected with his work and the restored gospel. It appears from sister Alley's letter that although Adams never claimed to be a prophet, he followed the wicked ways of the apostate church in his practices. We here quote from her letter:

"In our meetings he often told us not to pattern after him, but when he did wrong to avoid his ways and take the Bible for our guide in all things; and when he saw people going away he said, 'Eight will stay as witnesses in this land,' and there are just that number of the original colony left here now. All have property here except myself and son, but our intention is to stay, property or no property. * * * At one time the colonists rented from the government a tract of land on which they planted wheat, barley, oats, potatoes and other seeds. As soon as the grain was high enough to be eatable the Arabs began cutting it to sell as grass, or drove their sheep into it for pasture. My husband and I went out to take care of it and staid there four months. Once when my husband was away a Bedouin came and asked to stay all night. In the night I heard him moving about, and as it was the fast of rahmahdan, at which time the Arabs only eat at night, I thought he wanted something to eat; and as I could not speak the language I got up, and taking a loaf of bread and a dish of water went to him in the dark, praying as I went. The water came to his hand first, and being very thirsty he drank, and this, with the blessing of God, saved my life; for years afterwards he told my boy Willie that he intended to murder me and take Willie away with him. In this garden we were robbed of all the household things we had, and no one dared to live there but us. * * * God

only knows how much I have suffered with hunger in this land. Before I could speak the Arabic I have thanked God many a time for sending me food by the hands of the Arabs when none but He knew my great need. I have picked up and eaten with gladness stray pieces of orange peel found in the streets, so great was my hunger. My poor boy has gone without food from morning until night, and never said 'Mother, I am hungry,' not so much as once in all the time when we were so distressed while he was little; but he has many times gone quietly away and brought me bread. Whatever he got he would never eat a bite until I ate with him, and when away from me, were he ever so hungry and food was given him, he always brought half to me. When I could get work I would stand at the wash tub and wash, and set him to studying his book and hear him recite his lessons. He has never been to a school, but it takes a good scholar to get ahead of him in accounts. He has large sums of money to bring from the bank and change, but he never makes a mistake, not so much as of a mill; and even the Jews can not cheat him, for he is sharper than they are, but he is too honorable to cheat any one or take advantage of them. He is now employed by the firm of Thomas Cook and Son, but his wages are small when the danger he encounters is taken into account. He boards every ship coming into the harbor; and when the weather is rough it is dangerous work, for the harbor is no harbor at all; but we are hoping that since a firman has been granted for building a railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem there will also be a good harbor made in the old King Solomon's harbor—which runs up one-fourth of a mile from the city of Jaffa, and one bank of it (the harbor) will be at the lower end of the American Colony, as it is the best place there is here to make it. Mr. Joseph Narbone, of Jerusalem, is the head man of the company. He is a Jew and the rest are Moslems, of Jerusalem and elsewhere. One is the Pshaw of Jerusalem. In some places here among the gardens, the Arabs dig down the little hills, filling up the valleys with them and making the surface level, thus fulfilling the words of the prophet, for after they are levelled they plant trees and make gardens."

Sister Alley gives a description of a visit she made to Jerusalem some five years ago, which we will not however insert, for she will visit Jerusalem again this summer, no providence preventing, with the express purpose of obtaining correct information for AUTUMN LEAVES in regard to its present condition, and will visit those scenes familiar and dear to the hearts of all Latter Day Saints, who look and long for the coming of Him who shall set His feet upon the Mount of Olives and say to the proud waves of sin and oppression, "Thus far, but here let thy waves be stayed!" We however give place to a curious document sent us by Sr. Alley, for the genuinness of which we do not certify, but simply offer it to our readers as it came to her. Whether this be genuine or not, such a sentence must have been passed, and reading it brings the sad tragedy home to the heart in a very peculiar manner.

CHRIST'S SENTENCE OF DEATH.

AN ALLEGED COPY OF THE MOST MEMORABLE JUDICIAL SENTENCE EVER ANNOUNCED.

The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world, namely, that of death against the Savior, with the remarks which the Jornal Lee Droit, has collected, and the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. It is word for word as follows:

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intendant of the Lower Province of Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross: In the seventeenth year of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the twenty-fourth day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphus. Pontius Pilate, intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting to judgment in the presidential seat of the Prætors, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of the people prove. 1 Jesus is a misleader. 2 He has excited the people to sedition. 3 He is an enemy to the law. 4 He calls himself the Son of God. 5 He calls himself, falsely, the King of Israel. 6 He went into the temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands. Orders from the first centurion Quirrillis Cornelius to

bring him to the place of execution. Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus. The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are: 1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee. 2. John Zorable. 3. Raphael Robani. 4. Capet. Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournes."

This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1280 in the city of Aquilia, in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made for Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the Commission of Arts in the French army, in Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the Chapel of Casert. The Carthusians obtained, by their petitions, that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgement of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally, by members of the Commission of Arts. Dennon had a fac simile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard, on the sale of his cabinet for 2,890 francs. There seems to be no historical doubts as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence corresponds exactly with those of the gospel.

—Copied five years ago from the "Age to Come Herald," by A. Y. Alley.

DRIFT-WOOD.

The threads our hands in blindness spin,
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.—*Whittier.*

A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.

The year's work is done. The annual examinations are finished. We sent a large class to take the test. We have been congratulated on our success. Many, yes, nearly all of our class have passed. A good showing says the public at large.

Are we happy? Alas! no. Johnny has been left behind. Johnny was under our charge for four years. O, how he tried us! Time after time we were tempted to suspend him from school. Still, we held on to him year after year. Some of our friends thought us too patient. Others said, "We lacked back-bone." While others who knew and understood us said, "There is a limit to all things and you have done your duty." Still, we held on to Johnny. Even some of his class-mates thought we were letting Johnny go too far. Yet, we did not give him up.

A few weeks before the annual examinations, however, the last straw breaks the camel's back. We sent for the father and asked him to take Johnny from school. "We have no influence over him," we say, "nothing we have ever done or said has moved him, and now we feel that for the good of the school he must go."

The father with tears in his eyes agrees with us. Thanks us for all our care and patience, and we feel while he is talking that we have been quite a hero. Johnny goes, and when he has gone we do not feel so much like a hero as we did. We feel that we are a poor, weak, impatient, good-for-nothing man, and long to get out of teaching and go into something for which we are fitted.

The year has gone. Its work is done. Johnny has not graduated with the rest and we feel that, notwithstanding the congratulations of the public, the year's work has been a failure.

* * * * * * * *

Weeks, yes, months, have passed since Johnny left us. To-day there was a ring at the door-bell. "Some one wishes to see you," says the little monitor. We go to the reception-room, where we find an old friend. We shake hands and are glad to see each other. Our friend asks after our health. How our class is doing? What kind of a class it is? Then he tells us of himself. Where he has been. What he is and has been doing. Thanks us for something we once did for him. Tells us that though he did not show any appreciation at the time, his heart

was softer than we thought. Says he has just joined the church and is taking up some of his old studies at home.

"We grasp his hand and say, "Ah! Johnny (yes, 'tis he), we always said you would come out all right. We are so glad you came to see us. Come again often." He says he will. He does not go yet, and we see he still has something to say and we encourage him to say it. At last he says, "There is one thing I do not yet understand."

"What is that, Johnny?" we ask.

"Why did you sometimes tell me before the class that you thought I would come out all right? I can see why you did so sometimes in private, but do not see why you did in public."

"My dear boy," we say, "we did it because we try to do our work for all time and not only for the time being. In your old class of forty boys and girls some, perhaps many, may become teachers. They may have a Johnny in their class. They will then remember you and us, and will remember our words, and when they see you or hear of you becoming a good man, they will have more patience with their Johnny and will be thankful to you and to us for our lesson of patience to them."

* * * * * * * *

How happy we feel to-night! How thankful we are to our kind Heavenly Father because He has given us a little view of our harvest!

O, teachers, what a grand, noble work is ours! We are too apt to look for immediate results, and think, if we see or hear of no improvement in our pupils that none has been made.

Let us remember:

"For good or bad our lives and influence make,
Perchance to live and spread when we are dead,
E'en as the pebble thrown into the lake,
Will move the waves in widening circles spread,
Each circle widening, widening, till it break,
Upon the margin of its little sea.
So every influence does its journey take,
Perchance to break upon eternity." W. M. G.

FROM MALACHI TO MATTHEW.—No. III.

EARNEST-BLOOD OF JEWISH FREEDOM.

ANTIOCHUS EPIPHANES, who superintended the inquisition in the holy city, returned to Antioch from Jerusalem after he had tortured, murdered or suppressed, all the resisting Jews whom he deemed worthy of his notice; but he left to his lieutenants the work of stamping out the faith of the chosen people.

The terrible ordeal through which the Jews passed in those evil times taught them a lesson that was well worth the cost. Prior to this period they had never accepted the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. It was denied by the party of the Free, and the doctrine that "loss is common to the race" was the only consolation of countless mourners. The persecutions, however, during those times of woes untold, firmly established in the minds of the faithful Hebrews that this mortal life must often be renounced for something better in the beyond, and that death is only a change of state, and not an end of existence. It was by realizing this truth that they became proof against terror, endured one of the most trying periods through which any nation has passed, and made possible for all mankind the "fullness of the faith which more than any other conquers the fear of death."

The persecutions of Antiochus Epiphanes were not at first resisted by the Jews, for they regarded the cruelies as a punishment from on high, chastising them for the part that many took in following the manners of Jason, despising the temple, neglecting the sacrifices, partaking in unlawful rites, losing esteem for ancestral honors, and accounting Grecian distinctions of the highest worth. But the time of endurance ceased, and Asmoneus became forever memorable. About one mile from Joppa, a seaport on the Mediterranean, there stood a hill whose summit was crowned with the town of Modin, the dwelling place of the venerable Mattathias. When this true hearted man beheld the blasphemous things that took place in Jerusalem and Judea, he said, "Woe is me, wherefore was I born to see the ruin of my people, and the ruin of the holy city, and to stay there while

it was delivered into the hand of the enemy, and the sanctuary into the hand of strangers? Her temple hath become as a man without glory. Her glorious vessels are carried away into captivity, her infants are slain in her streets, and her young men with the sword of the enemy. What nation hath not received a share of her kingdom, and gotten of her spoils? All her ornaments are taken away; instead of a free woman she hath become a slave. And behold, our sanctuary and our beauty and our glory are laid waste, and the heathen hath profaned them. To what end shall we live any longer?" After this saying, the zealous priest and his noble sons rent their clothes and put on sack cloth in mourning, and waited an opportunity for avenging national wrongs. Mattathias was a priest of the order Joarib, and the great-grandson of Asmoneus. He had at this period five sons in the prime of life, John, surnamed Gaddis; Simon, called Thassi; Judas, styled Maccabæus; Eleazur, named Avaran; and Johnathan, known as Apphus. These surnames have a meaning, and were bestowed as especial marks of distinction upon these remarkable descendants of Asmoneus. Gaddis means the lucky; Thasssi, the jewel; Maccabæus, the hammer; Avaran, the beast-sticker; and Apphus, the wary. About a year after the beginning of the inquisition, Apelles, one of the king's officers who enforced apostasy, came with his men to Modin to institute the worship of Jupiter and to require the people to engage therein. Many Jews gathered in Modin at the sight of the royal retinue, and to the multitude went Mattathias attended by his sons, the six being armed with swords. The attitude of this family was well known, and so prominent that Apelles singled out the priest and said, "Thou art a ruler, and an honored and great man in this city, and strong through sons and brethren; now, therefore, come thou up first, and do the king's commandment, as all the nations have done, and the men of Judah, and those that are left in Jerusalem, so shalt thou and thine house be of the king's friends, and thou and thy sons shall be honored with silver and gold and many gifts." But Mattathias indignantly and fearlessly repelled the offers, and in a loud voice, said to the assembly, "Though all nations that are in the king's realm obey him, so that they have fallen away every one from the religion of his fathers, and have accepted for themselves his commandments, yet will I and my sons and my brethren walk in the covenant of our fathers. We will not hearken to the King's words, to turn aside from our religion, to the right hand or to the left." As he closed this public declaration, an apostate Jew stepped forward from the crowd to sacrifice upon the Greek altar. At which Mattathias, burning with indignation and siezed with fury, ran violently upon the apostate and slew him as a rebel against Jehovah. Then, turning upon the royal emissaries, he and his sons slew Apelles and his attendants and tore down the sacriligious altar. Upon this Mattathias, inflamed with zeal and courage, raised the war-cry with a loud voice saying, "Every one who is zealous for the law, and keepeth covenant, let him follow me." This was the tocsin peal to arms sounded while the earnest blood of war was warm and flowing. Mattathias and his sons, leaving their substance in Modin, fled into the mountains, forming the nucleus of the Jewish army, being followed by numbers of Jews who went into the wilderness of Judea to dwell, "because troubles were increasing upon them."

The officers of Antiochus Epiphanes at Jerusalem took measures at once to suppress this sudden outbreak. All the forces in the citadel on Mount Acra were sent into the wilderness against the Jews. Having overtaken some fugitives near Jerusalem, the King's officers endeavored to persuade them to repent and thus prevent the necessity of being used according to the laws of war. When the Hebrews refused compliance, the Syrians atacked them on the Sabbath day, slaying, burning and smothering them, for the Jews would not dishonor the Sabbath by resistance, even so much as to close up the cave in which they were concealed. In this struggle the faithful race cast not a stone, but said, "Let us die all in our innocence; heaven and earth will testify for us that we are wrongfully put to death." Accordingly there perished in this battle a thousand people "with their wives, their children and their cattle."

When the news of this disaster reached Mattathias and his friends, they decided after mature deliberation that non-resistance on the Sabbath was dangerous in

times of necessity, for they noted from the Scriptures that obedience to the law was that they "might live and not die." This decision was announced through Judea, and there assembled to Mattathias a company of valiant men of Israel, belonging to the party of the faithful; and, minor divisions being forgotten, there flocked to the venerable leader and his sons many others who were capable of bearing arms and desirous of escaping persecution. With a religious object kept steadily before them, they lived for a time the wild life of mountaineers, receiving continually additions to their number, and training them in the exploits of war. "They wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted and tormented: of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts and mountains and in dens and caves of the earth." They were all resolved to hazard everything in defense of their religion, and their number soon became so large as to form a considerable army. Mattathias, leading his bold adherents, and operating under cover of the night, would issue from his concealment, inflict injury upon the enemy, and retire to his hiding place, ever escaping the vigilance of his foe. These dashing mountaineers went through the Jewish cities, pulled down the idolatrous altars, circumcised the children, slew apostate Jews, smote royal officers, siezed the copies of the law which the Syrians had taken away, and gained several important advanages over the enemy. Mattathias became a terror to the apostates in Israel, and those who escaped his wrath fled to the heathen for protection. But the wild life of a mountain soldier, marching by moonlight and starlight, was too severe for the aged Mattathias, who had been used to the comfort of a prosperous home. So when he had ruled his army one year, and embued them with his own zeal and courage, he became afflicted with a fatal sickness and called his sons around him to speak the following words: "O my sons, I die in the midst of evil and perilous times. Be zealous for the law, and give your lives for the covenant of your fathers. Call to remembrance what acts our fathers did in their time; so shall ye receive great glory and an everlasting name. Joseph, in the time of his distress kept the commandment, and became Lord of Egypt. Phineas our father for his fervent zeal obtained the covenant of an everlasting prieshood. Joshua for fulfilling the word became a judge of Israel. And thus consider with respect to all ages, that none that hope in Him shall be overcome. Fear not the words of a sinful man; for his glory shall become as worms. And you my sons, be strong, and show yourselves men in behalf of the law; for by it shall you obtain glory. I exhort you especially, to agree one with another; and in what excellence any one of you exceeds another, to yield to him so far, and by that means to seek the advantage of every one's own virtues. And behold, I know that your brother Simon is a man of counsel; give ear unto him always; he shall be a father unto you. And Judas Maccabæus, a mighty warrior from his youth up, he shall be leader of your army, and fight the battle of the people. Take also unto you all those that observe the law, and avenge ye your people. Recompense fully the heathen, and take heed to the commandments of the law." To these counsels Mattathias added a prayer to God in behalf of his sons, and then bestowing upon them his blessing, he was gathered to his fathers in the year B. C. 166 His heroic sons carried him to Modin and buried him in the sepulchre of his ancestors, and all Israel made a great lamentation for him.

W. R. HOUGHTON.

To be Continued.

A FABLE.—A grasshopper, half starved with cold and hunger, came to a well-stored bee-hive at the approach of winter, and humbly begged the bees to relieve his wants with a few drops of honey. One of the bees asked how he had spent his time all the summer, and why he had not laid up a store of food like them?

"Truly," said he, "I spent my time very merrily in drinking, and dancing, and singing, and never once thought about the winter."

"Our plan is very different," said the bee. "We work hard in the summer to lay up a store of food against the season when we foresee that we shall want it; but those who do nothing but drink, and dance, and sing, in the summer, must expect to starve in the winter."

HOMES OF UNMARRIED WOMEN.

"It is a happy faculty,
Of women far and wide,
To turn a cot or palace,
Into something else beside."

HAVE a home! Miss Cleveland urgently advises all women, "First and last I would say to you, have a home of your own!"

The ideal home has in it the patter of childish feet, and the prattle of child-voices mingling with both a manly and a womanly one. But often, in this life, an ideal is never reached. And by force of circumstances, many a woman must either forego the pleasure of having a home of her own, or she must make it herself without help, which, however desirable, is not necessary.

For a woman is *par excellence* the home maker. A man may build a house, but "no man in the world can build that precious thing called home." Alone, he dwells in a bunk-house or quarters, keeps bach or runs a restaurant. Woman, by his side, can make any place home-like—and alone, show her superiority. A widow keeps the hearth-fire burning, guards her little ones from the coldness and rebuffs of the outer world, and sends them out at last, full fledged, from the dearest place on earth. While the woman who has never married can still choose a spot where she will be always welcome; make for herself a place affording intrinsic rest and liberty,—in other words, a home.

I can remember no homier place than one where three women dwelt,—with never a man about—the scene of a week's pleasant visit in my girlhood. A few years before, the father, long the only surviving parent, had died, and the daughters stayed at the old home-place, let the land, worked the garden, and sold the surplus fruit of the orchard. They had an ever-present interest in their only brother and his family, who lived near, but sensibly preferred a home of their own, to sharing that of another.

Why these women,—"girls," the elder affectionately called the others, though the youngest was twenty-nine—had not married, I do not know. A sense of filial duty may have prevented; relentless death have come between; or, again, there may have been no "good chance." But this I know: there was no sign of pining, the most was made of life, and peace and plenty abounded. The wood-fires were very cheerful; there were papers and tempting piles of old magazines, and scrap-books in bulky volumes, and the whole house was prevaded with that peculiar feeling best described by the word *heartsome.*

But not only do women in the common walks of life need the home. Fame, itself, is not a substitute, and no special work can atone for its absence. Astronomer, author, or philanthropist, can only be in her best estate in that abiding-place to which the heart as instinctively turns as does the needle to its pole.

We read of the charming home of Alice and Phœbe Cary in New York, where they entertained, sometimes, delightful guests, and wrote the tender poems which won their livelihood. We hear, also, of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' home by the sea; and that made by Louisa M. Alcott, in which loved ones have been tenderly cared for.

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, with whose exhortation this article began, has practiced the thing she recommends, and has improved and beautified a home of her own. In the library, where her morning hours are spent, are her father's arm-chair and secretary; belongings of her mother are in other rooms; and here the mistress of —but not servant to—a well-ordered home, finds a place to think her own thoughts, and to dispense, on occasion, to invited friends a charming hospitality.

The orphan child and homeless wanderer always move upon our sympathies. Only in a less degree does the solitary being who has no right to the vine and fig-tree under which is found shelter. But in the case of a woman in mature life, this seems so absolutely unnecessary,—knowing her power in home-creation, and that a home may consist either of one room or a mansion,—that pity is largely mixed with blame.

Emma E. Volentine in Woman's Magazine.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SEA.

ONCE upon a time the Air, the Mountain and the Sea lived undisturbed upon all the earth. The Mountain alone was immovable; he stood always here upon his rocky foundation and the Sea rippled and foamed at his feet, while the Air danced freely over his head and about his grim face. It came to pass that both the Sea and the Air loved the Mountain, but the Mountain loved the Sea.

"Dance on forever, O Air," said the Mountain; "dance on and sing your merry songs. But I love the gentle Sea who in sweet humility crouches at my feet or playfully dashes her white spray against my brown bosom."

Now the Sea was full of joy when she heard these words, and her thousand voices sang softly with delight. But the Air was filled with rage and jealousy, and she swore a terrible revenge.

"The Mountain shall not wed the Sea," muttered the envious Air. "Enjoy your triumph while you may, O slumbrous sister; I will steal you from your haughty lover!"

And it came to pass, ever after that, the Air each day caught up hugh parts of the Sea and sent them floating forever through the air in the shape of clouds. So each day the Sea receded from the feet of the Mountain, and her tuneful waves played no more around his majestic base.

"Whither art thou going, my love?" cried the Mountain, in dismay.

"She is false to thee," laughed the Air, mockingly. "She is going to another love far away."

But the Mountain would not believe it. He towered his head aloft and cried more beseechingly than before: "Oh, whither art thou going, my beloved? I do not hear thy sweet voice nor do thy soft, white arms compass me about."

Then the Sea cried out in an agony of helpless love. But the Mountain heard her not, for the Air refused to bring the words she said.

"She is false!" whispered the Air. "I alone am true to thee."

But the Mountain believed her not. Day after day he reared his massive head aloft and turned his honest face to the receding Sea and begged her to return; day after day the Sea threw up her snowy arms and uttered the wildest lamentations, but the Mountain heard her not, and day by day the Sea receded farther and farther from the Mountain's base. Where she once had spread her fair surface appeared fertile plains and verdant groves all peopled with living things whose voices the Air brought to the Mountain's ears in the hope that they might distract the Mountain from his mourning.

But the Mountain would not be comforted; he lifted his sturdy head aloft and his sorrowing face was turned ever toward the fleeting object of his love. Hills, valleys, forests, plains and other mountains separated them now, but over and beyond them all he could see her fair face lifted pleadingly toward him, while her white arms tossed wildly to and fro. But he did not know what words she said, for the envious Air would not bear her messages to him.

Then many ages came and went, until now the Sea was far distant—so very distant that the Mountain could not behold her—nay, had he been ten thousand times loftier he could not have seen her, she was so far away. But still, as of old, the Mountain stood with his majestic head high in the sky and his face turned whither he had seen her fading, like a dream, away.

"Come back, come back, O my beloved!" he cried and cried.

And the Sea, a thousand miles or more away, still thought forever of the Mountain. Vainly she peered over the western horizon for a glimpse of his proud head and honest face. The horizon was dark. Her lover was far beyond; forests, plains, hills, valleys, rivers and other mountains intervened. Her watching was as hopeless as her love.

"She is false!" whispered the Air to the Mountain. "She is false and she has gone to another lover. I alone am true."

But the Mountain believed her not. And one day clouds came floating through the sky and hovered around the Mountain's crest.

"Who art thou?" cried the Mountain, "who art thou that thou fillest me with such a subtle consolation? Thy breath is

like my beloved's, and thy kisses are like her kisses."

"We come from the Sea," answered the Clouds. She loves thee and she has sent us to bid thee be courageous, for she will come back to thee."

Then the Clouds covered the Mountain and bathed him with the glory of the Sea's true love. The Air raged furiously but all in vain. Ever after that the Clouds came each day with love messages from the Sea, and oftentimes the Clouds bore back to the distant Sea the tender words the Mountain spoke.

And so the ages come and go, the Mountain rearing his giant head aloft and his brown, honest face turned whither the sea departed; the Sea stretching forth her arms to the distant Mountain and repeating his dear name with her thousand voices.

Stand on the beach and see the Sea's majestic calm and hear her murmurings, or when, in the frenzy of her hopeless love, she surges wildly and tosses her white arms and shrieks—then you shall know how the Sea loves the distant Mountain.

The Mountain is old and sear; the storms have beaten upon his breast, and great scars and seams and wrinkles are on his sturdy head and honest face. But he towers majestically aloft, and he looks always toward the distant Sea, and waits for her promised coming.

And so the ages come and go, but love is eternal.

Eugene Field in Chicago Herald.

THEN AND NOW.

When Chicago was enshrouded in a winding sheet of fire,
And each crowded street and alley seemed a burning funeral pyre:
When her stricken sons and daughters raised to God their pleading cry,
And her glory lay in ashes 'neath a dark and gloomy sky;
Then your hearts were touched in pity, and your welcome aid was given,
And your generous deeds were written in God's register in Heaven.

When the mighty river, leaping o'er its banks, uprose and bore
On its angry bosom all its strength could gather from the shore,
Without pity, without mercy to the cottage or the hall,
Onward! onward to the great sea! bringing grief to one and all,
Then your hearts were opened nobly, and your gold did freely pour,
For the homeless and the suffering, gifts in basket and in store.

When the demon in his frenzy at old Charleston shook his head,
And her stately walls were fallen, and her loved were lying dead;
When the storm of war was sweeping like a tempest through the land,
And the bravest of her sons were falling fast on every hand—
And the great heart of the nation rose responsive to the call!
How the helping hands were quickly raised to work for one and all!

Men and brothers! men and voters! there's a *fire* that burns to-day,
There's a *flood* that's sweeping manhood, truth and honor fast away;
There's a demon, fierce and wrathful, shaking as no earthquake could
The foundations of the State, and planting Vice where Virtue stood,
There's a war cry being sounded, and America's brave sons
Flocking to her tottering standard, all her noble-hearted ones.

Men of high and loyal action, men of valor and of truth,
Will *you* help to stay the flood that threatens innocence and youth;

Will *you* help to stop the river, will you help to quench the fire
That the demon Drink has kindled? lift your brother from the mire?
From the earthquake threatening save him, snatch him from the grasp of hell!
He's your brother, though degraded in a lonely convict's cell.

Will the heart that beat in pity over lesser woes than these,
In the hour of midnight darkness sit in idleness and ease!
Will you who would boldly venture into fire or flood to save
Men from physical destruction, see them near a deeper grave,
And *you* lift no hand to rescue? Will the hearts that never fail
To respond to cries for pity, be unmoved at such a tale?

They who to the earthquake's fury yielded up life's fleeting breath,
They who 'mid the conflagration saw their dearest fall in death,
Never suffered, broken-hearted as the drunkard's sorrowing wife;
Theirs the anguish of a moment, *hers* the torture of a life.
For the soul that enters, spotless, in the presence of its God,
We can feel a joy in mourning, standing by the fresh-laid sod.

But the grieving that is hopeless, and the pain that knows no balm,
Is for those whose darkened pathway leads away from Heaven's calm,
Men and voters, rise and help them! may the hearts that ne'er before
Turned from duty keep their record pure and spotless evermore.
May the rulers of the nation guard her many children well,
And no gilded dens of Satan mark the place where manhood fell!

M. R. Winter.

LESSONS OF MERCY.

IN our public schools to-day are the men and women of our future; perhaps side by side may sit the future criminal and the judge; and just so surely as the insects under the seas are building the coral reefs, are the children of the present building the future of our land, its moral and political government. Oh, the imporance, then, of sowing the seeds of mercy and justice, of touching the hearts while tender; for the lessons learned in early youth are the last to be forgotten. * *

But these lessons of mercy must be learned while young. The gardener bends only the tender vines; the good gymnast is one whose limbs had an early training. The muscles strengthen with exercise as they grow weak and stiff with disuse. The child who has been taught nothing of mercy, who does not realize the claims the dumb animals have upon its protection, must grow to be thoughtless and consequently cruel, while the heart that has once opened its doors to the touch of mercy stands ready to serve and shelter all, from the lowest to the highest of sentient beings.

So soon as the child is old enough to be cruel, it is old enough to learn of mercy. The little one who laughs at the dying agonies of the butterfly it crushes in its chubby fists, is old enough to be taught the sin of inflicting unnecessary pain.

Train the children; train their hands, train their heads, and above all train their hearts, and our future will be one of good men and women.

Make the young to have pity for the beasts that suffer and are dumb: teach them of the uses that animals are to man. how blank and hard our life would be without their service; tell them how much we owe our friends in furs and feathers, and then we reach a higher work — the moral obligation of man as a superior animal to protect the weak and defenseless; and so we proceed until that highest sphere is reached—man's duty to man.; but the task grows lighter, the corner stone has been laid, for the child that has learned to love and protect the dumb

animals will never be cruel to a fellow human being.

In organizing a band of mercy, make the children understand the obligation of a pledge. To kindle their attention is one thing, to keep it alive is another, and this may be accomplished by holding meetings; by distributing humane literature; by giving them work to do and by making them feel that they are doing something for the cause of humanity. Make them to feel a pride in their cause, and then, never fear, children so taught will work and work hard, and before long their parents will be working with them for mercy's sweet sake.

Of the results of the establishment of bands of mercy, consider the marvelous growth of this "order of chivalry." It is only a few years since Mr. George T. Angell, formed the first band of mercy in this country and now they number many thousands. They bind the east to the west, the south to the north in one great bond of love. It is the holiest of religions, this of mercy, admitting all.

What a world would ours become did mercy reign! The old would lean upon the young and strong, the happy share their sunshine with the sorrowing, the deserted child find loving mothers, while no scarlet letter would mark the sinner's breast. The dumb beasts would need no voice to proclaim their woes, the very forests would sing for joy, the flowers bloom where blood was shed, and the love-birds nest in the cannon's mouth, for "mercy and peace have kissed each other."

Our Dumb Animals.

A CONQUERED ENEMY.

YEARS ago, in a shut-in little hill-town of northern New England I sat one afternoon in the midst of the chief housekeepers, not only of the village itself, but of the surrounding country; for unlike most New England villages, but one church showed its white steeple on the common, the Band of Seventh Day Baptists, who met at the cross-road school house, being too few in number and too narrow in purse to erect a rival. That their ranks, too, held notable housewives, was not to be doubted; for had I not been told in the beginning by Mrs. Deacon Anderson, in whose spotless house my lines were temporarily cast, "that it seemed as if all Lowgate jest went crazy Monday morning, seein' who'd get the first boiler full onto the line?"

"'Taint reasonable," continued the Deacon's largest half, after a pause in which she ripped energetically at a pair of trousers once the Deacon's, but destined for Earnest Algernon, five years of age, and still unconscious of the responsibility of such a title. "'Taint reasonable in folks to go on in the way they do, but it's always been so, far back as I can remember. My grandmother broke her leg, falling off the fence that she had climbed to get the last piece on before Mrs. Abel Smith, that lived opposite, had opened her door or knew she was ahead of her; an' I declare for't often and often I've felt as if I must ask the minister to preach against ambition an' some of the ways it works with women folks. 'Taint men that's eaten up with it nigh so much, though folks think it is. It's women. Every woman's on the lookout to see what every other woman's doing, an' to get ahead of it if she can; an' so she breaks down, or somethin' happens, an' yet no one seems to learn better. It's the way they're made, most likly; an' folks will live up to that, no matter what other folks say."

Thus Mrs. Anderson, whose turn of mind, eminently philosophical as it appeared to be, did not nevertheless, prevent her from much the same course of action, and whose sense of what was due to the spirit of good housewifery impelled her, the moment she had invited company to tea, to scrub the back stairs and clean the back kitchen. Not that any possible circumstance was likely to take her neighbors in either direction, but it was well to disarm fate and to be inwardly certain that criticism could find no room here.

And this spirit apparently pervaded the

township and accounted for the anxious faces, and overworked, nervous look of most of the women who, on this particular afternoon, attacked the contents of the "society basket, with an energy in full keeping with their reputation. If not a holiday, at least it was a change from the daily routine; and an unbleached cotton nightgown for a home missionary in Dakota, gave some scope for imagination, and broadened the mental horizon, if only by the needles width.

It was Mrs. Deacon Anderson who lead here, as every where, not so much from any personal determination in the matter, as from the general consent and tacit subjection of the rest. She did not abuse her power. On the contrary, she seemed to ignore it, and discussed every point as to the most saving methods of cutting, with the room full at large, till the operation had ended and she sat down to baste.

A discussion had begun on sweeping, and debate ran high. Whether with tea leaves or meal or a damp broom; once a week or twice; and all the points concerning brooms, brushes and dust pans.

"'Taint the sweeping I mind," said a small, thin voice from the corner, "I'd just as soon sweep if it'd stay swept; but there! get all done and go away an' lock the door tight, an' come back in an hour, an' there's fluff under something, sure as you're born."

"Fluff! Oh, well, I didn't suppose anybody ever calkilated to be rid of fluff!" sounded a chorus at once.

"I calcilate to, an' what's more I do," said Mrs. Anderson calmly. "I ciphered that out a long spell ago, and I thought I'd told some of you."

"I don't know as I'll beleive it even if you say so," said the first speaker. "I tell you I believe there's the witches in it, for it just rolls up under everything, an' flies round, even sort of sassy, as if it knew it had the best of you."

"It can't get the best of me," said Mrs. Anderson, "though I will say, I don't know as I ever should have got at it just right without Almira, my cousin down to the port, who beats all for notions, an' seems as if she schemed from morning till night how to get ahead of dirt. She laughed one day when I was down there an' went into her spare room, an' just sort of natural like looked round under things.

"You're looking for fluff" says she. "I know you, Partheny. Look away!—you won't find any. I've got even with fluff at last, an' I'll tell you how; though I ain't certain you deserve it. Sweep all you like, but when you've get through an' the dust's all settled, an' you've dry-dusted tables and chairs an' such, take half a pail of water an' a big cloth, wring the cloth pretty dry,—for wet's as bad as none at all,—and then just go over the whole carpet."

"Take the color out," says I.

"No it won't," says she, "an' I know it for I've tried it; but if you're skeered about that, all you've to do is to put a spoonful of ammonia in the water. It brightens up the colors, an' it's death on moths, an' it sort a sweetens up everything."

I didn't say much then, but I went home and tried it; an' it's about the best thing I know of for circumventing the unaccountablest thing I know about, an' that's—Fluff.

There was a general murmur of asssent as Mrs. Anderson nodded emphatically and took up her basting again; and later on in the season, at another meeting, general testmony was given in as to the full efficacy of the method. Out of many hints gathered that summer, hardly one of a household nature has ever proved so valuable. It has reduced the dreaded sweeping to a minimum, for a carpet treated in this manner requires not more than half the usual amount. All wood-work in base-boards, etc., should be also wiped at the same time, the chief point to remember being that the cloth must be wrung as dry as possible. With the untrained servant there may be difficulty here; but it is quite possible to secure the right result, even with such material. In any case, the method is, in the end, labor-saving, and commends itself to the experimental housekeeper, who will find in it one more means of securing a little more of the time for which all housekeepers yearn.

Rugs, of course, can be shaken; but even for them the same treatment is applicable, and will be found not only cleansing, but disinfecting. The last result, indeed both, will be equally secured by using a spoonful of carbolic acid in the water; but either accomplish the desired end, and thus one more means of simplification shows itself as possible.

Helen Campbell in Woman's Magazine.

Helpful Hints and Suggestions.

The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.—*Whittier.*

TO DRIVE AWAY VERMIN.

A few drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water will clean house plants of lice in a very short time. If mosquitoes or other blood-suckers infest our sleeping-rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of pennyroyal, and these insects leave in great haste, nor will they return so long as the air in the room is loaded with the fumes of that aromatic herb. If rats enter the cellar, a little powdered potash thrown into their holes, or mixed with meal and scattered in their runways, never fails to drive them away.

Scorch flour until the color of ground coffee, pour out a cup of boiling water, sprinkle over the top one tea-spoon of the flour and let it stand till settled, add milk and sugar and drink it instead of adulterated tea or coffee. It is also good for those who have weak stomachs. I have known it to stop vomiting when the patient was given up by the doctor to die. She had not kept anything down for several days until she tried the flour coffee.

A very little molasses in stove polish will give the stove a very brilliant polish, and prevent the blacking from flying. Use it cautiously—not more than ¼ of a teaspoon to a half cup of water. Too much will make it streaked.

If you wish, you can make nice cake without eggs by using a little more flour than you do with them. Try a little on a bit of tin before putting your loaf into the oven; then you can easily learn how much flour to add. "A penny saved, is as good as a penny earned."

Tell the Saints to gather "Balm of Gilead" buds this Spring after they are well filled out, dry them and use them for stomach trouble instead of doctor's medicine. Cut them up fine and boil them, drink the tea three or four times a day, about two tablespoonsful each time when very strong. I have proved it to be better than doctor's medicine for indigestion, etc. It is a wonderful medicine—try it.

POINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Never put salt into soup when cooking till it has been thoroughly skimmed, as salt prevents the scum from rising.

A tablespoonful of stewed tomato or tomato catsup added to the gravy of either roast or fried meats improves it greatly.

Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

To remove grease from wall-paper, lay several folds of blotting paper on the spot and hold a hot iron near it until the grease is absorbed.

You may avoid the unpleasantness to the eyes when peeling onions by sitting in a draught of air or by an open window or door while doing it.

A good rule for baking potatoes is to wash and boil them in the usual way till nearly done, and then finish by baking. They are whiter and mealier than when baked the old way.

Always remove the contents of tin cans the moment they are opened. It is positively dangerous to leave canned goods in the open cans. The action of the air upon the soldering of the cans forms an oxide which renders the food unfit for use, cases of poisoning from this cause being reported from time to time.

USES OF STALE BREAD.

A great many times there will be crumbs and crusts of bread which can be used in a variety of ways (if not moldy).

Make bread pudding by soaking in milk; add eggs, sugar, nutmeg, raisins if desired; bake.

Make griddle cakes by soaking over night in sour milk; add flour for batter, salt, soda; bake on griddle.

Make biscuit: soak in sour milk till soft, mash well, and mix in with your biscuit; add butter, soda.

Put into tomatoes when stewing them.

Make dressing for poultry or roast meats by moisting with hot water, adding butter, salt, pepper, sage, etc., pound fine; roll veal cutlets, fresh fish, oysters in, and fry.

KEEP BUSY.

A MAXIM of one eminent man was, "Never be unemployed, and never be triflingly employed." One great secret of success is to improve idle time, and in finding something for all hands to do. And it is necessary that a man find constant work not for himself only, but also for his employees. There are persons who never know how to set themselves at work, and they never find any work outside of their own particular sphere. They will sit down in the midst of dirt and disorder, and though they have nothing else to do will never find time to "put things to rights," and arrange matters; and so all is neglect and confusion. Idleness is worse than rust, and it not only defrauds the employer, but it damages the employe. "Improve your opportunities," said Napoleon Bonaparte to a school of young men. "Every hour lost now is a chance for future misfortune." Every hour idled and dawdled away by an employe improves his chances for an early discharge. A man who watches for work to do, whose eyes are open, who clears up litter and puts things in order, and in a dull time makes ready for business when it comes, will be appreciated, his services will be in demand, he will be one of those men who can not be spared, and will hold his place as long as there is any place to hold.

Few persons consider the vast difference between the work accomplished in a lifetime by a diligent, energetic, active man, and that accomplished by a neglectful, listless and mechanical idler. The wise employment of idle time may make all the difference between failure and success. Most business is done in these days upon a narrow margin. A million dollars received and paid out leaves nothing for the labor; but if a million dollars be received and only nine hundred thousand paid out, the one hundred thousand represents the margin and the profit on the business.

The lack of a few hundred dollars' margin in a business of thousands or millions may, at a critical time result in failure and ruin. Wise economy in the use of time may afford the margin necessary to success. Carelessness or neglect in such little matters may render fruitless the labor of a lifetime. Eternal vigilance is the price of success.

The Christian.

THE PILGRIM'S WANTS.

I want a sweet sense of thy pardoning love,
  That my manifold sins are forgiven;
That Christ, as my Advocate pleadeth above,
  That my name is recorded in heaven.

I want every moment to feel
  That thy Spirit resides in my heart,
That his power is present to cleanse and to heal,
  And newness of life to impart.

I want—O! I want to attain
  Some likeness, my Savior to thee;
That longed-for resemblance once more to regain,
  Thy comeliness put upon me.

I want to be marked for thine own—
  Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
To receive that new name on the mystic white stone
  Which none but thyself can declare.

I want so in thee to abide
  As to bring forth some fruit to thy praise;
The branch which thou prunest, though feeble and dried,
  May languish, but never decays.

I want thine own hand to unbind
  Each tie to terrestrial things.
Too tenderly cherished, too closely entwined,
  Where my heart so tenaciously clings.

I want by my aspect serene,
  My actions and words to declare—
That my treasure is placed in a country unseen,
  That my heart's best affections are there.

I want as a traveler to haste
  Straight onward, nor pause on my way;
Nor forethought in anxious contrivance to waste
  On the tent only pitched for a day.

I want—and this sums up my prayer—
  To glorify thee till I die;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to thy care,
  And breathe out in faith my last sigh.

Selected.

ENEMIES OF HOME HAPPINESS.

THE family, the choicest creation of God, is the most offensive if it be broken down. When its altar is removed, the light of its love fires darkened, and the links that bind are snapped, no calamity is so great. The family is to be cherished in proportion to its worth; to the joy it imparts, and its power of achieving good. Every evil that menaces it is to be guarded against, and all the approaches of danger warded off. The Christian home is a building not made with hands. It has in it the wisdom of God and the joy of angels. The heart of the new bride is luminous above the shining of stars, and the gleam of the home windows on the world's darkness, is like that from above. What cheer is left to men like the warmth of its hearthstone? What glow like its fireside?

But the family has many enemies; some are ancient as Eden, and some are new and subtle and terrible as dynamite. The most sacred things need care the most tender. There must be care in the small things, so great a matter will a little fire kindle. One must be careful, also, in the large things. When the beautiful vase is broken how hard it is to mend it.

The first enemy to the happiness of the home that I shall name is "striving for the last word." It is a hornet with strokes and sting, but no honey. One wife conveying her trials to another in this, said: "I was so vexed at myself at what I had said, I wanted to pluck out my tongue." Von Moltke, it is said, could keep a secret in seven languages. It would be so good for husband and wife to keep silent in seven languages. Don't seek the last word; stop before you begin.

The second enemy to home happiness is in telling each other their faults. A husband said to his wife: "Let us tell each other our faults." "Well," she said, "You begin, and tell mine." So he went on and told one—a trifling thing. "Well," she said, "go on and tell another," and he did, and then another. A tear glistened in her eye, but she was cheerful. "Now," said he, tell mine." "Why, Henry," she said, "you haven't a fault in the world. You are just beautiful in my eyes." He did not tell her any more. He went around the neighborhood, saying he had got an angel for a wife.

The third enemy of the home joy is selfishness. It is the bane of the home. Planting one's self in the center, and making all things minister to him. Some wives are always seeking self laudation and praise, and working to have all things, sun, moon and stars revolving about them. Some husbands can't spend a moment in the interest of their wives, so anxious are they to turn everything to themselves. A passenger noticed to be lonely on an ocean voyage, said he was on his wedding trip. He did not take his wife, because he couldn't afford it. She was at home alone, waiting and pining. He was solemn and melancholy, like a pelican in the wilderness. Selfishness did not make him happy. His wife was happier at home alone than with such a husband.

The fourth enemy of home happiness is failing to truly sympathize with each other in time of need and to enter deeply into each other's interests and welfare. It chills and kills the heart life, to walk independently, mum and dumb, and silent and cold about all that most nearly concerns each other. Many a wife goes with a row of icicles around her heart frozen and heavy. Many a husband on the other hand, comes to his wife in an hour of need, and gets a chill, but no fever.

The drive of business is another enemy of home. The family must have money to meet growing expenses. So the husband delves abroad, and the wife delves at home. And when he gets enough, instead of moderation and home life, enjoying the family, he drives harder and is at home less. He lives then in order to make more money, and not to care for the family. It is like John Gilpin; when his steed got under way, he galloped on and left his family behind, in his steeple chase:

> His wife she dined at Edmonton,
> And he rode on to Ware.

So, often, husbands and fathers do under the pressure of business. They go on as slaves under the tyranny of store or factory or shop. It would be a thousand times better to have less money in the house, and more husband and father there. Live joyfully with the wife whom thou

lovest, all the days of thy life. Not apart from her all the days. Walk together. Work together. Build your nest, your home, together, as the birds do. It is a better way, and a happier, and God will add his blessing, as he can not in any other way. It is not good that man should be alone, but many are less with their wives after marriage than before. "I will," God said, "make a helpmeet for man;" but woman can not be a "helpmeet" in the best sense till he has a home. Male and female made he them, and blessed them in their joint union—in their mutual assistance and helpfulness. It is the marriage relation in the home, surrounded with children, that receives the highest attention from God.

Money does not make a home. The impression is, If I had money what a splendid home I could have. No greater mistake. A husband and wife come together, and in love and service fill out the fulness of their destiny. As diamond dust is the richest polish, so, in such a home, the bright jewels of charater are burnished and transmitted. The family creates the home, not money. Homes are the outcome of culture and taste and interior beauty. They can't be made by architects and hard cash.

The reign of pleasure and fashion is often drastic and killing to the home. It empties and forsakes it. The child is given to the nurse to exercise and dress and rear. The husband is crazed in his drive of business. The wife is swift and dizzy in the pursuit of amusements, studying style and fashion plates. The home is reduced to its lowest quantity. There is brass for silver, and iron for gold. The charm of home is vanished, and its beauty gone.

C. L. Goodell, D. D.

MODERN SHAMS IN SOCIETY.

NOTHING is so clearly apparent to the intelligent observer of modern society as the many deceptions and the false glitter which it contains. There are social circles into which one may enter where the false and deceptive find no place, but these are in the minority. Glance at the average society of to-day, and there is but little in it that is really what one supposes it to be. How often is it that we find men and women carrying impressions of wealth and station far beyond their real income! Dignity is found to be only pretension, refinement an artificial gloss, and intelligence but a verbal display. White satin dresses are worn where the plainest muslin is scarcely within the wearer's income; broadcloth, where the simplest business suit, if honestly paid for, would almost be a draft upon the revenue received. Flowers are worn in profusion, jewelry loaned, and carriages hired by those to whom the acquirement of the necessities of daily life is a struggle. Society, instead of being made a great compact designed to promote the good of man and woman, is used only as a cunning contrivance to palm off unreal virtues, and give to the unsophisticated wrong and injurious impressions. Host and hostess share in the general deception with their guests, although neither is conscious of the other's deceit. The China on the table of the hostess is admired and its possession envied by her guest, while the former in return is driven to a maddening inward jealousy at the gorgeous garments of her guest. The guest knows not that the China is loaned, the hostess is ignorant of the unpaid bill of the dressmaker. The furniture, heavy portieres, and expensive draperies are examined with admiration, and so fixed becomes the attention of the guest upon the embellishments of the home of her hostess that no room is left in the mind for a suspicion of a plan of purchase commonly known as the "installment." The young man, with only a cursory knowledge of the cost of feminine apparel, regards what is only inexpensive silk or satin as the richest goods the market affords. The young lady, in turn, silently calculates her chape-

ron's income by the flowers he sends, the the liveried carriage in which he escorts her to the reception, and the full-dress suit in which he is arrayed. Her untrained mind knows not the existence of places where a lunch may be had by a modest indulgence in beverage, and establishments where clothing is sold for a night.

—Brooklyn Magazine.

STRENGTH AND ITS SOURCE.

FEW possessions are more universally valued and wished for than strength, but it is not so generally considered that only through long, patient and continuous effort can it be obtained. It is thought of rather as a happy accident, or a native gift, to be passively grateful for, than as a natural and certain result of toil and striving. We congratulate the strong man on his strength, but rarely praise or honor him on that account; we pity the weak man for his weakness, but it would seem cruel to mingle blame or reproof with our pity. Yet the truth is that human strength can be earned through human energy. It is not always a gift which nature showers upon some and denies to others, but often a gradual development in the individual, going on in accordance with the active efforts and earnest struggles which he puts forth from day to day.

Take bodily strength for example; the infant gains it through constant motion, the boy through active play, the man through toil and tug and burden. Let these cease and strength will cease developing; let them be relaxed, it will decline. No one can have the strength to take long walks and hard climbs who does not put forth in active efforts, from time to time, whatever force he has. No one has the strength to endure unusual toil and hardship who has not struggled manfully in past conflicts. Bodily idleness as inevitably results in bodily weakness. The day is happily well nigh past when women prided themselves upon their physical frailty; but many still continue to be feeble and call it their misfortune, when quite often it is only the necessary consequence of languid inaction.

This is equally manifest in the mental condition. The strong mind is one which has accumulated power through hard mental activity. Much earnest' study, much effort of thought, many a tussle with self-indulgence and love of ease, many a struggle with difficulties and obstacles, have combined to give it that vigorous force and elasticity which is to its possessor so valuable a boon. We look with pleasure upon the man thus favored. We admire his clear thought, his sound judgment, his keen discrimination; we envy the ease with which he detects the point of an argument, or solves an intricate question, or applies a principle; but we do not see, and seldom even imagine, what toil and patience may have been the source of this mental strength. On the other hand, the man who has never learned to control his thoughts, and compel them to work, who has shrunk from difficulty, and indulged in lazy and idle reverie, must expect to be weak-minded; he has denied to his intellect the very food which it needs to build it up and strengthen it. Of course there are a few exceptionally gifted persons to whom this exertion is only a pleasure, but most of us must learn our strength of mind by much steadfast toil and some self-denial.

Moral strength also is gained chiefly through struggles of the moral nature. Every time a temptation is resisted, an evil inclination conquered, a duty performed, moral strength is accumulated. The one whom all men honor for his virtue and integrity, to whom wrong doing seems to offer no attraction, and who performs each duty as it arises, apparently without an effort, has not gained this power by treading flowery beds of ease. It has come to him through effort and sacrifice, and the more it has cost the greater the reward. The poor weak victim of temptation and indulgence, who is powerless to deny his appetite, or to sub-

due a craving, or to resist the persuasion of an evil companion, is indeed to be pitied, but his deplorable condition is due to long years of moral idleness, during which he has drifted into evil instead of having stemmed the current and resolutely pressed forward in the opposite direction.

If this is so—if strength is only to be obtained through effort—it may change the aspect of some things we are accustomed to look upon only as calamities and hardships. The very obstacles which have seemed to hinder our course may have afforded the best opportunities for developing the courage and accumulating the power which we need to pursue it. The trials which have been so hard to bear have called forth the fortitude and heroism which are parts of every noble nature. The difficulties overcome, the dangers faced, even the mistakes made, have all tended to make you self-reliant, fearless and strong. Just as the child learns to walk through many a fall, that seems only painful at the time, so we may all learn lessons and acquire powers through what appears at the time somewhat disastrous. Earnest and continuous effort is a copious source from which flows strength of body, strength of mind and strength of character. It is a source open to all, from which new supplies may constantly be drawn. Philiadelphia Ledger.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD DOG-MOTHER.

THE best of these dogs are worth $200, or even more. One herder, whom we met at Cold Spring ranch, showed us a very pretty one that he said he would not sell for $500. She had at that time four young puppies. The night we arrived, we visited his camp, and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies, Amid those wild, vast mountains, this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful. While we were exclaiming, the assistant herder came to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about with their hand in their breeches, doing nothing. But the herder said neither Dick nor Tom would find them; Flora must go. It was urged by the assistant that her foot was sore, that she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out, and must feed her puppies. The boss insisted that she must go. The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called, and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to a great forest, through the edge of which they had passed on their way up. She raised her head, but seemed very loth to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to her. She rose, looking tired and low spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted wearily off toward the forest. I said:

"That is too bad."

"Oh, she'll be right back. She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora found the strays. While we were speaking the sheep were returning, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head nor wag her tail, even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them. She had been out all night, and while her hungry babies were tugging away, fell asleep. I have never seen anything so touching. So far as I was concerned, "there was not a dry eye in the house."

How often that scene comes back to me. The vast, gloomy forest, and that little creature with the sore foot, and her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the wild canyons all through the long, dark hours, finding and gathering in the lost sheep.

There are other than dog mothers who often have like fare. The dog stands for fidelity and sacrifice, and we have heard it said that the best part of a human being is the dog in him.—*Sel.*

THE HILLS OF AMETHYST.

Lift thine eyes unto the hills
Thou in sadness weeping,
There a joyous murmur thrills,
From the angels reaping.

Chorus.
Death is but the morning mist,
Christian, rising o'er thee.
Past the hills of Amethyst
Shines the day of glory.

Dost thou miss the golden grain,
Snowy buds immortal;
Woulds't thou have them back again,
Look at heaven's portal.

Lift thy tearful eyes in trust—
Christ thy treasures keeping;
He who measures earthly dust,
Human tear-drops weeping.

Dost thou fear the open grave—
Fear death's narrow prison;
Jesus died the lost to save,
Jesus hath arisen.

Dark and still the night may be
Just before the morning;
Jesus will keep watch with thee,
Jesus brings the morning.

—*Selected.*

Editor's Corner.

WITH this issue we begin the publication of "Incidents in the Life of one of Earth's Pilgrims," being a biographical sketch of his life by Elder Edwin Stafford, who united with the church in an early day, and whose experience will be found rich in incidents not only of interest to the young because of his connection with the mighty deep, but to the church at large because it begins before the dark and cloudy day, extends through it and comes down to our own time, containing many strong testimonies in regard to the Reorganization. To the many in the church who are acquainted with Bro. Stafford it will not be necessary for us to say anything of the respect and confidence reposed in him by friends and neighbors; but to those unacquainted with him we would say, that to our knowledge he enjoys a goodly share of both, and is esteemed both as a citizen and a Christian very highly by those who know him best; and we bespeak for this sketch of his life a careful reading.

OWING to a pressure of duties connected with his work as Church Secretary and Recorder, Bro. Stebbins failed to complete in time the installment of the "Story of the Book of Mormon" both of this and the last issue. From this time however, we feel safe in promising that there will be an installment of the story in each number.

OUR friends will remember that in our first issue we offered premiums to those sending us the first, second and third largest list of names for the Magazine from that date to April 1st. The first premium has been very decidedly refused by the party entitled thereto, because not willing to accept compensation for the service which was rendered with the sole view of aiding the magazine. The second and third we have forwarded to those entitled to the same. We here take occasion to thank our friends again for the zeal manifested in behalf of our publication, and to ask that as long as it proves worthy their support it may be extended to us in the future as it has been in the past; and we also wish to thank those who have sent us papers, magazines and clippings. We would not mention names where very many have been so kind.

DO NOT send for Nos. 1, 2, and 3, of "AUTUMN LEAVES," as these issues are exhausted.

TAKE NOTICE.

Having made arrangements with the Board of Publication to have our books kept at the Herald Office, we wish to notify our friends that hereafter all *letters of business* connected with *Autumn Leaves*, "Home Column," or *Hope*, must be addressed to David Dancer, box 82, Lamoni, Iowa. This will include remittances for every purpose, whether subscription money, offerings for Home Column Missionary Fund, birth offerings for *Hope*, or Christmas offerings from the children. Please remember and in the future send *all money* to David Dancer.

All applications for *change* of address on either *Autumn Leaves* or *Hope*, or for missing numbers of either papers, must be sent to David Dancer in order to secure attention. *These regulations can not be departed from.*

Send to M. Walker, Lamoni, Iowa, all articles intended *for publication*, either in *Autumn Leaves*, *Hope* or Mother's Home Column.

It is desirable at all times that letters and articles for publication as above specified be sent to M. Walker, but to accommodate our friends and lesson expense, such articles or letters if sent to Herald Office will be handed to us, always provided they be *written entirely separate from any matter of business.*

Parties not connected with the work of the Herald Office can form no just estimate of the absolute necessity existing for a strict conformity to the above notice. It is not for our own convenience merely, but in order that all mistakes be avoided and patrons have their requests promptly and correctly attended to. Let us repeat, SEND ALL MONEY TO DAVID DANCER, BOX 82, LAMONI, IOWA.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

HOW TO MAKE PLASTER CASTS.

It is not at all difficult; any one can succeed in it who will take the pains to follow carefully the directions given here for making plaster casts. Without the knowledge of drawing or modelling you can in this way reproduce almost any article in a very short time.

Casting in plaster is really so simple a process that even a child can soon learn to manage it nicely.

You will need a board about a foot and a half square, upon which to work fifteen or twenty pound of clay, five pounds of plaster of Paris, a cup of warm melted lard, and several small wooden pegs; these can be made of wooden tooth picks or matches broken in two.

Select an object with few angles and a smooth surface to experiment on; a firm round apple will do. Rub the lard all over the apple until every particle is greased, then lay it in the centre of your board. Take some clay and pack it around it just as high as the middle of the apple, forming a square. Smooth the clay off on the edges and stick pegs diagonally opposite corners; then with more clay build a wall close around the apple and its case, making the sides one inch higher than the top of the apple. Put a cupful of clear water into a pan or dish, and stir in enough Plaster of Paris to make it like batter; pour the plaster over the apple, filling the clay box to the top. This makes a half mould of clay and a half mould of plaster. When the plaster is hard, which will be in a very short time, pull away your clay wall, and take out the apple and half plaster mould together, lifting the apple from its half clay mould.

Remove the clay from your board and set the plaster mould containing the apple in the centre. Rub lard over the apple and upper edge of the mould, build around it the clay wall, as you did the first time; roll a small piece of clay into a slender conical shape and stand it upright on top of the apple. This will make a hole through which to pour the plater when filling the completed mould, and it must stand high enough to reach above the top of the clay wall. Pour the plaster over the apple as at first, and let it set or harden. Take away the wall of clay once more, and carefully separate the two parts of the mould with the blade of a table knife, remove the apple, and all is ready for the final cast which is to produce your plaster fruit.

Thoroughly grease the inside of your mould, fit the two parts together, and wrap and tie them with string to hold them in place. Pour in the plaster through the hole left in one-half the mould, until it is quite full; then gently shake it to send the plaster into all small crevices. Let your mould stand without moving again until sufficient time has elapsed for the plaster to harden; then gently separate the two parts and you will find a perfect cast of the apple. The ridge made by the joining of the mould you must scrape off with a sharp knife, or rub with sand paper.

In taking casts of almost any object not too complicated, this same method must be employed. The only difficulty lies in deciding just where to place the dividing line, which must be exactly at the broadest part of your model,

otherwise you will break your mould in taking the object out.

In casting a hand the clay must be built up around each finger to precisely its widest part. Therefore it is a good plan before commencing, to mark on the hand, with a fine paint brush and ink, the line that is to be observed.

When making casts of long objects, or those that are larger at one end than the other, such as vases, always lay them on one side, as a much better mould can be obtained in that way.

I have read that if milk and water is used for mixing the plaster, or after the cast has hardened, if a little oil, in which wax has been dissolved, be applied to the surface it will take a high polish; and if left for awhile in a smoky room it will acquire the look of old ivory.

The dead white of plaster casts is frequently objected to when they are wanted for ornaments; but that difficulty is easily overcome by mixing dry colors with the plaster before wetting it. A small quantity of yellow ochre will make the plaster creamy or ivory-like; brown will give a wood color, and red a terra-cotta.

Plaster casts can also be bronzed with gold, red, or green bronze, which makes quite handsome ornaments of them. A plaster panel in bass relief bronzed with gold bronze and mounted on black or dark colored velvet, is an exceedingly rich wall decoration.

To mount a panel of this kind you must first secure a smooth, flat piece of board, not more than half an inch thick, and just large enough to allow about four inches of the background to show all around the panel when it is mounted. Cover the board with velvet or velveteen, bringing it smoothly over the edges, and tacking it down at the back. Fasten on it a small brass hook.

Make a ring or loop for hanging the panel in this way: Take a piece of wire about three inches long, form a small loop in the middle, and give the wire several twists; then bend the ends out on each side. Scrape a narrow place in the top edge of the panel, just long enough to admit the wire in this little ditch and fill up the hole to the top with soft plaster. When this hardens the ring will be quite secure.

A PRETTY HAT RACK.

The best way is to decide just the size of the glass you wish to have. Of course one can have them any size, and either square or long and narrow. I will describe one I saw and when you make yours you can exercise your own taste and judgment. The glass was 9x12 inches, the frame 18x21 inches around the cut edge, which makes it five inches deep. Have your frame made of old pine, no matter how old and rough the boards, and cover it with velvet. At the bottom put two bronze hooks and one on each side just below the center. On the edge at the top put two picture eyes to hang it up by, and then you have a pretty rack and so convenient if your hall is small and no room for a standing rack. Then it is so pretty for the sitting room if you have no hall. Plush or satin is nice to cover one, with handpainting for decoration, or, if one can not paint or embroider, a large ribbon bow in the upper left hand corner will do nicely.

BLIND MAN'S SINGING SCHOOL.

One of the party must be blindfolded to take the part of teacher. The class composed of the rest of the players should sit in a line facing her. The teacher informs her scholars that they will begin the lesson by singing the scales. Then the one at the top of the line sings ah! and the next, ah! a little higher or lower, and so it goes down the line, each one in turn uttering ah! in any key or note she pleases; in a high shrill voice or the deepest tone a girlish throat is capable of. The teacher should listen attentively, and when she thinks she recognizes a voice she must command the class to stop while she makes some criticism on the manner in which the note is sung, at the same time calling the singer by name. When one of the players is named correctly, she must be blindfolded and become teacher while the former teacher takes her place in the class.

A general exchange of seats is made before the singing lesson recommences, that the voices may not be guessed by the direction from which they come. To give variety to this game the second teacher may direct the class to sing a song, selecting some well known nursery rhyme; then, beginning at the top of the line as before, each player must sing the word which comes to her to supply. It is the privilege of each teacher to direct the class to sing whatever she may choose, either song or exercise.

BLOWING THE FEATHER.

The requisites for this amusement are a sheet or any large piece of cloth, good lungs and good humor. The participants arrange themselves around the sheet, holding it nearly as high as the shoulders. The feather is placed in the center of the sheet, and when the judge calls "Ready" all begin to blow. It is the business of each to prevent the escape of the feather at the place where he stands; when the feather is blown off, the person nearest the spot where it floated away retires from the game. The sport is continued until but one remains.

TAILING THE DONKEY.

A large figure of a donkey is cut from dark cloth or paper and fastened on a sheet, which is hung upon the wall. A tail is also cut from the paper or cloth, and a large pin passed through, ready for use. Each person tries in turn to pin the tail in the place where it belongs, after first having been blindfolded, and at a little distance from the sheet on which the figure of the donkey is fastened, turned around three times. The one who pins the tail nearest to the right position is the winner and receives the prize; the one who pins it the farthest point away receives the "booby-prize."

THE NATIONAL
POLAND

THE MILL-RACE.

See page 323.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

VOL. I. LAMONI, IOWA, JULY, 1888. No. 7.

LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN.—V.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

"We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen."
—*Shakespeare.*

MANNER.

"MANNER is one of the principal external graces of character. It is the ornament of action, and often makes the commonest offices beautiful by the way in which it performs them. It is a happy way of doing things, adorning even the smallest details of life, and contributing to render it, as a whole, agreeable and pleasant."

You have evidently noticed some folk do things after a "rough and tumble" sort of way. No gracefulness attaching to any one movement they might make; appear rude and gruff, barring the doors of their hearts; no kindness, no gentleness, everything performed after a reckless habit of life.

You venture to speak to such folk about their peculiar method and mention something of a refined line of action, and you may receive an insulting reply. There are those who have scarcely a faint idea of courtesy, and will tell you they "have no time to spend on trifles." There dwells in them no sense of "magnanimity of soul;" they seem to know nothing higher than that which revels in crudeness of demeanor. We are very apt to place our estimate upon a man by observing his manner. We can not avoid it; it exerts an influence in the government of others more than qualities of greater depth and substance. A trite saying was that: "Manners make the man." But there is no denying that man may make manners, good or bad. Some people think manner is of small consequence—unimportant, but it is not; it evidently tends to facilitate the business of life, and most surely sweetens and softens social intercourse of life. As Bishop Middleton said: "Virtue itself offends, when coupled with a forbidding manner."

Manner, is said to indicate, to a certain extent, a man's character. We are not amiss in so thinking, from the fact that manner serves as an index to a man's mode of thought, and thought is very likely to manifest itself in action. "Grace of manner is inspired by sentiment, which is a source of no slight enjoyment to a cultivated mind." We should not be concerned about artificial rules of politeness, they are of very little use; but there is so much of real importance attaching to solid mannerism that it can not be wisely ignored. It will make a man kind, courteous, polite, genteel; all these things should be studiously employed, they are divine traits, if we may so call them: They belong to Christianity, for Christianity embraces all that is refined, pure and good.

The Apostle Paul, that great man of God who we have so often admired, said: "Finally, brethern, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Where is our application? do you ask. The thing of which we have been speaking is of "good report," and "lovely." There are thousands of people who have no idea that Christianity has to do with one's manner, but it has, and very materially too. Dr. Johnson wrote: "Sir, a man

has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing than to *act* one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down." When you see people neglect propriety in dress, show absence of cleanliness, or indulge in repulsive habits, it all manifests a disregard of others by these unpolite ways. And there can be no manliness of character in it, gentility, or prudence of action. "Want of respect for the feelings of others usually originates in selfishness, and results in hardness and repulsiveness of manner." There is an art in manner that should be cultivated by those who desire to make themselves agreeable to others; a person may be gentle and polite with but very little money in his pocket; it goes far and costs nothing; it is a cheap commodity, and yet really indispensable. "Tact is an intuitive art of manner, which carries one through a difficulty better than either talent or knowledge."

"Talent," says a public writer, "is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact makes him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money."

Some writers say of Luther that, "he was a mere compound of violence and ruggedness." Of course the times in which he lived may have had something to do with it, and possibly a great deal; the times in which Knox lived were crude, boisterous, indeed. Neither Luther nor Knox was celebrated for urbanity; because they had work to do that required strong and determined rather than well-mannered men. But in our day we profess to be a cultured people, and can not well afford to throw away our claims to good breeding. The Apostle Paul said: "Evil communication corrupts good manners." Many persons are thought to be "stiff" and "proud," when they are only reserved; it has sometimes been styled "the English mania;" but it is by no means infrequently found to be characteristic of some folk.

Kindness, gentleness, sociability, are all parts of a manner, ought to be cultivated at home; home should be the place where manner should be most regarded. Too many people think they can act as they please at home; they will spare what little politeness they may have for their trips "abroad" from home; this will not do. Young man, if you have any manners at all, let its light be shed in the home; mother, father, brother, sister, need it; don't lavish all of it upon others less worthy than they. Politeness at home is commendable indeed; what a power for good you can be, and ought to be at home and abroad. When away from home never be what you are not when at home; be the same good, honest "boy" one place as in another. Such conduct inspires confidence in the hearts of people toward you, and they learn to respect you. You can not make a success of your life without the confidence and just admiration of the people; those with whom you associate will notice your manner, and you can not prevent it, so it behooves you to do the best you can in all things with which you have to do. Act only from noble impulses, pure motives, lofty aspirations, but such only as shall have a tendency to do you good; and, withal, keep yourself humble, but not servile. Maintain true estimates of manhood, sobriety, honesty, uprightness, integrity, virtue, and honor; with these your manner in this life will be respected by all who may know you; and you shall be able to exert an influence that would be worthy of imitation.

No man young or old can amount to any thing in this world, or fit himself for the best world, without character; and it is made only by building up an honorable life with proper foundation stones, such as honesty in thought, motive, purpose, desire; virtue, truth, uprightness, integrity, sobriety; love for that which is of good report; emulating noble deeds; living to the honor of God and all men with whom you may come in contact; and you should not forget that "manner" is to be found running through all these attributes of character, polishing them, beautifying them and causing your life to become blessed among men.

There is not that true estimate put upon character that should be; and you should remember that we are living in an age when mankind are filled with desire to get earthly gain without much regard as to the method employed; and young men who desire to maintain their integrity of life can not afford to fritter away their lives by stooping to do those things that are not in keeping with God's method of justice and honor; if you should do other-

wise, true mannerism would lose its sacred force, and a character that might have been found shining with so many human excellencies, would have become fallen, depraved, lost.

My dear young friends, who I have learned to love, having become deeply interested in your welfare both for time and eternity, may I go so far as to beseech of you to mark well your ways in this world, and I can safely assure you that your ways in the next world shall be all you could have hoped for.

Remember the truism: "God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

EXAMPLE.

After some unconscious manner we make of ourselves a pattern from which somebody is going to draft. We can not avoid this, for it is very often true that, "example speaks louder than words;" and who is chargeable? An author observes: "Great is the power of goodness to charm and to command. The man inspired by it is the true king of men, drawing all hearts after him."

It is written of General Nicholson that when he lay wounded on his death-bed before Delhi, he dictated these last words to his noble and gallant friend, Sir Herbert Edwardes: "Tell him I should have been a better man if I had continued to live with him, and our heavy public duties had not prevented my seeing more of him privately. I was always the better for a residence with him and his wife, however short. Give my love to them both." These words falling from the dying lips of a great man should make an impression upon our minds, and cause us to think of the true power of goodness we find in the hearts of men who live on the side of honor, truth and right. We can not place too high an estimate upon actual living worth. The writer has been in the presence of people from whom an influence has proceeded that did his soul good, and caused him to thank God for some one in this sinful world that had in them the power of genuine goodness, whose daily life was an epistle to be read of all who might desire to read it. Example carries with it more force, more power, than precept can possibly do; precept may be heard and forgotten, but example ever before you in your associate can not be over-looked, nor yet soon forgotten; it lives before your eyes, day by day; and so with yourself, your deeds daily committed, live ever present with your companion, who sees, hears, and notes, insensibly, it may be, all you do. There are men in whose presence we feel as if we were breathing of a spiritual ozone, refreshing and invigorating, like inhaling mountain air, or enjoying a bath of sunshine. Lord Brooke said of his deceased friend, Sir Philip Sidney, that "his wit and understanding beat upon his heart, to make himself and others, not in word or opinion, but in life and action, good and great."

It is said that Fox was "proud to confess how much he owed to the example and conversation of Burke." Prof. Tyndall speaks of Faraday's friendship as "energy and inspiration."

It is written that Wordsworth in speaking of the character of his sister, Dorothy, said:

> "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares, and delicate fears;
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love, and thought, and joy."

It is a fact not to be mistaken that "energy of character has always a power to evoke energy in others." And such a power, exercised by men of genius, evokes courage, enthusiasm, and devotion.

Divinity has ordained that we should make the best use possible of our power for good we each possess; and no doubt will hold us responsible for exercise thereof. Being of that part of animal creation that has the power of reason, and judgment, we become recognized as social beings, and in that scale of existence we certainly ought to be found doing what we can that is just and honorable; otherwise we are an injury to society at large, and are not acting upon a righteous principle. The force of example will herein be noticed, and if good, will be a potent factor in our lives that shall tell upon the side of right every where.

A character established upon righteous principle shall stand the test of heaven's scrutiny, and will not be dazed by the all piercing look of Him who shall judge the world.

> "So build we up the being that we are,
> Thus deeply drinking in the soul of things,
> We shall be wise perforce."—*Wordsworth.*

Paul said to Titus: "Young men like-

wise exhort to be sober minded. In all things showing thyself a pattern of *good* works: Sound speech, that can not be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you." Here is a strong hint to the youthful "slangologists" of to-day in professed Christian circles. Again: "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouths." The excuse that it is popular is a flimsy one; "show thyself a pattern" is very wholesome language, indeed. I do not presume to say that after any sanctimonious sort of way you shall assume an air of religious superiority, but by a quiet life, your language being pure, no one can say ill of you and speak the truth. The vocabulary of our times is becoming very much contaminated from the introduction of phrases that, while they seem to serve a purpose by way of abbreviation they do naught but savor of crudeness of speech that lacks the refinement of "sound" that causes language to be attractive and healthful to the hearer. There is a vast amount of importance attaching to human speech, but it is being sadly ignoied in our day by the masses, who appear to be swaying to and fro through the multiplicity of cares, toils, worldliness, and business concerns of life, and "slang" is deemed to be the proper thing to use; but it is commendable to use proper words, and a clean conversation no one can condemn, not even God. To all Latter Day Saints the revelation given April, 1887, on speech, with other things, should have its weight. There may be some "slang words" that are "quite expressive," no doubt, and some of them may be "clean," but the vast majority of them appear to be "decidedly objectionable" in the estimation of the writer. I do not care who may apparently lend their sanction thereto, "elder" or any one else, you are expected to stand upon your own manhood in all these things and consult Christian consistency, and propriety, blended with a sound judgment, it being exercised by prayer. Your force of example in "sound speech" shall wield an influence for good. Is the influence you exert on the side of pure speech, right principle, or is it otherwise? My young friends, you can no more ignore the force of example in this matter than you can in any one line of your personal conduct; if your habits of life are unsavory, you are an unsavory person; this you can not afford to be, and should not. "Astain from all appearance of evil," is an injunction full of meaning, and should be well heeded by all young people. The fact that you may be young does not argue that you should be careless in your conversations, nor yet any ways reckless in any habit of your lives; a young man well adorned with noble traits, with outburstings of kindly deeds, and a loving heart, is a life to be admired and imitated.

(To be continued.)

ONE DEED OF KINDNESS.

One deed of kindness every day
Be earnest to perform;
One mite give to the poor away—
One shelter from the storm.

One word of comfort speak to him
Whose brow is dark with care;
One smile to her whose eyes are dim
By sickness or despair.

One look of kind compassion give—
One motion or a sigh;
One breath to bid the dying live—
One prayer to God on high.

What joy one moment may impart,
If it is spent aright!
One moment saves the broken heart
And puts despair to flight.

All can bestow most precious gifts—
The weak, the low, the poor;
The feeling heart from sorrow lifts
To heaven's wide open door.

Selected.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER VIII.

"FATHER," said Daniel, as they were gathered about the table the next evening, "I have been reading to-day in the book of the prophet Daniel, and he told Nebuchadnezzar about the time when the God of heaven would set up a kingdom. I wish I understood more about it and about the kingdoms which went before it."

"I think I shall be able to explain it to you, and as it is the greatest desire of my heart to see my children who are old enough to choose for themselves, choose the service of God, of course I want you to become subjects of this very kingdom; for your mother and myself are citizens of it, and we shall never be perfectly happy until you are all with us."

"You of course remember," said Mr. Clark, "the very difficult thing which Nebuchadnezzar the king of Babylon had required of the wise men. He had dreamed about certain things but had entirely forgotten his dream, and so great was his anxiety to know the dream, and the meaning of it, that he told the wise men of Babylon they should all be put to death if some one of them did not tell him what he had dreamed, and also the interpretation of the dream. This was more than any man could do, and they told the king that he had asked more of them than any king had ever done before. This however did not cause him to change his mind, and he issued a decree that if they did not tell him his dream they should be slain. Accordingly, as Daniel was among the wise men, they sought him with the rest that they might slay him in obedience to the command of the king. When they told Daniel he quietly asked of the officer, 'Why is the decree so hasty from the king!' The officer told Daniel the reason, and Daniel went to the king and told him that if he would give him time he would tell him his dream and the interpretation. The king granted this and then Daniel went before God in prayer, not without first telling those who were in captivity with him, and asking them to beseech the Lord that he would make the thing known unto him. You remember how God revealed this to Daniel in a night vision; and after thanking the Lord for his goodness and mercy Daniel presented himself before the king, and when the king demanded of Daniel if he was able to tell him the dream, Daniel answered, 'There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets and maketh known to king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days! Then Daniel proceeded to tell the king what he had been thinking of when the dream came into his mind, and he told the king his dream. In this dream the king saw an image. Will you, Mary, give me a description of the image which the king saw?"

"The head of the image was of fine gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly and thighs of brass, the legs were of iron and the feet part of iron and part of clay."

"That is correct, but what do you understand it to have been the image of?"

"Of a man, was it not?"

"Yes, and will you now read from the 37th to 45th verse of the 2d chapter of Daniel?"

Mary found the place and read aloud:

"Thou, O king, art a king of kings; for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength and glory. And wheresoever the children of men dwell, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven hath he given into thine hand, and hath made thee ruler over them all. Thou art this head of gold. And after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee, and another third kingdom of brass, which shall bear rule over all the earth. And the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron; forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things; and as iron that breaketh all these, shall it break in pieces and bruise. And whereas thou sawest the feet and toes, part of potters' clay, and part of iron, the kingdom shall be divided; but there shall be in it the strength of iron, forasmuch as thou sawest the iron mixed with miry clay. And as

the toes of the feet were part of iron and part of clay, so the kingdom shall be partly strong, and partly broken. And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men; but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay. And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever. Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold; the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter; and the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure."

"Daniel, who did the prophet say was this head of gold?"

"Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon."

"What kingdom did the breast and arms of silver represent?"

"The Medes and Persian, who took Babylon from Belshazzar and reigned over most of the then known world."

"What kingdom did his belly and thighs of brass represent?"

"The Greeks under Alexander, who in their turn subdued the Medo-Persians, and reigned supreme."

"That is three universal kingdoms; what is the fourth, or the legs of iron?"

"The Roman Empire, which subdued the Grecian and was divided into the Eastern and Western Empire, and finally was subdivided into the various kingdoms of Europe represented by the feet and toes."

"Of what were these feet and toes composed?"

"Part of iron and part of clay."

"Now I am going to ask you a question, Daniel, and I want you to think carefully before you answer it. When was it that the prophet said the God of heaven would set up a kingdom which should never be destroyed?"

"In the days of these kings."

"What kings are meant?"

"The kings represented by the toes of the image, or the kingdoms into which the Roman Empire was finally divided."

"Do you remember about what time Christ established his kingdom in person?"

"I do not know just what you mean to ask?"

"Was Christ upon the earth in the days of the Grecian or Roman power?"

"The Roman power, of course."

"Was it before or after the division of the Roman government into the Eastern and Western empires?"

"It was before."

"Then, as the ten kingdoms represented by the toes of the image were set up long after this, the kingdom or church established by Christ in person could not have been this kingdom which Daniel saw set up by the God of heaven, could it?"

"No, I think not."

"What did the prophet say this kingdom set up by the God of heaven was to do?"

"To break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and stand forever."

"You must bear in mind then that the church or kingdom which Christ established when here in person, was not established at the time spoken of by Daniel, but the kingdom which Daniel saw was set up by the God of heaven and was to consume or break in pieces all these other kingdoms and stand forever. Daniel himself saw the church established by Christ prevailed against and worn out by the horn in the head of the fourth beast which had eyes and a mouth which spake very great things. 'I beheld,' says Daniel, 'and the same horn made war with the Saints and prevailed against them; until the Ancient of Days came, and judgment was given to the Saints of the Most High; and the time came that the Saints possessed the kingdom * * * and the kingdom and the dominion and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the Saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him.'

History records the fulfillment of many of these predictions, and if we will study it closely enough we shall see how the Lord has been preparing the way for the setting up of his kingdom, which is to be possessed by the Saints of the Most High. When the Lord inspired the heart of Columbus to penetrate the unknown realms of the mighty ocean, there was not upon the face of the whole earth a spot of ground where man might worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. America

was discovered and in process of time the pilgrim fathers came here for that very purpose, and though they themselves became intolerant, God moved upon the framers of our constitution, and not only civil but religious liberty was declared to be the inalienable right of man. This accomplished, and the war ended which secured our independence, and freedom from the trammels of all other governments and the dictation of all narrow prejudice, God then proceeds in fulfilment of prophecy to restore the gospel, send it back to the earth by an angel, and set up his kingdom which the Saints shall possess; but as civil and religious liberty preceded its establishment here, so will it precede its establishment among the nations of the earth."

"What does it take to constitute a kingdom, father?"

"Four things, at least are necessary to constitute a kingdom, either on earth or in heaven. First a king; second laws; thirdly officers who have power to execute those laws, and fourthly subjects who are governed by those laws. Christ is king by the appointment of His Father: 'But unto the Son, he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom. Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.'—Heb. 1: 8, 9.

"His subjects are the Saints, who have been delivered from the power of darkness: 'Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son.'—Col. 1: 13.

"His officers are those who have been called and sent of God: 'And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.'—Heb. 5: 4.

"The laws of his kingdom are in the gospel, which Paul calls the word of reconciliation which God had committed unto them and says, 'We are embassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God.'

"Let us see now how the claims of Joseph Smith will bear testing. Daniel said, 'In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom.'—Dan. 2: 44. Joseph Smith claims that in his first vision he saw the Father and the Son, and they assured him that there was not upon the earth a people or church which was accepted or owned of them, and they commanded him that he should not unite with any of them.

"John the Revelator saw 'Another angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people." Rev. 14: 6.

"Joseph Smith claims that the angel Moroni came to him at various times, and finally delivered to him with his own hands the plates upon which were contained the fulness of the everlasting gospel. John further declares the message of the angel to be, 'Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come.'—Rev. 14: 7.

"Joseph Smith declares that upon the angel returning the second time, he added to his first message the information, that great judgments and desolations were about coming on the earth. They would come by famine, pestilence and the sword even in that generation.

"The word of God plainly teaches and declares that, in the church or kingdom of God, no one has any right to preach the word or administer the ordinances unless God gives him authority. If all the churches were wrong, and Joseph was forbidden to join any of them, where was he to get authority to preach the gospel? They could not give him what they did not have themselves; and if they could have done so, he was forbidden to have anything to do with them. Who was going to say to him, 'Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel.' The Lord had said through Joseph to Oliver Cowdery, 'Behold the field is white already to the harvest, therefore whoso desireth to reap, let him trust in his sickle with his might and reap while the day lasts, that he may treasure up for his soul everlasting salvation in the kingdom of God. Yea, whosoever will thrust in his sickle and reap, the same is called of God.' Do you not see how very easily Joseph might have taken this general call and commandment, as being a call with authority to the ministry?"

"It certainly reads very much like it, father, and is not that the way they go into the ministry in other churches?"

"I believe it is, but it is not God's way,

and Joseph would have made a fatal mistake if he had come to that conclusion or acted in that way; but he did not make such a mistake because he was being taught of God. You remember that Jesus went apart into a mountain, and after he had called his twelve apostles he ordained them that he might send them forth to preach and that they might have power to heal sicknesses, and to cast out devils. His calling them to follow him did not give this power. Jesus called the twelve to follow him, long before he *ordained them* or gave them authority to act as officers in his kingdom."

"Did he ever give Joseph Smith this authority?"

"Yes, he did, but not until after he was baptized."

"Who baptized him?"

"A man by the name of Oliver Cowdery, who had heard of the plates from Joseph's family. I should have told you that Joseph had been married some time before he obtained the plates. When the persecution became so great that he could no longer remain at his father's, he went with his wife to Pennsylvania, taking the plates with him. At first his wife was his only scribe, but Joseph becoming anxious to get on faster with the work prayed to the Lord that he would send him help, which the Lord promised to do. After Joseph went to Pennsylvania, the teacher of the school where his father lived came to his father's to board, and hearing from the family the strange story became very much interested, and prayed earnestly (though secretly) to the Lord that he might know if it was true. The Lord gave him to know that it was true, and his mind was filled with anxiety to go where Joseph was; and as soon as possible he set out with Samuel Smith, a brother of Joseph's, and when they arrived there Joseph was expecting them, for the Lord had told him he would send him help. This teacher was Oliver Cowdery, and he became of great help to Joseph in writing down the translation of the plates; and he is one of the three men to whom the angel showed the plates, as you will remember that Joseph never showed them to but few, because God had forbidden him to do so.

"In translating the plates they came to instruction concerning baptism, and went to the Lord in prayer desiring to know more about it. While they were praying and calling upon the Lord a messenger descended in a cloud of light, and laying his hands upon them ordained them thus: 'Upon you, my fellow-servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness.' The angel then commanded them to go and baptize each other, telling Joseph to first baptize Oliver and then Oliver to baptize Joseph, and in the same manner to ordain each other to the Aaronic priesthood. The same messenger told them that he acted under the direction of Peter James and John, who held the keys of the Melchisedeck priesthood, and promised that in due time this priesthood also should be conferred upon them. Accordingly, in obedience to the command received through this messenger (who was John the Baptist), they baptized and ordained each other; and after they came up out of the water they experienced great and glorious blessings and prophesied many things concerning the church and the people of this generation. This occurred on the 15th of May 1829. The full authority of the kingdom, however, had not yet been conferred upon any one, for no one held authority to lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. Afterwards, Peter James and John conferred the Melchisedeck priesthood upon Joseph and Oliver. On the 6th day of April 1830, the church or kingdom of God was organized with six members.

To be continued.

WE have seen a great many persons who have undertaken to travel through life successfully on their genius, which, in their cases, is only another name for impudence. They commenced this kind of traveling at school, where they extemporized on lessons when they dared, and when they didn't dare to do that, by studying just enough to enable them to slip along.

JULY CLUSTER OF MEMORY GEMS.

"Our thoughts are often worse than we are, just as they are often better than we are. And God sees us as we are altogether, not in separate feelings or actions, as our fellow-men see us. We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions—we don't see each other's whole nature."—*George Eliot.*

1	S.	A FACE THAT CAN NOT SMILE IS NEVER GOOD.
2	M.	Failures are with heroic minds the stepping stones to success.
3	Tu.	A single grateful thought towards heaven is the most effective prayer.
4	W.	Conversation is an engine to do good with, yet how often it does harm.
5	Th.	Envy and cavil are the natural fruits of laziness and ignorance.
6	F.	The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.
7	S.	He surely is most in want of another's patience who has none of his own.
8	S.	A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.
9	M.	There is no such solid basis for patience as hope.
10	Tu.	Conscience is a great ledger book, in which all our offences are written and registered.
11	W.	A friend to everybody is generally a friend to nobody.
12	Th.	Nature makes all the noblemen; wealth, education, or pedigree never made one yet.
13	Fr.	Natural politeness is a preception of and attention to the feelings of others.
14	S.	Open animosity of hatred injures us less than the apparent kindness of friendship.
15	S.	The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.
16	M.	Success is the effect of well-judged endeavors; good fortune is the result of accident
17	Tu.	Much light can be thrown upon our matters by others, but our decisions we must take for ourselves.
18	W.	Ignorance is the devil's college.
19	Th.	Life is like sea-water; it never gets quite sweet till it is drawn up to heaven.
20	Fr.	Every man should study his pleasures while they are in hand.
21	S.	In conversation, humor is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge.
22	S.	Society is made up of deception—even our best society.
23	M.	No one enjoys pure, unalloyed pleasure; there is always some bitter mingled with the sweet.
24	Tu.	Examine yourself whether you wish to be rich or to be happy.
25	W.	Virtue is consecrated ground; truth is classical ground.
26	Th.	Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.
27	F.	Religion is the most gentlemanly thing in the world.
28	S.	Good men but see death, the wicked taste it.
29	S.	Our dreams are the sequel of our waking knowledge.
30	M.	Our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.
31	Tu	Deliberate with caution, but act with decision.

"HE LEADETH ME."—PSALMS 23:2, 3.

BY CHARLES DERRY.

When through dark and turbid waters
My lonely path doth lie,
And the world's proud sons and daughters
In scorn do pass me by,
Then I feel a gentle pressure
Upon my grief-strung heart,
And a joy beyond all measure
Makes all my cares depart.

When my path is rough and thorny,
And my poor feet are torn,
And I sink down on my journey
Exhausted and forlorn;
Then my Savior's hand sustains me
And helps me bear my woe,
By his sweet and tender accents,
"He leadeth me," I know.

When fierce enemies oppress me
And snares beset my feet,
And my inward fears distress me—
My ruin seems complete,
Then I cry unto my Savior
His loving face to show,
And he rescues me from danger—
"He leadeth me," I know.

Oft when darkness overwhelmed me,
And fill'd my soul with grief,
His gracious word upheld me
And gave me sweet relief.
I will praise him for his goodness,
I'll sing his boundless love;
Because I know "He leadeth me"
To mansions fair above.

Still let me feel thy gentle hand
And hear thy loving voice;
Help me to yield to thy command
And make thy law my choice.
Lead me, O, lead me through the maze,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Until upon thy face I gaze
In holy ectasy.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

CHAPTER II.

IN the year 1839, the exact date I do not remember, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, P. P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, and G. A. Smith of the quorum of the twelve, and Theodore Turley and Reuben Hedlock of the High Priest's quorum, (I am not certain whether Joseph Fielding and Willard Richards came with them or with Kimball and Hyde) landed upon the British shore.

The work seemed to gather force from the labors of these men, and it spread over England and Scotland with great rapidity, and thousands were added to the church during their two years' stay. Of course they ordained native converts and sent them forth in every direction to open new places, and these men labored faithfully in preaching the word. When they could not get houses they preached in the streets of the cities, choosing generally the most public thoroughfares. It was not all plain sailing. Sometimes the chairs upon which they stood were jerked from under them; sometimes stones and brickbats came flying in close proximity to their heads, and sometimes they did not miss their mark. Such things, however, did not discourage the brave pioneers of the work; but nerved them more for the battle. Leaning on the arm of their God for strength they went forth, convincing the honest in heart of the truth of the gospel; and souls were added to the church daily, such as would be eternally saved. And, as stated by a writer in the *Herald* a few numbers back, their assemblings to worship were like Pentecost; the gifts of the Holy Spirit were poured out, the hearts of God's people made glad; they rejoiced together in the Lord, and gave glory unto him for his matchless loving-kindness and tender mercies manifested on such occasions.

I had the pleasure of being at the first General Annual Conference held in the

British Isles—at Manchester, April 6th, 1840. It was held in Carpenters' Hall, the seating capacity of which was about twelve hundred. The body of the hall was tolerably well filled with representatives of the priesthood from many of the counties of England, together, in some instances, with their families, and with the Saints of the immediate neighborhood. All of the quorum of the Twelve that were on that side of the Atlantic were present, I believe—I write from memory only. B. Young presided. The first session was opened by the singing of the well known hymn, "The morning breaks, the shadows flee," and prayer by P. P. Pratt. The reports of branches showed an increase beyond our highest expectations. The reports of elders were very cheering and instructive, and, sometimes, amusing. When relating some of their experiences in preaching the word the elders could smile at the recollection; but at the times of the occurences narrated there could not have been much smiling, and the listeners were reminded of the words of the frogs to the boys who were throwing stones at them: "What is fun to you may be death to us." But the most consoling part of the reports was in the manifestations of the Spirit's power in their administration of the word, in baptizing, in confirming, and in administering to the sick—many of whom were healed instantly, in a remarkable manner, agreeing with New Testament history. The word preached was confirmed by signs following.

More elders were ordained, eager for the conflict of truth against error, forming a strong auxiliary to the army corps in the field; and the word in England received a mighty impulse from that conference. The meetings for preaching were well attended, the house generally well filled and the Spirit's power attended the preaching of the word. Elder Peter Mellen was ordained Patriarch of the British Mission, and Elder James Whitehead his scribe.

In the early summer of 1840 my parents moved to Manchester, and while residing there they became acquainted with the family of Parley P. Pratt, who had accompanied him on his mission and located in that city. Elder Pratt had been appointed by the couference to establish and conduct a paper there, in the interest of the church; it was called the Millennial Star. The financial resources of the church not being very ample at that time, they had to hire the printing done; and I well remember being in the office on Oldham Road with Bro. Pratt when the first number of the Star came in, and Parley's step-daughter and myself folded the major part of of the same.

A committee had been appointed to publish the Book of Mormon. Elders P. P. Pratt and B. Young were on that committee, and learning that my father had a little means by him, they obtained the loan of it for the purpose mentioned; and thus I feel a satisfaction, at least, in my father's means' helping to publish the first edition of the Book of Mormon in the British Isles. Do you call this a weakness, dear reader? Be it so! it is a weakness I shall ever cherish. When I think of the great purposes of God to be accompliseed through the agency of that book, as foretold by prophets of God in the Old Testament and in the book itself, my heart swells with gratitude to God for the privilege of helping to advance its truths to the nations of the earth, though it should be in the humblest capacity.

On the first of May, 1841, we sailed from Liverpool, bound for New York, in the good ship Orpheus, following the Patrick Henry, which brought over all the apostolic missionaries except P. P. Pratt, who stayed in England two years longer. I do not know the exact number of passengers on the Orpheus, but estimate it at near 200, the major portion of whom were Welsh, their destination being near Utica, New York. It was on the 30th of April that we cast loose from Prince's Dock, and were slowly warped out of the same, and into the river Mersey, where we dropped anchor, and waited ed till the next day for the captain to come on board. The steam-tug was alongside, and as soon as the captain boarded us he gave orders to "up anchor" and steam away. The anchor catheaded, the steamer's paddles began to turn, casting the white foam behind; and the good ship beginning to move, we felt as though we had cast loose forever from our native land. My brother, four years younger than myself, and I got upon a plank which was about a foot below the gunwale of the ship and forward of the larboard gangway in order that we might

catch the last glimpse of the land where we had passed so many happy hours of childhood, and bade her farewell by singing, "The gallant ship is under way," "Yes my native land I love thee," &c.

While the steamboat was tied to our ship we had plain sailing, some of the long faces consequent upon leaving their childhood home began to assume pleasant smiles, and wit and repartee were the order of the hour, and all went "merry as a marriage bell;" but alas! how changed the scene as soon as the boat cast off her fastenings and began to feel that she was left alone in her glory in deep soundings! The wind being aft placed her on an even keel, which gave her the rolling and pitching motion so hard on untrained nerves; and pale faces soon indicated that Neptune was not disposed in any measure to relax his inexorable demand of tribute of all who invaded his domains. Before night the wind had veered on the larboard quarter, and the ship bowled along on her starboard, which motion made it more comfortable.

When the the steamboat had left us some little time, a boy about my own age, who had been stowed away in the hold, came on deck. The captain did not like it, but could not help it then, for there was no way to dispose of him only to let him go along. The mate found him plenty to do as a boy of all work, and as he had made a trip to sea before, he was at times handy in helping the sailors. The boy was very willing to do what he could, and soon became a favorite with the seamen. My brother and I being the only other English boys on board, soon formed an acquaintance with him. I asked him to eat with us several times, and he returned the compliment by invitus boys down into the forecastle to eat with him and the seamen. I found nothing bad in the boy, only he had run away from home to gratify a roving dispositon and because he had a fondness for sea life. Sometimes he would take a notion to go aloft, and would dare me to follow him, which I did on one or two occasions, after having the assurance that the sailors would not tie me to the rigging—as is their custom to do to every landsman who for the first time ventures aloft. The last time I made the ascent I came very near ending my mortal career. The boy alluded to, having a little leisure and feeling buoyant in spirit, challenged me to follow him aloft, and boasted that he would do something that I could not do. The challenge nettled me a little; and as it was given in the hearing of the passengers, who saw me hesitate, they began to accuse me of being afraid. That decided me, and I said, Lead ahead, and I'll follow. You see, my youthful reader, that I did not have courage to brave the laughter and the accusation of cowardice. I showed cowardice in taking notice of their sneers. I ought to have had the courage to have said No, to the banter; failing to do which nearly cost me my life. He started and I followed, determined to do what he did, if possible; for by this time the passengers began to gather round and manifest an interest in the banter and in the exploit to be performed. He led the way till he got just beneath the futtock shrouds. He then turned his side to the rigging, steadied himself a little, jumped for a rope—the top-sail halyards—which appeared to be four feet or more from him, grasped it with his hands and at the same time wound his lower limbs about it and slid down with ease. I was standing below him when he jumped, and was in place, ready to jump as he reached the deck. I confess that when I looked at the rope, the distacnce to be jumped to catch it and the distance to fall if I missed it, and considered the cramped position from which I had to jump, my heart thumped against my side; but catching sight of the many upturned faces, gazing and laughing at me, as much as to say, You're beaten, I nerved myself for the leap. I sprang off the rigging and caught the rope with my hands, but did not succeed in doing so with my feet, and found myself going down by the run. My head grew dizzy; but realizing my situation, I tightened my grip and came to a stop about six feet from the deck, the skin all off my fingers. Looking on the passengers with a smile of triumph, I saw that their faces were blanched with fear; they had expected, as they afterward told me, to see me mashed on the deck. My parents knew nothing of it until it was all over; but being informed of it by a considerate individual, my father came on deck and forbade my going aloft any more, and that put an end to my aerial trips for that voyage.

So far as sailing is concerned, we had a

very nice trip of thirty days; nothing occurring out of the daily routine except one or two incidents and an occasional extraordinary breeze which, happily, did not last long; and we sometimes spoke a sail in passing, and saw on the distant horizon the line of smoke of the ocean steamers, and at times obtained a distinct outline of the smoke-stacks, sails and hulls of others. We had, one night, so the sailors said, a narrow escape from runing foul of an ice-berg. It was very foggy weather. The lookout on the to-gallant forecastle had received from the officer of his watch strict orders to keep a sharp look out, for on such occasions collisions frequently occurr. The lookout saw something loom up through the fog, white and tall, and sang out to the helmsman to port his helm, and he had barely time to do so, and we passed so close the sailors said they could have tossed a buscuit on the ice mountain. Thus the hand of the Lord preserved us from destruction. The only other time the equilibrium of our peace was disturbed was about the the third Sunday out from Liverpool. About noon a sail was made out on our weather quarter. The sky-sail poles were discernable from the deck. The captain and chief mate would look at her alternately through the telescope. This was no cause for alarm; we had seen it done freqently; but the actions of the captain began to be noticed by the crew and passengers. He sent the mate aloft to see what he could make of her, who scanning her through the telescope some time, came down and reported to the captain. What the nature of that report was, was not made known at the time. The passengers got interested and kept a watch on the strange sail; and by the middle of the afternoon could perceive that she had gained on us so that her top-gallant sails [the second highest sails] were visible; and she appeared to be following in our wake, whether she was chasing us or not. Another trip to the top, and an unfavorable report as to the stranger's honesty of purpose was given. The captain stayed on deck and kept his glass pointing at the stranger, and was heard to exclaim "Oh for the night!" for he had come to the conclusion that the sail astern was a Rover of the Ocean. She gained on us perceptibly, and fear began to take hold of the passengers, who could not go below, but stayed on deck all the time, fascinated with the pursuing vessel. Notwithstanding the captain clapped on all sail that would draw, the stranger gained on us, so that by sun-down we could discern her lower sails and by night-fall the whole ship was in view. She continued to gain on us, and was about to overtake us as could be seen through the night glass, when the wind, which was blowing pretty fresh, turned to a gale. Then the captain, instead of taking in sail, as is commonly done at such times said we might as well go to the bottom in the ship, as we were sure to fare worse if those villains caught us; so he carried sail till some of the smaller spars began to snap, and then carried all she would bear. The storm and the darkness of the night were in our favor, and through these the hand of God delivered us from the sea-robbers. He who ruleth the wind and the wave interfered in our behalf and preserved us from those demons in human form; for after the storm we never saw them more. The captain published in the New York papers and I heard it read by the lady of the house where we stopped, that the ship Orpheus was chased by pirates, but the night and the storm coming up, separated and delivered her out of their hands. Two days after being chased by the pirate we spoke two schooners, and the captain, hailing them through the speaking trumpet, told them that we had been chased by a pirate two days before, and warned them to look out for him.

My brother, residing at Lewiston, Ills., tells me that he read an account published in one of the New York papers [but forgot when he wrote to state the time and the name of the paper. I can only vouch for it on what I know to be the character of my brother for veracity; and I insert it because it is the only account that has ever come to light of what became of the ill-starred steamship President] of a Doctor Somers, who stated that he was a passenger on the great steamship President when she sailed for Liverpool, England, on her first and only trip. As he further states, they were captured by pirates, and all but eight persons— four men, including himself, and four women—were compelled to walk the death plank, and the steamer was destroyed. He was forced to go with them on their marauding expedi-

tions, and was with them when they chased our ship, the Orpheus, as his account agreed with the day, the time of espial, and the storm which hindered the pirates from accomplishing their design on us. He said there never was a more maddened set of men, when they found themselves baffled of their prey, and that their actions were fiendish in the extreme. They went to their rendezvous, and in the midst of their orgies burned the four women spoken of; and when they had become stupified with the poisonous fluid they partook of, Somers and his companions took the only boat that the pirates had brought to shore for going back and forth to their vessel—at anchor a distance off—went to the vessel, got some necessary things, set the vessel on fire, and getting into their boat pulled away. They had not gone far when the ship blew up. They put to sea, choosing to run the risk of death at sea, rather than to stay with those men. After two of them had perished, Somers and his remaining companion were picked up by a dutch ship and carried to Amsterdam. From there they sailed to Liverpool and thence to New York, where the above account was published.

Nothing remarkable took place during the remainder of our voyage. One thing that struck the writer as peculiar, was a remark make by an American seaman the evening of the day before we landed, "See the Yankee sun go down." This was some what of a new idea, that any nation should lay claim to that luminary. The next day land was discovered, and pilot boats were soon seen skimming over the water, one of which came to us and put a pilot on board. He took the place of the captain and guided the ship safe into port.

To be Continued.

SLANG.

BY M. A. HUGHES.

THE vice or habit of using slang and by-words has become so prevalent, even among those who profess to be the pople of God, that we have felt impressed to write a few words upon this subject, hoping that some one may derive benefit therefrom.

We were reading a short time ago of a boy who on being reproved for using slang said: "We can't help it nowadays; the boys all use slang, and it comes awful handy when a fellow cant think of anything else to say." And on being reproved for using the word awful, he said: "Why, very sounds so tame, you know, it isn't just the thing." But, dear boys (and girls too), when you can not find words in the English language sufficient to express your thoughts, without resorting to words and phrases meaningless in themselves and which originated in the slums of vice among the low and depraved, would it not be better to remain silent?

If a gentleman or lady is known by the company that he or she keeps, there is also a characteristic by which one may be known, and that is the language he or she uses. Paul says, in Ephesians iv, 29: "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good, to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers." And yet, how often are our ears greeted with coarse, vulgar, ungentlemanly and unlady-like expressions from young men and young women.

A little girl coming from the country to attend school in town was surprised and shocked to hear the way the girls greeted each other on the street. The phrase used was not Good morning, nor Good evening,—these would "sound too tame, you know"—but a word was used which you oftener hear, for it has quite taken the place of the others. And right here we would say, if any city boy or girl should chance to read this who thinks country boys and girls know nothing, let them remember there are many boys and girls who have been raised on

the farm from whom many city-bred young people might learn valuable lessons in good behavior and modesty.

But, we are sorry to say, this evil is not confined to the young and thoughtless, but is heard among those who should be teachers of the young; even ministers of the gospel are not wholly free from its contaminating influence. Oh, that the people of God might come out from the world and be separate from its evil practices and vices and live pure, holy, acceptable lives before God and the world!

Jesus, the great teacher, who spake as never man spake, said: "For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and again he said: "For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned."—Mat. xii, 29-32. Then, if we are to be justified or condemned by our words, how very careful should we be of the words we use. Oh, that the words of our mouth and the meditation of our hearts might be acceptable in the sight of our Lord, our strength and Redeemer.

We fully endorse the views of the writer of "Card Playing Girls;" and if it be true (which we believe it is) that young men lose their respect for young ladies in the exact measure that the latter cease to be governed by fine womanly feelings and high standards of character, then how can a refined, pure-minded man (such as all ladies admire) respect or choose for a life companion a lady from whose lips issue coarse by-words and slang phrases which he hears used on the streets by rough men and boys. However, to please men should not be the actuating principle of our efforts to do good, but to please God and make our record such that Jesus our Savior will not be ashamed of us before his Father and the holy angels. If we please God, we need not be afraid of offending the most fastidious, by word or act.

"So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the dotrine all divine."

HEROIC LIVES AT HOME.

THE heroism of private life, the slow, unchronicled martyrdoms of the heart, who shall remember? Greater than knightly dragon slayers of old, is the man who overcomes an unholy passion, sets his foot upon it, and stands serene and strong in virtue. Grander than Zenobia is the woman who struggles with the love that would wrong another or degrade her own soul and conquers. The young man, ardent and tender, who turns from the dear love of woman, and buries deep in his heart the sweet instinct of paternity, to devote himself to the care and support of aged parents or an unfortnnate sister, and whose life is a long sacrifice, in manly cheerfulness and majestic spirit, is the hero of the rarest type.

The young woman who resolutely stays with father and mother in the old home, while brothers and sisters go forth to homes of their own, who cheerfully lays on the altar of filial duty that costliest of human sacrifices, the joy of loving and of being loved,—she is a heroine. I have known many such.

The husband who goes home from every day routine and the perplexing cares of business with a cheerful smile and a loving word for his invalid wife; who brings not against her the grievous sin of a long sickness, and reproaches her not for the cost and discomfort thereof; who sees in her languid eyes somethig dearer than girlish laughter, in the sad face and faded cheeks that blossom into smiles and even blushes at his coming—something lovelier than the oldtime spring roses—he is a hero. I think I know some such.

The wife who bears her part in the burden of life—even though it be the larger part—bravely, cheerfully, never dreaming that she is a heroine, much less a martyr; who bears with the faults of a husband, uot altogether congenial, with a loving patience and a large charity, with noble

decision hiding them from the world—who makes no confidants and asks no confidence, who refrains from brooding over shortcoming in sympathy, and from seeking perilous "affinities," who does not build high tragedy sorrows on the inevitable, nor feel an earthquake in every family jar; who sees her husband united with her indissolubly and eternally in their children—she, the wife in very truth, in the inward as in the outward, is a heroine, though of a rather unfashionable type.

Grace Greenwood.

Under the Lamp-light.

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

THE RECEPTION OF NEW PUPILS.

TWENTY-SIX years ago a gentleman knocked at a school room door, and introduced to the teacher who answered his summons his little daughter, a child of eleven years. She was a sensitive, conscientious little creature, full of dread at the thought of a new school, a new teacher, and new companions. Grasping tightly her father's hand, she scanned with anxious eyes her new teacher's face, while in few words her limited privileges in the past and her small attainments were described.

"We have been living in the country, and have had only the district school for our children. This little one has had poor health, and I fear you will find her very deficient in comparison with others of her age. She is, however, ambitious and studious, and will, I think, give you no trouble, if you can be patient with her just at first."

The teacher was a tall, large-framed woman, with a homely face, whose plainness was heightened by her deep mourning dress, with black ruffles at neck and wrist; but there was a noble heart beneath that plain exterior, and she held out to the shrinking child a hand of welcome with such a pleasant, sunny look in her eyes that the little girl forgot her fears and gave back an answering look of pleasure.

"I can be patient a long time with a child who *tries*, and that I *know* this little girl will do."

"Oh, I *will* try," answered the child. "I don't know much, but I will be good."

"I am sure of that," was the confident answer, as the teacher exchanged a quick look with the father, who stooped to kiss his little daughter's face and bade her good-by.

With her small heart swelling with the desire to prove herself worthy of her teacher's confidence, little May took the seat appointed and began her new life.

The most harmonious relations existed between May and her teacher, and they were strengthened by every day's association. Eager to prove that Miss ——'s confidence had not been misplaced, the child bent her entire energies to her work, and soon put herself on a level with other children of her age.

At the end of the term there came a break. The teacher whose commendation had been so sought and valued gave up teaching to become the wife of a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. Little May cherished for years a tiny box of wedding-cake and some pressed flowers, but forgot entirely a little gift wrought by her own loving fingers for her teacher's new home.

Years rolled by, and the child became a woman. All communication with the teacher of her childish days had long since ceased, but the influence of those few quiet words of welcome and confidence were working still and bearing fruit; for the child had become a teacher, and remembering how pleasant words of greeting years ago had given her courage and inspiration, she made it her earnest purpose to give to every pupil who entered her school such a welcome as should put him at once on a ground of mutual confidence.

She shook hands wtih the new boy, and, retaing his hand for a moment, looked down into his eyes with a sunny smile of welcome, saying, "Good morning, my boy. We are strangers now, but I hope we shall soon be very good friends. I like my boys to feel that I am their friend."

To the dull child, whose efforts at passing an

examination served only to reveal a mental "confusion worse confounded," she said: "Well, that is bad, I'll admit; but I was once a backward little girl myself; so I know how to sympathize with you, and I'll help you all I can, if you'll try too."

To the boy whose eyes showed that "happy-go-lucky" spirit, ready for work or mischief as outside influences might determine, she would say: "Some of my little boys have an idea that it is manly to be naughty and troublesome. You have such a kind look in your eyes that I want you to help me. I want you to show these little boys that a large boy thinks it more manly to be gentlemanly and courteous, and not afraid of being laughed at for doing right."

Thus, out of her own experiences, May B— was making men and women who were in turn to go out into life, carrying on the work of helping others. Why do we not, as teachers, go back to our own childish experiences to find a way to help our pupils?

Two years ago, by one of those little occurrences which we call accidents, an allusion was made in Miss B——'s hearing to the Sandwich Islands. With a love that years and separation had not chilled, she spoke of her old teacher, and found to her delight that Mrs. —— was still living and still working, though in widowhood, in her old mission field.

"I wonder if Mrs. —— would remember me! I believe I will write to her!" And she did.

Why did tears of joy course down the cheeks furrowed by toil and sorrow, as Mrs. —— read that little letter from her old pupil?

"Your confidence in me made me what I am." Will our old age bring us such letters from our pupils?

Ida M. Gardner in American Teacher.

TOPIC LESSON.

"PLEASE may we have 'Spanish Armada' for a topic next week?" said a bright-eyed girl to her teacher one Friday morning at recess. "Certainly, but what suggested the topic to you?" said the teacher, while she added the name to the list for the coming week. The girl replied that she had noticed the words in a sentence in her grammar, and wished to know the meaning before having the sentence in her lesson. Soon after a lad came to the desk and requested the addition of "Bacchus" to the list. "I saw the name in a newspaper the other evening," said he, "and I thought he must have been one of the old gods we had been reading about, so I asked my aunt, and she told me something about him, but I don't believe some of the other boys know who he was." Bacchus was soon added to the list. As the bell rang and the girls came up from the gymnasium, flushed and bright from their exercise, two stopped at the desk with requests for "ants" and "Ajax" as topics for the next week, but as there were eight already down, the girls were told to reserve the two for the week following. A lady who had called during recess said, "What do these children mean by asking to have all these subjects for next week." As the hour from eleven to twelve was the time devoted each week to the "Topic Lesson," she was invited to stay and find out for herself. She remained from curiosity, but at the end of the hour declared herself ready to come in every Friday morning when possible, as she had learned some new things, refreshed her memory about various others, and the enthusiasm of the pupils was refreshing. The first topic chanced to be "Achilles," and a pupil was called upon to read what he had condensed from all he had read about the topic during the past week; when he had finished, those who had something additional, raised their hands and were called upon until all which had been gathered about the subject had been read; then followed "catacombs" which was exhausted in the same manner, "fire," which caused the teacher to make a mental note of "Vesta," as a pleasing topic for some future time, "Mary Lyon," "chameleon," "herring," "Piedmont" and "respiration" were the others; the latter was such a broad subject and suggested so many questions that, as the time had nearly expired, the teacher allowed it to be taken up again at the next lesson, when she would have a calf's or sheep's lungs or heart and allow all, who wished, to examine them with the aid of a magnifying glass, both before they were cut apart and open and after. The visitor in answer to her inquiries, was told that this lesson was a fair sample of similar lessons given once a week for many years; that each pupil in the class was required to be able to state some fact about the subject, and could write as much more in his note-book, as he found time to do during the week, without interfering with his other lessons, it had always seemed a pleasant task for the pupils who, of course, never had any idle time on their hands, learned to condense what they read, to become interested in reading, outside of school hours, something more instructive than the trashy literature which some children read, and to accumulate a general knowledge of people, places, and myths that they might never become interested in by any other way. The matter was written and read for several reasons, viz., it

helps them to condense; it is more strongly impressed upon the memory by copying; in the reading each pupil is expected to be able to pronounce each word correctly, and must look out the pronunciation of unfamiliar words. Occasionally the preceding topics are reviewed orally from memory. A similar lesson could be given and required by any teacher in any school, even where encyclopedias are not available; trust a child to find out anything he really wants to know. "Young Folks Cyclopedia of Persons and Places," and "Common Things," published by Holt & Co., can both be purchased for less than five dollars, and will afford great pleasure to both teacher and pupils.

Miss Eva Benham.

THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

THE FIRST BOOK OF NEPHI.

BY H. A. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER V.

The Remainder of Nephi's Vision—The Degredation of his People—The Coming of Columbus and other Discoverers seen—The Bible in their Hands—Lehi and his Colony Journey to the Indian Ocean—There they Build a Ship, Cross the Pacific and Land in Peru.

AFTER Nephi had seen in the vision the coming degeneracy of his people the angel commanded him to look upon another scene. And before his wondering gaze was presented the coming kingdoms of the world, even the great nations of the Gentiles and their multitude and glory. And in their midst was a great church, which the angel told him was more abominable in the sight of the Lord than any other; because of its origin, and for the reason that, when the day of its power came, it would be a great persecutor of the Lord's people, torturing and putting to death many of them. The silks and brilliant clothing, and gold and precious things which he saw that she possessed, he was told represented the pride and the evil purposes and desires of that church. For she would love the praise of the world and take part in its pomp and show, at the same time bringing the poor and the meek into subjection to her will.

And Nephi witnessed that his descendents upon the land of promise were separated by great waters from the powerful church and from the nations of the Gentiles. Then the angel told him to look and see what judgments God would permit to come upon his people because of the evil doings among them. And he saw that certain men among the Gentiles were moved upon by the Spirit of the Lord, which caused them to go over the waters to the land where dwelt the posterity of his father's house. And when they had come they made war against them, and by and by they possessed the land; and Nephi saw that because of the iniquity of his people the Lord would permit this to be done. He also saw that those who came across the waters were white, and fair to look upon, just as of his people had been before they sinned against themselves and against God, and became filthy, degraded, and dark-skinned.

He witnessed that the new comers upon the land humbled themselves before the Lord, and that they sought for justice and administered righteousness. Then the Lord favored them greatly, and he prospered them so that they seemed to inherit the land as a possession from the Lord, just as those before them had done so long as they kept themselves from great iniquity and from secret works of darkness. For thus had the Lord covenanted it should be to those whom he should bring upon it. Then Nephi saw that some of the nations from which they came oppressed them, and when they resisted they made war upon them, both upon the land and upon the sea. But the favor of God was with the new people, and upon the other hand his wrath was upon those that oppressed them, therefore he gave strength

to the weak ones and delivered them out of the power of all who tried to bring them into subjection.

And Nephi was shown that the Gentiles of his vision had a book, one which seemed to be very precious to them. The angel told him that this book was the record that they had obtained from the Jews, and that it contained the covenants that the Lord had made with Israel and Judah. He was also informed that when the book should come from the Jews to the Gentiles it would contain the plainness of the gospel of the Son of God, but that from it the great and abominable church would take away many things that had before made it easy to be understood, and that were of value to all the children of men. And after that was done it would go to many nations, but much of that which the people of the nations would find in it they would not understand, and Satan would darken their minds concerning the word of God and the gospel of Christ. Therefore they would lose the knowledge of the true ways of the Lord and become hardened in their hearts because of the evil wrought.

Assurance was given to Nephi that the Lord would not permit either his posterity or that of his brethren to be entirely destroyed by those who should come to possess the land, but that a remnant should remain. And it was promised him that, before his people should be destroyed as a nation, a record should be written by some of them and that it should be preserved in order that a knowledge of his people, of their history, and of the dealings of God with them, might come to the Gentiles; and by and by to the remnant that should remain of the posterity of himself and his brethren. And the Lord would also give light, unto all who would receive it, concerning those precious things that he saw had been taken out of the book which the angel called the book of the Lamb of God. For the Lord by his power would restore the truth unto men. And other writings should be had which would prove the truth of the first, and the testimonies together would convince both Gentiles and Jews that the words of the prophets and apostles were true in relation to Christ and his gospel. And the seed of Nephi and Laman should also come to a knowledge of all these things; for the Lord would not permit them to always remain in their blind and degraded state. And God said that those who would do his will in that time should be blessed with the gifts and powers of the Holy Spirit in performing his work.

Nephi received farther testimony that Jesus Christ was to be the name of the Lamb of God, and he was told that only through him could mankind obtain eternal life; and that all must come unto him as the one having the power to lead them in the true way thereunto. For the purpose of so guiding them he would manifest himself plainly both unto the Jews and unto the Gentiles, and in the latter days first unto the Gentiles and afterwards to the Jews, that all who would might know the Redeemer of the world and his salvation before his final coming. For the Lord purposed to perform a great work in the latter times, and those who accepted it should receive great joy and peace, but those who should reject the light then to be given would suffer everlasting loss in consequence. And he saw that the great church had wonderful power over the lives and hearts of men among all the nations of the earth, while the Church of the Lamb had few members and their dominion was small. But he beheld that the Spirit of the Lord was with them in all parts of the earth where they dwelt, and by it they were comforted and made able to endure.

When the vision was past Nephi returned to the tents where they dwelt in the valley by the Red Sea, and when he found his brothers contending against the visions and teachings of their father, he felt troubled, for he had seen in his vision what would be the result of their unbelief and hardness of heart as pertaining to them and to their posterity in the generations to come Nephi urged them to inquire of the Lord that they might know for themselves, but they replied that he would not answer them. Nephi said that it was because of their lack of faith in him, and then he told them much of what he had learned, and of God's purposes concerning them and the rest of Abraham's seed, and of the coming of a Savior unto them and unto the world to redeem and to gather his people in the latter days. He also explained to them the meaning of the tree, the fruit, the rod of iron, the building, and the dark river that he and his father had seen in vision, but they answered that

these things were too hard for them to understand. However, they humbled themselves very much at that time, and were willing to go with the others towards the land that had been promised them. I should here mention that the daughters of Ishmael became the wives of Zoram and of the sons of Lehi while they were dwelling in that place.

After these things Lehi received, as from the Lord, a small round box, which contained a spindle that was to point out, day by day, exactly the direction they were to travel in, that they might accomplish the journey that was before them. [*h*] Then, being instructed to move forward, they left the camp in the valley and traveled east and south, killing game as they went, upon which to live, and keeping in the best part of the wilderness. Occasionally they stayed for a long time in some place that was good, and thus they traveled and dwelt for months, the Lord giving them instructions, from time to time, concerning their safety in keeping his commandments. During this time Ishmael died, and after that the brothers of Nephi set themselves against Nephi and their father, and talked of taking their lives so that they might return to Jerusalem without further trouble. But the Spirit of the Lord reproved them sharply for their wicked thoughts, and they became ashamed and were reconciled.

Thus for eight years they traveled on, or dwelt by the way, till they came to a land they called Bountiful, because of the abundance of fruit and honey in it, and they dwelt there by the side of a great sea, rejoicing that they had escaped from the wilderness and had come to a land of plenty. It was while they were dwelling there that the Lord commanded Nephi to build a ship in which to cross the sea to the land that they were seeking, and he instructed him how to make the tools with which to do the work, and how to build the vessel. Therefore he prepared himself as he was commanded, but his brothers laughed at the folly of their undertaking such a work, so few were they, so limited their means, and so vast the ocean that seemed to roll between them and the object they sought.

Then Nephi reasoned with them upon the evidences that they had of the great power of God. He spoke of the wonderful manifestations unto their fathers from the beginning of the Hebrew race, and of his marvellous dealings with the Egyptians and with the nations in Canaan before his people Israel. Therefore could he not do great things in their behalf also? Nephi said that whatever the Lord commanded men to do he would certainly aid them in performing. He also reproved them for their lack of faith in the promises of God, and exhorted them to have faith and to labor with him in making ready to cross the sea. His reproofs caused them to be angry, so that they again desired to take his life; but the Lord caused them to feel the power of his Spirit to that degree that they were afraid, and they also became convinced that Nephi had spoken truly when he said that God was with their father in his undertaking. Therefore they turned again with him to keep the commandments, and to assist Nephi in building the ship according to the pattern that the Lord gave them. And Nephi prayed unto the Lord often, and he increased in understanding as to the will and purposes of God.

Now when the vessel was finished, and they had prepared food for their voyage, as well as seeds and other things that they should take with them, they were commanded to go on board. There was quite a company of them, for two more sons, Jacob and Joseph, had been added to Lehi's family while in the wilderness, and also unto all of his older sons, and unto the sons of Ishmael, and unto Zoram, had been born children during the years of their journey, so that their number was not few when they started over the sea. As the wind drove them safely along the sons of Lehi became merry, and they forgot both propriety of conduct and the worship of God, as well as the object of their journey. And they danced, and were rude and boisterous, and when Nephi reproved them they bound him. But a great tempest arose and of necessity they released him that he might guide the ship. Then the storm abated and after a time they reached the land. And they came to the shore upon what we call the western coast of South America, probably landing in the country now called Peru, or in Colombia. [*i*]

We do not know just where they begun their settlement, but evidently by the history it must have been away from the sea and from the mountains. They cultivat-

ed the soil and put in the seeds that they had brought, which resulted in abundance of food. Horses and cattle in great number they found upon the land, also goats and other animals of which they could make use. [j]

The precious metals, gold and silver, and copper, too, were found by them, and Nephi made leaves of some of these upon which to engrave a further record of their journey and of the words of the Lord that they had received since they left Canaan, that they might be as enduring as the history of their fathers and of the prophets that they previously had. For all these records were designed to be handed down from generation to generation for the instruction of their descendents.

And Nephi wrote a plain prophecy of the coming of Christ to Jerusalem, and of his rejection and crucifixion by the Jews. And he did this that his people of after times might see the record of the coming Redeemer. He showed how, as a consequence of that rejection, the Jews would be scattered by their enemies and become wanderers among the nations, until the day that they should again turn their hearts towards the Lord God of their fathers. Then, he said, would the Lord gather them from the four quarters of the earth, and all lands and nations should see the salvation of God. To those who lived in his time he read the record upon the plates of brass, as obtained from Laban, so that they were instructed concerning the early history of the world, and knew the story of the patriarchs and prophets down till the time that Lehi left Jerusalem.

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[h] This instrument with two pointers in it (probably meaning a spindle that was set upon a pivot, and thus pointing both forward and backward) appears to have been something after the order of what we call a compass, and thus the name that Nephi called it by is sometimes translated, though the manner of its operation as well as the other purposes which it served, shows that it was not merely a magnetic needle. However, those who have criticized the book have tried to make it so appear, and because of this it may be well to state that if it was such, and if it was an entirely new thing in the world, still the Lord could give to whom he pleased the first use of such an invention. But the evidence is that hundreds of years before the Christian era the Chinese used a compass to guide them when they made long journeys by land. Chambers' encyclopedia says: "It appears on very good authority that it was known in China and throughout the East at a very remote period." And of its use on the sea Zell says: "The sailors who navigated the Indian Ocean and the eastern seas were well acquainted with its use in the third century of the Christian era, when it was quite unknown in Europe." It is not certain that it was used or known in Europe till Marco Polo returned from Cathay (China and Japan) in 1260, therefore it being known that it was in use in other countries a thousand years before this time it may be reasonably allowed that it was known still farther back.

But this ball or box was a gift from the Lord, and as necessary in their guidance as was the miraculous cloud by day and pillar of fire by night that guided the hosts of Israel on their way, though not so great and majestic, for in this case the number of travelers was small, but in both cases the way that the pilgrims should go was pointed out. But, more than that, it was a director in another sense; for upon it the Lord caused to be seen such words of instruction as he would give to those whom he was guiding, just as the high priest of the Jews read the will of God to that people as the words appeared upon the urim and thummim.

Further upon this subject of interest: The writer when in Michigan in June, 1868, heard a Seneca Indian lecture upon the traditions held among the Six Nations, such as he said came down from great antiquity. One of the strange coincidences between these traditions and the account in the Book of Mormon as to their origin was his statement that their fathers originally dwelt in a country far from this, and that it was the will of the Great Spirit that they should travel to a distant land; that their leader was a man of large stature, and with him the Great Spirit talked face to face, and instructed him as to their journey; that a guide of some kind went before them; and with them was a box containing precious things that no one was permitted to touch except those who were appointed to have charge. This Indian knew nothing of the Book of Mormon, or about our faith. He was a Methodist exhorter through conversion, knowing religiously only that faith and the traditional worship of his race. Therefore we have both the statements of the book and the traditions of the aboriginees that the ancient dwellers upon this land were led here by him who "hath determined the times and the bounds" of the habitations of "all the nations of men for to dwell upon all the face of the earth," as Paul so authoritatively declares. If so, and we need not doubt it, then he leads and guides them here and there by such means as he chooses, and directs their goings forth from generation to generation.

[i] The succeeding history of this colony makes it evident that Lehi and his company landed on the coast of South America, and that it was several centuries before they moved far enough north to reach Mexico and the United States. In agreement with this is the testimony of the men of our time who have made a study of the ancient relics, ruins, sculptures and traditions of the old-time civilization, which civilization they say existed in South and in Central America for ages. On page 285 of J. D. Baldwin's "Ancient America" he says: "I find myself more and more inclined to the opinion that

the aboriginal South Americans are the oldest people on this continent." This is correct, for the first settlers, the people of Jared, were entirely destroyed before Lehi came.

Further, about the settlement having begun in South America, we find by Mr. Baldwin, on page 170 as follows: "According to the old traditions, of both Mexico and Peru, the Pacific coast in both countries was anciently visited by a foreign people who came in ships. That there was communication between Eastern Asia and America, in very ancient times, is in a high degree probable." He also writes that this country was named and recorded on Japanese and Chinese books before the time of Columbus, but remarks that the people of these countries did not come here as civilizers, "for," he says, "there is no trace of them in the old ruins." Therefore we are the more confirmed that those who came were neither Chinese nor Japanese, but that in one case the settlers were the people of Jared and in the other the people of Lehi.

When the Nephites did move northward they went at first as far as the southern border of the former Jaredite possession, beyond which border they found a country that had been deserted by a great people, for they saw the ruins of many cities and villages scattered over a large territory, and they called it the Land of Desolation. It is written in Alma 13:11 that along this border it was only a day and a half's journey for a Nephite across from the sea east to the sea west; therefore the northern line must have been on the Isthmus of Darien. In later years they went far to the north, which fact will be presented hereafter from the Book of Mormon and from the writings of Baldwin, Brownell and other antiquarian discoverers.

[*j*] As the Spaniards found no horses upon the land, when they arrived, it was considered a clear proof of the book being a fraud, and that too from a very ignorant source, when it said that horses were had by the Nephites. But since its coming forth one of the greatest external evidences of its truth has been the abundant proof that multitudes of horses roamed over the prairies and plains of North America. As early as 1869 seventeen species had been discovered by Professors Marsh, Riley and other scientific men, the fossil remains showing that some of them were of of large size while others were as small as to be only two feet in hight, full grown. These fossils were chiefly found in Nebraska and Colorado, but some in other parts, and since 1869 a greater number of species has been found by the geologists than above stated.

FOUR ANCHORS.

"Then, fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day."

OH, it's a fine thing, the starting, in good weather, on a deep-sea voyage; I know nothing more truly delightful and exhilarating. With swelling canvass, tightening ropes and graceful motion the noble vessel glides out into the open main, dashing the white waves from her prow, and leaving a silvery track behind her. As though vain of her stately form she plunges majestically through the waves, and with the gay pennant fluttering at the masthead, and, perhaps, the Union Jack flying at her stern, she cuts her swift way through the yielding brine. Don't hesitate to take a sea trip the first chance that offers; a few days on the deep will do any man good.

But it is not all pleasure and enchantment, "a life on the ocean wave." A few days, or even hours, and a terrible change may come over the spirit of our dream; an ominous darkness may overspread the sky; the merry breeze may change to an angry hurricane, the playful ripple to the roll of mountainous waves, sounding, as they sweep along, the knell of death; and the safe and open highway of the deep may give place to the dangerous reefs of a rough and rocky coast.

Such a change Paul and his companions actually realized. Within a fortnight of their embarkation they had some awful experience of the perils of the sea; and at the point where we find them the ship is driving at the mercy of a furious gale, beneath a starless sky, and in terrible proximity to a dangerous shore. Under these circumstances, there was little choice as to their course of action; nor could they do better than (as my text informs us) they actually did, for, "Fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day."

My idea is to use this incident, as an allegory, for the enforcement of some important scriptural truth. When a youth has done with school, leaves the parental roof, and begins to do something for him-

self, he is like one setting forth on a voyage. To most lads, I fancy, it is a very pleasant time; they feel like tossing their caps high in the air; all at once they have got into the full bracing blow of liberty and independence; it is a new and invigorating atmosphere altogether; the horizon around them has amazingly expanded; the whole world is before them; and, spreading all sail to the breeze, away they set forth, full of heart and hope.

But you are not long at sea, my lads, before you find that it is not all smooth sailing; in truth, I know that some of you are already in jeopardy; you have got into dangerous waters, and, to use Milton's words, amongst "rocks whereon the greatest men have oftest wreck'd." You need to be prepared for the emergency.

In all the furniture of a ship there is not an article more important than the anchor; indeed, it is well to have two or three, in case of casualty. Only you must not be like the Dutchman who, being overtaken in a storm, and going to look for his anchor, discovered he had left it at home. I am going to give you four anchors to night that will be of inestimable value.

I The first anchor I give you is loyalty to the religion of your fathers.

Some time since, one of her Majesty's ships, the *Megœra* by name, was totally lost, and all through the badness of her anchors. One by one, no less than three gave way, and the vessel was driven on to the beach, and wrecked. If that Alexandrian corn ship had been as badly provided, Luke would never have survived to tell us the graphic tale. If we have anchors at all, let them be sound and trustworthy. Well, I say it is a great help to a young man who finds himself hazardously environed by the rocks of temptation to be faithful to the church of his fathers—true to the traditions of a godly ancestry. It is a simple fact that this has been the saving of many a youth. He has come up to the big city, away from all his relatives, away from all the pious influences that hedged him round at home; at first he feels strangely sad and alone, but it is not long before he finds a church where God is worshiped after the manner of his forefathers, and there he meets with those who bid him a kindly welcome; he gets into the groove of Christian society and Christian work, and becomes encompassed by a moral influence which is of immense value in shielding him from vice.

My own observation of the crowds of young fellows who come up to London is this, that within three months they divide into two groups; one group cherishing the faith of their fathers, attaching themselves to a Christian church, and entering on a path of self-respect and usefulness, and the other, throwing off their ancestral faith as an old-fashioned coat, and either yielding to the fascination of some more pretentious religion, or else drifting away into open unbelief. It is within the latter group, I am bound to say, that I find almost every instance of shattered virtue and blasted reputation that comes under my notice. I have seen scores of lads whose first step in the downward career—a career that ended in misery and disgrace—consisted in severing this sacred tie.

It is no dishonor to you ,sir, to say with Moses, "The Lord is my father's God, and I will exalt him." It shows no want of a manly and independent spirit to stick to the faith once delivered to the saints. Don't be ashamed of loving even the quaint old psalms your mother taught you long ago, and the sweet old tunes—they don't know how to sing them now—that are so tenderly associated with your childhood's home.

You tell me, some of you, I would not believe the frightful temptations with which you are beset, rocks, rocks, on every side, swearing, betting, gambling, stealing, lying, drinking, loose-living, infidelity, and everything that is bad; well, make use of this anchor, and bind the hawser firmly to the stern,—loyalty to the religion of your fathers.

II The next anchor I would strongly recommend to you is steadfast attachment to the ordinances of divine worship.

These ordinances are of two kinds, private and public; and it can not be well with any man who is living in neglect of either. Would I be safe in taking for granted that there is no one here who does not begin each day with secret prayer? This should spring, mark you, out of the necessity of your spiritual nature. I attach very little value to the mere mechanical form. To spend a few minutes on your knees, morning and evening, in the performance of a routine duty, will do you little good. But your soul should be in such condition, and God's near and personal presence so

real to you, that you feel that, as Fowel Buxton said, you "can't get on at all without prayer." As soon omit your morning ablution as your morning devotion. If you heart is right with God you must take everything to him. You must have his blessing on all you do. To the most frivolous and thoughtless fellow here, I say you are something less than a man if you can live without any intercourse with your Maker. A brute may do so, but not a man. I could bring you testimony from a strange and unexpected quarter. In his private common-place book Robert Burns has this entry; it is dated October, 1785: "If ever any young man, in the vestibule of the world, chance to throw his eye over these pages, let him pay a warm attention to the following observations, as I assure him they are the fruit of a poor devil's dear-bought experience. I have literally, like that great poet and gallant, and by consequence that great fool, Solomon, 'turfied my eyes to behold madness and folly.' Nay, I have, with all the ardor of a lively, fanciful and whimsical imagination, accompanied with a warm feeling, poetic heart, shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship. In the first place, let my pupil, as he treasures his own peace, keep up a regular, warm intercourse with the Deity."

Here the writing broke off, and was never finished. Very touching, is it not?

Poor Burns, amid all his excess and sensuality, and ungodliness, gave, as his first advice to a young man, to keep up a regular, warm intercousre with God.

Well, as I have brought you testimony from so unlooked for a quarter, I shall just continue it a little further. In a private letter, written from Edinburgh, two years later he says: "I have taken, tooth and nail, to the Bible, and have got through the five books of Moses, and half way in Joshua. It is really a glorious book." Such quotations, whilst deeply interesting, are yet full of warning. They show how a man may know the right and yet follow the evil; and how the outward exercises of religion have little power over the life unles the soul is in spiritual contact with the Savior. O, I entreat you, young men, to make your daily prayer a true pouring out of the heart to God, and let the truths of the Bible be interwoven with your whole thought and character. The more real these are to you, the more happiness and strength will they yield. Again and again have I observed, in the case of young men who have come to ruin, that a neglected mercy seat, a disused Bible, a profaned Sabbath, and a forsaken sanctuary, were the beginning of all their trouble, the first fatal steps in their downward career. O, if there is any fear of your "falling amongst the rocks," cast out this anchor from the stern,—be steadfast in your attachment to the ordinances of God.

III. My next anchor is rigid fidelity to principle. There is a threefold courage—courage to do, courage to suffer, courage to be; and I rather think the last is the highest of all. I do not for a moment doubt that there are plenty of brave fellows here that, if duty called, would be prepared to do, or to suffer, to almost any extent: but, for all that, I dare say some of you are lacking in decision of character. It is not soldiers that do all the fighting.

A man may stand without flinching near the cannon's month, or bear without a murmur acute pain, and yet be (as many a soldier unhappily is) a poor coward in the presence of strong temptation, or of bantering ridicule.

It is a grand thing when a young man, invited to join in some questionable transaction, or to participate in some unlawful pleasure, gives his negative in such clear, ringing tones, that the tempter dares not repeat it, but sullenly whispers: "He means it; let him alone."

The devil never expects the youth that has been well brought up to put his hand straight into his master's till; he does not attempt to draw him right into a public house, or gambling saloon, or den of impurity; the old serpent is too wise for that. But he creeps up cautiously to him, and, with gentle, wily insinuation, makes successful advance.

Intemperance, for example, comes with noiseless step, and binds its first cords with a touch too light to be felt. When a young man talks lightly about "having a nip," or taking a "pick me up" in the middle of the day, or a "night cap" before bed, by doctor's advice, verily he is among the rocks. Said a foolish physician, one day: "You, sir, ought to take a little champagne or brandy regularly." "Why?" was the rejoinder. "Because you are very bald, and apt to take cold, and you want

a stimulant to the blood to send the top of your head." Don't listen to such nonsense; hold by the anchor of stern fidelity to principle; lay down a sound rule, and stick firmly by it. God help you lads to repel with disdain the first solicitation to impurity. The battle may be fierce, but, if you yield, you can never regain the jewel you have lost. "I have a sore warfare," said the unhappy Scotch bard to whom I have already referred; "the devil, the world and the flesh are three formidable foes. The first I generally fly from; the second, alas! generally flies from me; but the third is my plague, worse than the Ten Plagues of Egypt."

Burns said he fled fom the devil, but tried, though in vain, to resist the flesh; the Bible advises an opposite course, and bids us resist the former, and fly the latter.

Whichever way you put it, resolute determination is the thing. Not one inch of compromise. Make up your mind as to the course you are to pursue, and defy all the powers of evil to make you cross that line.

IV. I have still another anchor for you, and it is the best of all—a personal hold, by faith, of Jesus Christ.

Ah! admirable as all the others are, I have known every one of them to fail.

When the frightful hurricane of temptation blew a gale (enough as the sailors say, to tear the hair off your head) one after another the cables snapped, and away went the ship upon the fatal reefs.

Like the ill-starred *Megæra*, of which I told you, even three anchors proved insufficient. Perhaps had there been a fourth the vessel would have outlived the storm. Alas! even where there has been loyalty to the religion of one's fathers, attachment to sacred ordinances, and an endeavor to be faithful to principle under some terrible gust of temptation the strain has been too great, and the ship has got upon the rocks, a soul has been wrecked and lost. I am thankful, therefore, to be able to tell you of another anchor that never gives way: the Bible calls it "sure and steadfast."

Formed of trustworthy material, and forged upon the anvil of the cross, it has proved equal to the severest strain.

I am speaking of the bond that unites a humble believer to the Lord Jesus Christ, and put him into communication with the grace and strength that are in him.

The other three anchors may be described as your keeping hold of Christ, this fourth one means something more—it means Christ keeping hold of you. And there your security lies. Sirs, I speak to you of what I believe. The anchorage I commend to you is my all and only trust for time and eternity.

Happily all in that Alexandrian ship "got safe to land." Not one of the 276 souls on board was lost.

The anchors held firm all through that terrible night. (The sequel of the story does not belong to my allegory.) It is remarkable that, by the detailed account of the successive soundings here given, and by other coincidences, it is possible to-day to identify the very spot, on the northeast of Malta, where the Apostle and his fellow-passengers spent that dark and weary night.

Captain Stewart, who has carefully examined the locality, says that there is there a submarine bed of clay of extraordinary tenacity, by which any stout anchor could firmly hold.

My brethren, if you cast forth the four anchors I have described to you to night, don't be afraid of your ground.

It will not fail you. The sharp rocks may be all around, but you will be held secure. And it is not always to be the night of darkness and peril; having cast forth these anchors, you may hopefully wait "for the day."

And when the sea of life is crossed, may you all reach the port of everlasting rest! Amen.

THERE will be times when things seem to go provokingly awry, and when those of whom you thought you had reason to expect better things disappoint you sorely. But there is one way of avoiding that dull dissatisfaction which eats into the soul like a canker; and it is this: While it is ever well to set the highest possible ideal before oneself as a goal to be reached, and to be severely critical with oneself, in regard to the work of others, be reasonably content if their co-operation is such that the result is half as fine as your ideal led you to desire.

Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

A HOUSEKEEPING MELODY.

Sing a song of cleaning house!
  Pocketful of nails;
Four-and-twenty dust-pans,
  Scrubbing-brooms and pails.
When the door is opened,
  Wife begins to sing—
"Just help me move this bureau here,
And hang this picture, won't you, dear?
And tack that carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more,
And drive this nail and screw this screw;
And here's a job I have for you—
This closet door will never catch,
I think you'll have to fix the latch;
And, oh, while you're about it, John,
I wish you'd put the cornice on,
And hang this curtain, when you're done
I'll hand you up the other one;
This box has got to have a hinge
Before I can put on the fringe;
And won't you mend that broken chair?
I'd like a hook put up right there;
The bureau drawer must have a knob;
And here's another little job—
I really hate to ask you, dear—
But could you fix a bracket here?"

And on it goes, when these are through,
With this and that and those to do,
Ad infinitum, and more, too,
  All in a merry jingle—
And isn't it enough to make
  A man wish he was single? (Almost.)

Selected.

GIVING.

"God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not."—James 1:5.

I would that I might give
  In this same god-like way;
No poison of reproach
  Hid in my off'ring lay.

My gift doth still upbraid
  The poor receiver's lack,
And thus my own reproof
  Is all that cometh back.

The alms of selfishness
  Can nevermore ascend;
Not with upbraiding hearts
  To thee, O Lord, we lend!

Smite out the self that robs
  The gift of all its worth,
And, 'stead of love, bestows
  A lifeless clod of earth.

To give and not upbraid—
  Impart this grace to me,
Since life doth all depend
  On likeness unto thee.

Ida A. Ahlborn.

THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
  Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
  And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
  And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
  From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you not heard,
  My poor bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
  Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
  And lets it fall on the souls of sin:
You can see the mark on his red breast still
  Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
  Singing so sweetly from limb to limb.
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
  Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I say to the beautiful myth;
  "Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
  To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
  Tears of pity are cooling dew.
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
  Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

Selected.

A YEAR.

She has been just a year in heaven;
Unmarked by white moon or gold sun,
By stroke of clock or clang of bell,
Or shadow lengthening on the way;

In the full moon and perfect day,
In safety's very citadel,
The happy hours have sped, have run;
And, rapt in peace, all pain forgot,
She whom we love, her white soul shriven,
Smiles at the thought and wonders not.

We have been just a year alone;
A year whose calender is sighs,
And dull perpetual wishfulness,
And smiles, each covert for a tear,
And wandering thoughts, half there, half here,
And weariful attempts to guess
The secret of the hiding skies,
The soft, inexorable blue,
With gleaming hints of glory sown,
And heaven behind just shining through.

So sweet, so sad, so swift, so slow,
So full of eager growth and light,
So full of pains which blindly grow,
So full of thoughts which either way
Have passed and crossed and touched each day
To us a thorn, to her a rose;
The year so black, the year so white,
Like rivers twain their course have run,
The earthly stream we trace and know,
But who shall paint the heavenly one?

A year. We gather up our powers,
Our lamps we consecrate and trim,
Open all windows to the day,
And welcome every heavenly air.
We will press forward and will bear,
Having this word to cheer the way:
She, storm-tossed once, is safe with him,
Healed, comforted, content, forgiven,
And while we count these heavy hours,
Has been a year, a year in heaven.

Susan Coolidge.

MAY WE EXPECT ANGELIC MINISTRATIONS.

BY JOSEPH F. BURTON.

MARVELOUS are the works and ways of Jehovah in His dealings with the race of man, from the day that He created the earth and its heavens, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew, until His creation shall be as pure and free of spot of sin or wrong as a sea of glass.

How glorious the morn, when in the dwelling place of the morning stars and the sons of God they sang together and shouted for joy, when Jehovah laid the corner stone of the foundation of this earth as a sphere for men to prove their worth, and worthiness to inherit a better world. Bold and fearless man must have been, to voluntarily occupy a world laden and groaning under a weight of sin; unbounded confidence must have been placed in him who was the "bright and morning star," the captain of the Lord's host and the angelic host; for the Lord by these was to save man.

Man might have fainted by the way if he had not known that he should have as abiding friends Jesus the Christ and all God's hosts, while contending against his own evil and the powers of the adversary and his hosts.

That man might prove his right to a better world his progenitors were suffered to sin, under the temptation of the adversary. Then began the great conflict. The conqurors were to receive a bright crown of rejoicing in eternal mansions of glory, while those who were overcome must dwell in everlasting darkness and the gloom of despair. The Holy angels of God began their mission work in aid of man by delivering to Adam the Lord's words of eternal life, the great and ever glorious gospel of peace, the only "power of God unto salvation." By this an Enoch walked with God, and death claimed him not; and to Noah did the Redeemer—Israel's God—reveal himself as a Savior; also to Abraham, with two angels. The angels went to Lot, in the wicked city of Sodon, to save him and his. The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob spoke to Moses out of the midst of a bush which was enveloped in a cloud of glory as a flame of fire, sending him as his apostle to deliver his people from Egyptian rule, and as a prophet to Aaron and his breth-

ren. And when his people were in jeopardy the captain of the Lord's host, Israel's Redeemer, appeared to Joshua to deliver and save them. Again the angel of the Lord instructed Gideon so that he overcame a hundred and twenty thousand of the oppressors and enemies of his people, with three hundred men, and so saved his flock. The angel Gabriel visited Daniel and answered his prayer; and after Daniel had fasted three full weeks an angel—which he describes—tells him what shall befall his people in the "latter days."

But time would fail to tell of each time of angelic ministration, of how Gabriel visited Zacharias and Mary, of the angels of the Lord visiting the shepherds, and of the heavenly host praising God; of angels ministering to Jesus in the wilderness, in Gethsemanes' garden and on the Holy mount; of instruction by angels to Ananias for Saul; to Cornelius, to Peter delivering him from prison and from chains; and of the many things signified to St. John by the angel of the Lord—with other angelic visitors in every age, instructing God's people in things heavenly, and saving them from evils and destruction.

How gloomy the outlook, how dark the day, when these words are heard: "The angel host will no more waft their bright forms to the earth, and have not for centuries past!" Is this true? How can it be true? For four thousand years God and his Christ and the Holy Spirit and the angel host aided and blessed the race of man; then while man is still as needy, while the adversary and his host are still as strong as heretofore, is man to contend against them, not having the aid of God's host as our forefathers had? This can not be. Jesus signified to St. John by his angel things which were transpiring and things which should be after his day, and among these he says an angel should fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people." After this another angel and another angel, and yet another angel should minister to the inhabitants of earth in the great and marvelous events of the latter days.

See a leaf from the history of man as written by those who are accounted wise among men: "Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages and sects, were drowned in abominable idolatry for eight hundred years or more." O the horrid gloom of the darkness of those days! No ray of divine light, no bright angels wending their way to earth, for man would not have such instruction. But certainly there must have been joy in the midst of the heavenly host when the protest was made against such darkness and error. The Reformation brought a ray of light; and as the day dawn is the signal of the near approach of the great light of day, so was the Reformation the signal of the great light, soon to shine upon the earth. But still men rejected divine revelation and angelic ministration; and the proof of their folly is apparent in the great multiplicity of forms and methods they have originated in their endeavors to worship rightly the Great Jehovah. And being so long without divine revelation or angelic ministration, they, in the pride of their hearts, supposed that they could dispense with these and still worship God as truly as did those who lived in constant communion with God and frequent communion with angels. So Babylon was gradually evolved, and is to-day an apparent fact; but thanks be to God the tokens of the day clearly manifest that Babylon is falling, is falling. And ere long the angel will have to deliver his message, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen," for the preceding angelic message has long since been delivered, and "the everlasting gospel is being preached "to them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people."

Another leaf from man's history shows a man pleading with his rulers and the nobles of his land for help to cross the dark unknown waters. He succeeded, and a new world is discovered. In time the oppressor's hand lies heavy on the inhabitants of the Old World, and hundreds, then thousands of them, seek a dwelling place in the New World; and choosing one of God's nobleman they placed him at their head and declare "themselves a free nation, God delivering them from their enemies and inspiring their covenant of organization."

At the close of a weary day this man, the father of his country, was within his tent visited by an angelic being who showed to him in three successive views the rise, prosperity, and extent of the

great nation born in that day. The nation prospered beyond all others; yet a gloom was over all the land, for man was still saying there is no more revelation, no angels to visit mortals in this day. And so men wandered in the mazes of unbelief and error, and gross darkness covered the land—men believing God existed, believing that Jesus was the Lord, believing that the manifestations of the Holy Spirit were once enjoyed, but that all knowledge of these things had long since been lost to man. O, the depths of the darkness of those days! No manifestations of the Holy Spirit, no angelic ministrations, no revelations from God; consequently no apostles, no prophets, no man called of God to preach the gospel, as Aaron was. Did the Lord hear the wail of Old Israel: "How long, O Lord, how long ere we may hear thy voice again, speaking to Israel by prophet or angel;" or the sad lamentation of the hearts of the good of the land, "O, that I had lived in the days of the apostles and prophets, then I would have known how to worship aright." Hark, there is a strange cry in this new world! An angel from bright mansions of light and glory has again visited the earth! Surely the morning stars and the sons of God shouted for joy, for an holy angel has been commissioned to carry glad tidings to earth for all mankind, and the praying youth has received the glorious message! Mark the change. No longer are men in uncertainty about the doctrines of Christ, for angelic ministrations means revelations from God and instruction in the things of the kingdom, so that men now say, "I know God is. I know that Jesus is the Lord," for the manifestations of the Spirit are again received, and so that peace which passeth understanding is theirs; for Jesus said—"This is life eternal, that they may know thee the true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Quickly following the angelic ministrations the beautiful structure of the Church of Christ is again reared, apostles, prophets, evangelists, elders—men called of God as was Aaron—are preaching the glad tidings of great joy, and the beautiful gifts of the Holy Spirit are enjoyed, as in days of old. And again with clarion note, far-sounding above the din and mists of unbelief, is heard the grand announcement: "I know that Jesus lives for I have seen him." Centuries had waxed and waned since that glorious acclaim had been heard on earth.

Again a holy angel visits a youth whose birthright should place him in the front ranks of the "army of the Lord." To him is shown the privileges, powers, and positions of the opulent and prosperous citizens of this New World, and in contrast to this a few humble citizens following in the humbler walks and avocations of life—but serving God and His Christ. With the option of choosing which of these paths he should walk in was also the statement that he must abide by his choice. Like the great prophet, seer and revelator, before him he chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to have all the emoluments of wealth, with its powers and positions. He was also sent as an apostle to deliver Israel from bondage, and to be a prophet to his people.

Thus all through the history which man has made, Jesus and His host—the angels of God—have proved themselves all worthy of the great confidence placed in them in the beginning of the world, when the foundations thereof were laid; for from Adam until now the Redeemer—Israel's God—and the holy angels have continued to minister to man whenever he was willing to obey God and receive instruction. And such is the sure testimony of hundreds to-day, for during the last half century God has revealed His word to man, and Jesus has ministered to his servants and given his covenants and commands as in days of old; and in hundreds of cases and in numberless ways have the angel host blessed, protected, and saved men and women in this age—"as it was in the days of Noah and of Lot."

Surely never in the world's history was there such an overflowing of remarkable events as are transpiring in this century—events full of interest to the race of man, events predicted by prophets of old. And as the angel informed St. John that in the great events to follow his day, and on to the end of time, angels were to take a conspicuous part in the affairs of men and nations, therefore we may with great confidence expect angel ministrations to continue "till He reigns whose right it is to reign."

"Angels are ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."

HASTINGS, Victoria, Australia, March 17th.

O, MAIDEN, BEWARE.

Beware, oh, my guileless, fair maiden!
Ever keep this stern fact in your mind,
That men with vicious, low habits
Seldom marry a girl of their kind;
But choose they the sweetest and purest,
Free from doubt or suspicion of sin—
A jewel too rare for their keeping,
'Tis their aim and ambition to win.

And think you, oh, dear trusting maiden,
When the jewel they long for is theirs,
They e'er give it the true valuation
For the sparkle of worth that it wears?
Ah, no! for they have but one standard
To judge of the pure and the true;
And too soon it is brought to the level
Of the evil companions they knew.

Oh, beware then, unsullied, fair maiden,
Kept pure through your girlhood's bright years,
And choose you a good moral husband,
Lest yours be a dower of tears.
Ask virtue for virtue, dear maiden,
And glad tears will bedew your grave's sod,
When your children shall hear their dead mother
Was true to herself and her God.

Selected by Sr. Lottie.

OUR HOMES.

BY ARTHUR B. PIERCE.

I WISH to present for the consideration of the readers of AUTUMN LEAVES a few practical ideas on our Homes; for observation has taught me that a reform is necessary to the happiness and well being of some places we call home. "The home is the basis, and the church is the superstructure, of all society," one writer states. Man was created first, and woman was given as a helpmeet, a co-operator in all things pertaining to the family relation. She was not sole proprietor and presiding officer of the home; neither ought she to be a slave in any sense of the word, but a partner, with inalienable rights, which should be duly recognized by the senior member of the firm. Every God-fearing man will acknowledge the rights of woman, and rule his house as Christ rules over the church. He governs his people with love, mercy and justice; and man ought not assume any other control over his wife and family than the pattern given by the Master.

Happiness does not consist in rich and gorgeous surroundings; but they are truly happy who possess loving dispositions, and have right purposes of mind and heart. Brother D. F. Lambert gives the right ideas in his article on Faithful Housewives. He says: "We long to see nothing higher, we expect to see nothing better, developed by woman than that she may attain right at home."

Among my papers I find the following selections, taken from the *Christian Weekly*: "A home is a place where character is formed, where education goes on, and where people are impressed for time and for eternity. It is a place to be happy in, and to start out from for all good, honest and earnest living.

Very great is her responsibility who is queen of this kingdom. To a very importantant extent she makes or mars its completeness.

A fretful, fault-finding, narrow, incapable woman, in the position of wife or mother, can cloud a home with misery, while still she keeps a house well, and scrubs floors till they are white as snow. But the recording angel, surveying her performance, will surely say, 'This ought you to have done, and not to have left the other undone.'

In a home there should be liberty, without license; time for familiar intercourse, and space for personal solicitude; room for the entertainment of guests and the

maintenance of social life and, over all, a tender, trustful, daily atmosphere of true devotion and communion with God.

All this is not wholly, but largely, in the hands of her who is the central thought and well-spring of pleasure in every Christian home,—the dear, honored and gracious mother.

Let no body who is a housekeeper fear to manage her office; it is a very sacred one, and if she performs its duties faithfully she is worthy of great praise."

Some of the homes that I have visied are splendid types of of what Zion will be. The misery of others that I have seen should not be courted by the "pure in heart."

A true home should entertain all the "fruits of the spirit," which are "love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law."

Those who enjoy the blessings of home should sympathise with those who never knew such divine favor.

May God bless every true home in Zion.

FROM MALACHI TO MATTHEW.—No. IV.

BY W. R. HOUGHLON, IN "THE CURRENT."

FIRST VICTORIES OF JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

THE vacancy in the leadership of Israel caused by the death ot Mattathias was filled by his illustrious son, Judas Maccabæus, who at once became the Jewish ideal of the "happy warrior." His presence diffused cheerfulness through the whole army, and his countrymen delighted to remember his stately appearance when he tightened his military sash around him or waved his protecting sword over the camp of his faithful followers. This hero was a sagacious general and an enthusiastic leader in a great cause. He was nobly seconded by the other sons of the faithful Mattathias, all being ready to carry on the contest without an instant's delay. "Seldom has the world seen an instance of five brothers animated by the same spirit, and without mutual jealousy sacrificing themselves to the same cause, of whom one only survived another in order to carry it on, while not one had anything in view but the great object for which his father had fallen."

Maccabæus, the appellation of Judas, the third son of Mattathias, is the surname that covered the whole family with glory, attached to all the followers of this leader, and became at a later day the designation of five books of the apocrypha. The title is said to be derived from the word *Maccab*, which means "hammer," and to have been bestowed upon Judas as expressive of the crushing blows which he dealt upon the enemies of his country. It is like the surname worn by Charles of France, who was called Charles Martel or Charles the Hammer, from his overwhelming strokes against the Saracen host in the great battle of Tours, 732 A. D.

Judas Maccabæus began his career by going in disguise into the various towns, and villages, enlisting all those who were well disposed to his purpose, until he had a few thousand men under his command. For a time he remained concealed in the mountains, engaging in night attacks, and making occasional descents upon the open country. Having in these gallant adventures tested and trained his soldiers, he surprised many cities, which he fortified and garrisoned, and at last found himself strong enough to meet the enemy in a regular engagement.

In the summer months of the year B. C. 165, Apollonius, the Syrian viceroy of Samaria, who had so long vexed Judea, marched against the Israelites with a force of Greek soldiers and a "great host out of Samaria." On being informed of this advance, Judas led his band to the confines of Samaria and defeated the vice-

roy in open battle, taking much prey from the camp of the enemy. He slew Apollonius and took his sword as a trophy of the victory. This sword, renowned both in history and legend, the Maccabæan carried with him in battle to the end of his life.

The place of this distinguished general was taken by Seron, who hastened to avenge the death of his predecessor, with the hope of honorable promotion in the Syrian kingdom. He gathered a large force and marched southward along the west of Palestine to Joppa, where the road winds out from the sea over the mountaims toward Jerusalem. On nearing the ascent of Bethhoron, Judas with a small company went forth to meet him. The forces of the Jewish leader were inferior in numbers, and as they watched the well-trained Syrian army marching up the pass, they said to their commander, "How shall we be able, being so few, to fight against so great a multitude and so strong, seeing we are ready to faint with fasting all this day?", Not so thought Judas; to him all was inspiring. He was in the pass of Bethhoron, on the spot already ennobled by Joshua's overthrow of the Canaanite kings more than twelve hundred years before. He had Gibeon to his rear, and on the southwest was Ajalon, where the mountains melt into the plain. Near by was Modin, the home of his childhood, and the last words of his father were quickening his zeal. He, like a true leader, promptly responded, "It is easy for many to be given into the hands of a few; and with the God of heaven it is all one to save by many or by few; for victory in battle is not through the multitude of an army, but from heaven cometh the strength. They come against us in much pride and iniquity to destroy us and our wives and our children, and to spoil us; but we fight for our lives and our customs, and the Lord himself will overthrow them before our face; and as for you, be ye not afraid of them." When this speech was made, Judas and his men rushed upon the enemy, and overthrew the army of Seron, killing eight hundred men, and pursuing the fugitives to the plain along the sea. This success gave Judas prestige, and a "dread of him fell on the heathen round about."

The defeat of Seron's command greatly enraged Antiochus Epiphanes, and he planned to suppress the Jews with an overpowering force consisting of the Syrian army and mercenaries whom he had hired from the Grecian islands. He opened his treasury and gave his soldiers pay one year in advance, with the command that they should be ready for any service. With this army he designed to march into Judea the following spring. But when he had mustered his army, the deficit in his treasury perplexed him greatly, for the dissension and desolation occasioned by his policy had reduced the customs from his provinces to such a low ebb that he feared he would not be able to meet public expenses and continue his bestowal of liberal presents. In this emergency he resolved to go into Persia for the collection of taxes and the gathering of spoils. Before his departure he appointed Lysias viceroy at Antioch, and charged him to bring up the king's son Antiochus with the greatest care during the sovereign's absence in the east. The monarch divided his army, giving one half to Lysias, with instructions to conquer Judea, destroy Jerusalem, enslave all the Jews, settle aliens in all their borders, and divide their land by lot. When Antiochus Epiphanes had thus instructed and equipped his viceroy, he took with him the remaining half of his forces and, departing from Antoch, led his army into Persia.

In compliance with the king's command, Lysius chose Ptolemy, Nicator, and Gorgias, three very potent generals, and delivered to them an army of forty thousand footmen and seven thousand horsemen. This force marched into Judea and encamped at Emmaus, being augmented by Syrian auxilliaries, renegade Jews, and traders in human beings; for the commanding general proclaimed to the cities on the coast that he would sell Jewish slaves at the rate of ninety for a talent, after his victory over the insurgents. He desired to secure sufficient money in this way to meet the king's tribute of two thousand talents then due to the Romans. This would require the sale of one hunded and eighty thousand Jews according to the terms of the proclamation. The intelligence of this offer brought a throng of slave merchants to the camp amply provided with fetters and silver and gold. A crisis was at hand, and Judas must not be found wanting. He resolved to begin his campaign by a potent

and fitting preparative. He assembled his people on Mount Mizpeh a few miles north of the holy city that they might pray and ask mercy and assistance. In ordinary times the meeting would have been at Jerusalem, but now none of the faithful dared to enter the city. They could see from their mountain the deserted streets, the gates closed, the silent precincts of the temple, and the Greek garrison in the fortress on Mount Acra. The Dead Sea gleamed in the distance, and the rocky mountains of Moab closed the scene beyond. Jerusalem was "uninhabited as a wilderness, there were none of her children that went in and out. It was a habitaton for the heathen; and joy was taken from Jacob and pipe and harp ceased." In sight of their beloved city the mourners came wrapped in tatters of black hair-cloth, with ashes on their heads. They unrolled a copy of the law on which the Syrians had in mockery painted the pictures of Grecian deities. The garments of the priests for which there was now no use, they spread out in pathetic words, and brought the first fruits and tithes due the priests. They passed in solemn procession the Nazarites with their flowing locks, who were unable to dedicate themselves in the temple. "And they cried aloud toward heaven, saying, What shall we do with these, and whither shall we carry them away? Thy sanctuary is trodden down and profaned, and thy priests are in mourning and humiliation. And lo, the heathen are assembled against us to destroy us; what things they intend thou knowest. How shall we be able to stand against them, except thou help us?" At the close of this ceremony there was a blast of trumpets followed by arranging the men in the ancient order of battle, Judas "setting chiefs over thousands and over hundreds and over fifties and over tens." Three brothers of Judas were division commanders, while another brother, Eleazar, was commissioned to recite the Holy Book and proclaim his name as the watchword,—Eleazar, "the help of God." Desiring none but the most earnest to engage in this conflict, Judas issued to his little army of six thousand men, the proclamation that those who had betrothed wives, built houses, planted vineyards, or were fearful, should return "every man to his house." This reduced the army to a force of three thousand men, and and to this gallant remainder Judas spoke in stirring language, reminding them of their ancient and recent deliverances, recounting the overthrow of Sennacherib and the battle at Babylon, in which eight thousand Jews through the help of heaven defeateted an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men. He urged that they keep in mind the wanton violence done to the holy place, the cruel handling of the city, the bitter mockery, and the taking away of the government of their forefathers, declaring it was better to die in battle than to look upon the evils of their people and their sanctuary. The will of heaven must be their guide, "for the enemy trusts in weapons and boldness," said he "but we trust in the almighty God, who at a beck can cast down both them that come against us, and all the world." There were plenty of scouts and spies operating in behalf of the contending forces. Renegade Jews having informed the Syrians that the camp of Judas was on Mount Mizpeh, the enemy sent Gorgias with a force of five thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry that he might fall upon Judas by night and destroy his army. Faithful runners in behalf of the Maccabæan promptly informed him of this movement, whereupon he determined to fall upon the main camp of the Syrians, seeing that their army was divided. Leaving fires burning on Mizpeh to deceive the enemy, Judas marched all night to Emmaus, reaching the Syrians at early dawn. His men were poorly equipped because of their poverty, having "neither armour nor swords to their minds." On seeing the enemy strongly fortified in camp he enthused his men by his earnest words, declaring that "they ought to fight, though it were with their naked bodies, for God had sometimes of old given such men strength, and that against such as were more in number, and were armed also, out of regard to their courage." On ceasing to speak, Judas ordered the trumpeters to sound for battle. That blast was the doom of the Syrians. Panic stricken at the impetuous charge, the loud war cries, and the clarion blasts of the Maccabæans, the enemy with a loss of three thousand warriors fled in confusion, hotly pursued by the victors to Gadara, and Ashdod, and Jamnia. But Judas restrained his followers from too much scattering by pursuit and

from being too desirous of spoils, for the force of Gorgias had not been defeated. This Syrian general, on reaching Mizpeh and finding the camp deserted, thought that the Jews had fled and concealed themselves in the Forests. After a weary search for the insurgents, he marched toward Emmaus and from the mountain beheld the blazing tents of his camp in the plain below. Having advanced from the higher grounds, the enemy were confronted by the force of Judas drawn up in line of battle, and waiting their attack. The sight of this array and the deserted camp astounded and terrified Gorgias so that he precipitately fled with his six thousand men without striking a blow. Judas was now master of the field, and in possession of numerous trophies and spoils. Among his prisoners were many of the slave merchants that had followed the Syrian army to purchase captive Jews when the Maccabæan should have been defeated. Their own fate was now that of slavery. Judas received in the camp a great quantity of "gold and silver and blue silk and purple of the sea and great riches," This victory was on the eve of the Sabbath, and the following day was spent in thanksgiving and praise. The one hundred and sixty third Psalm, the national anthem of the Jews, was used to express the joy of the victors for their glorious deliverance and triumph. Thus closed the first campaign of Judas, in which he was uniformly successful, and "turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

Lysias was so exasperated at this defeat that the following year, B. C. 165, he advanced into Judea at the head of sixty-five thousand warriors, marching against the insurgents from the south. The army of Judas had now augmented to ten thousand men, but with this increase of numbers the Syrians were more than six to one. With this force Judas marched to meet the enemy in the hill country south of Jerusalem, and waited for the Syrians in the pass of Bethsur. He saw the great army spread out before him in the valley of Elah, the very place where of old David had slain Goliath with a sling and stone, and animated by the memory of that deed he prayed for a signal victory: "Blessed be thou, O Savior of Israel, who didst quell the violence of the mighty man by the hand of Thy servant David, shut up this army in the hand of Thy people Israel, and let them be confounded in their power and horsemen; make them to be of no courage, and cause boldness of their strength to fall away. Cast them down with the sword of them that love Thee, and let all those that know Thy name praise Thee with thanksgiving." The enemy approached, and Judas joined in the unequal conflict slaying five thousand Syrians and driving their army before him. Lysias, observing the desperate way in which the Jews were fighting, returned to Antioch with his defeated Syrians, leaving the suppression of the rebellion for a campaign the following year. But Judas was the idol of his people and more, for they believed in him as the divinely sent deliverer of their nation. It was said at a later time that before the battle of Bethsur, "there appeared unto them one in white clothing on horseback, shaking his armor of gold," from which they knew that a helper from heaven was among them.

To be continued.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A YOUNG MAN TO LOVE.

I LOVE a young man who loves his mother so fondly that for her sake he is chivalrous to other women. I love a young man who will step out of his way to avoid crushing a worm, and will not deem it beneath his dignity to succor a stray kitten. I love a young man who is pure-hearted and slow to laugh at smutty stories. I love a young man who believes there is a nobler career in life than to be a good dancer or a successful society man. I love a young man who is not ashamed of tears for others' sorrows, for a tender song or for a beautiful thought. I love a young man who can not be laughed out of duty, or ridiculed from a purpose. I love a young man who hates whiskey as angels hate Satan, and thinks too much of his brain to make smoked meat of it. I despise a "goody-goody" young man but I love a good one. I would not like to be even third cousin to a dude, but I love a young man who is hail fellow well met with nice girls, and scorns not the companionship of his sisters.

THE MILL RACE.

(See Illustration.)

HOW beautiful is nature in all her changing moods and aspects, and how often she holds up before us her mirror in which life in many of its phases is as truly reflected as face answers to face in the glass! When the cold bleak days of winter come, and she wraps herself in her white mantle of ice and snow, locks fast the door of the imprisoned streams and sends abroad upon her piercing gales the voice of ten thousand wailing mourners, what a reflection we behold of the winter of age, of the time when the chilling hand of death shall be laid upon the beating pulses of our life and our bodies shall rest in the silence and the darkness of the grave. Her reign is but for a season, a needful season of rest and recuperation—rest which is not idleness, but the gathering together of new forces sought after in the kindly bosom of the earth, where no opposition, no harmful conditions have power to reach; and then nature will hold up to us her mirror again in which we shall see reflected that grand, glorious truth, without which life becomes a barren, desert waste, and death the mighty sovereign conqueror of all. Through all those stormy, cloudy, bleak and chilling days the heart of man rests secure in the promise of seed time and harvest; and as the sweet, Quaker poet has so beautifully expressed it,

"We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south!
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth;
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod!"

We wait and not in vain for the yearly miracle of the resurrection into life and beauty of all things resting beneath the ice and snow. Each year the evangel of nature proclaims to man, "I am the resurrection and the life." Ten thousand, thousand tongues, voiceless but eloquent, proclaim anew each year to the great family of man, "In Christ shall all be made alive."

"Nature is not solitude.
She crowds us with her thronging wood;
Her many hands reach out to us,
Her many tongues are garrulous;
Perpetual riddles of surprise
She offers to our ears and eyes."

"I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine.
Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of nature's own exceeding peace."

How calm and lovely the scene chosen by our artist for the illustration found in this number of our Magazine. The wooded hills in the distance, stand out in bold relief against the evening sky. The tall leafy trees standing near the shore of the stream, cast long shadows far out into its quiet stretch of water. The mossy rocks are piled one above another, through crevices of which the water trinkles down, until reaching the fall, with a graceful sweep it hastens to the performance of work prepared for it farther on in its course, a view of which the artist has not furnished us. But we know that many of our young readers will not need to be told what that work is, for the picture will take them back in memory to the time when they spent many happy hours in a spot just like this one, watching the swiftly turning paddles of the wheel which moved by the falling water, in its turn moved the machinery by means of which their grain was reduced to flour or meal, with which, after paying the miller his toll, they drove away, lingering along the shady road, and carrying away with them (albeit unnoted at the time) a scene of beauty which hung upon the walls of memory was to be "a joy forever"—

"For beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors are all fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed."

And now, my young friends, what shall we say to you concerning life? Which of the many thoughts crowding our brain shall we bring to your notice, led thereto by the sincere desire of helping you to choose wisely and well your life work, and having chosen it, to act well your part? Nature holds up to you a mirror in this quiet scene, in which you may see reflected more than one phase of human life—aye it may be your own life—depicted. How quiet and peaceful the shady road, leading to those uplands crowned with verdure. Were your life-boat moored in the peaceful waters beneath the shadows

of those lofty trees, would you step out upon those shady banks, and drinking in the full beauty of each scene as you passed along, wend your happy quiet way to those distant hill-tops where home and loved ones dwelt; or would you madly push your boat adrift, steering direct for the waters rushing over the rocks, knowing if you escaped death in the fearful leap you would surely meet it by the revolving wheel just adown the stream? Does this seem to you a simple, almost meaningless question? We assure you it is not. You are seeking happiness, a good name and an honest living in the world; but it is possible for you to forsake the path beside which all of these have their dwelling place, and in your eager haste to acquire that which you seek, to rush into dangers where nothing short of a miracle could save you from destruction. We want you to read carefully the sermon contained in this number of AUTUMN LEAVES; for though addressed to young men in particular, much will be found applicable to the young of both sexes.

Again the desire comes to ask you that you cultivate a love for nature. The influence exerted by a close association with the works of God is always ennobling and elevating in its tendency. In her changing moods she adapts herself to the varied wants of grave or gay, and reveals her secrets—secrets of wisdom—to those who love her.

LEAVES FROM PALESTINE.—No. III.

AS I have picked up a few items of interest I write you to day. It is Easter Sunday, and is a beautiful day. Last week was Passover week with the Jews. This week and next will finish the English, American and Catholic feast; then comes the Greek feast. The works of his Satanic majesty are as plainly to be seen in this land now, as they were when he tempted Christ after his baptism.

The people here have been making special prayers for rain, but it has not yet come. The Moslems' prayers came the nearest to being answered, as they had rain at Gaza after their prayers. I told the people here when they spoke about it to me, that if they would do as they wished to be done by the blessing of God would always attend them, as that of itself would bring the blessing.

The Sultan of Turkey has done one praise-worthy deed, if he does not do the like very often; that is, he has freed all the slaves in his dominions. As near as I can find out, he made it a law four years ago that the Blacks should be free like other people; and I was agreeably surprized to hear the news. I have noticed them the past four or five years marrying and living with their families like the people of other nations.

April 29th.—To-day is Palm Sunday with the Greeks. We are just now having a good rain, after a long spell of dry weather. They have also had rain in Jerusalem, Gaza and Nabalus. Human beings are hard to satisfy. Before the rains came the cry was, "If it does not rain, the grain will be lost;" and now that a bountiful rain has fallen, they say, "It is not good at this time." The weather is cool and has been so for some time past, with a few exceptional days.

The oranges are almost finished; and the mulberries also are ripe. I hear them calling in the street, "Mulberries;" but have not myself eaten of them yet. Soon we shall have Apricots. Cucumbers are in the market; and vegetable marrow, radishes, string beans and peas are almost finished. So it is all the year round, one continual feast of fat things—from year's end to year's end without intermission.

Jaffa is building up very fast. All along the sea shore the houses are going up like magic. I was astonished to see the places that used to be bare, now occupied with real nice two-story stone buildings. The stone is taken from the old break-water built by King Solomon.

The trees in the gardens are most lovely to walk among. As we went for a

walk the other day our course lay partly on the Jerusalem road and partly on the Gaza road. The fields were filled with flowers; and the grain on my ground—that I have not yet a title to—was looking fine. Well God knows what is best; I like to live by the sea shore, and that place is too far back to please me.

The next week we took a walk out in the Beirout village. They are building it up very fast, and mostly with modern houses. The English hospital is there; and just this side of it is the English church, Still nearer toward the city is an English school for Arab and Jewish children, kept by Miss Armott, a Scotch lady. She came here about thirty years ago a young girl, and has remained ever since. She first learned Arabic, and then opened her school, of which she celebrated the 25th anniversary on the 16th of last March. To this Jubilee, as she called it, we were invited, and I was astonished to hear the little Arab waifs recite and sing in English and Arabic. The mothers of many of these children had attended the same school before them; and some who were taught there are grandmothers. There was a large company present at the exercises, including consuls and other high dignitaries of Jaffa and vicinity. There were Jews and Jewesses, Mahometans, Americans, and English, with Christian Arabs of different denominations. The academy building is large, and was crowded with people. There were twenty children that recited and sang pieces, and a young Arab lady accompanied them on the organ. In their singing they did not break down at all, as they were too well drilled beforehand by their teachers, of whom there are three or four besides the Principal. They first recited and sang in English, and afterward in Arabic. When this part was finished they acted pieces and did well in all. Their acting in the Arabic was very amusing. The institution is named the Dorcas School. Children are taken into it who are orphans and also those who have parents. The orphans are adopted by travelers who come here who pay for their tuition, boarding, &c., and each child thus provided for takes the name of its benefactor. Everything is provided at the school, and even the children who have parents board at the school. The Principal contracts with the parents for so many years, say three, at an indefinite rate per year. If some parents are not able to pay the full price, she takes less of them, and requires more of those who are able to pay more. The pupils are taught Arabic, French and English; sewing, knitting and lace-work; to read, write and sing, and, last but not least, cooking. So the school turns out good wives. You can tell them from the untaught at sight; at least I can.

Miss Armott has done and is still doing a great work among the Arab mothers. She instructs the pupils in the Bible every day; it being her chief object to teach them about the Savior; and, secondarily, to be useful in their homes. She is not superior to many others, but has used what talent God has given her to good advantage. She has not buried it, and her work will live when she is dead. Her hair is already turning white because of so much mental work, although she is younger than I am. At first she taught both boys and girls herself; then as fast as the girls got big enough to teach she set the older ones to teach the younger ones. When the school had become larger she turned the boys over to a master, and kept only the girls in her school.

The right Rev. J. Langly Hall, of the English church is the one who has charge of all boys schools in Palestine. He visits them twice a year. He has a woman hired to read the Bible in the Arabic in every household in Jaffa that will allow it. Thus you see the Bible is quite well known in this part of the world. They are doing a good work as far as they have light on the subject. Mr. Langly preaches or has preaching by another, in English, every Sunday afternoon, and in the evening in Arabic by an Arab preacher from Beirout, who was educated at the school at that place, and is a native of the mountain of Lebanon. There are five different denominations here and in Jerusalem.

We went out into the country to visit a family who keep a nursery of bees. They make the best honey in the country at that place; as I can witness, for we have had of their honey. This family make plenty of money at the business, I am told.

Fifteen days more brings us into the Mahometan fast called *Rah ma dan*, when they fast by day and eat by night one month. Some old women fast three months.

An Arab woman has just brought in

some beautiful crochet-knitting. She was in Miss Armott's school. Has been married, but her husband is dead. She has one child living.

It is nice weather here at the present time, just temperate. I think a little of the cold has got here from other parts of the world, as it remains different from what it was last year at this time. It is just lovely here at present. Every day there is a nice breeze to make it healthy. So far the grain is not hurt, but will be a fair crop as usual,—thanks be to God for all his kindnes to the childen of men.

This is a heavenly land; only the people are not nice. The roses are most beautiful here, from our heavenly Father's bountiful hand, ever the same from year to year.

In fifteen days more, I am told, the people are to begin to reap the grain of the land, the wheat and the barley crop. I can not describe the land, nor half its beauties to you. I am lost in astonishment to see its resources, which are greater year by year. It can plainly be seen that the land is being restored; and this whole land shall become like the garden of Eden. It is already a land of gardens, fenced in by cactus walls, to keep out the thieves. The thorns of this plant pierce and burn like fire. The fruit of it is sweet, and the Arabs make molosses from it; but the best molasses is made from grapes, and the next best from figs. The Arabs call it dibs, instead of molasses. They dry the fruit of the apricots in thin sheets after taking out the pits, so it can be had at any time one wants it, and quickly made into sauce. The cherries of this country are as large as Damsons. They date since our colony came here; and the corn of the present time I brought the seed of myself, and planted it, but as soon as the corn was ripe it was stolen.

ABIGAIL Y. ALLEY.

Editor's Corner.

OUR letter from Palestine, in this issue, will be found to contain many points of interest for all who are interested in that wonderful land; and we think ourself perfectly safe in making the assertion that there is not a Latter Day Saint who is not so interested. News from Palestine has always been eagerly sought after, but heretofore when found, there has always been more or less of uncertainty connected with it. The writers of newspaper articles in general are not to be relied upon, and the correctness of their statements (with few exceptions) are open to doubt. For this reason, if for no other, we esteem it a great privelege to have a reliable correspondent in that land. But this is not the only reason. If the observing ones are to understand, where shall observation begin, continue and end, if it have not that land, around which cluster so many of God's promises, as its central point? Thank the Lord that it does not require the wisdom of this world, neither the learning of the schools, in order that we become observers of the onward march of events pointing to the restoration of Israel and the second coming of Christ. For that coming, we as Saints of God are not only waiting, but longing and praying. It is this longing which causes us to be watching or observing every indication pointing to its speedy consummation, and to have our eyes fixed upon the land wherein towards heaven is lifted the brow of Olivet, from whence he ascended and where his feet shall first rest when he comes to save Jerusalem from her enemies and to reign with his Saints. "Of that day and hour knoweth no man." We feel not the slightest disposition to make even the simplest mathematical calculation in order to demonstrate the time; for we know if we are found among those who are led and guided by his Spirit, we will be obedient to his commands among which we find this: "What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch * * * Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing." Drawn out by this watching, this longing for his coming, what more natural than that our eyes turn to that land; and as we hear the tread of the watchman in the deserted streets, or the light of his night torch flashes on our sight, we cry out eagerly, "Watchman what of the night?" Long, dreary, cold and bitter has been the night of Israel's dispersion; cruel and galling the yoke of his bondage! "He that

scattered will surely gather," and his mercy and love shall be everlasting. His anger is but for a moment, his mercy endureth forever.

Sister Alley writes with enthusiasm of the land and its returning and even now exceeding great fertility, and our heart throbs in unison with hers, for we accept all this as the avant courier of his coming; but we turn to the blessing pronounced by Moses upon Joseph and read:

"And of Joseph he said, "Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and fulness thereof, and for the good will of him that dwelt in the bush; let the blessing come upon the head of Joseph, and upon the top of the head of him that was separated from his brethren. His glory is like the the firstling of his bullock, and his horns are like the horns of unicorns; with them he shall push the people together to the ends of the earth; and they are the ten thousands of Ephraim, and they are the thousands of Manasseh. And of Zebulun he said, Rejoice, Zebulun, in thy going out; and, Issachar, in thy tents."—Deut. 33:13–18; and remembering that this is Joseph's land, we look abroad towards the east, west, north and south; we count up the mighty rivers, the interior oceans, and look towards those ancient mountains. We gaze until from sheer weariness our eyes can gaze no longer upon the uncounted thousands, aye millions of miles stretching away in fertile fields and grassy plains, dotted here and there with strips of leafy verdure. We penetrate and are lost in amazement beneath the giant trees of our vast forests; we look from an eminence upon the rush and whirl of travel, following the unbroken network of our rail road lines, ever increasing like the troubled surges of the vast deep. We behold mighty cities, springing up as by magic, while the face of the country is dotted with flourishing towns and villages almost as thickly as the blue dome of heaven with stars; and while we behold and contemplate all this we find ourselves repeating, "Blessed of the Lord be his land!"

Sister Alley remembers her home beside the rock bound coasts of the Atlantic, but has little conception of the mighty domain lying beyond. We speak not now of the vast stretches of prarie land between the Allegheny and Rocky Mountains, but beyond those lofty snow-capped peaks, even to the utmost bounds of the lasting hills, where stretches out a land of perennial beauty and unparalelled fertility. Here are indeed "the precious things of the earth and the fulness thereof." Here the mighty Pacific washes with ceaseless murmur the land above which sunny skies bend ever lovingly, and kisses with her cool breezes, into life and being, plants, fruits, and flowers of every clime beneath the sun. And this is Joseph's land. From ocean to ocean even to the utmost bounds.

Again, we turn back in memory to the time when "darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the minds of the people;" and while listening we hear the sounding cry of the evangel as the everlasting gospel is restored to the earth, saying, "Fear God and give glory to him for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountain of waters;" and going back we find that great and mighty as has been the onward sweep of civilization since the hour when that cry first went forth; it has been eclipsed and surpassed, if that could be, by the giant strides of freedom, liberty and truth.

Young men and maidens who have a name and a portion in Zion, whose birthright is freedom, whose promised inheritance is the truth which when known shall make you free, open the eyes of your understanding, lift them and take in the view stretching out before you, even "from the river unto the ends of the earth," from every realm and clime of the habitable globe upon which the sun sheds its warmth and light; take it in with the broad understanding eye of an observer, for said Daniel, "The observing shall understand." Take your stand for observation upon the tower of that light-house illumined by divine truth, and you will find that as the "light which lighteth out of the one part under heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven; so also shall the Son of Man be in his day." That day for which we are looking, will be a day in which the light that first arose in the east will shine from one end of the earth even unto the other. Do not understand us as saying that all men will come to that light, we do not mean this; neither do we mean that all will be guided in full by that Spirit which is to guide into all truth, but we do mean that inasmuch as Christ is "the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," that "in his day," the day in which the restored gospel is being preached in its purity and power to a greater or less extent, that light will be universally diffused. But we find the subject growing upon our hands, until it becomes too lengthy for the Corner, and for this reason we

will continue it in our next. We can not conclude however until we ask you, each one of you—you who we have before said are heirs of the truth; you who claim freedom, that freedom into which the truth leads ever son and daughter of Adam, who will obey it as your birthright—what preparation are you making for the part you surely must desire to take in the grand events preceding his coming. The Babe of Bethlehem came in our nature, and cast in his lot with the humblest of earth's children; yet even then, in purity, excellence, wisdom, mercy, justice and truth he excelled all the children of men, even as the glory of the sun causes all other lights to pale. If such was the splendor of his character when veiled in humanity, what will it be when he shall come in the glory of his Father, with all the holy angels? What manner of persons ought we to be in all manner of holy conversation and godliness?

DRIFT-WOOD.

The threads our hands in blindness spin,
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.—*Whittier.*

OBEYING PLEASANTLY.

Harry had seen some older boys flying their kites from the tops of houses, and he thought it would be nice fun if he could do so, too. So he came to his aunt, and said:

"Aunt Mary, may I go to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

His aunt wished to do everything to please him, but she thought it very unsafe, so she said:

"No, Harry, my boy. I think that it is a very dangerous sort of sport. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

"All right. Then I'll 'go out on the bridge," said Harry.

His aunt smiled, and said she hoped that he would always be as obedient as that.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother, one day.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage, and I'll bring him down."

"All right," shouted the boy, as he put his top away in his pocket, and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go to your shop this morning?" said Harry, one day at breakfast; "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

"Oh, yes, Harry," said his uncle, "I shall be glad to have you."

"But I can not spare you to-day, Harry," said his mother. "I want you to go out with me. You shall go to the shop another day."

"All right," said Harry, and he went on with his breakfast.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met with in asking for anything, his constant reply was, "All right." He never stopped to worry or tease. He never asked, "Why can't I?" or "Why mustn't I?" Harry had learned not only to obey, but he had learned to obey in good humor.—*Selected.*

SEVEN QUESTIONS.

If you meet with an atheist, do not let him entangle you into the discussion of side issues. As to many points which he raises you must learn to make the rabbi's answer, "I do not know." But ask him these seven questions:

1. Ask him, Where did matter come from? Can a dead thing create itself?
2. Ask him, Where did motion come from?
3. Ask him where life came from, save the finger-tip of Omnipotence.
4. Ask him whence came the exquisite order and design in nature. If one told you that millions of printers' types should fortuitously shape themselves into the divine comedy of Dante or the plays of Shakespeare, would you not think him a madman?
5. Ask him whence came consciousness.
6. Ask him who gave you free will.
7. Ask him whence came conscience.

He who says there is no God, in the face of these questions, talks simply stupendous non-

sense. This, then, is one of the foundations—one of the things which can not be shaken, and will remain. From this belief in God, follows the belief in God's providence, the belief that we are his people and the sheep of his pasture. And belief in redemption necessitates belief in sanctification, and the knowledge of God not only as Jehovah Nissi, the Lord our banner; Jehovah Jireh, the Lord our helper; but Jehovah Shammai, the Lord our glory, and Jehovah Tsidkenu, the Lord our righteousness; not only of the Immanuel, the God with us, but of the Holy Spirit of Pentecost, the God within us.—*Farrar.*

LITTLE BEN.

I'm a miner, sir, an' the bosses' books,
  I reckon, 'ul plainly show,
Thet about a third of my life, so far,
  Hes been lived in them mines below;
An' I 'low thet when I drop my tools
  An' my minin' days er o'er,
I'll feel jest ez nat'rel in six feet o' earth
  Ez o' 'twere five hundred more.

Yes, I've seen some putty skittish times
  In my twenty year down there,
An' on some men's heads there'd be more gray
  Than there is in my tangled hair,
But every life hes its ups an' downs,
  An' a miner's, with th' rest,
Hes its own full share o' trials—
  A putty tough life et best.

Little Ben Ross? Ah, yes, sir,
  I remember the little lad well,
Fer I wer one o' th' thirty men
  Thet wer blocked in thet burnin' hell,
Un' th' ten o' all them thirty
  Thet breathed fresh air agen,
Owe ther lives to thet little younker
  Brave-hearted little Ben.

How it hap'nd? I can na' tell ye,
  'Pears like I was senseless et first;
'Twas the fire-damp as exploded
  With a fearfully, terrible burst.
It blots out a miner's life, sir,
  Like you'd blow out er common lamp,
It's the curse o' our lives down there, sir,
  This devil's own fire-damp.

There wus a crashin' o' fallin' timbers
  An a rumblin' an' tumblin' o' earth,
Ez o' hell itself et thet moment
  Hed then an there give birth
To some new an' fearful horror
  Fer to crush out th' lives o' men,
But God sent an angel o' mercy
  In th' form o' little Ben.

It wer death fer t' stay down yander,
  It wer death fer t' go below,
An' men standin' roun' th' shaft yer,
  With faces ez white ez snow,
Wives an' mothers a clingin' an' cryin'
  Took a brave heart t' ventur' down there,
Each sorter looked at th'other
  T' see ef t'other one dare.

'Twas 'bout six months 'fore this hap'nd,
  That little Ben came to our camp,
No one knew nothing erbout him,
  Every one tho't him er tramp,
But somehow we all sorter liked him,
  Not a miner but what was his friend.
An' now, when th' others held back, sir,
  He step't up, prepared t' descend.

I can't tell ye' jes' how it was, sir,
  Bein' ez I was below,
But they said that he looked up t' heaven
  An' said suthin' soft an' low.
Th' basket went down, an' came up, sir,
  Came up an' went down again,
Unt l from death down there, sir,
  He'd saved th' hull o' us ten.

God must a'gin him strength, sir;
  He could not a'done it 'ithout,
Fer he wa'n't much else but er boy, sir,
  An' not right overly stout.
Th' men got kinder ashamed, sir,
  An' 'bout half er dozen went down,
An' jes' et the foot o' th' shaft
  Little Ben's body was foun'.

Ye' prob'ly noticed th' marble block
  Standin' out on th' village square,
Th' boys o' th' mine put it up fer him,
  An' little Ben's sleepin' out there.
An' I reckon that when we drop our tools,
  T' ans'er our names on high,
B' th' throne o' th' Master Workman,
  We'll fin' little Ben standin' nigh.

Selected.

Helpful Hints and Suggestions.

The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.—*Whittier.*

HOW TO GROW OLD.

It is easy to grow old—as easy as breathing—it requiring no conscious effort. And so long as we shall breathe age will creep remorselessly on, its advancing tread measured by our heart-beats. But it is hard to grow old gracefully. The angelic innocence of infancy, as intelligence awakens in the infant mind and experience hardens the infant heart, flies back to the angels. It is not a continuous earthly possession. The struggle for life in this joyful world stamps its wicked impress alike upon our countenances and our characters. But there are people who are wickeder than they appear to be, and there are others who are not so wicked as they look. Our inward and our outward semblance do not keep an even pace, so that the mind of a man may be surely indicated by his appearance. Some of us may have easy fortune and bad health; others may have lives of hardship and be blessed with good health and merry hearts. A rich man, loaded with dyspepsia as well as gold and gear, may be old and sour and misanthropic at the age of forty, while his coachman, blessed with content and a good digestion, will look cheery, comfortable, and serene above the age of sixty. As a life of ease and luxury offers no guarantee against wrinkles and grey hairs, and as a life of labor and hard knocks does not surely bring on premature decrepitude, there is left open a field of inquiry into the best method of keeping Father Time on his good behavior, so that his ravages shall be kept undisclosed as long as possible.

HOW TO PRESERVE A YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

There are as many ways of preserving a youthful appearance as there are men and women who try to do it. One gentleman of the writer's acquaintance who is going gaily through his sixties, and who looks to be still in his forties, ascribes his wonderful preservation to the constant use of the Turkish bath. Unquestionably he has hit upon one of the grand secrets of juvenility. It is proverbial that cleanliness is next to godliness; but a clean skin and a clean shirt tend also to calm temper and to promote bodily ease. Is it going too far to say that a man or woman freshly bathed and cleanly clothed is less likely to perpetrate any form of dishonesty than one not so cleansed and so attired? All the great forms of religion insist upon bodily cleanness. The hygienic system formulated by Moses can hardly be improved upon with all the advancement of modern science. The Koran is rigid as to purity of the person. But the mind must also be kept clean. If that could be wholly done, the innocent look of childhood might be always preserved to us. Our faces would grow strong and noble and reverend without becoming, as they now do, the outward evidence of ignoble thoughts and purposes.

OUTDOOR EXERCISE,

Man, like other animals, was made to live the greater part of the time out of doors. Out-of-door exercise is essential to vigor of body, and vigor of body is essential to youthfulness of appearance. It is the indoor confinement of women—the constant breathing of overheated and vitiated air, and the necessary neglect of natural forms of exercise—that makes their beauty fade prematurely. It is as natural for girls to romp and play in the open air as it is for colts to do so, and the health and strength of the horse would be vitally impaired by the hothouse bringing up which the girls have to undergo before they attain to years of maturity.

POINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

If nutmegs are good, when pricked with a pin oil will instantly ooze out.

To prevent mustard-plasters from blistering, mix with the white of an egg.

To clean furniture that is not varnished, rub with a cloth wet with kerosene.

Mortar and paint may be removed from window glass with hot sharp vinegar.

Water in which borax is dissolved is good for the hair, and also to whiten the face and hands.

To beat the white of eggs quickly, add a pinch of salt. Salt cools, and cold eggs froth rapidly.

White spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate from the stove over them.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

1. That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions, and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bug remedy; and that a coat of white-wash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

2. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

3. That kerosene will make the tin tea kettle as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

YOUNG MEN WITHOUT HOMES.

BY J. W. MOONEY.

THE most critical period in a young man's life is when he leaves the influence of his parents, home, instructors and early associates, to start in life for himself, and to make new aquaintances and companions—to launch his frail bark on the stormy and billowy ocean of life. We see a large majority of them leave the country and settle in our large towns and cities, drawn to these centers supposing the chances of success are there most favorable. They come with their ambition on fire, with visions of wealth before them, attended with their mothers' prayers, in youthful purity and vigor, inexperienced in crime, and—in consequence of their ignorance of the devices of evil men—are easily entrapped. They find themselves among strangers, and with entirely new surroundings. The quiet of their country homes is exchanged for the bustle of business; and instead of spending their evenings around the hearthstones of the old homesteads, alas! they find themselves in the crowded streets, at the clubs and billiard halls and theaters, amid the glare of temptations.

It is a great disadvantage for a young man to be away from the parental roof and to be a stranger; for the Evil One is sure to tempt him when lonely, if he does not ask guidance from the omnipotent hand. How weak we all are when alone! How much of life is wrapped up in our hearts! How little we seem when away among absolute strangers! How love strengthens character and surrounds it with bulwarks! All this the young man forfeits when he leaves home and takes the risk of surroundings heretofore mentioned.

A young man in a large city without a home or some special friends whom he can visit, is to be pitied. For instance, for a whole year some young men never sit down in quiet conversation in a family group; they are only acquainted with those like themselves whose chief attractions are the streets and dens of vice. Society in the higher sense of the term they know nothing about. They are not at ease in the company of the refined and religious, their conversation has the ring of coarsenss, and their manner is rough. Their grace in virtuous society is gone, and such company becomes distasteful; and finally they prefer the billiard hall and the pool room to the parlor; the low, degraded dance to the social circle at home, and the boisterous crowd on the street to the elevating influence of music or the society of intelligent ladies. Thus we see thousands of young men going down to ruin. One restraint after another is broken; early recollections fade slowly away; old friendships loose their power; church is neglected; the old Bible, probably the gift of a kind mother, is unread and unstudied; and deeper they plunge for gratification. To silence their consciences they benumb their feelings with strong drink, and to bury thoughts of former innocense and home they rush into all all kinds of amusements and excitements. The very thought of accountability towards God becomes purgatory to their souls, therefore they must be thoughtless or become scoffers at religion. They soon blast their characters and break their parents' hearts; and ultimately they fill untimely graves and loose their souls.

But let us go back to the old homestead, and look for a moment at the group that glows in the blaze of the warm and

comfortable fire. The father after his day's toil is probably looking over the daily paper, learning the news of his own and foreign hands. Mother lays down her knitting, perhaps to read a letter from her son at the college, or a letter from her daughter in some distant land. The library is well supplied with choicest selections, and then hanging against the wall is an antique motto, worked by grandma when she was sweet sixteen, and one of the younger girls goes to the piano and plays:

"The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near."

And, finally, one of the older boys gets back from the singing class just in time to see his father take the old family Bible, with its chronicle of births, marriages and deaths; he reads it sincerely and devoutly, and then prayer puts its strong hem around the finished day's work.

Dear readers, this is no mere fancy picture, for I have had a knowledge of it, both from personal experience and observations; for the real wealth and virtue and the future hope of our young men lies in just such homes, where the laws of God are kept; and as long as a young man is anchored to a Christian home like this, and the experience of it in his youth and the remembrance of it in his manhood, he is reasonably safe for this life, with a good hope for the next. The best society roots there and the church has its roots there too.

Now if thousands of our young men in the rural regions truly appreciated the quiet joys and blessings of such home for themselves and children, they would not be in such hot haste to rush off to the large towns to seek their fortunes, and find only a precarious clerkship and a cold fourth story room in a boarding house. Horace Greeley's old refrain to young men was to keep out of the cities—too full already. Of nothing are they more full than of evil haunts, lost characters, and ruined lives. But young men of ambition will pour into those cities in spite of all warning. If employers could have the full control of the young clerk, salesman, or bookkeeper, when the store the office, or banking house is closed, and invite them to their residence or recommend them to some other place, it would strengthen their own influence and put in a new tether to hold their young wards to religious society. If young men have not a home they must have a haunt; their evenings must be spent somewhere, and the Evil One will light up his decoy lamps all over town. How sad the scene, to get a bird's-eye view of it! and may the great and loving Savior save such as are drawn into our city vices, and are on the broad road to destruction.

Let every young man work and pray for the youth of our land; for what is there more lovely or beautiful than to see a young man or young woman in the bloom of health and the dew of youth bending with reverence before a kind God, seeking forgiveness, peace, guidance and life; but what a strange, misguided and piteous object then, the soul that never prays! We are to pray earnestly for the best gifts, and persevere in our duty through all trials; for he that endureth to the end shall be saved. We have but one object in view, and that is to do the will of God and keep his commandments, and be a follower of Him everywhere; and then finally leave the event with Him.

And to the young men who have embraced the gospel, if we live faithful it will ensure for us many thousands of blessings, and cause us to avoid thousands of evils that beset our path. If there is anything on this earth that should give us pleasure, it is that we embraced the gospel in our youth; for it is the wise and and marvelous display of the handiwork of the true and living God, and the power of God unto salvation.

Independence, Mo.

ONLY LENT.—Children, relations, friends, honors, houses, lands, revenues and endowments, the goods of Nature and of fortune, nay, even of grace itself, are only lent. It is our misfortune to fancy they are given. We start, therefore, and are angry when the loan is called in. We think ourselves masters when we are but stewards, and forget that to each of us will it one day be said: "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou may'st be no longer steward."

WHEN a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a bachelor acquaintance, you may set it down that she means to sew in order that she may reap.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care,
And while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.
They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.
It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is tossed and turned,
And he sees his real handiwork, that his marvelous skill is learned.
Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all its cost,
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.
Thus the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praises as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving always, till the mystic web is done.
Weaving kindly, but weaving surely, each for himself, his fate,
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.
But looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need to fear,
Only let him look clear into heaven—the perfect Pattern is there.
If he keeps the face of the Savior forever and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.
And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall say to him. "Well done!"
And the white-winged angels of Heaven to bear him thence shall come down,
And God shall give him gold for his hire, not coin, but a fadeless crown.

Selected.

ANTIQUITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

FEW of us ever stop to think how old the Bible is. Yet "the Scriptures are believed by candid critics to contain the most ancient forms of truth now known to men. With the aid of chronological tables, any one may easily make profitable comparisons between the antiquity of the Book and that of other writings and events. The Scriptures contain the only authentic history of the world before the flood. We find in the Pentateuch one or two stanzas of poetry composed in the antediluvian period. The Hebrew statutes were enacted a thousand years before Justinian reformed the Roman jurisprudence. In the Bible we have the record of chartered rights secured to the people more than two thousand years before Magna Charta.

What a sensation would be produced if the first chapter of Genesis should appear for the first time in one of our newspapers to-morrow! Yet there can be no doubt that that chapter contains the oldest writing, twenty-five hundred years before the invention of printing. Xenophon's record of the conversation of Socrates, in his "Memorabilia," seems an old book to us, yet similar topics were discussed in Ecclesiastes six hundred years before. The works of Tacitus, Plutarch and Quintilian are not modern, yet the books of the New Testament are older than they.

As to the Book of Job, its age is beyond conjecture. Those who make it as modern as they can, are compelled to place its origin, at least, one thousand years before Homer. When Priam was King of Troy, Job was of remote antiquity. The name of Alexander has no modern sound to us, yet, when Alexander invaded Syria, the Book of Job might have been

read before him as the work of an author more time honored than the name of Alexander is now.

The writings of Confucius are modern compared to most of the Bible; and the most that the Hindoos can justly claim for their sacred books, the Vedas, is that they were written five hundred years after the death of Moses. The Koran is a book fresh from the press compared with the Scriptures.—*Dr Upson.*

LETTER FROM T. W. SMITH.

SISTER WALKER:—

I FEEL it to be my duty to thank you, and the Lord who assists you, for the exceedingly interesting reading, original and selected, which finds its way into *Autumn Leaves.* I do not think that any one can object to the increase in the subscription price. It is now, and I have no doubt will continue to be, fully worth all you propose to ask for it, or indeed much more than that amount.

I feel particularly interested in what pertains to Palestine and the Jews, having had some strange experiences in reference thereto. From my boyhood days I have ever felt a deep interest in Israel's restoration; and years before I ever heard of the latter day work of the Lord, I found my favorite theme in preaching, to be the restoration of the throne and kingdom of David. I did not understand it then, but I soon learned its significance after I had joined this church. The promise has been at various times made me by the Spirit that I was to be sent as a laborer to the Holy Land; but alas, I must confess that even admitting God had spoken at such times and had called me to that work, I now realize my utter unfitness for the work, in many ways, and that I do not feel that I could possibly perform it, and I have for years dismissed it from my mind. I certainly have not the remotest wish that it should be my calling. I feel ashamed and condemned before God that I have not lived since as I did in those days. For months and months I never knew sin in thought word or deed, and oh, what faith and power I had at that time! I was worthy to have been an apostle then, although not one; but since I have been called, O, my Lord, how far behind my spiritual priveleges I have fallen! I would give the world to be where I was then. Of course I have not forfeited my calling by wilful transgression; but so great are my trials, so uncongenial my surroundings, and so much to vex my soul and try my faith, that I feel like Paul to cry out, "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death!"

Early in 1869 I went to Maine, where I formed the acquaintance of Sr. Alley's relatives, and baptized a number of George J. Adam's followers into the Reorganization. I obtained and read his work, "The Sword of Truth," and found much to endorse; but he took one position which gave me a great deal of trouble. He used such skillful arguments concerning the misapplication of certain prophecies to Christ's birth, as shook my faith in his miraculous conception. I was troubled and of course prayed much over it, (as in those days I prayed very often in secret.) One Sunday morning when preaching in Little Kennebec, I began to talk on the subject of Christ's birth when the Holy Ghost fell upon me, and I was shown by divine revelation, as truly as ever Peter was shown, that "Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God." This I declared then and there, in the name of the Lord. I was then led to declare in that region that George J. Adam's teachings on that subject were a gross and dangerous heresy. In 1880 I met Adams in Philadelphia, and had a long talk with him; and among other things he declared to me that he knew that young Joseph was the true and only lawful successor to the presidency of the church, and, said he, "I know more about that matter than any other man living, for I was present and held the horn of oil while his father

laid his hands upon young Joseph's head and prophecied that he should be his successor in the presidency of the church and in the prophetic office, and blessed him to that end." I asked him why he did not unite with us, and he replied that he was working to that end; that his congregation was being trained up to the point of understanding the restoration of the gospel and events connected therewith, and he believed he could lead most of them into the light in its fulness. I heard him preach, and he came as near showing the angelic visit to Joseph as he could without mentioning names, and spoke of the falling away in the former age, and the necessity of the restoration of the gospel. He heard me on the following Sunday night in the hall at the corner of 9th and Callow Hill streets, on the same subject, with Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon added, and after the discourse shook hands heartily with me and said, "I endorse every word of that." He has a son, an able preacher in the Baptist church who preaches more truth than his co-laborers, from the reason that he learned of the gospel in its fulness from his father.

Your brother in Christ,
T. W. SMITH.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

THERE is no such thing as a trifle in the world. So accurately is the dust weighed in the balanees of creation, that a portion of matter more or less might disturb the solar system, and send it crashing to wreck. No microscopic gaze can detect the shooting of the cell which determines whether the oak shall be a shapely tree, fit for the mast of some gallant admiral, or the stunted Caliban of the forest; or if the child's brain will yield genius and blessing, or erratic failure. In morals and in practical affairs, the truth comes still closer home. Who has not had the plans of months, or perhaps of a lifetime, upset by some petty neglect of some heedless friend, or employee, or dishonest tradesman? A letter loses a post because an errand boy was so taken up with his fun as not to see how time was passing, and your contract is lost, with the possibility of doing a great good which depended on it. A servant neglects to have a room in order, and a valued guest goes away with an unpleasant impression, and never comes again; or some one miscon strues a jest, and it is the beginning of a breach which spoils society in your little circle.

An important case was lost, one day, by a lawyer stopping to talk on the street two minutes. One of parties had said to the other, "Be here by ten o'clock with the papers, and you shall have what you want." The poor man was at his lawyer's office to get the papers an hour before time, waiting. The two rushed around, only to enter the other man's office two minutes late, and to meet a flat refusal, on the ground that they were after time.

Everywhere men and women are losing their best chances by a hairbreadth, or a moment; or are losing them for others, which is crueler still. To be faithful in that which is much, it is ever essential to faithful in that which is least.

LOSS AND GAIN.

She walked apart, along the height,
The stars above her bending head,
And, marked by many a twinkling light,
Below her steps the world was spread.
On one side drooped her shadowy hair;
As slow she moved, her white robe shone;
She lived in love's enchanted air—
The love of One!

Lo! from her dreary height she stepped
Down to the world in lowly guise;
Strange grief within her heart she kept,
Deep wonder in her wistful eyes.
And now, as soft her footsteps move
Along the valley's winding fall,
She knows a purer, lovelier love—
The love of All!

Selected.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

HOW TO PRSERVE A VASE FULL OF FLOWERS.

Take home your basket of wild flowers, "nodding violets," cowslips, bright-eyed anemones, and all the lovely offerings of the woods, and before arranging them in the vase, carefully seal the stem of each flower. Place a glass shade over the vase; be careful that flowers, vase, and shade are perfectly dry; then fill up the groove in the wood, in which the shade stands, with melted wax. By covering the wax with chenille it can be perfectly hidden. We are told that flowers kept in this way will last a twelvemonth, and it is worth a trial. Be careful not to tie them as the stems must be loose and separate from each other.

PORTIERES.

When the rooms between which they are used are very large, something heavy is usually liked best. Where they are not, however, the lighter materials can be employed to advantage. Get some pretty Madras, with a soft ground work, and rich figures—it can be bought for a dollar a yard,—then have the pole set inside the arch if it is high enough and throw the Madras over it, letting it come to the floor upon the one side like a curtain and be drawn back to one side and tied about one-third of the distance from the floor to the top. Throw the other end once more carelessly over the pole and leave that side loose. The Madras will, of course, fall in irregular folds nearly to the floor, or should be long enough to do so. The effect is very pretty, and the thin material does not seem to darken the rooms or diminish their apparent size, as the darker heavier hangings do.

"Vesuvius, have you any ideas?"

"Idees! Miss Mary. Why, I'm jest runnin' over with 'em all the time."

"Well, then, I do wish you would tell me how to change these shabby old looking-glass frames into pretty picture frames, for I confess I don't exactly see how it is to be done.

Vesuvius looked interested. He came inside the door and sat down on the step.

"Well, you know I work a good deal up to Squire Hawkins', and Miss Sally Hawkins, she's right inter the brick-bat bizness. One day when I was up there she was makin' a frame—and it was a flat frame jest like yours, only it was new —and she says to me, Vesuvius, would you mind goin' out ter the yard and gettin' me some little twigs off'n the bushes or some little weeds or somethin'?' says she. So I went out and got whatever I could find and she went to work, and the next time I went up there she showed me the frame. It had a gurl in it."

"Was it pretty?" inquired Mary.

"Purty!" answered Vesuvius. "Well, I should say 'twas. There haint nothin' purtier down to Silsby's store."

"Can you describe the way in which she made it, Vesuvius?"

"Course I can, Miss Mary. It's easy enough to do when you've got the idee. Miss Sally, she had a pot of glue—right thick glue, too—and she jest plastered it all over that frame, all rough like, and then she stuck on them little branches slantin', and when the frame got dry she painted it all gold. I'll show you jest how she did it ef your ma can spare me awhile."

Mrs. Matthews could dispense with Vesuvius's services for an hour or two, and soon two frames were lying on the old deal table in the woodhouse to dry. They were the old flat looking-glass frames in a chrysalis state. One had been given a coat of glue, the other a wash of thick varnish. On the first had been placed the bushy twigs, according to the description given by Vesuvius, and over the last had been sprinkled a heavy coat of the coarse sawdust brought down from the garret. To-morrow they were each to receive a coat of varnish, filling in all the interstices, and later on to be covered with gold paint.

The third frame was a narrow one with a deep groove around both the outer and inner edges. This frame Mary polished with sand-paper until it was as smooth as glass, and gave it two coats of white paint. After it had dried thoroughly a thin coat of picture varnish was applied and the grooves gilded. When finished the frame looked as handsome as the enamelled frames now so much used for water colors and French lithographs.

The frame with applied twigs and weeds was so effective than Mary decided to decorate the old earthen "crock" in the same style. It was to figure as a jardiniere, and was destined to hold some lovely branches of the old "honesty" plant which had been given her some time before.

TWINE HOLDER.

A useful and pretty little thing is the twine holder. This is a round bag crocheted in silk of two or more colors, in which is placed a ball of fancy twine, the end of which is drawn through a small, circular opening in the bottom of the bag. Satin ribbon matching the colors of the silk draw the bag together at the top, forming loops a quarter of a yard in length, by which the bag is suspended. Two bows finish the top of the bag and from one of these hangs a small pair of scissors.

Ingrain carpets, worn beyond repair, should be cut into lengthwise strips and woven the same as a rag carpet. It is unnecessary to sew the ingrain cuttings, weavers generally preferring to overlap the strips as they weave. Mats and carpets assume quite a Persian look when made in this way, and are very durable.

[illegible]

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(See page 356).

AUTUMN LEAVES.

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HE THAT BELIEVETH.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

WHEN the primitive ministers were commissioned of Christ "to go into all the world and preach." they were supposed to know what they should preach. They could not consistently go without tidings. If they had a message to bear, it was a message in the singular number. It was well defined; else they had no right to tell a good story wrong. Life and death—spiritual, eternal—rested upon its proper delivery. It was a message that came with an authority. The authority was not self-assumed, but imposed. The imposer held the divine right to bestow. God being the giver of life and dispenser of death(?), was why the message borne by the ministry carried with it the essence of either. The saving and condemning were resultant upon the personal action of the parties hearing the message. It became a savor of life or of death simply as it might be received or rejected; hence its importance.

"He that believeth."—These words have racked many a brain, and puzzled the masses. Theologians have floundered upon the rocks of uncertainty. Students have become wrecked upon the shifting sands of unwarranted theories. The populace have depended upon the scholastic, whilst the latter have significantly failed. No compromise could be found. All creeds were but fragmentary. Life had been promised upon obedience; but what to obey they knew not. The human failed to interpret the divine. The carnal perceived not the spiritual. The darkness comprehended not the light. Strange predicament indeed!

There was a time when the truth in Jesus was understood by many. But discordant elements entered the church and dethroned the spirituality thereof, and the church passed into darkness.

By and by the Nicene Creed was formulated and promulgated, as containing the whole truth necessary to be believed. Life and death were held out with the "He that believeth." It was then, "Believe and be saved;" "Believe or be damned." These words were made to resound through the gothic arches and encircle Corinthian columns, and re-echo from towering domes with a thundering sound that made the pew occupants quake with fear. The pulpit or altar had to be recognized as entrenched in an authority that exercised no mistakable influence. The robe, mitre and all must be heard—"He that believeth not shall be damned!" Oh, what ponderous words! Those words were caused after awhile to mean stake, fagot, sword, torch, rack, pincers, fire, rack, cross, dungeon, thorns, block and tackle, stretchers, &c. It was hell here and hereafter; fire now and forever. These were the brutal arguments used by a degraded church.

The time came when John Wycliffe translated the Bible into the vulgar tongue. It was well. Others followed. Luther also gave it in his language. That was right. The people must have an open Bible. They ought to read God's word. Certainly everyone should read it.

But for centuries it had been virtually lost to the world. Now, after a long lapse of tradition, the people with a Bible to read, how were they to know, "save some man teach them," what to believe.

Presently we have the Augsburg Confession of Faith; then the Westminster

Catechism; then the Forty-two Articles of King Edward. Then we get the Armenian Creed; then the formula of Knox.

While the people are expecting good results to follow the possession of an open Bible, these creeds intercept them; and each framer claims his creed to be perfectly correct. Everybody should believe each one or be damned! All over Europe, upon the proclamation of the creeds—dogmas—were heard the telling words: "He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." All cathedrals, churches, chapels, palaces, courts, temples, echo the fatal words. But they did not bring peace, nor create good will among men.

In May, 1620, Robinson admonished the pilgrims, then about to sail for America, thus: "If God reveals anything to you by another instrument, be as ready to receive it as you ever were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded, I am very confident, that the Lord has more truth to yet to break forth out of his holy word. . . . The reformed churches are come to a period in religion. . . The Lutherans can not be drawn further than what Luther saw; and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by Calvin, . . who yet saw not all things."

Each creed claimed to possess divine authority. Life and death were in their power. Each one strongly antagonized the other. To believe one was to disbelieve all the others. No two harmonized. How then were men to be saved? By what right were they taught? By what standard were they to be tested? Did Catholicity hold the right? She claimed it, but her claim was not well founded. A man of that time was placed in the following position. Here he stands, surrounded by the Nicene Creed, Augsburg Confession, Armenian Creed, Westminster Catechism, Edward's Forty-two Articles and Knox's Formula, and each one declares to this man with apparently equal force and authority: "Believe, or be condemned! Believe, or be condemned! Believe, or be condemned!" If he accepts one, it promises him life; while that acceptance implies rejection of the others, which declare, "He that believeth not shall be damned." He finds himself saved by one, and damned by five. There is no mistaking this. These are stubborn facts born of the Reformation.

The authority of these creeds was exercised by the religio-civil officers. European states were stained with human gore, and European atmosphere was rank with the fumes of frying flesh; and the vibrations of cracking bones sounded in the air. Desolation lay in their pathway. Homes were destroyed, families disrupted, relatives severed. And as the states took issue they also decided. England became Episcopal; Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark became Lutheran; Scotland Wales and Switzerland took up with Calvinism and Knoxism. Others were divided with Catholicity and Armenianism. Men's consciences were ruled by authority, and not by reason or judgment. The history of the Reformation is not a clean one. The manner after which men were made to believe was not the Nazarenean method. No peace was found in the Reformation. Discord everywhere existed. The papacy endeavored by every and any means to hold universal power over all men. Its authority was not to be disputed upon penalty of death. He that believed not was branded as a heretic. Of such we read: "A heretic merits the pains of fire. . . Heretics must be burned. All persons may attack heretics or any rebels to the church, and despoil them of their wealth, and slay them, and burn their houses and cities."—Directory for the Inquisition, part ii, ch. 2. This gives but a faint glimpse at the power once exercised by the church in consequence of the text named.

The same spirit was carried into the Protestant ranks. Burning was the heated argument of the times. It seared the broad brims of our Friends' hats. It became a chord on the Puritanical harp of New England. It chimed in cordially when they manufactured witches at Salem, Massachusetts.

"He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned," served as a sweet enunciation by way of introducing David's and Solomon's muchwifery, in 1852. It fanned the flames that burned Servetus, Cranmer, Latimer, and hundreds of others.

No man has any divine, human, ecclesiastical or civil right to preach anything he may choose—fine-spun theories or otherwise—and convey the idea by intimation of speech or gesture that what he

says is necessarily appended with, "He that believeth not shall be damned." There is but one, one message divinely authorized to be told to which those words ever can be appended, and that not by way of divine vengeance; but by letting the hearer understand that to be condemned means that his rejection of the message of mercy has been unwise, and that by this rejection he voluntarily assumes to abide the result of his own act—to be assigned to a lower realm hereafter than that of celestial light. No man's opinion can save or condemn. Opinion is not always a divine decision. Opinion may be right or wrong. Divine decision never expressed an error. It is an embodiment of eternal wisdom; therefore must be right.

"HE THAT BELIEVETH."

Herein consists the problem of problems. Believe what? Who shall determine what? To every edict, every bull issued by pontifical authority was appended the words, "He that believeth not shall be damned." Every measure adopted by councils or issued from the vatican contained the horrid sentence. Horrid because that phrase, "Shall be damned," was made to present to the auditor pits of flame, demons of fiery eyes, groans of souls writhing in flame-agony, fallen angels turning over condemned souls with three-tined forks and shoveling on brimstone. This was a picture over which "he that beleiveth" should at the sight of rejoice!

There was no "peace and quietness in the Holy Spirit" in this doctrine. Men were not persuaded. Coercion was the rule. Reason was not in demand. Brute force overstocked the market. The clergy, feigning wisdom, were nought but ecclesiastical imbeciles. Ignorance stalked through the land with sword, flame and rack. Superstition abounded everywhere. The people were asked to believe the grossest absurdities. Nothing was too incongruous to be presented and to have asked for it the credence of the populace. The sublime simplicity of gospel word became lost in the mists of the wildest vagaries. Debaucheries of crudest name, licentiousness of most debasing character were indulged in.

Protestantism gave forth an uncertain sound. It held not St. Peter's keys, nor yet had genuine Biblical assent to its divided efforts. Its effort to lead the people from idolatry under pretended Christian sanction was well enough; but her deficient plans of salvation led to confusion, and forecast the shadows of possible lawful doubt as to its divinity. If Protestantism as a system is to be found existing without divine sanction, then is it of no practical force so far as its pretended ability to save mankind, and for them gain an entrance into the heavenly kingdom, is concerned. Its moral phases are well enough in their sphere; but Christianity embraces more than that; and as Jesus represented it among men it was a powerful system for good, based upon broad, simple, demonstrable truth and fact. And this should not be lost sight of among theologians of to-day. If Christianity was once a religious unit, it should be such now. If it existed as being represented by purely one religious organization in which were to be found the unity expressed by the following words, then should it be so now. The words are: "That they all may be one, that *the world may believe* that thou hast sent me." Disunity detracted from the force of evidence otherwise to be recognized. Herein is where Catholicity makes a strong point: One church, one faith, one baptism, &c. She recognizes, even in her darkened condition, that unity was essential to successful claim for divine approval, that God never acknowledges division among his followers, or "believers, and that division always would prove prejudicial to divine interests. In this respect Protestantism is extremely lame. In a few years past it has been feigning unity; but in it there is no basic principle found, and to the query of the people, "What shall I do to be saved?" Protestantism to-day can not, or at least does not, answer. If the Protestants are God-authorized men, why do not they intelligently answer this ever, and all important question? Did the primitive ministry ever hesitate to answer it? And when answering were they ever known to have diversely answered? Not, so far as the record shows.

The Catholic church is right when she teaches that in order to her proper existence as a church she ought to be found in possession of an authority that is immediately divine. If the Church of Jesus Christ be a divinely instituted concern—

which Protestantism largely denies—then her ordinances can not be legitimately administered without a divine call. Catholicity says: "God has given no revelation direct of his will since the time of St. John." Rome's only hold then is to the legality of her successorship to St Peter. When she lets go of that, then is the Catholic Church a human institution. If human, then she can not deal with divine and eternal spiritualities. This truth and fact all her ecclesiastics keenly recognize. Protestantism has no claim at all. All Protestant divines know well that by direct, divine, revelatory sanction their conflicting systems do not exist. They all chime in with their foolish mother; and believe what she says is true, that there has been no revelation since St. John. The Mother laughs at their foolhardiness, and tells them their estrangement from her has left them with no claim for divine recognition in God's religious scheme.

Who, then, shall tell us what to believe in order to secure eternal life? We must believe something, in order that we may act. Action independent of faith would be unwise: how were we to know what to do without first knowing what to believe? Something should be clearly presented to the world, the acceptance of which by faith would give them to understand that to act upon that faith would be safe, that safety being warranted by enlightened reason, and having clearly the consent of plain Messianic precept and command. Can Protestantism give this? Something is to be believed, something to be done, else salvation can not be secured.

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT;

OR, THE TRAVELING ELDER'S PRAYER.

BY C. DERRY.

In the morning when I waken
And behold the light of day,
In sweet thought my soul is taken
To my loved ones far away.
And I raise my voice to heaven
In earnest, humble prayer,
That choice blessings may be given
To my loved ones over there.

When the sun has gained the zenith,
And the world is filled with light,
My lone heart as one that dreameth
Fain would know if all is right
With the loved ones left behind me—
In my little cottage home.
And I pray that God may keep them
All in safety till I come.

When the night doth cast its shadows
O'er the still earth like a pall,
Then I bend low in the darkness,
On my God I humbly call
To send forth his holy angels
To watch o'er them while they sleep;
And from every ill and danger
Their loved souls in safety keep.

Yes, I pray that God may guide them
By his gentle, loving hand,
That no evil may betide them
Till they reach that better land;
Where no sin or woe can enter
And our union sweet shall be,
Both unsullied and unbroken
Throughout all eternity.

WILL you say that there are no real stars, because you sometimes see meteors fall, which for a time appeared to be stars? Will you say that blossoms never produce fruit, because many of them fall off, and some fruit which appeared sound was rotten? Equally absurd is it to say that there is no such thing as real religion, because many who profess it fall away, or prove to be hypocrites in heart.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

THERE are hundreds of bright boys and girls, who are just beginning to see that they can do a great deal to make those around them happier. They are doing some helpful things without being asked, and they think of the comfort of others as well as their own.

I know some of these young folks, and find it a pleasure to see them growing manly or womanly. Instead of thoughtlessly asking for everything for themselves, they are thoughtfully giving much help to others. When this change begins at home it brightens things there wonderfully. But some boys and girls change in their manners and their demands upon every one except their mother. They fail to be polite, thoughtful and considerate toward the one who would be most pleased to receive their courtesy. Instead of a polite reply when asked to go on an errand there is a protest and perhaps a sharp order to "Get the basket quick or I won't go at all!" When some request is denied they answer: "Oh, you never care whether I have anything," or "I think you are just as mean as anything," or "You just want me to have a horrid time, I know," uttered in tones so disagreeable that even an unfeeling post, if spoken to in such a way, might be forgiven if it jumped from its place and started after the speaker.

"Mother knows I don't mean it," they say, only half ashamed, if some one tells them it is not kind. But if they could realize how these things they "do not mean" pain their mothers, andhow rude they are, the words and tones would be changed.

Some boys and girls find it especially hard to do promptly what they are told to do, and must be asked over and over. They are not so impolite as to pay no attention to a call for a little help from even strangers; why then so uncivil to their mothers? It is a habit that is good only to be rid of, for there is a pleasure in responding quickly and cheerfully when asked to help, and in being ahead of the call, too, without waiting to be asked, or reminded to do things that have to be done every day. These slow girls and boys do not realize how it tires those around them to urge them to begin everything they do.

"I'd rather do the work myself ten times over, if I could, than have the children around in the kitchen," mothers often say, and they mean it, for the children, instead of quietly doing as they are told and being a real help to the mother who really needs them, get their fingers and noses into every thing in the closets, and on the shelves, upset things and waste them and insist upon making the cake, working the butter or doing some other thing beyond their skill, and frowning and fretting if asked to do some simplier work. This isn't help at all, it is the most troublesome kind of hindrance.

If your mother tells how very busy she will be, and you answer eagerly, "let me help you," do be as good as your word. Help her, and do it in *her* way, or it will not help at all. Don't criticise everything you work with, nor demand something different. Don't call the dish-cloth horrid, the knives dull, the table too little, the broom too heavy and the kitchen too hot, or your mother will soon be too much tired to endure your help any longer. She may sigh and say nothing, if you say that she never lets you help, but in truth she would be pleased indeed with real help from you, but the worry and trouble you make cancel all your help and leave some trouble over to add to her own work.

Another way in which boys and girls sometimes fail in the treatment of their mothers, is by borrowing from them without asking to do so, and forgetting to return the things taken away. Scarcely anything escapes these young borrowers, the fire-shovel, the brooms, the sharp knives, iron spoons, scissors, thimbles, thread and a great variety of other things, from a cake-pan to a pair of stockings. And when these things are wanted the borrower has forgotten that he ever had them until they are found where he (or she) left them.

They would be heartily ashamed to treat a neighbor's wife so, but entirely forget to be as thoughtful and considerale of the things belonging to the mother, who, though she may scold, forgives and overlooks their many faults and failures, loves them with all her heart, and is made

glad by every attempt they make to please her. The sons and daughters who do the most for their mothers, who show every courtesy to her that they would to strangers, will not do too much. Be thoughtful for your mother's comfort, be gentlemanly, be ladylike to her presence, and you will gain a beauty of character from it that will be felt through all your lives.

Alice Brown.

FROM MALACHI TO MATTHEW.—No. V.

FEAST OF LIGHTS.

BY W. R. HOUGHTON, IN "THE CURRENT."

THE victory of Bethsur and the withdrawal of the Syrian army under Lysias, rendered Judas Maccaæbus master of the situation with ability to enter the city of Jerusalem. Accordingly, this hero, the recognized deliverer of his country, assembled the people and told them that "after these many victories which God had given them, they ought to go up to Jerusalem, and purify the temple and offer the appointed sacrifice." The privilege of performing this duty was the climax of hard-won successes, and the army advanced to the deserted city, being attended by a multitude of people. The fortress on Mount Acra was still held by the enemy, but Judas kept them at bay by a detatchment of his army, and took possession of temple hill. The scene of havoc left by the Syrian desecration was an object of horror and grief. The gates were in ashes, the sanctuary desolate, the altar disfigured, the chambers of the priests, which encircled the sacred building in corridors, were torn down, and the whole temple area was overgrown as if with a forest glade or mountain jungle. The heart-rending sight was followed at once by acts of humiliation. Making great lamentation, the people rent their clothes, cast ashes upon their heads, fell prostrate upon the ground, blew their trumpets as a loud mourning, and cried toward heaven in a supplicating voice. Then the work of purifying the polluted place was undertaken by the victorious army. Judas selected from the sacerdotal tribe such priests as were blameless, and had not compromised themselves with the Greeks. Their first duty was that of removing every particle that had been touched by polluted hands or unclean animals. The portable altar which had been erected to Jupiter was removed on the 22nd day of Marcheeven, and on the third of the month Chaseleu the priests took away the various pagan statues and the smaller altars from the court in front of the temple. All these unhallowed things were borne to some unclean place without the city. The altar of burnt offering, which the Greeks had defiled, they pulled down after consultation, lest it should become a reproach to them. But since the stones had been once consecrated, they thought they never could be entirely desecrated, and therefore should be fittingly preserved. They were laid away on the temple mount to await the appearance of some prophet "who would give answer concerning them;" for the people were waiting for some inspired one, as Elijah, who would solve all the difficulties of the chosen race. It is believed that the stones of this altar were deposited in one of the four closets of the fire room of the priests at the north-west corner of the temple, where they remained until the destruction of Jerusalem in the year 70 A. D. According to the plan of this altar, a new one was constructed out of unhewn stones, in compliance with the law. Everything had to be furnished afresh for the interior of the temple, the essential articles being the altar of incense, the seven-branched candlestick, the table of shew-bread, and

doors, gates, and vails. At last all was completed, and on the 25th of December, 165 B. C., the temple was rededicated, exactly three years after its desecration by the Greeks, and at the very time commemorated or predicted in the Book of Daniel. The spirit of the Jewish people during the galling tyranny of the Syrians had been at its lowest point, but now in this time of rejoicing the rebound of the national sentiment was correspondingly great. At morning dawn the burst of joy began with songs and citherns and harps and cymbals. The smoke once more went up from the altar in the court, where offerings were made in gladness and praise. The building was decked with shields and crowns of gold in imitation of the golden ornaments that adorned the porch of Solomon's temple. That which excited the strongest emotion was the rekindling of the perpetual light. The flame started on the new altar and was transferred therefrom to the rest of the building, illuminating the iron chandelier in lieu of the golden candlestick which could not then be had. The fire was obtained by striking unpolluted stones against each other, but later representations imagined some preternatural origin of the light and wrapped the incident in mystery and legend, as that under a new era in the modern ceremony of the "Sacred Fire" in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is a tradition of the rabbis that in cleansing the temple a single cruse of oil was found, sealed with the ring of the high-priest, which assured them that it was not polluted. The amount, however, was so small that it would furnish light in the ordinary manner for one day only, yet by the divine blessing it furnished oil for the lighting of the temple during the whole week of the festival. Judas and the congregation of Israel decreed that this feast of the dedication should be kept annually, eight days beginning on the 25th of December (Chaseleu), and celebrated with gladness and delight. In remembrance of the light furnished by the cruse of oil, "every private house was illuminated, beginning, according to one usage, with eight candles, and decreasing as the week went on; according to the other usage, beginning with one and advancing to eight." This festival of the dedication was called in after days the feast of lights, owing to the appearance of liberty beyond the hopes of the people, and to the rekindling of the sacred fire, and the custom of illuminations. This festival, though the latest of all those established by the Jews, at once took rank with the holy days designated in early times. The dedication of Solomon's temple and that of Zerubbabel had been arranged to coincide with the great autumnal Feast of the Tabernacles, and though this most festive of all the Jewish solemnities had passed, it was determined to make this new sacred day a repetition, as it were, of the feast of tabernacles, since this dedication would then imitate the other two and would commemorate the dwelling in mountains and caves like beasts, during the season of the Tabernacle Feast the preceding fall. On this first occasion then there were added to the other ceremonies the usual processions of that gay autumnal holiday, wherein were brandished in joy fair boughs, and rods festooned with leaves, whose evergreen foliage cheered the dull aspect of of a Syrian December; and, as on that autumnal day, so now, we must conclude, the whole precincts of the temple were lighted up by two great chandeliers within the court, by whose illumination festive dances were prolonged from eve till morning dawn.

This feast is even now kept by the Jews, and is regarded as a time of rejoicing over the wonders wrought by Jehovah in behalf of their people. It is the festival of the regeneration of the Jewish nation, which, under heathen rule, had sunk to its lowest point, and again begun to mount up to a condition of life and prosperity. There is something remarkable in the coincidence of this Feast of the Dedication with other religious solemnities. Both at Rome and at Tyre, on the 25th of December, the birthday of the sun was celebrated, this deity dying on his funeral Pyre and, phœnix-like, reviving from his own ashes, indicating the revival of man and of nature. On the same day is the feast of Christmas, celebrating the birth of Christ, who called himself the light of the world. The use of green boughs at the temple during the Feast of Lights reminds us of our own Christmas customs. By considering all the historic incidents leading to this feast of the Jews, and reflecting upon its establishment and subsequent celebration, there opens up a fruitful meaning to the twenty-second verse of the tenth chapter of John: "It

was the feast of the dedication, and it was winter, and Jesus walked in the temple, in Solomon's porch." When the festivities of the dedication week were over, Judas fortified with high walls and strong towers the entire temple mount, and these structures remained as a permanent protection to public worship, which thereafter continued till the Romans destroyed the city. He could not reduce the Syrian citadel on Mount Acra south of his fortifications, but he controlled the temple, which was the kernel of Judea, and turned Bethsur, south of Jerusalem, into a powerful fortress on the Idumean border.

PLEASURE SEEKING.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

DEDICATED: FIRST, TO NUMEROUS NIECES AND NEPHEWS; SECOND, TO ALL YOUNG PEOPLE EVERYWHERE.

BY D. R. BALDWIN.

ALL sane persons follow that course every hour of their lives, from the cradle to the grave, that will in their judgment yield to them the greatest amount of pleasure—at least such has been the case with the writer for forty-one successive years. If you were to be asked why you did this, that, or the other act, (no matter what its character), a very rational answer would be, Because I believed it would afford me more pleasure than not to have done it. Having thus found the motive or cause of every act in life, no one of you will fail to see the great importance of a careful investigation as to how this object may be reached with the fewest possible mistakes. We earnestly entreat you to think of this matter for yourselves; be considerate in your conclusions, for thereby you may avoid many errors.

We meet with some, who speak of their obedience to Christ as a time when all their trials commenced; they look upon that act as one virtually subjecting them to great tribulation, perplexity and affliction of both mind and body which they would not otherwise have had to encounter. This is a serious mistake; there being only one way in which such an idea can be sustained, that is by the text, "That servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself neither did according to his will shall be beaten with many stripes, but he that knew not and did comit things worthy of stripes shall be beaten with few." And so it is that some having gained a knowledge of this work by obedience to the first principles have involved themselves in eternal perplexity. But these stripes are in consequence of a lack of obedience to the whole truth, instead of being the result of a few acts of obedience in the beginning. It is only when we occupy a half-way position between Christ and the world, reserving to ourselves the right to ignore certain portions of God's fixed law, that the gospel is aptly typified by a yoke and a burden. The more we reserve to ourselves the heavier becomes the burden, and the worse does the yoke gall; but when we make a complete surrender, and take upon us "the whole armor of God," then it is more aptly illustrated by a coat of mail, *i e.*, shoes, girdle, breast plate, shield, helmet and sword, (Eph. 6: 13–18), thoroughly equipping us to successfully encounter the most formidable foes.

We are not ignorent of the numerous passages of scripture that are made to do duty in support of this error. These we would like much to analyze at some future time; but for want of space at present can only say this,—If these passages are properly interpreted by the class we have mentioned, what then will we do with the multitude of declarations affirming joy, peace and satisfaction to be the outgrowth of obedience to Christ? That

which is productive of evil in time will produce nothing good in eternity. "Can a fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? either a vine figs? so can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh." The sooner you become acquainted with the fact that every sore ill, every pang of the heart, is directly or indirectly the result of sin, and that every genuine pleasure comes from the opposite source, the sooner you will stand on an immovable foundation, prepared to make a successful defense.

Be cautious about following those who fancy they are afflicted physically because they are the servants of Christ, for they themselves should be more thoroughly instructed in the way of the Lord. It is the design of the adversary to entangle and perplex, (how complete must be his satisfaction when he can induce the children of the kingdom to attribute their grieveous burdens to the result of obedience to Christ); but said Jesus, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." The object of the gospel is squarely to the opposite of the designs of Satan. It promises everything lovely, joy, peace, consolation, satisfaction, contentment, hidden treasures of knowledge, healthy bodies and sound minds; in a word it is the help of the Lord out of all our troubles. He says positively, "Follow me and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Young friends, as you start out in life for yourselves don't get these things mixed up in your minds, and go through life as one blindfolded seeking for a treasure; but have your eyes wide open to the fact that humanity is ensnared in the quagmire of tribulation, swept down by the maelstroms of Satan, their minds harrowed up with every conceivable fear; or, on the other hand, led in green pastures by the side of still waters, in paths lined with flowers and lighted by God's pure love, just in proportion as they adhere to or disregard God's fixed law. This view of the gospel is not only reasonable and easy to understand, but scriptural and susceptible of easy demonstration; while any other view enshrouds the whole matter in mystery, gives rise to a vast amount of speculation, and is unreasonable and unscriptural.

Some of you will want to know what we are going to do with Heb. 12:6: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." Well, we are going to believe, accept and adopt the statement as being just and reasonable. We expect to be chastened for our sins, but nothing more. It should not be forgotten that as soon as we reject or neglect knowledge that is offered us, ignorance becomes a sin. The same theory that teaches us that a lie is but an undeveloped truth, and that the rankest poisons are our most effectual health restorers; teaches also that obedience to the gospel subjects us to tribulation in this life. It is all false, even the instinct of the lower grade of animals revolts against such treatment. The horse or the ox that is beaten with a ruthless hand when trying to obey his master is soon disheartened and becomes either sullen or vicious. The spirit of the writer is not so much inferior to the instinct of the beast as not to be offended, and remonstrate against the same ignorant, inhuman treatment from the hand of a tyrant, and he would not dare charge God with such wrong.

Think of the deplorable condition of the world shut out from the knowledge of God; everything pertaining to him founded on tradition and supposition; no sure foundation to build upon; disappointment, distress, disaster, disease, despair and finally death their common lot. And when the gospel comes does it add affliction to our already overburdened souls? Oh, how unreasonable! Such is not our experience; for had it not offered something real, and tangible, that which could be seen and felt, and withal enjoyed this side of the final reward, we would have continued to stand as we ever had stood, aloof from all religious pretentions. It is declared over fifty times in the Bible that joy is the fruit of obedience to Christ, while not one word is said of sorrow coming from that source; but they who have "pierced themselves through with many sorrows" are they who "have erred from the faith" turned from Christ back to the world. 1 Tim. 6:10. "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation."—John 16:33. Mark well the two conditions, "in Christ," and "in the world."

We remarked to our audience on one occasion that if any one could by any means convince us that there was more pleasure "in the world," courting the ap-

plause of men, seeking fashionable circles, by trying to defraud our fellows, or whirling our time away in the lively dance, or even in the haunts of vice, than there is in Christ; that minute we would abandon our religion and dive into the great bustling world. And if we could use any stronger language to more thoroughly convince you that we are an ardent, unrestrained seeker for pleasure, we would surely do so. Some are very selfish and seek pleasure even to the injury of others. Others who are not so unfortunately contracted find vastly more pleasure in seeking to fill every other soul with joy. And if by briefly relating some portions of our experience during these years we can cause one ray of divine light to illume your pathway, enabling you to discern more clearly what true pleasure is, nothing can please us more than doing so.

During our twenty-four years experience in the world we were by no means of a dejected turn of mind, but sought diligently the bright side of every circumstance and to make the best of everything; so if there is any satisfaction to be realized from any occurrence with which such a person is connected, he will have his share every time. But because you wear a smile and are not one whit behind in amusement, ever ready for any kind of innocent fun, this furnishes no index to your silent, solemn meditations. Who can read your secret thoughts? or know how powerfully your emotional nature is wrought upon by the impressive manner in which the certainty of death is illustrated from every pulpit in the land? When we declare to the world that it is not because the young fail to see the need of doing something that so few cater to the notions of the clergy, we speak from experience. It is because of the lack of analogy between the Bible and the creeds of men. Oh how passionately we sang in those years agone these sweet lines:

"How oft when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children like lambs to his fold;
I would like to have been with him then.
I wish that his hands had been laid on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen his kind looks when he said,
'Bid the little ones come unto me.'"

Yes, there was peace and joy, and pleasure in abundance for those fortunate children. They feasted upon the true bread of life; they walked and talked with the Son of God, who delighted in explaining to them the mysteries of his kingdom. Angels were sent from the golden battlements of heaven to minister to their needs, then the Holy Ghost was given; and thus by the gifts of tongues, interpretations, prophecy, visions, wisdom, charity and revelations, were they thoroughly instructed in the right way of the Lord. But alas for us—we must be content with a fragmentary record of those sublime events, the rationale of which is interpreted to us in a thousand different ways by men denying the right of modern inspiration. Involved in a vast tangle of incoherent creeds and contradictory theories, and still required to look upon God as being without respect of persons! It was too much! In disgust and perplexity of spirit I turned away and sought to become infidel. But at times my better nature would revolt, and the fact that there was an over-ruling intelligent power, that there was design in all nature, would be so firmly riveted upon my mind that it would not down at my bidding. At such times I made spasmodic and ill defined efforts to ask God for wisdom. The following will show how ready a loving Father is to answer such prayers, though offered in the most profound secret.

As I go upon record in these matters it is with no desire to boast of my greatness as one recognized of God; but with a heart swelling with gratitude to him for his mercies and a passionate desire that the young may learn where peace and pleasure abound, we relate the following. In the month of February, 1871, brothers Henry C. Smith and Asa S. Cochran, (now of Lamoni), by the request of Bro. Joseph and at the solicitation of Father Drown, came up into the lumber regions of Michigan where I was employed; and the sudden burst of light that then dawned upon my delighted mind was indeed "glad tidings of great joy" to me. How thankfully I went down into the icy water, and what unspeakable joy filled my soul when I realized I was confirmed a member of the household of God! His loving care since that time, the copious profusion of blessings (only a few of which can be mentioned), a concience void of offense, a knowledge of my acceptance with him, the easy manner in which I could con-

found the wisdom of the world when assailed by it, are joys not to be compared with the transient, vacillating pleasures of my former life. Yet none of the latter were taken from me. Sensuality was simply separated from them, leaving them purer and more sacred, while they stood eclipsed by the superiority of the spiritual, which surpass the comprehension of the finite mind.

In the summer of 1876 while living about three miles south-west of where Lamoni now stands our second son, David, then nearly two years old, was taken sick with fever, which grew more intense until we considered our child in great danger; for it was with difficulty that we could keep him from going into spasms. None but those who have experienced the passionate love of young and ambitious parents can imagine the deep anxiety of those hours. It required the constant attention of both self and wife to care for him, and thus prevented us from going for help. The weary hours wore away. Toward evening brother C. H. Jones called on an errand right from his work. He was barefooted and in his shirt sleeves. He took a drink of water, then looked at and spoke some sympathetic words about the little sufferer, and was off; my eyes met those of my wife. The glance showed that we were both of the same mind; we both knew Elder Jones to be a live, spiritual man. I stepped to the window, called him back, told him our need of help, and asked him to administer to the child. He washed the sweat from his face and hands; we had a few words of prayer; he anointed the little head with a few drops of olive oil and earnestly plead for relief and health at the hand of the great physician. And in less time than it takes to record these facts brother Jones went his way and the little one got down from my lap and went to his play as though awaking from sleep. What relief from a terrible suspense! With tears of joy and thankfulness, while the Holy Spirit was yet with us, we were constrained to acknowledge that there is more pleasure in one hour's association with such heavenly influences in Christ than could be gleaned from a whole year spent "in the world."

Again in the month of April, or May, 1881, our oldest son, Eber, came home from school at noon with a pain in his side and much dizziness in his head, his pulse quick and wiry. He suffered much with a fever gradually rising and pain growing worse until the next day, before we were able to discern with the aid of a large, comprehensive volumn of Dr. Gunn's medical work, that he was attacked with acute pneumonia. We resorted at once to fomentation as the most reliable relief. Our neighbors upbraided us quite sharply for not sending for the doctor at once. Finally when he continued to grow worse, until he became delirious and frantic with pain, I went to Cameron, Missouri, (for we then lived eight miles north-west of that place), after Elder J. M. Terry, who went with me and administered to him. The pain stopped, the pulse relaxed, the body resumed a normal condition and the lad slept.

If there is any one who could retire for the night after such hours of anxious vigilance, knowing that the powers of heaven are thus mindful of them, without expressing their unfeigned gratitude to God and feeling a thrill of satisfaction and pleasure, they must be unappreciative barbarians indeed. The next morning our neighbor, a well read man of more than ordinary intelligence and the father of a large family, called the boy "extravagant" when he saw him out at play.

During the winter of 1884 my wife suffered great inconvenience from a violent cough; and in all our experience we have never encountered a cough so stubborn. It baffled the skill of what we thought to be the best medical treatment, and became alarmingly worse. It lasted for many weeks, and according to the symptoms was verging on to that awful disease—consumption. Right here we want to ask the young reader what wish you would make if just one was to be granted you at a time when yourself or the dearest friend on earth was in the above named condition? Every one knows what it would be. But why should you make such a wish? Why? Because its gratification would afford us the greatest imaginable "pleasure." Just so; "in the world" we pay extravagant doctor bills, make apothecary shops of what should be the temples of God, or go to the mountain; do anything to secure the one great blessing, would give all we possess to know just where and how to obtain it. But human skill is baffled, the last resort exhausted; tremblingly and heart-broken we sink down to

our unknown fate, soon to be forgotten. Yet not so "in Christ;" the gospel furnishes the one thing needful; that which is so desperately sought for "in the world" is found "in Christ."

But if we are not always to have our choice and the message summons us home we may shed tears as we part with loved ones; yet they go not down to despair and ruin, but to the Paradise of God. We need not be anxious as to what chariot brings the summons and returns with us to him who issued it, nor need we dictate whether it be propelled by water or fire, by the whirlwind or by lightning; we can say with one of old, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? * * * Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

But to return, the children of the kingdom have their choice many times, as was the case with us. After we had done all that lay in our power we knew how to thank God; to humbly plead our helplessness before him. In obedience to James 5: 14, we called for the elders of the church. J. M. Terry and Wm. Lewis came, prayed over and anointed her "with oil in the name of the Lord;" "and the prayer of faith" saved the sick, and the Lord raised her up to perfect health. I might continue to record circumstances of this kind that have come to us through the mercies of Christ, until many pages would be filled; but for the present let one more case suffice.

While we were members of the Delano branch, just north of Cameron, Missouri, on the 16th of February, 1882, Bro. J. C. Elvert, his wife and two children, and Bro. Charles Duncan, now of Kingston, Missouri, who was working for him, took dinner with sister Beebe and her little boy, (brother Myron her husband, and two daughters being away from home). The seven who ate were badly poisoned by a deadly dose of arsenic which was put into the chicken while cooking, by an enemy; but Elders Bozarth and Flanders were summoned, and the patients were saved. That evening and the next day brother Beebe and their two daughters and one of brother Bozarth's daughters were poisoned. Some of them by the remainder of the chicken, and some by another dose which was put into the bread sponge, a number of Bro. Beebe's family getting the second dose by eating of this bread. Some of them were brought very near their end; their limbs stiffened and they could see, as it were, right into the dark portals of death before the elders arrived. But God's mercy was sufficient, and through the ordinance of his church they were rescued. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, eleven in number, ranging from the brawny man of mature years down to the tender chiid, all still alive, and can well attribute all their earthly pleasures and joys to being "in Christ!" Two of these patients were examined by doctors Adams, Williams, and T. E. Potter, of Cameron, and each one of them in ignorance of the decisions of the others pronounced it the effects of arsenic. Corroborative evidence of a more positive nature than this, as to the nature of the poison is at hand, but must not be mentioned here.

From the foregoing we conclude that the gospel of Christ is calculated in its very nature to make this present life enjoyable and pleasant, as well as the future life; and whoever fails to participate in the good things promised in time, have an exceedingly flimsy warrant for any better things in eternity, than they enjoyed here. If your souls are darkened and bowed down in tribulation, I assure you it is because the light and life of the gospel are not permitted to shine into them; for it is our privilege to so utilize these golden opportunities that death will lose all its terrors and pangs except our aversion to the leaving of loved ones.

We therefore bid you God speed in the pursuit of every genuine pleasure.

WE must find a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People who do not laugh, or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographers. But we do not care most for those fine pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.

REASON is the law of life—the law that is the perfection of labor.

AUGUST CLUSTER OF MEMORY GEMS.

"We must trust the intution of our hearts above reason. To me it is an absolute demonstration that God never could make a creature who would be better than himself. We must look at the noblest, best, human beings. We must see what generosity, what tenderness, what magnanimity, can be in man and woman, and believe all that, and more, in God. All that there is in the best fathers and best mothers must be in Him. 'But,' said my friend, 'the world's history does not look like this.' 'We have not seen the world's history yet,' I replied. What does this insect crawling over this leaf know of the universe?" —H. B. Stowe.

1	W.	A TRULY WISE MAN SPEAKS BUT SPARINGLY.
2	Th.	The climax of the whole universe, the Creator's great masterpiece, is the heart of man.
3	F.	Religion is civilization—the highest; it is a reclamation of man from savageness by the Almighty.
4	S.	Use not to-day what to-morrow may want.
5	S.	Let us put on discretion as well as valor, and faith in God as well as trust in ourselves.
6	M.	You will never find time for anything; if you want time, you must make it.
7	Tu.	We are slow to believe that which, if believed, would cause us sorrow.
8	W.	It is not knowledge, but love, that distinguisheth saints from devils.
9	Th.	Silence often expresses more powerfully than speech the verdict and judgment of society.
10	Fr.	Each religious teacher should be as the morning star to the Great Teacher.
11	S.	Man is a thinking being, whether he will or not.
12	S.	A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.
13	M.	Nothing so endures as a truly spoken word.
14	Tu.	Smiles are smiles only when the heart pulls the wires.
15	W.	Patiently suffer in others what thou canst not mend in them.
16	Th.	Every shady grove in summer is to a man a holy temple where his God moves nearer to him.
17	Fr.	A laugh costs too much if it is bought at the expense of propriety.
18	S.	Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in this world.
19	S.	System is the triumph of mind over matter.
20	M.	Better not be at all than not be noble.
21	Tu.	Undoubtedly godliness will carry us to heaven, but the right thing to say of it is, that it is heaven.
22	W.	The truer a heart, the harder it is to console with the false.
23	Th.	Sorrows, like babies, grow bigger by nursing.
24	F.	Punishment must be like salad that has more oil than vinegar in it.
25	S.	A gentleman is one who combines a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.
26	S.	Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding than a church organ with devotion.
27	M.	It is the general tendency of human nature to strengthen one's strong points.
28	Tu.	Nothing disposes us better to confidence, to the pleasures of intimacy, than a common subject of intimacy.
29	W.	Godliness reckons its joy to be worship.
30	Th.	Learning passes for wisdom among those who want both.
31	F.	Your bravest sentiment is familiar to the humblest men.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY EDWIN STAFFORD.

IN my last we had landed in New York City. We had arrived at Staten Island sometime in the afternoon, after taking a pilot on board, and stayed in quarantine the balance of the day and through the night, until the following morning. The officers of the Custom House overhauled our goods, to see if we had any contraband articles secreted amongst them. The next morning embarking with our luggage on a lighter that was brought alongside, we sailed for the city. Landing at one of the piers, the luggage of the passengers was put out in separate lots, each one attending to his own unloading. Ours being all out, mother preferred remaining with it until father should hunt up some Latter Day Saints whose addresses he had received from some of the American elders before leaving Liverpool.

The day was wearing away and father not having returned, a specimen of humanity, called by the sailors land shark, interested himself in recommending to my mother a certain boarding house, and when my father returned without having found our friends, both father and mother thought best to go to the house which he recommended. In the night a robbery was attempted, but through the mercy of God it was frustrated. Like most English women my mother took charge of the money. Upon going to bed she put the purse in which our money was contained under her pillow. Being very weary we all slept soundly until the fumbling of a hand under her pillow awoke mother, when, opening her eyes, she saw with horror a tall man standing beside the bed and trying to feel under her pillow. She called in terror for father to wake, but as soon as she screamed the man put his hand over her mouth, and if I had not heard her and woke father it might have cost her life. When the villian knew we were both awake he fled, not however until he had succeeded in searching under the pillow; and when my mother raised her head and made the same search after he was gone, she could not find the purse. Father counselled her to remain quiet until morning when they could obtain help and probably recover the money. It was a trying position in which to be placed, but mother was a Christian, and remembering that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice of our heavenly Father, she tried to compose her mind again to sleep. Changing her position in bed, she reached her hand to remove an uncomfortable bunch disturbing her back, when to her great joy she found the missing purse. It had slipped from under the pillow down into the bed, and consequently had been saved from the thief. Well, mother was a devout worshipper of Israel's God, and I feel assured that a hearty thanksgiving ascended to the throne of grace for the kind deliverance afforded in this her hour of trouble. At length the night ended, as the longest is sure to do, our parents before rising concluded to hunt another place, as mother preferred not to stay another night in that house. Father thought he would try to hunt up the brother he had failed to find the other day. Arising we donned our attire and went downstairs to prepare for breakfast.

Our father having found the brother whom he was seeking, we left the place at an early hour. The name of the brother and sister, at whose home we were so kindly made welcome in our short sojourn in New York City has entirely escaped my memory. I wish that I could recall them; I would gladly give to them the meed of praise which their saint-like conduct toward our family merited. Nay, my feeble pen is inadequate to the task to do them justice; but that God who hath declared "He that giveth a cup of cold water to a disciple, in the name of a disciple shall receive a disciple's reward," will remember them; and into His hands I commend them, hoping to strike glad hands in the great Millennium, and be associated with them on the New Earth, in its celestialized state.

Our stay in New York City was about eight days. My father not succeeding in finding employment at his trade in that time, wrote to his brother residing in New Hartford four miles south of Utica, New

York, to see if he could find employment there. He wrote back an encouraging answer, and we bade adieu to our kind brother and sister in New York City, took steamboat for Albany on the 10th of June 1841, accompanied with a Scotch brother and wife with whom we were slightly acquainted in Manchester. They having come over in the Patrick Henry with the Twelve, and stopped in the city, the brother sought employment as a carpenter, but failing to secure it had concluded to try what he could do in the neighborhood to which we were going. Arriving at Albany on the morning of the 11th of June, we soon succeeded in finding a canal boat bound for Buffalo, New York, upon which we secured passage. One thing that helped to pass away the time, as we moved along was, an orange merchant on board, employed my brother and me to help sort what we could of his cargo of oranges, and we worked faithfully about a day and received a box of oranges for our pay. We were from about noon on the 11th, till five o'clock on the 12th in arriving at Utica. You will perceive reader that I had not much time to see the country as we passed through. Sometimes in taking a breathing spell we would look out over the country in what is called the Mohawk Valley, I believe, and saw a delightful looking farming country, dotted over with what appeared to us to be palatial farmhouses, surrounded in some instances with fruit orchards and forest trees. The land was fenced off in what seemed to be eight or ten acre fields. The fences attracted our attention because of their variety, and the material of which they were composed. In the part of England from which we came it was invariably the hawthorn hedge, both main and cross fences; but here we could see preponderating the worm, or zigzag rail fence, with here and there a post and board fence; and again we would see stone laid up about three feet high, with stakes placed across to support a rail, called a rider; but no wire or hedge fence, if our memory serves us right. They had not come in vogue yet. But that which gave the picture its finishing touch to us was the luxuriant crops covering the face of the land. Here a field of wheat, there one of oats, another of rye; then a meadow of tall timothy, interspersed with clover, and yonder a pasture dotted over with the domesticated animals so useful to man. But that which attracted our attention in the picture the most, was the patches of Indian corn—I call them patches from my western experiences. Seven or ten acres to a western man would only be considered a patch—they seemed so strange to us, not having seen any corn raised across the ocean. The corn, to the best of our recollection, was about two-thirds grown. Its thick stalks, together with its long wide leaves waving in the wind, with their deep green color adding variety to the landscape before us and enhancing the beauty of the scene, excited our admiration to a lively pitch. But in our journey we were going through locks very frequently, and this suggests an unlevel country and that sometimes the country would be broken and and the scenery would not be so fine.

Arriving in Utica, the luggage unloaded, we proceeded to an hotel that uncle had recommended in his letter. Partaking of supper, and learning that father meditated going to uncle's that night, my younger brother and I importuned him to let us go with him. Consulting mother who was willing, having for company the brother and sister (Erskine by name) spoken of, we started at sun down to go the four miles to New Hartford, where uncle resided. It was dark by the time we got half way and no moon, but we jogged along cheerfully, anticipating a good time when we got there. When darkness set in we began to see lights. We saw one by the fence side, and then another across the road, and then there was one in a tree; but the lights seemed to be fitful and flitting, and suggested to our boyish minds, (our parent kept his own counsel) dark-lantern robbers; but at length one flashed its light close by us, and then we knew it was not a light held by mortal man and our fears subsided. Proceeding along steadily for about a mile and a half, my brother and self engaged in conversation concerning the reception we expected by our relatives. We came to a house by the roadside, as we detected by its dim shadow (did not see any light in the house till we got past), when our parent came to a full stop, and we youngsters went right along, wondering what had caused this sudden stop. But the ejaculation of our parent being a little louder than ordinary conversation made us enquire into particulars, and it

also brought a light to the door, and with it a human physiognomy which also desired information on the subject. But the light revealed the cause; a bar of timber stood across the path which caught father's head—he not being a very tall man, and hindered his head from going when the rest of his members were willing. We all had a mirthful manifestation, especially the toll-gate keeper—for so he proved to be. Experiencing no further mishap we arrived at our destination about eleven o'clock.

The family were sleeping when the loud rap at the door aroused them from dreamland, with the cry, "Who's there," which this time came from the stentorian lungs of uncle. A satisfactory answer being given a light was struck, the door opened and the two brothers, who had not seen each other for three years, were locked in each others embrace. The other portion of the family consisting of aunt, and three cousins soon presented themselves. After chatting about an hour, asking and answering all the inquiries made respecting the broken link in the chain of each others history and concerning the balance of the family left upon the other shore, it was thought prudent to retire. Being the middle of the month of June, morning soon dawned, and although not having much time to sleep, we were soon up and dressed, and seated in the room of all work, which served as kitchen, sitting-room and parlor—uncle, aunt, and father eager to discuss old time affairs, my brother and myself anxious to know what the situation out of doors looked like in daylight.

We found that we were on what is termed a factory yard, (cotton factory) the houses of which, built for the hands who labored in the factory to dwell in—or in others words the factory yard—formed a letter L, the upper end of the stem part commencing on the south and ran north about two hundred yards, and on this part were two rows of houses forming a wide street; the lower part of the letter was formed of a single row running east from the point of intersection, and uncle's house was the last house on the row. The houses were built alike in every particular, as though there had been a mould cast and each house had come through the same identical mould. The owners seemed to have an eye to keep down jealousies—which no doubt would have arisen had the houses been built differently—giving no one operative the chance to say to them, "You have been partial to such a one; why could I not have as good a house as he? Is not my labor as valuable as his," etc. etc.; thus preventing a constant annoyance to the employer, as well as bickerings and animosities among the employes themselves. All this prevented by a little prudent forethought! Each house had a garden spot allowed, rent free, sufficently large to raise all the vegetables the family could consume from harvest to harvest, and had a good cellar to preserve them in that length of time. The factory, a two story and a half building, was built of stone, in form of a letter L., and situated on what was called Saquoit Creek; upon which creek, we afterwards learned, for the distance of ten miles, there were ten cotton mills, one tannery, and two machine shops, each employing a large number of hands. In justice to the reader we would say, that the situation of the houses on the factory yard, their sameness, the gardens and the factory were all discovered before breakfast; but some of the thoughts penned were the production of riper years. Returning in time for breakfast, and partaking of the substantial viands our good aunt had prepared, our uncle and parent having secured a team, started for the absent ones, and in due time returned with them.

Our final destination—which was Nauvoo, after all former questions were answered, was the next topic of discussion. Its answer necessarily involved the reason why we came to the conclusion to go there, which also involved the religion we had espoused; and this opened the way for our parents presenting to them the restored gospel. I do not know that they had ever made a profession of religion before; they had heard the many fallacious stories circulated about the one who under God had been the humble instrument in His hands in the restoration of the gospel; had thought possibly they might be true; had never heard any of the elders of our faith preach so as to be able to judge for themselves; but could not resist the solemn testimony our parents bore with respect to its truthfulness. In a short time, by some means—think it was through the *Times and Seasons* published at Nauvoo

—we found out there was a branch of the church at Utica; and uncle, father and myself went to the meeting one Sunday, (which was held, I think, on the corner of Genesee and Whitesboro streets), when to our astonishment who should be the preacher, other than Elder James A. Blakeslee, whom we had seen in Manchester, England, and had heard him preach at one of the conferences there—it has escaped our memory whether April, 1840, or 1841. After the preaching was ended and meeting dismissed, father made himself known as a member of the like precious faith, and introduced uncle as his brother who was investigating the work to find out for himself as to its truthfulness, and myself as his son having also a membership. In turn we were introduced to the elder's family and the balance of the Saints at the meeting, among whom were sister Clawson and sister Monroe. We do not remember all that were there at that time, but remember of meeting afterward with brother Briggs Alden, now of Fontanelle, Iowa; a brother Miner, a shoemaker by profession; brother Wesley Sager, and brother Crosby, father of the present sister Banta, of Lamoni. We were kindly invited to take dinner with sister Monroe, whom we found possessed of a very handsome dwelling—at least that is the impression we always entertained—which was comfortably furnished. We learned that she too was a widow lady, a tailoress by profession, and had several young ladies in her employ. Not long after being received into fellowship with the Utica branch, James Monroe, a son of sister Monroe, who had been to sea on a whaling voyage, I believe, returned, and becoming interested in the preaching of the word, concluded to break off his sins by righteousness, and was buried with Christ by baptism, in the liquid grave, and raised to newness of life. After hearing brother Blakeslee preach a few times, uncle concluded to cast in his lot with us; was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

According to our best recollection, the hall where meetings were held was in the second story of quite a large building, and its seating capacity was in the neighborhood of between two and three hundred. We do not remember of seeing very large congregations while we stayed in that part of the country—which was about a year—or very many additions to the church. We had some very good social meetings; enjoyed the Spirit's presence; the gifts were distributed in the exercise of tongues, interpretation and prophecy. Mother Blakeslee enjoying the latter gift, and her daughter not far from my own age, the former. I well remember a very tall man, (name forgotten if ever known) whose wife was investigating and very favorable to the truth as we held it. He was an infidel, professedly, who came—as he often jocosely remarked—with his wife because she liked to come and desired him to accompany her. Upon one occasion at a social meeting when this daughter of Elder Blakeslee's, aged about thirteen years, and a boy about fourteen had spoken in the gift of tongues, he rose in the congregation while tears were streaming down his cheeks, and said: "There is no one can make me believe that these children are using deception; that they have the power of themselves to make use of such utterances; there must have been a power superior to their own, or that of man, operating with them. I used to, when in the habit of reading the Christian bible, read, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings have I perfected praise,' and it seems as though something like that has been done here this afternoon." Leaving York State soon after that, I never knew what became of him or his wife; whether either or both ever joined the church; but that circumstance has been enstamped indelibly upon the tablets of my memory, and I do not believe it will ever be effaced.

Soon after the baptism of uncle, and before my parents had gone to keeping house, the school-house on the factory yard had been obtained for Elder Blakeslee to preach in. He being informed of the fact came and preached to an overflowing house. After preaching he announced that there would be baptism on the morrow, the subject being my aunt. On that day for some reason the factory was stopped, and all the operatives, numbering hundreds, were present at the baptism. The people behaved very well while the ordinance was being attended to, but while the elder was walking in his wet clothing to uncle's house, a distance of about two hundred yards, a crowd of boys and young men commenced to cry

out "Mormon, Old Joe Smith," etc. Elder Blakeslee commenced singing a hymn, and continued it to the house, I think it was "Farewell all earthly honors I bid you all adieu." It seemed to quiet the crowd, which dropped off, one by one, from following the elder, so that by the time he and the men folks with him had arrived at the house, they were alone. One more effort was made to preach in the school-house, but the curiosity of the people being satisfied the first time, a very few put in an appearance at the next, and the enterprise died in that quarter. In the neighborhood where our parents obtained employment, about four miles down the creek aforementioned—at a place called Yorkville, about three miles from Utica, on the canal, and one mile east of Whitesboro—he obtained for Elder Blakeslee to preach in, the school-house of the neighborhood. He preached in it once, but the people seemed to be joined to their idols and were left alone.

While residing at Yorkville, which was on the stage road between Utica and Whitesboro, we used to see the carriage containing the famous United States prisoner McLeod, who used to go from Whitesboro Jail to Utica in the morning to stand his trial and back again in the evening to be placed in the jail. The court held session a long while. This prisoner was a British subject, charged ed with setting fire to an American vessel, and sending it over the Niagara Falls. The circumstance and the trial created quite a sensation in those parts where we lived; and the excitement was tolerably high, judging from newspaper remarks, all over the United States.

In May, 1842 a number of the Saints began to agitate the matter of gathering to Nauvoo, and the result was that James Monroe, his aunt, sister Clawson, and her two sons, Peter Erskine and wife, and my father's family, six in number; altogether in number about twelve souls, engaged to go in company to the said place. About one year from the time we landed in Utica we boarded a canal boat at Yorkville, for Buffalo, New York, situated on the eastern extremity of Lake Erie—and were about three or four days on the trip. I have tried to recall some incidents in the trip worth recording, but can not persuade my memory to help me to any, save visiting the Genesee falls, at Rochester, out of curiosity to see the place where the celebrated Sam Patch lost his life, after jumping the same falls once before, the Niagara falls once, and other places, I believe. To my recollection the Genesee falls were crescent in shape, and in altitude appeared to be about one hundred feet. The water before going over the falls was very shallow, and we boys waded it, it not being more than knee deep at that time—June, 1842. We heard it stated while there, that Patch had a stage erected, the height of which we could not state now, above the falls, making the leap considerably higher, and was intoxicated when he jumped, and in a careless attitude made the leap; could not or did not recover his equilibrium before he struck the water, and hence did not rise again, and ended his mortal career foolishly. It was very foolish to jump such a height, but extremely foolish in attempting it when intoxicated. We arrived at Buffalo eventually. It could not be called a fesh water seaport for that would be a contradiction of terms. It was a fresh-water port for steamboats, schooners, and sloops, that carried freight and passengers over Lake Erie's waters. There were quite a number of steamboats moored to the wharves, and some of the other vessels named; some unloading and some loading freight of various kinds of merchandise; while there was one brig at anchor in the lake, a short distance from shore, which looked large in comparison to the small vessels that sailed the lake. She was in the naval service. We took passage on a steamboat the same day, I believe, which sailed just before dark, and was very heavily laden. There was quite a breeze blowing which caused the white caps to roll. We landed in Cleveland sometime in the forenoon the next day, and secured passage on a canal boat for Portsmouth, on the Ohio river. We might as well say that we landed in Nauvoo about the middle of July, 1842, as nothing extraordinary occurred on the whole trip that we can recollect, from the common every day occurrences of canal and steamboat travel. The Ohio and Mississippi rivers were at a low stage of water, as is common at that time of the year. Plenty of hard work for the steamboat hands in getting the boat off when she got aground, which was of frequent occurrence; plenty of exercise in sounding the lead, at the instance of the Pilot

tinkling his bell, and plenty of impatience all around, with some using the names of God and Christ irreverently. At St. Louis we had to change boats, as that we were on did not run any higher up the river. One little incident illustrative of the advancement that men make on the downward road to destruction, occurred at the time of the boats landing there. In the confusion and noise consequent upon such occasions, while the hands were engaged, some getting out the staging, others taking out the boat's hawser to make it fast; passengers with only a hand trunk meeting hack drivers and hotel runners; the officers' loud voices issuing orders to the men; the hissing of steam; the revolution of the boat's wheels, now and again; passengers getting their trunks out ready for the hotel runner to take charge of; all making confusion worse confounded—the writer stood on the larboard gangway just forward of the cook-house, watching the proceedings of the men who had got the staging about out, several persons had come on board. Among them I happened to notice two men, whose manner and appearance did not seem exactly right, yet I did not anticipate any other than that they were on lawful business; but my eyes followed them as they came down the gangway towards the place where I stood. They passed on up stairs on the cabin deck, where just forward of the head of the stairs they picked up a trunk standing there, came down stairs, and walked off the boat in somewhat of a hurry. They had got well up the levee, when a lady came out of the cabin followed by a hotel runner; looked eagerly first where the trunk had been, and then around, and exclaimed, "where can my trunk be; I placed it here?" Taking in the situation and being right under where she stood I said: "Madam, if that was your trunk that stood there, those two men,"—pointing to them, who were still in sight—"came and took it away, and there they go with it now." The hotel man gave chase, and others joined in with him as he went up the levee. They recovered the trunk, but what became of the thieves I never learned.

We took another boat to Warsaw, the water being so low over the rapids we could not go by it to Nauvoo. We might have gone to Keokuk at the foot of the rapids; but it was on the Iowa side, and Nauvoo being on the Illinois side, we disembarked at Warsaw, the nearest point to that place on the same side of the river; having to go the balance of the way by wagon. We landed towards evening and had the good fortune to meet with some brethren of like faith who resided there, and stopped over night with them; and they also furnished teams to take us on to the city the following day. I do not know how the rest felt, but as we were nearing Nauvoo my thoughts ran something after the following order. Here we are very near the place where we are to make our future home; to dwell among those of like precious faith, a community of people who are striving to serve the God of Jacob. O joy! O gladness! We shall meet with those humble brethren who sacrificed home with all its comforts to come and tell us the glad tidings of joy brought to earth by Moroni, an angel of God. Great will be their joy to meet us again, as well as ours to meet with them, to dwell with them and other kindred Saints we were willing to leave our native land, and all our dear relatives according to the flesh; to cast our lot with them, and to say in the language of Ruth to Naomi, "For whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

(To be continued.)

"Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

A young rose blossomed on the lawn, and stars shone, and dewdrops sparkled upon its bosom. Morning came; with dancing breezes whispered to the rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling, swinging lightly too and fro on its slender stem. Then came the ardent sun-god sweeping from the east, and smote the rose with its scorching rays and it fainted. Now the gentle breeze came tripping along on her errand of mercy and love; and when she fondly bathed its head in cool, refreshing showers, the young rose revived, and looked smiling with gratitude to heaven, blessing the breeze; but she hurried away singing through the trees. Thus charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its office of kindness, which steals on the heart, like rich perfume, to bless and to cheer.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(See Illustration.)

FOR our illustration this month we have chosen a likeness of the poet Wordsworth. William Wordsworth was born April 7th, 1770, at Cockersmouth, in Cumberland, England. He graduated at Cambridge in 1791, but was in no respect a remarkable scholar. His first publications were not very successful, but at the age of seventy-three he was appointed Poet-Laureate. In the illustration is introduced Barbary Lewthwait feeding her lamb, which forms the subject of one of his most admired poems, which we give below, as also another gem from his writings, which we remember as having been a favorite from our childhood.

THE PET LAMB.

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice, it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb with a maiden at its side.

Nor sheep, nor kine, were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears, and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" she said, in such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'T'was little Barbary Lewthwait, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight—they were a lovely pair.
Now with empty can the maiden turned away,
But e'er ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and from a shady place
I, unobserved, could see the workings of her face.
If nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus thought I to her lamb, the little maid would sing.

"What ails thee, young one? What? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? Well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this can,
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is, and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now;
Then I'll yolk thee to my cart, like a pony in a plough.
My playmate thou shalt be, and when the wind is cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed—our house shall be thy fold.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe—our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep, and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I often times repeat;

And it seems as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine.

Again, and once again, did I the song repeat;
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid;
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied:
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit;
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply:
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"—
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

CHILDHOOD AS AN EDUCATOR.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

THERE is an education of vital import to all men, which it is beyond the power of man to impart to man. To deal fairly with men, we must be able to put ourselves in the place of men; not less must we be able to put ourselves in the place of children before we can deal fairly with children—or with men. One can not wisely teach child or man until he has been taught of childhood. As did our divine Master, so must we "call a little child, and set him in the midst" of our thoughts, our feelings, our studies, our cares, our joys, and our sorrows. Until we know a child, we can not truly know ourselves. Let me illustrate by a chapter from my own experience.

The warm days had lingered on until the keen edge of an autumn wind severed the seasons, and turned the summer adrift to the mists of the silent sea.

I had touched the match to the paper and bits of light wood in the furnace. My little boy of four and a half years—superbly built, noble fellow that he was!—stood by, with his two chubby hands filled with sticks of kindling, ready to throw them into the fire when I should open the door and give the order. The arrangement had been that he might come down and "help me" build a fire, with the understanding that he must be careful not to soil his dress with the mouldy wood; he should hold it out from him, and not hug it in his arms; neither must he get against the sooty iron of the furnace. He was naturally a careful child, methodical and scrupulously neat, so that there was nothing exacting in the conditions upon which we both started down for a bit of grand good fun.

The flames were roaring up the chimney. "Now," I said, "when I open the door, you shall see the fire, and you must throw in the sticks quickly or the smoke will pour out into the cellar." It was an exciting experience,—the first time my boy had had a hand in fire-building, the very thing that he was always warned to keep aloof from. The roar of the draught, the fierce fury of the glowing flame, the lurid light in the cellar dusk,—he almost forgot to throw in the wood. "Quick!" I said, "quick, while the door is open!" One stick went in; the second struck the side of the plate inside, and I pushed it in. "Hurry!" I said again; and the third struck the side of the door-frame, and fell on the floor. Of course, the little fellow was dazed for the moment. He was expected to make haste in a work that was wholly novel, as well as exciting to him. Should he stop to pick that up, or throw in the two that he still held? One stick on the floor, the roaring fire, the outpouring smoke, too many orders from me, the work of it, the play of it, the novelty of it, the bewildering haste of it all,—he stooped hesitatingly for the fallen stick, and instinctively tightened his grasp on the others by folding them into his arms against his immaculate frock! I shut the door in haste, and, seeing his attitude, broke out with: "Now look at that dirty wood against your clean dress! I told you you should not come down here if you did that!"

He looked confused a moment, then dropped the wood, turned around, and ran toward the stairs, ascended and disappeared. In that crucial moment, what silent criticism might the keen logical sense, the half-godlike instinct, of childhood, have passed on me! Relatively, I had expected more of him than I should expect of myself or of any grown man. I heard the quickening feet of my little helper on the floor overhead, heard him climb the stairway to the second story; and while I stood mutely wondering at the suddenness of his departure, I heard him burst into a loud and piteous cry. He had not fallen,—no; he had not hurt himself; it was I that had fallen, I that had hurt him. But he was in his mother's arms; his head was on his mother's shoulder.

I loved that boy. I loved to teach him; but the trouble was I ought to have sat at childhood's feet to learn, before I expected him to sit profitably at mine. I would not have hurt him for the world; but I did not know what a child was, and consequently could not shield him from myself. I should have known him better, had I known myself better. I should have known myself and human nature

better, had I known him better. "The child is father of the man."

When the next autumn came, I would have given my life to see again that childish expectancy, those little hands filled with wood, that noble head and regal form lit up with the weird glow from the furnace flames. I longed in my heart to sit at his feet as my teacher; to help him by showing him how best to help me, to please him by showing him that he pleased me. He was logical, I was illogical; he was true, I was false; he was doing his best, I was doing my worst. I had imposed restrictions which could not be complied with. I had exacted a promise which he was too innocent, too inexperienced, to know that he could not keep. I reflected upon him as morally disobedient, when he was only physically fallible; as obstinate, when he was only embarrassed; careless, when he was only bewildered; heedless, when he was only hurried; naughty, when he was truest to himself and to me. Yes! I would have given my life to tell him how I had wronged him; but he was now where he needed no further instruction from me, where he was no longer in danger of being ignorantly blamed and unjustly reprimanded. Those little feet were farther above me than the floor just overhead, and the voice of a once pained and injured spirit had gone to join the voices of the ten thousand, thousand, around the great white throne.

One, two, three, four years passed. But I was more than four years older. I had had time to sit down and think. In the silence of my sorrow, I could turn over the pages of the past. A life that was gone came before me as a new life that is. He was my helper, my educator, now, if not then. He had passed beyond my teaching, that I might pass forevermore into his.

Five years went by. The keen November wind came again. "Would you like to go down in the cellar and help papa make a fire?" I said. My bright-faced boy jumped from his chair, his long golden curls dancing upon his shoulders, as he hailed with delight the promise of so rich and novel an experience. I exacted no promise from him which common sense—to say nothing of experience—taught me he might not be able to keep; though I was cautious not to forget to ask him to be careful. I would try to show him how to keep the wood from soiling his dress. He was nearly four years old; almost the same as his brother had been—whom he never saw. A shuddering awe crept over me for the moment. Was I competent to undertake that which I had so signally failed in once before? Was I to be trusted with that tenderest, truest, most God-like of all earthly things,—the heart of a confiding child? Can it be that God is willing to try me again? Can I make reparation to my lost one by doing for his little brother that which I ought first to have done for him? Is it possible that all these five years I have longed to recall that one day in my life, and to be just, where I had been unjust, and to heal, where I had wounded?

The flames were roaring up the pipe again, and my little man was standing, as did his brother, years before, with his hands loaded with wood. I almost trembled as the past came before me and so overlaid the present that each seemed to lose its own identity.

"Quick!" I said, "while the door is open. Throw in the wood, quick!" One stick after another flew into the flames; then one struck the door-frame, and fell on the floor. History was repeating itself with painful accuracy of detail. Should he let that go, or throw in others? The smoke poured out, and I hurried him again. He was confused, and I knew it. As his brother's pupil, I had learned to recognize that and to respect it. I saw him clasp the wood to his breast as he stooped. He soiled his dress, but he was not disobedient. He was doing his best. He believed that he was my helper, and so he was, even in a better way than he knew. He picked up the stick, threw it, and it fell again. "Never mind," I said; don't hurry too much. I will hold the door until you are quite ready." (Oh that I had said that five years ago!) The next time he tried, he succeeded. Yes; he succeeded, but not half so much as I did. I helped him in his bit of fun, but not half so much as he helped me in my bit of life-learning.

We started upstairs *together*. His trusting little hand was laid in mine. A serene little face looked smilingly up to me. It was not a piteous cry of a wounded heart that I heard, but the sweet music of a joyous voice, saying eagerly, "Did I help you, papa?" Only God knows why

I put such an emphasis on the answer, "Yes, my dear little boy, you *did* help me." Then I heard his little feet outrun me, not to his mother for refuge from trouble, but for very joy to tell her that he had been my helper.

And somehow I think that the angels knew that I held two little hands, and saw two little faces, and answered two little voices, and sought to lighten two little hearts, when I said "You helped me!" Perhaps I helped them to build a fire; perhaps they helped me to build a character; and perhaps, too, they "builded better than they knew." But God knows.

Normand Patterson in Sunday School Times.

THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

There are whips and tops, and pieces of strings,
  There are shoes which no little feet can wear,
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
  And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn;
  There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures, all faded and torn,
  And marked by finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust.
Yet I strive to think that God is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
  Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the reaper has spared so many flowers,
  And taketh mine away.
And I almost doubt that the Lord can know,
That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
  Who are waiting and watching to-night
For the slow return of faltering feet
  That have strayed from the paths of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin,
Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander far in distant climes;
  They perish by fire and flood;
And their hands are black with the direst crimes
  That kindled the wrath of God;
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest;
She hath lulled them to sleep upon her breast.

And then I think of my children fair,
  My boys that never grow old;
And know they are waiting and watching there
  In the city with streets of gold.
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
  From sorrow, and sin, and war;
And I thank my God with falling tears
  For the things in the bottom drawer.—*Sel.*

"BEGINNING AT JERUSALEM."

BY SISTER EMMA.

"CHARITY begins at home," is an old saying and a very true one, though it may be incorrectly understood and applied. I believe it is incorrectly applied when it is made to mean one must not give anything to help the poor or needy or for religious purposes so long as all personal or home wants are not supplied, simply because I have no reason to believe that charity means giving at all. The Apostle Paul could not have understood it to mean alms-giving, or giving in any sense, because he said, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

It is not needful that I should define the word, because the apostle sets it forth so plainly, in the same chapter. It can mean nothing short of the pure love of God in the heart; for it "suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, doth not behave itself unseemly, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, etc. These qualities can only be produced by the love of God in the heart. And do you think, dear reader, that any one could have the love of God in his heart, and its influence not be felt at home?

What a sad mistake it is for any person to profess to have the love of God in his heart, if it can not, or does not, produce, in a measure at least, the same love, gentleness and patience at home with his own family as with the neighbor, stranger or guest. For if the love of God is in the heart, will it not be in the heart still, wherever the person is? And yet is it not a truth that in too many instances, that charity which should begin at home, is less manifest there than elsewhere? The husband and father goes forth in the morning to his daily duties and greets his neighbor or the stranger with a kind word and a pleasant smile; and this is right and proper, if he wishes to retain their respect and be treated with courtesy by them; but did he remember that these acts of civility should begin at home? Surely those at home have the first and holiest claim on his attention. But this fact is too often forgotten, perhaps, by both husband and wife.

If one wishes to lead a good life, to have the love of God in his heart, and the love of his fellow-beings, home is the place to begin. Be religious at home and you will be religious elsewhere. One may be very kind indeed to his neighbors or friends; may be very talented, and discourse eloquently on religious matters; but is it that religion or charity which is going to "profit," if it does not reach home, and mingle itself with the daily duties of life? Or we might ask, is it religion, or only a form, like a garment, that can be put on or taken off, to suit the purposes of the wearer?

When Jesus gave the commandment to his disciples to preach the gospel to all nations, he observed this principle; for, remember, he said, "Beginning at Jerusalem." Their good works must begin at home. And do you think they could have successfully carried on the work they were given to do, if they had not begun at Jerusalem? or that Jesus would have blessed their labors?

The servants of God go forth and preach the gospel to all nations; but they must needs deliver it to individuals, and then it becomes the work of individuals to carry on the gospel work in their own hearts, to make it an effectual work with them. And if the servants of God had to begin at home with their work of reformation, must not the individuals do likewise? Every heart will bear witness to the truth of this principle.

The love of God in the heart or the charity that should begin at home, does not only consist in performing the outward duties, such as having family prayers and "saying grace" at the table. No; I believe one might do both and still be without the love of God in the heart. The smaller acts are the ones that prodnce the greatest effect. A man might go through with the morning service and say grace at the table and go out from home leaving his wife unhappy, weary and miserable; but she could hardly feel miserable if he saved her a little by bringing some water, seeing that her wood was prepared for the day, and speaking a few kind words and sealing them with a loving kiss as he leaves home. Then

he would go forth happy himself, and leaving a happy home behind him.

If there be any who read this and who do not practice such small things, but are trying to do right, and wish to be happy themselves and make others happy, though often feeling that they are making slow progress, let them try these little acts of kindness at home; and see how fast the love of God will increase in the heart! Yes; when charity begins at home it will spread far and wide; it is like an oiled feather, it makes all the machinery of domestic life run smoothly.

Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

MOTHER'S WORK.

Baking, stewing, and brewing,
Roasting, frying, and boiling,
Sweeping, dusting, and cleaning,
Washing, starching, and ir'ning,
Ripping, turning, and mending,
Cutting, basting, and stitching,
Making the old like new;
Shoestrings to lace,
Faces to wash,
Buttons to sew,
And the like of such,
Stockings to darn
While the children play,
Stories to tell,
Tears wipe away.
Making them happy
The livelong day;
It is ever thus from morn till night,
Who says that a mother's work is light?

At evening, four
Little forms in white;
Prayers all said,
And the last good-night;
Tucking them safe
In each downy bed,
Silently asking
O'er each head,
That the dear Father
In heaven will keep
Safe all my darlings,
Awake or asleep,
Then I think the old adage true ever will prove,
"It is easy to labor for those whose that we love."

Ah me! dear me! I often say,
As I hang the tumbled clothes away,
And the tear drops start
While my burdened heart
Aches for the mother across the way.
Where, oh, where are
Her nestlings flown?
All, all are gone,
Save one alone!
Folded their garments
With tenderest care,
Unpressed the pillow
And vacant the chair.
No ribbons to tie,
No faces to wash.
No hair all awry!
No merry voices
To hush into rest;
God save them!
He took them.
And He knoweth best;
But, ah! the heart anguish! the tears that fall!
This mother's work is the hardest of all!—*Sel.*

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill,
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still,
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But think it can be borne.
We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own,
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,

Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, but we can not die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne.

Good Words.

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

Only a tired woman, pausing when day was done,
To think of the many duties which, from dawn till set of sun,
Had filled up the flying moments, taxing the hand and heart—
Hand and heart which so simply and bravely had done their part.

Above, in the quiet chamber, five little sleepers lay,
Whose needs and joys and sorrows had filled up all her day;
Little wants had been tended, little griefs made light,
Little rights defended, and little wrongs set right.

Crowding one on another the constant claims had pressed,
Till musing now in the twilight, a thought, but half confessed,
Arose and stirred in her spirit: "everything seems so small;
I had meant to do much for the Master, surely this can not be all!"

When in the evening twilight, fragrant with evening balms,
Over her drooping eyelids sleep laid caressing palms,
Into the lands of shadows her spirit wandered free—
Land where sometimes earth's children meet heavenly ministry.

The sound of low, questioning voices fell first on her spirit ear,
Then a pause of hushed expectation, and following, soft and clear,
The silvery tinkle of water as from a vessel poured
And then, through a breathless rapture, floated the voice of the Lord.

Falling in tender cadence: "Know ye what I have done?
Among you as he that serveth am I, the beloved Son,
Not being ministered unto lifts to the highest estate;
But in rendering lowliest service souls grow divinely great."

Slowly her eyelids lifted; the twilight had deepened to night,
But the thought that had dimmed her spirit had fled before the light;
She arose, and ever unfaltering, uplifted by His word,
She walked in lowly service, strong in the "joy of the Lord."

Evangelical Mirror.

AT DAWN.

At dawn the jubilant morning broke,
And its glory flooded the mountain side,
I said, "'tis eleven years to-day,
Eleven years since my darling died."

And then I turned to my household ways,
To my daily tasks, without, within,
As happily busy all the day
As if my darling had never been!

As if she had never lived, or died!
Yet when they buried her out of my sight,
I thought the sun had gone down at noon,
And the day could never again be bright.

Ah, well! As the swift years come and go,
It will not be long ere I shall lie
Somewhere under a bit of turf,
With my pale hands folded quietly.

And then some one who has loved me well—
Perhaps the one who has loved me best—
Will say of me, as I said of her,
"She has been just so many years at rest."

Then turn to the living loves again,
To the busy life without, within,
And the days will go on from dawn to dusk,
Even as if I had never been.

Dear hearts! dear hearts! It must still be so!
The roses will bloom, and the stars will shine,
And the soft green grass creep still and slow,
Sometime over a grave of mine.

And over the grave in your hearts as well,
Ye can not hinder it if ye would;
And I—ah! I shall be wiser then—
I would not hinder it if I could!

Selected.

Under the Lamp-light.

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

MY PUPIL.

I HAVE seen him to-day. He lies in a darkened room. The little restless feet are restless no longer. The brown hands that seemed ever in mischief are folded. The bright eyes that looked so roguishly into my own, or that filled with tears of penitence or pain, are closed. The tangled hair is brushed smoothly away from the broad forehead. I had not noticed the well-shaped head in the schoolroom. Even the hands look strangely unfamiliar. They were rough, grimy little hands,—the hands I knew,—and when I dealt them sharp, stinging blows they struggled in my own.

How could I, a strong woman, strike a child? What a confession of weakness! I, an educated, disciplined woman, have used brute force to gain obedience from a motherless child. The tender flesh must have quivered with pain; the sensitive child-spirit must have been wounded to the quick.

I knew he had no mother. There was no one to give the good-night kiss; no one to listen to his childish complaints; no one to wipe away tears of grief or anger.

I remember now that he was not a naughty child; he was thoughtless and roguish, but he was neither sly nor ill-tempered. He never attempted to deceive; he frankly acknowledged his little faults.

Was it his fault that he had no love for his lessons? I punished him when his spelling-lesson was unlearned, yet it failed to make him love his spelling-book. I did not explain the difficult words in his reading lesson, but I held him up to ridicule when he stumbled and miscalled them. I remember the flush that crept to the tangled hair, and the sudden burst of tears. Poor little Johnny! it is not strange that he disliked school. But he was certainly a very trying child; there is some excuse for me. He was never for a moment quiet. He was often the cause of disorder in the room and raised many a laugh among the children. He was an inveterate whisperer; punishment availed nothing in his case. I am sure no teacher would have been patient under such provocation. There was always a hum in his corner of the room.

Well, the little lips are silent now. I would like to hear them whisper, "Teacher, I love you; you have been kind to me." I would like to see the blue eyes open and the roguish look come back to them while he said, "I'm just making believe. "I'm doing it for fun." I would like to see him spring from the bed and come back to life and light.

His eyes will open to brighter light; his merry voice will ring out in gentler tones among his angel companions. There will be no more pain for Johnny. His teacher will be gentle and loving; his life will be full of joy. I will not mourn for him; but I may, I must grieve that I am so unfitted for my work. May patience, wisdom, and strength be mine.

When I hear the ill-timed laugh or the thoughtless whisper, let me remember Johnny's sealed lips, and by gentle means try to accomplish the desired end. When I take again the stained, roughened hand in my own, let it not be to inflict pain, but that I may lead an undisciplined child in kindness and love.

When the restless feet chafe my tired nerves or torture my aching head, let me remember the little feet that hastened from my room one day never to return, and let patience have her perfect work. Johnny's school life was not successful, but his companions shall profit by it.

I have seen my little pupil to-day alone in a darkened room.

Esther Converse.

CHRIST'S TENDERNESS.

JESUS not only taught the world tenderness toward the bruised and stricken by precept, but the example of his life shows us that he carried the burdens of others, and in this was his chief exaltation. "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs." We shall find our burden of sorrow lifted only as, and when, we seek to help others bear their sorrows. The Scriptures declare that "he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." The Lord Jesus was made wise by tears. A devout German theologian has said: "If Jesus Christ

had never rendered any other service than to teach humanity that it was noble to weep, he must, for this service, be considered one of the world's greatest benefactors." That "Jesus wept" is the crowning evidence of his humanity and one of the chief ornaments of his divinity. Don't you trust the man who boasts that he never weeps. Such cold, calculating natures will bear watching. The Psalmist prays: "Put thou my tears into thy bottle; are they not in thy book?" Some of you are in the possession of your reason this hour, because, when under great pressure of grief, your silent sorrow was relieved by the opening of the fountain of tears. We are told by Paul to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." And Jesus said, "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh."

Dr. James M. King.

THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

THE dawning of a bright morning in June found me traversing the barren wastes of Nevada with the speed of the "iron horse." Now there was a level plain stretching far away until it met the base of the snow-capped mountain range; then the low hills along the Humboldt river, down which we were passing, shut out the view, and nothing could be seen but these same rugged, barren hills, with an occasional glimpse of the swiftly passing waters of the Humboldt. Lost in reverie I realized what it was to be alone amid a crowd. What was done or said by my fellow passengers I heeded not until I was aroused from my reverie by the cry of "Elko; twenty minutes for breakfast." I had been admonished that Elko was no place for the work I had in view; that while there were a few who would welcome me to their hospitable homes, and care for my wants, that there was no house open in which to tell, and no disposition upon the part of the citizens to hear the message I bore.

Years ago while in a distant land, wandering under the sun's scorching rays, amid the burning sands of a southern clime, there came to me a sad, sad message. It told me that here had fallen, by the pitiless hand of death, one of the valiant soldiers of the cross; that far from home and loved ones he had laid his armor by, having been summoned home. I learned that here could be found the lowly mound that marked his resting place. I resolved that, if for no other purpose, I would stop to visit this hallowed spot.

Soon I was welcomed by those whose faces I had never seen, but who were one with me in mutual ties of faith. Together we climbed the hill north of the village, and were soon in a small but nicely laid out cemetery, where a supply of water was made to do service in causing the trees, shrubs, flowers and grass to beautify the places of the dead; but the spot which we sought was not here. Though our beloved brother was an honored member of the Master's kingdom he could not rest here, this was for Free Masons and Odd Fellows only. Passing farther up the hill we found another group of graves, and were soon standing by the resting place of that faithful and noble man of God, Glaud Rodger. Here I heard anew, from the lips of those who stood around his dying bed, the story of his death; how he patiently bore his affliction, of his kind solicitude for loved ones; and how he passed over the dark river with expressed assurance that all was "bright, very bright." Standing here, his life of self sacrificing devotion passes before me. I see him parting with the wife of his bosom, and the children he loved, and embarking upon the rolling billows of the Pacific, pass to isles of the ocean, raise the standard of truth to the rejoicing of many hearts. Again I see him in a foreign land standing by the grave of a fallen fellow laborer. By this dispensation of Providence left to labor alone, yet for

years he patiently toils on. Then comes a sweet but brief season of repose in the bosom of his family; but soon again he is in the thickest of the conflict, battling for the truth; and at last finds a resting place here. In his last moments he was cared for by tender and true hearts, his pillow smoothed by loving hands; yet those for whom his heart yearned most were not there—his loved ones were far away, unconscious that he was passing away. For the gospel's sake he died a stranger in a strange land.

Well do I remember meeting him in council when he was the honored president of the Quorum to which I belonged. I had honored him before; I loved him then—gentle in demeanor, always considerate of the feelings of others, mild and loving in council, but as firm as the everlasting hills that guard his resting place. This spot is in some respects grand and beautiful. To the north can be seen a range of brown hills rising one above another, like the restless waves the ocean; to the east and west the eye rests for miles upon a succession of hill and vale; to the south, just at the base of the hill, lies the village of Elko, and just beyond the historic waters of the Humboldt peacefully flow; upon the opposite side of the river lies a low range of barren hills; above and beyond these rise the majestic snow-capped Ruby mountains, lifting their crests to the sky. When, however, I sought a relic, no tree, no leaf, no shrub, no flower, no blade of grass grew upon the barren soil of this lowly mound. I selected from the grave a few pebbles and turned sadly away, breathing a silent prayer that whether I fall in the desert wild, upon the billowy deep, in some fruitful vale, in the arms of loved ones, or in some strange land, my end may be like his, my prospects as bright, my rest as sweet, and my reward as glorious.

"TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH."

Will they meet me, the best loved, the dearest,
Beyond the cold waters of death?
I long to depart, but my Father,
Of them is my last thought in death.
Take them not from the world, I beseech thee;
But keep by thy right hand of power
My children and wife of my bosom,
I pray, with all life's fading power.

If faithful in life I have served thee,
This blessing I ask at thy hand;
Let us meet in thy kingdom of glory,
An unbroken family band;
For heaven were lonely without them,
In life I resigned them for thee;
In the mansions of Jesus, my Master,
Dear Lord, give them back unto me.

DRIFT-WOOD.

The threads our hands in blindness spin,
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.—*Whittier.*

BOYS, BE RELIABLE.

Trustworthiness is worth a fortune to any boy. Form the habit of doing everything thoroughly, and of never shirking. Suffer, if need be, to succeed. You can not climb the ladder of life on downy cushions. If you are afraid of sun-burn and blistered hands, those beneath you will rise above you. Mrs. Swisshelm tells of a trusty boy, whose trustworthiness was exhibited during the great fire in Chicago.

"A wealthy widow on the north side was struggling alone on Monday night to save some of her personal effects, when a small boy came to her and said a friend had sent him to ask if he could help her. She gave him a box and told him the best he could do for her was to take care of that, as it was very valuable. He disappeared with it, and she carried trunk after trunk to a place of supposed safety, saw them all burned, and barely escaped with her life. All that night and Tuesday passed, and nothing was heard from the boy or the box. Her diamonds, worth some thousands, jewelry, silver, and some relics were in it; and she was more troubled for its loss than that of her house and furniture. But on Tuesday night the boy was

found sitting on the box, which he had buried in the sand on the lake shore. He had been there twenty-four hours, half-buried him-self at one time to escape the devouring fire, was very hungry and very tired, but had no thought of deserting his charge. One such boy will keep any city alive."

THE PORTRAIT OF CHRIST.

On the damp and gloomy walls of the catacombs of sepulture and worship, in the monuments of the primitive Christian Church, on the portals and in the apses of ancient Byzantine basilicas, in stately cathedrals of the middle age, in the proud galleries of the world's art, and even on the humble walls of the lowliest homes, or in cherished books of the poor, that strange and wonderful face arrests the mind with a celestial thought, and charms the imagination with the hope that we may hereafter see Him as He is.

Whether depicted in the coarse, rude lines of the earliest sketches, or in the finished touches of the master's skill; whether sad and painful with divine and human sorrow, or glorious in heavenly triumph, the same face is always represented. The whole of Christendom is enriched by these memorials of a divine visitation.

With endless variations of lineaments and expression, there has always been preserved a faithful adherence to the general type of some ancient ideal. In the midst of classic art, though about the period of its decline, there suddenly appeared the image of a strange but complete personality, differing from all pagan ideals. It was the Christ! He had come into the world, and lived and labored among men who cherished his memory; and they desired to leave to the ages to come some pictured reminder of his human semblance.

TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

Did girls get from childhood the same business training as boys, and were it clearly understood to all families that it is not a credit, but a discredit, for women to be idle, to hang helpless on the men instead of doing their own work, and, if necessary, earning their own living, I believe society would not be the worse but the better for the change. Men would find out that the more they elevate women the greater use they get out of them. If, instead of a man working himself to death for his unmarried daughters and then leaving them ignominiously dependent upon male relations, he educated them to independence, made them able both to maintain and to protect themselves, it would save him and them a world of unhappiness. They would cease to be either the rivals—a very hopeless rivalry—or the playthings first, and then the slaves of men, and become, as was originally intended, their co-mates, equal and yet different, each sex supplying the other's deficiencies, and therefore fitted to work together, not apart, for the good of the world.

Every human being desires to be loved. The little child-bosom has this longing after love. It is this that causes the infant to put its chubby arms around the mother's neck and purse up its rosy lips for the maternal kiss. And the father's or mother's caress goes straight to the baby's soul. Every parental affection goes flowing down through the tiny life, touching the infantile spirit, blessing it with a beauty and a joy, with sweetness and song. We do not, can not love our children enough. Love strengthens them for meeting the oppositions of the world. We should take hold of the cradle and rock them into love. Let us gather them around the fireside and talk and sing and pray them into love. Let us hang beautiful pictures along our home walls, in our public and Sabbath-school rooms, and charm our children into love. For love is of God. God is love.

Johnnie was four years of age. He was much interested in the cows, the first he had seen. One day he heard a cow lowing, and running to his mother exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, here's a cow blowing her horn!"

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, in a recent letter disabuses the public mind of an erroneous impression regarding the characters in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She says: "None of the characters in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' are portraits. I know of several colored men who showed the piety, honesty and faithfulness of Uncle Tom, but none of them had a history that I created for them. Some events in the life of Lewis Clark are somewhat like those in the life of George Harris. I read his history while writing the story merely to see that I was keeping within the limits of probability." This disposes effectually of the claims of the numerous old colored men in the country who have long posed as the originals of Uncle Tom or George Harris.

THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

THE SECOND BOOK OF NEPHI.

BY H. A. STEBBBINS.

CHAPTER VI.

Prophesies of the Latter Days—America a Land of Promise—The Messiah to Come—The Agency of Man—Death of Lehi—The Colony Divided—Prosperity of the Nephites—Degredation of the Lamanites—Restoration of Israel Foretold—The Atonement and Resurrection—America a Land of Liberty—No Kings to Oppress Her.

IN closing up the first book of Nephi we find that this man prophesied of many things that would come to pass in the latter days. He said that the events of which he spoke were to take place in order that the promise God had made to Israel and Judah might be fulfilled, namely, that great promise that the whole nation should eventually be gathered in one again, after their scattering and smiting, and be established in peace forever; and that through them all the nations and kindreds of the earth should receive blessing and salvation. But he declared that before that great day of redemption came the Gentiles would have so far departed from the true ways of the Lord as to lose all real knowledge of Him. Nephi saw that in time to come they would pervert God's truth and would so harden their hearts against him that they would become very wicked throughout all the world, having great darkness of mind and perversity of spirit. In those latter days many nations would be largely engaged in war, in preparations for war, and in destroying each other with much fury. He also spoke of seeing that among the nations many churches would exist and become strong through pride and popularity, and that these would be a means of gain as well as of power to those connected with or having charge over them. [*k*]

In the beginning of the second book is an account of what Lehi taught the little colony concerning the land upon which they were now dwelling. He stated that it was a land of promise, and choice above all other lands; and, furthermore, that it should be a land of inheritance to whomsoever the Lord would bring upon it. But only those whom he permitted should come to it, and to such of them as would keep his commandments it should ever be a land of liberty; because if they lived righteously he would not allow any other nation to bring them into subjection. But, on the other hand, if those who dwelt upon it permitted sin to abound and iniquity to become great, then the land should become cursed with various evils more and more. Nevertheless unto the righteous it should be blessed forever.

The Lord said to Lehi that now his covenant was with him and his posterity, that as long as they served him they should have possession and be prospered, and therefore he would keep the knowledge of the land from other nations, lest it should be overrun by them. But when the time came that the covenant people forgot the many blessings given them by the Lord, so that they failed to remember that he had made this a land of promise and of blessing unto them, and they should become darkened in their minds and hardened in their hearts, then the judgments of God would come upon them. Therefore Lehi exhorted his sons, and all the others, to be faithful in keeping the commandments of God, so that they might not of necessity be cut off from the blessings of the covenant that had been made with them. He especially desired Laman and Lemuel to give heed to these things, and thereby receive good, instead of the evil that he feared for them.

Because of Zoram's faithfulness with Nephi a special promise was made to him and his posterity, in connection with Nephi's. For the Lord said that the descendants of the two should dwell together and be greatly blessed, while the land should be consecrated for their good so long as they did right.

And Lehi taught his people further concerning the coming of the Messiah, the Son of God, who would dwell among men and lay down his life for them. But he would take it up again that he might bring to pass the resurrection of the bodies of all men. And, because of this intercession for the race, all mankind should

be brought to stand before God, to be judged and rewarded according to their deeds, even by the righteous power and justice of the Messiah. This Redeemer, so Lehi said, would in due time bring about a condition of righteousness among all nations, without which there could be no happiness for man anywhere. But in this probationary state every one must have both good and evil set before him, that he may make his choice between them, as a free agent for himself, as to what he desired to be and what kind of a life he would lead. Upon one hand was the goodness and the love of God, and by the keeping of his commandments, (that is by man's denying himself evil pleasures and evil desires and doing right), there was assurance of happiness with God and the good forever. On the other hand Satan stood tempting man to depart from the Lord and to walk according to his own perverse desires and lusts. For he always leads man, if he can, to do those things that are forbidden, and they are forbidden because they are contrary to the real happiness and well-being of man, which fact is known to Satan as well as to God.

The reason for his so doing is, that having himself rebelled against the righteous One, and thereby becoming fallen from his former estate, he seeks to have all other sentient beings and free agents do likewise, and to make them miserable like himself. Therefore, that he might start the race in the way of transgression, and so as to bring disaster upon all her posterity, he tempted Eve at the beginning. And he accomplished his wishes, Eve believing the word of the serpent, who spoke both the truth and a lie. Then Adam took part in the transgression that he might go out and be with Eve, rather than remain in Eden alone. So they and their children entered upon a state of probation, by the will of God, therein to learn the difference between good and evil, and by actual test of the matter to find which was the best course, to keep the commandments of God and be restored back into his presence, or to choose the opposite and have temporary pleasure here in doing their own will, but only to lose the reward that they might have received had they kept the laws of life. Lehi taught that the object of God in the creation of man was that man might have joy, and that he might attain to the greatest happiness possible for him to reach; and he said that true happiness could only be obtained by performing those duties that led to virtue, honor, righteousness and peace.

Before his death Lehi blessed his sons and daughters and their children, and exhorted them to live in harmony and love. But, instead of this, not long after his death there took place a division in the colony, Laman, Lemuel and the sons of Ishmael being more and more dissatisfied with having to receive the teachings and reproofs of Nephi. As the latter knew that they wished to be free from him, and that they might do him harm, therefore he sought the Lord for instruction what to do. Being told to separate from the others, and to go away by themselves, all those who believed in the revelations of God took their tents and their goods, including the records and engraved plates, and the compass or director, and traveled for many days away from Laman and his party. With Nephi were Sam and Zoram and their families, and their younger brothers, Jacob and Joseph, and their sisters.

From that time forward they called themselves Nephites, and the portion of land that they settled in they called the land of Nephi. And as they endeavored to keep the law of the Lord they were prospered more and more by him, until they had plenty of all things necessary for their comfort and welfare. And having built houses to live in they ceased to dwell in tents any longer. They also erected a building in which they might worship God together, and they called it a temple; for they had constructed it as nearly after the form and appearance of Solomon's temple as they could with the materials they had. And Nephi ordained Jacob and Joseph as ministers for the people, to officiate as priest and teacher in the services between God and man. He was also commanded of the Lord to make other metal plates upon which to engrave more of their history, that it might be preserved; and he did so. They obtained from the earth the precious and useful things stored there, gold and silver, copper and iron, and therefrom made articles for use in their homes, and implements for their agricultural work. (1)

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(1) See note c, to chapter two.

Thus the Nephites did the will of God, lived in peace, and were industrious in all things that were for their happiness and prosperity. In these particulars they followed a very different course from that taken by the Lamanites, for thus the people of Laman called themselves in distinction from the people of Nephi. They became more and more passionate, rude, and wild in their lives, until at last there came upon them the curse that the Lord had spoken against them in case of their continued transgression. In place of being fair skinned, they became dark in complexion and filthy in their habits, as well as idle and careless in every way, not tilling the ground, but taking the beasts of the forest for food, and going to and fro wheresoever they would. (*l*)

Of the teachings of Jacob in his ministry we find that he also prophesied of the coming of the Messiah. He said that the Jews would scourge and crucify him, they being the only nation upon the earth that would do so; and this because of their darkened, evil and rebellious condition, the results of priestcraft after departing from God and from the light of truth. The consequence would be that the nations would overcome and drive them out of their land, and they should be scattered abroad and hated everywhere, suffering famine, pestilence and death by the sword. But in the latter times the Messiah, even Christ the Lord, would make the second attempt to gather them, and he would succeed in bringing them from the isles of the sea and from distant lands, back to their own. Some of the nations would help in this great work, and those nations should be specially blessed of the Lord and be great in his sight and favor. (*m*)

Jacob spoke in plainness of the atonement to be made, of the resurrection of Christ, and of the consequent resurrection of all men, through the power, wisdom, and mercy of God and Christ. For by this atonement the prison house would be compelled to deliver up the spirits of the unjust, as well as paradise to give up the spirits of the righteous, so that all, both good and bad, might have their bodies again, and receive from their Redeemer an amount of reward according to the measure of good they had done while in the probationary state. Jacob preached that the doctrine of Christ was that men must repent of their sins and be baptized in his name, in order that they might receive the full benefit of the atonement wrought out by him. And he especially warned his people against the sins of the flesh, passion, hatred and vice, and urged them to turn from all such by keeping the laws of God in purity and truth. He referred to the promise of God, that their (the Nephite) posterity should not be entirely destroyed, but that through all time the Lord would preserve some of them, and that in future generations they were to become a righteous branch of the house of Israel. In the name of the Lord he declared that when the time came for the Gentiles to dwell upon this land they should be blessed upon it; and that it should be a land of liberty, one not ruled by kings; that the Lord would defend it and its inhabitants from all other nations, and that whosoever should raise up a king upon it should perish, for it was a land consecrated unto liberty and choice above all others in the sight of the Lord. (*n*)

(*k*) All these things as taught by Nephi are in harmony with the writings of the prophets, though the world has not in the past and does not in the present recognize the truth of their words, even when the fulfillment is plainly taking place before their eyes. The writer thinks that it would be well to call the attention of his readers to the agreement that exists between the Bible and the Book of Mormon upon these matters of doctrine and prophecy. For instance, concerning the restoration of the Israelites and their again becoming one people, we read what the Lord declared by Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Isaiah, as follows:

"Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations, and declare it in the isles afar off, and say, He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him as a shepherd doth his flock."—Jer. 31:10.

"Thus saith the Lord God: Behold I will take the children of Israel from among the nations whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land. And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king over them all; and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all."—Ezek. 37:21, 22.

"Fear not, for I am with thee; I will bring thy seed from the east and gather thee from the west; I will say to the north, Give up, and to the south, Keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth."—Isa. 43:5, 6.

These are but three passages out of multitudes that might be quoted in evidence of the unity of the two books in teaching the great purposes and designs of Almighty God; and by the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established.

In harmony with Nephi's word that the other

peoples of the earth should receive their blessings through Israel is the covenant of the Lord with Abraham (Gen. 12:2), "In thee shall the families of the earth be blessed." Also with that to Isaac (Gen. 26:4), "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

In regard to the darkness and iniquity that Nephi foretold as to characterize the Gentile nations of the last days, we read like testimonies in both the Old and the New Testaments, as follows:

"For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth and gross darkness the people."—Isa. 60:2.

"This also know, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God."—2 Tim. 3:1-4.

"Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood; their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity; wasting and destruction are in their paths. The way of peace they know not, and there is no judgment in their goings. They have made them crooked paths. . . . We wait for light but behold obscurity; for brightness but we walk in darkness. . . . Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off; for truth is fallen in the street and equity can not enter. Yea, truth faileth, and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey. And the Lord saw it, and it displeased him that there was no judgment."—Isa. 59:7, 8, 9, 14, 15.

Of the wars and bloodshed in the latter days we read:—

"And it shall come to pass in that day that a great tumult from the Lord shall be among them; and they shall lay hold every one on the hand of his neighbor, and his hand shall raise up against the hand of his neighbor."—Zech. 14:13.

"For, behold, in those days, and in that time, when I shall bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem . . . Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles, Prepare war, wake up the mighty men; let all the men of war draw near, let them come up."—Joel 3:9.

"For behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity. The earth also shall disclose her blood and shall no more cover her slain."—Isa. 26:21.

In favor of the idea that there will be much religion in the latter days that will be only a form, we find proof in the words of Paul to Timothy, which are given above, and following which list of sins he adds, as being characteristic of the people, that they will be those "Having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof: from such turn away."—2 Tim. 3:5.

From the prophesy of Jeremiah we also find that such must be the case or they would not seek for something better, as they will do when their eyes are opened. He said:

"The Gentiles shall come unto thee [Israel] from the ends of the earth, and shall say, Surely our fathers inherited lies, vanity, and things wherein there is no profit."—Jer. 16:19.

(*l*) Without taking the Book of Mormon into account at all, the antiquarians have found evidences that are remarkable in corroborating the statement here given that the original settlers did become two distinct peoples in their style of life, and in manners and customs. On pages 65 and 67 of "Ancient America" Mr. Baldwin says:

"It may be true that all the aboriginal peoples found in North and South America (excepting the Esquimaux) belonged originally to the same race; but if so, time and development, under different conditions of life, had divided this race into at least two extremely unlike branches. . . . There are some considerations in favor of this hypothesis which have been used by writers who are entitled to great respect."

(*m*) The fact of the second attempt to gather Israel, and that some of the nations will assist in the work, is certified by the prophet Isaiah, as follows:

"And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall set his hand again the second time to recover the remnant of his people."—Isa. 11:11.

"Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I will lift up mine hand to the Gentiles, and set up my standard to the people; and they shall bring thy sons in their arms and thy daughters shall be carried upon their shoulders. And kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers."—Isa. 49:22, 23.

"Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them."

"But in the last days it shall come to pass . . . many nations shall come and say, Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways and we will walk in his paths."—Micah 4:1, 2.

(*n*) The prophecy that there should be no kings, no monarchies, permitted upon this land, and that whosoever might seek to establish one should perish, was remarkably fulfilled in the case of Louis Napoleon in his endeavor to set Prince Maximilian of Austria upon the throne, as Emperor of Mexico; for, not only was the life of Maximilian forfeited in the rash attempt, but failure, downfall and death, from that time forth marked the career of Napoleon III. Ridpath in his "Universal History" speaks as follows of this interference by the French Emperor in American affairs:

"Encouraged by Francis Joseph of Austria, he made war on the republic of Mexico, conquered that government, and in April, 1864, established Prince Maximilian of Hapsburg, brother of Francis Joseph, on the throne of Mexico. The government was styled an Empire, and Maximilian was the Emperor. The purpose of Napoleon in this business was, as indicated in his own language, to restore the influence of the Latin race in America. By this time, however, the rebellion against the American Union was tottering to its fall, and the French Emperor, in view of the probable triumph of the United States, was constrained to disclaim all intention of acquiring territory abroad. . . . Then came the complete collapse of the Mexican Empire. Maximilian was driven from power, captured by the Mexicans; and executed at Queretaro, June 19th, 1867."

The same writer says that during this period Napoleon "reached his zenith, and the remaining years of his reign were marked by many blunders and symptons of decline. . . . All the while the tides of public opinion were setting against the government." Then, with the idea, as we gather from history, of making the closing years of his life full of glory and renown upon the field of battle, and of leaving a grand kingdom for his son to reign over, he made war upon Prussia. Evidently he expected a complete victory, but within seven months his attempt resulted in the most disastrous and overwhelming defeat of modern times, culminating with his surrender at Sedan, and with the fall of Metz and Paris, after the loss of vast armies slain or captured, and never did fields flow with blood more plentifully or more unnecessarily. During the next year he died in exile, and thus ended the life of one who tried to establish the old world form of kingly rule and monarchial government in the land that the Lord declared of old should be free, and that the man should perish who sought to make it otherwise.

SYNOPSIS OF A SPEECH,

AT LUCAS, IOWA, DECORATION DAY, MAY 30TH, 1888.

BY E. B. MORGAN.

ALL nations and ages have had their heroes, and there is in man an innate appreciation of the brave, noble and true. We may each be partial to our own several nationalities; yet, regardless of all this, we like to recount the noble and heroic deeds of the past, whether they have been wrought in the name of humanity or of God—and to me these terms are interchangeable.

It is natural for us to commemorate the sacrifices made by the men who were gallant and brave enough to respond to the call made by those in command, who desired the perpetuation of the Union when secession threatened its destruction and division its downfall. We are not commemorating the bravery of any one nationality, for nearly every civilized nation was represented in the contest. Germans, French, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and several other nationalities followed the Stars and Stripes with a love equal to that of the native born American.

Not every man that wore the blue was a hero. Some enlisted with selfish motives; and though in the army for years they may have soldiered, they did but little fighting, and used every means in their power to evade every engagement. Those men were not heroes, but traitors; for their recreancy exposed you to greater danger. But, in the absence of our knowledge of who were heroes and who were cowards, let us yield to all the meed of heroism.

And while the greater honor may be paid to those who were in command of the forces; yet let us bear in mind that the humblest soldier that did his duty well, is worthy of equal honor. Had those men known as common soldiers been heedless of the words of command, what effect would it have had? They were the ones who had to face the enemy and break into his entrenchments, while those in command were often in comparative safety.

Soldiers, while the compensation may have been small in comparison with the work done, yet you have this to gratify you; as Thomas Paine said before the Revolutionary War (which saying, to my mind, is a great sentiment—although he was a pronounced Infidel): "If there is to be a war, let it come in our own day, that our children may dwell in peace!" The war was in your day, and your children dwell in peace. Again, it is yours to have your names recorded among the military heroes of the world. You are simply in the procession, and did the work that the age and your environments demanded of you. Heroism is worthy of commemoration, from that of the Lord Jesus Christ down to that of the last and least one who has suffered that he might be a benefactor of the race.

While your honors are military, and your victories settled forever the questions then in dispute, there is yet a demand for

your influence and moral courage in "the cause that lacks assistance," and against "the wrong that needs resistance;" so that when you shall have done with the things of time, and meet the fathers of our country, you can face them as having continued the work they began.

To you, my fellow-citizens, who were not engaged in the nation's struggle which we are commemorating this day, the opportunity for enrollment with those heroes is forever gone, as far as that particular epoch is concerned; but there is another kind of heroism to which we have approach. The commemoration that we make to day is to those who were brave in a day when words were considered chaff, when reason had been superseded and the conflict of arms was the inevitable. With the liberties gained by those men, it is ours to strive for and maintain good government, in order that battles may be the clash of ideas and not of arms; our roar the roar of orators and not of cannon; our slaughter the dissolution of every organization maintaining principles that tend to ostracise us and subvert our rights; our wounded those who seek to legislate from selfish motives, and not for the good of the greater number; our generals those who through their good judgment and heroic spirit will lead the van and oppose themselves to danger in common with the humblest; our commissioned officers those who work for the good of the men in their command, and not for the sole purpose of obtaining higher rank and position; and our privates all volunteers in good cause, thoroughly drilled and disciplined, with this truth inscribed upon our banner: "Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty." To do this we must commence aright, at the foundation stone in our own homes, upon our own hearthstones; for this is indeed the foundation of our government.

Then, fathers and mothers, this work is largely committed to you, and you cannot fail to see what a responsibility rests upon you, that your children obtain knowledge from books and also moral culture such as will help to lessen the present ratio of criminals and penitentiary inmates. If you will save your children from ignorance, idleness, intemperance, crime, penitentiary and gallows, your lives will be heroic.

In conclusion, let me say to all: To be a hero is to be brave; therefore, let us, as men, stand firm for the right and the prosecution of every good work. Although we may have no honors done us here, let us trust that our Captain, General, Lord and Christ will do us honors at the Grand Review, where every good work, whether public or private, shall meet its proper reward.

LITTLE DEBORAH IN THE SECRET SERVICE.

IT was a square piece of linen cloth. On it in orderly array was worked the alphabet, in both small letters and capitals; then followed the numbers up to fifty; the days of the week; months of the year; and finally in a very elaborate style, was a verse of scripture. Yes, a genuine, old-fashioned sampler it was, ending with the worker's name in faded salmon and blue: *Deborah Greylock,*

Aged fourteen.

"She was my grnndmother," said grandma Hunter as she spread the sampler upon her knee and pointed out how carefully every stitch had been taken.

And it happened—let me see—over a hundred years ago. Deborah lived in this house—her father it was who built it—and for aught I know this may have been her room. She must have been a pretty child, for I have seen an ivory miniature of her, painted when she was a young lady. She had dark eyes, and a short, red upper lip, and her complexion was a pretty pink-and-white. Her hair was a dark brown and combed high over a cushion and surmounted by two or three white ostrich feathers as was the fashion in those days. She wore a white gown with pink sprigs in it and she had a string of pearls about her neck—a very pretty creature indeed, my dears.

"But the incident of which I am about to tell you, happened when she was a very young girl—just the time she was making this sampler. You know it was during the Revolution and there were very exciting times down this way. To you who read about them in your books of history, they may seem like stories of the dim past, but to Deborah they were different —she lived in them, they were a part of her very existence, and it would have been hard to find a truer hearted little patriot than she. Her mother was dead and the cares and responsibilities that had fallen on her young shoulders made her more discreet and womanly than her years, and so her father, who was an officer in the American army, often confided many things to her. She was proud of the trust, and very desirous to do something for the glorious cause of liberty.

"One day, some time after that memorable battle of Lexington, when Deborah had been an eye-witness of the attack of the redcoats on the militia-men who were training on the churchyard green not far from her father's house, she ran up stairs to tell him his dinner was ready. She found him nervously pacing up and down the room, his face grave and perplexed.

"'What is the matter, father dear?' she asked, slipping her small hand into his great brown one.

"'I am puzzled to know how to get a message to Captain Hardy who is stationed five or six miles down the road.'

"'Can't you send Zeke or Pete?'

Ah, but there is danger of my messenger being captured by the British, and if the paper should be found on him, he would be hanged, to say nothing of the plan I have concocted and with which I wish Hardy to become acquainted, being discovered by the enemy. Zeke and Pete are the most trusty of slaves, but if taken by the enemy, would by their own fright betray the fact that they were on some important errand. No; I want some person who would not be readily suspected of being the bearer of any important missive, and who, if caught and questioned by the British, would have cool nerves and be quick-witted to evade any exposure.'

"'Father,' said Deborah earnestly, her dark eyes shining, 'let me go.'

"'You!' exclaimed her father, 'why, my dear child, you were so afraid of the redcoats that you didn't even dare to run down to Patty Lechmere's last night; and here you talk of going several miles alone down a road known to be frequented by the British!'

"'But I don't really think they would hurt me'—hesitatingly.

"'But the letter, child—if they found that?'

"'Ah, but they wouldn't! I've thought of an excellent place in which to hide it.'

"'Where?

"The little girl reached up her arms and drew her father's head down, whispering something in his ear. 'Now, won't that do?' she added aloud.

"Her father looked pleased and surprised as he replied, 'Very well, indeed, my little daughter; it is a bright thought for one of your years!' Then his face grew grave again and he resumed his nervous walk up and down the room. He could not endure the thought of exposing his child to insult and danger; but it was a time when every patriot was obliged to make sacrifices, and so, at last, with a silent but earnest prayer that the good God would protect her, he turned to Deborah:

"'Well, child, let it be as you say! You may go! Be careful and discreet. Avoid travelers as much as possible. If you meet any one on the road and are asked as to where you are going, say that you are going to your uncle and aunt, the Pepperells, who are known to be staunch Tories, and so you will not be so readily suspected. And it will be no falsehood either, because you may stay over Sunday at your aunt's. But be sure and deliver this paper into the hands of Captain Hardy himself, for the matter is very important.'

"Early the next morning a little girl might have been seen walking briskly down the Metomony road. One glimpse of the rosy face half concealed by the large bonnet tied down by blue ribbons, would have revealed Deborah Greylock. Her journey lay along a quiet country highway, one side of which was bordered by dense woods, with here and there the clearing of a farm, and on the other by broad, fertile meadows sloping down to where the blue waters of the Charles sparkled in the sunshine. Everything was silent around her save the drowsy hum of insects in the grass, or the shrill yet sweet notes of some wildwood bird.

"Several miles had been traversed in safety, when, suddenly, just as she came to an abrupt turn in the road, she heard the clatter of horse's hoofs and beheld riding toward her two men wearing the dreaded British uniform.

"There was no place in which to conceal herself, for the road at this spot was no longer bordered by woods; besides, the keen eyes of the two horsemen had already perceived her. She knew that the critical moment her father had dreaded had arrived.

"Without seeming to notice their approach, Deborah sat down among the ferns by the roadside, and opening her basket, took out first her sampler and then a package containing her simple lunch.

"Alternately eating and sewing, and doing both in a careless, fearless manner, she sat there until the officers rode up.

"'Hallo, little girl! What are you doing here?' asked one.

"Deborah looked up with a confiding smile.

"Resting, sir, and eating my dinner,' she replied.

"'But where are you going?'

"'A-visiting, sir,' with a coquetish toss of the brown curls. 'I am going to Boston to spend the Sabbath with my Uncle and Aunt Pepperell.'

"'Pepperell,' repeated the officer, oh, I have heard of them; they are good Royalists! Well, I thought you were too pretty a lass to be a rebel! But you'd better look out that the farmers with their blunderbusses don't get you,' laughing, and adding to his companion, Come on Major.

"But the latter, an older and graver man, lingered, saying: "'Humph! how do we know that the child is what she represents herself? She may have been sent with some important message. I have heard that the rebels are brewing mischief. What is that you have in that bag, my girl?' pointing to the little reticule dangling from Deborah's belt.

"'Only my crewels, sir, for working on my sampler,' she replied, looking up at him with wide-open, innocent eyes. And she untied the bag, revealing skeins of red, yellow, blue and green threads. 'And here,' she continued, 'are my best ribbons. I shall wear them to church to-morrow, for Aunt always takes me with her to service at the King's chapel.'

"'But, child,' the officer persisted, when he was interrupted by his companion's saying impatiently, 'Nonsense, Major, you are as fussy as an old granny. There is no use in tarrying here; we have no time to lose. Come!'

"And Deborah soon had the pleasure of seeing the hated redcoats gallop up the dusty road. Then, uttering a little sigh of relief, she patted her sampler half-caressingly, for, my dears, what do you suppose?—it was in the lining of her sampler that she had concealed her father's letter.

"Ere two more hours rolled around, she had reached the American camp and delivered the paper into the hands of Captain Hardy. Then she resumed the highway toward the town. By early afternoon she had reached her aunt's house, where she received a hearty welcome; for the old lady, though a staunch Tory, was a kind-hearted woman and very fond of her little niece.

"The next day Deborah, wearing her bright ribbons and attired in a new pink taffeta dress, the recent gift of her aunt, went to service at the King's chapel. She always enjoyed going there; it was so grand and impressive. The walls hung with the escutcheons of the king and the royal governors; there was the embroidered pulpit cloth, and on it the great prayer-book, with the hour-glass standing near, by which the preacher could time his discourse. Then there was the set of heavy silver communion service, the gift of King William and Queen Mary, which the Tory Rector carried away with him to Halifax when the British evacuated Boston.

"Deborah liked to hear the loud pealing music; to see the fine ladies come sweeping in with their long velvet trains, and their hair rolled over cushions high over their heads. And there were nodding plumes, flashing jewels and clanging swords. Then the officers, too, how their scarlet uniforms brightened up the gloomy interior! Yes, to be sure, it was all very fine and dazzling; but for all that, there was a demure-faced, little rebel lass who sat up in the high-backed pew with her hands folded in prim decorum, but whose little heart was all a joyful flutter with the thought that she, Deborah Greylock,

whom none noticed in all that great brilliant congregation, had, only the day before, quite outwitted those pompous, strutting officers.

"'And so you see, my dears, there is good reason why the descendants of Deborah Greylock should prize this sampler. When she reached the venerable age of ninety, she gave it to me, and I have ever kept it as a precious relic."

MARY E. BRUSH.

Editor's Corner.

In our last we referred to the words of Christ with reference to the light dawning in the east and growing brighter and brighter until the whole earth should be illumined. Let our young men, our boys and girls who are now students in various schools throughout the land, go back fifty years in the history of the present century. It will take us but a few steps in advance of the close of our last war with the mother country, and the final and complete triumph of our arms welding the last link in the chain of civil and religious freedom circling our shores. We shall find ourselves but slightly in advance of the application of steam to navigation, and far anterior to ocean steamers, railroad cars, telegraph wires, submarine cables and, following these, a host of inventions and improvements which in their array must challenge the admiration of centuries which have plodded on before, if so be they are permitted in any wise to know what is transpiring upon the earth.

The angel of the Apocalypse brought the gospel to the earth for a purpose, and that purpose was that it might be preached to every nation, kindred, tongue and people in order that the end might come. The prophet in describing the event of their being sent forth speaks on this wise, "Go ye swift messengers." Let us bear in mind that God never yet gave a commandment to man or to men which it was out of the power of that man or those men to accomplish; but, on the other hand, such commandment was never given without bearing with it as an incorporated part thereof, the necessity of faithfulness, diligence and implicit trust upon the part of the individual or individuals unto whom the message came. Jonah was sent to Nineveh, but fearing man more than God, he refused to go. Strange mystery of God's overruling providence—mystery which will be all clear when the light of eternity, the light of His counsel shines upon it—the very disobedience of the prophet becomes the type of Christ's sojourn in the tomb. Yet as Jonah chose for himself to disobey God, so chose the Son to become obedient unto the Father; each to receive the just reward of the act which, because of their having power to choose became a moral act.

My dear young friends, let us ask you that you ever bear this in mind, God requires obedience at your hands. If you have no choice between doing right or wrong, no power inherent in your nature enabling you (always with God's help, which help will always be given), to resist evil and will to do good, upon the one hand, or to resist the strivings of God's Spirit and will to do evil upon the other hand, then your action has in it no moral quality whatever; you are shorn of all the glory God crowned you with when in the beginning he made man and contemplating all his work, pronounced it "very good."

The pure gospel of the Son of God, which Christ came to establish and which he left upon the earth clothed with purity and authority, though wounded in the house of his friends, disrobed, corrupted, chained like Prometheus to the rock of ignorance, while vultures in the form of ecclesiastical dignitaries preyed upon its vitals by day and by night, did not lose its savor of life unto life or death unto death, neither in all this time—these long weary ages of darkness and superstition—did God leave himself without witnesses. "There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." In God's own due time he inspired the heart of Martin Luther to arise and gird himself for the work before him, and as that work demanded sinews of iron, a purpose fixed and unchangeable as the hills of adamant, a courage which all the combined powers of earth and hell could not daunt, the man who posessed these qualities in a preeminent degree was chosen for the work; yet was the the choice left with Martin Luther as to whether he would

or would not obey the inspiration God was giving to his Spirit for the mighty work before him. Had Luther refused the call, then would God have raised up another to take his place, and his name as his life would have been no more to the ages then unborn, than are to-day the millions never heard beyond the circle in which they move. But Luther did not refuse. We believe he was true to every inspiration given him of God, and his name has come down to us honored, as will be the name of every man and woman who makes God their choice and in life honors his name. Every one is not called to do the work of Luther, but every one is called to honor God, and he will honor those who honor him. We might swell this list of names until they would fill a volume, but space forbids; neither is it our object. We have chosen this name because this man, Martin Luther, held out to the world the first ray of light which broke upon the midnight blackness of the long night of apostasy and ignorance, and because we believe it to be the first ray of light heralding the dawn of a better day and ushering in the advance guard of the grand army of King Emanuel.

Let this one thought impress you as you study the page of sacred or profane history, namely, that for every work which God has ever wrought among the children of men of which we have any record, there has always been a season of preparation; and while he has called and chosen some by manifesting himself unto them as he does not unto the world at large, these have at all times been those unto whom he gave authority to act in his spiritual kingdom. But he has just as surely chosen men to their place in the affairs of temporal governments (as witness his calling Cyrus by name hundreds of years before he was born), as ever they were called in spiritual affairs.

In this connection we introduce the testimony of Cardinal Manning with reference to the constitution of the United States. While you read it we want you to bear in mind the fact that the people of God know from whence these men, who were the framers of our constitution, obtained their greater wisdom, and his people also understand why this wisdom was bestowed upon them. You will remember that this is Joseph's land, and that God has said how it shall be governed. Freedom shall here spread out her sheltering wings above the oppressed of every nation, and no earthly king shall ever reign upon this land, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Cardinal Manning had not this key to help him in understanding the matter, neither does he understand the purpose of God in relation thereto; but it becomes you as children of Saints to understand.

"Speaking of the troubled state of affairs in France, Cardinal Manning said: 'What a contrast, to be sure, between two Republics in America and France. Ah! there was rare wisdom shown by those statesmen who in 1789 framed the Constitution of the United States. Not only were these men wise enough to frame a Constitution almost perfectly adapted to the needs of their country, but they knew how to surround it with such safeguards as to insure it from quick or unconsidered changes. In that respect it would seem superior to our English Constitution, under which Parliament was able, a few years since, in a single session to confer the right of suffrage on 2,000,000 men. And yet when we regard the wonderful prosperity which has blessed the American Republic and compare it with the unfortunate Republic of France, we must consider not alone the superiority of the American Constitution, but also the remarkable condition under which it existed. The United States, hewn from the strength and sinew of the English commonwealth, stepped into the world in the pride of full manhood. Her men and women came from England's sturdy middle classes, sound in mind and body, taking with them all that was best in the past of their old home; they have grown in greatness because they had in themselves the elements of greatness.'"—*Saint's Herald*, vol. 30, p. 383.

His watch care is over all the workmanship of his hands. He maketh even the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain.

Passing down through the list of reformers who one by one appeared upon the stage of action, we find that not one of them laid claim to inspiration, and when those noble brothers, John and Charles Wesley came out, so far from professing to have authority from God to establish his truth, they said of their "United Society," that it was none other than "A company of men having the form, and seeking the power of Godliness, united in order to pray together, to receive the word of exhortation, and to watch over one another in love, that they may help each other to work out their salvation;" and yet, in the early days of the Methodist Church there was a great degree of God's power enjoyed, and they were humble, God fearing people, zealous of good works. Thus the work of preparation went on. Civil and religious liberty were marching side by side, God himself giving understanding or inspiration unto a certain extent to those men who were con-

tending for freedom, both in the realm of civil government and of mind; until in the economy of God all things were prepared for the setting up of the kingdom according to the prediction of Daniel the prophet. Then was the gospel with its power and authority restored from heaven and man brought into personal, tangible relationship to his maker, a relationship in perfect harmony with every dispensation in which the gospel has been proclaimed in its fulness to man. Then came the commandment, "Go ye swift messengers," and by the means already prepared those messengers went forth. Come we now to the contemplation of the saddest part of the page of history which has written itself in the nineteenth century, and yet it is not ours to grieve, neither to censure nor blame.

When Jesus had kept the passover with his disciples, after he had broken bread and blessed the wine and all had partaken, and had also warned Peter of the buffeting of Satan which should come to him that very night in which he should thrice deny his Lord, then came he to this strange instruction contained in the 19th verse of Luke 22: referring to the time when he had sent them out without purse or scrip he said, "Lacked ye anything?" And they said, "Nothing." "Then said he unto them, But now he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip; and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one. For I say unto you that this that is written must yet be accomplished in me. * * * When they answered him, Lord, behold here are two swords. He said, It is enough."

"This that is written must yet be accomplished" is the thought to which we call your attention. Nothing which had been predicted concerning him must or could fail, and we hold this true of every prediction given by the inspiration of God, It must have its fulfillment. Christ chose his apostles and yet himself says, "One of you is a devil." There was the work of betrayal to be done, and yet Judas had his free agency in this as fully and completely as Christ had his when he chose to redeem the race of man, or as Peter had his when he denied his Lord. Without this agency the action of Judas is just as praiseworthy as the action of Christ himself.

> "He'll call, persuade, direct aright,
> Bless man with wisdom, grace and light;
> In nameless ways be good and kind,
> But never force the human mind."

"The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever."—Deut. 29:29. Were there not things in the word of God, as also in the great scheme of redemption, which we do not understand, then there would be no room for the exercise of faith, without which it is impossible to please God. And when we consider that we are surrounded by mystery upon every hand, utterly unable to understand the work of the infinite Creator in its most simple form, need it, ought it to be surprising to us that we do not understand that wondrous work at the contemplation of which the "Morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" Paul, with other inspired servants of God, foresaw and fo etold this which has come to pass in these latter days and which has brought shame and grief to so many hearts. How very brief the span of time after the gospel was restored, before the great latter day apostacy followed "Go ye swift messengers," was spoken to men among whom were those who should depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils. But strange as it may appear to us why this was suffered, we are well assured that although the Scripture must be fulfilled, yet these men who have handed down their names to unborn generations as betrayers of the trust reposed in them—as false shepherds of the flock—had their own free agency in the matter, and deliberately chose to listen to the seducing spirits and to sear their consciences as with hot iron.

But come we now to the contemplation of that which causes our hearts to rejoice and sing aloud for joy; and this is the manner in which we can see the overruling hand of God in the matter; how he has made the wrath (or wickedness) of man to praise him, and will yet restrain the remainder. One of the things to which Jesus likened the kingdom of heaven was leaven hid by a woman in three measures of meal. In using this parable we wish to call your attention only to the fact that the *whole lump* was leavened. The words of Jesus to the mocking Jews, "How oft would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, but ye would not," find their paralell in this latter day work; and because the people would not keep the commandments of God they were scattered and their homes left unto them desolate. But as in the case of Jonah's disobedience the overruling hand of God was manifested, so in this case is being brought to pass that leavening of the lump, which will never cease until all is reached and the entire lump leavened with the truth of the restored gospel.

From the beginning of the reformation by

Luther in the early part of the 16th century, down to the year 1830, a period of three hundred years, study the pages of history, and mark well the shackles which the creeds of men up to this later date still bound the souls of men in. Study those creeds, and while you study remember that men of the best minds, the largest and truest piety were struggling with all their powers towards the light. When you have marked this, yes have made a clear broad note of it, then contrast the darkness still covering the earth and gross darkness the minds of the people, with the present condition of things as the observer will find it in the world, and we think you can not help being astonished at the rapid strides truth is making in the world. In the issue of the *Sunday School Times* of June 16th, we find the following, which we are well prepared to believe:

"In the light of modern scholarship, and in the atmosphere of modern scientific research, the Bible stands out in a pre-eminence never accorded to it in an earlier day. At no time before in the world's history have so many of the foremost scholars of the world given their reverent adhesion to the truths of the Bible as at the present time. Nor was there ever a time when the intelligent study of the Bible had so large a place as just now in the occupation of men of high intellectual attainment. The foremost universities of the old world and the new are laid under obligation week by week for the elucidation of that portion of the Bible text which is the theme of the International Lesson series."

This paper devoted exclusively to Sunday School work has a circulation of 128.000 copies weekly and is only one among hundreds edited in the same interest. What conclusion do we draw from this? Not that these men, among whom are many of the brightest minds of our day, are walking in the light? far from it; but this is what we do see, that the Spirit of God is moving the hearts of men to a searching of the word of life and salvation. The preparatory work is going on and as a result of the working of the pure leaven of the gospel, creeds are being broken down and the hearts of men while failing them for fear are yet looking for those things which are coming upon the earth; and these very men whose eyes are holden while they study the word of God are yet being led to the fulfilment of God's plan in the final redemption of the human family, just as surely as the light of the rising sun shall diffuse its rays over the whole earth.

REST.

Life is a struggle, hard and sore,
And I may not rest till the struggle's o'er;
I can not lay my armor down
Till I reach my home and receive my crown.

But I love to think of the restful calm,
And I long to wear a victor's palm—
Of the many joys that await the blest,
Sure, few can be sweeter than the perfect rest.

So many are weary, and weak, and worn,
With souls bowed down, and heart-strings torn;
They long for a restful, a happy abode,
Whose light is the Savior, whose builder is God.

Ah? well, the time cometh, it fast draweth nigh,
When I shall be over each heart-pang and sigh;
And sadness and sorrow forgotten will be,
When rest, sweet and perfect, shall be given to me.

This head, now so weary, shall sweetly recline,
On the breast of the Savior, who is my friend and thine;
Each toil-worn traveler, refreshment shall have,
In the light of his presence, the balm of his love.

A rest there remaineth to the people of God,
Press on, weary pilgrim, though rough be the road;
All tears from our eyes, he shall soon wipe away,
O, blessed assurance, O, rapturous day!

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

Helpful Hints and Suggestions.

The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.—*Whittier.*

WHAT WILL AND WHAT WON'T.

I am often amazed at the things published by some so-called housekeepers, and warranted to do thus and so; when by actual test and experiment they do nothing of the sort! Now I contend that the same process will produce the same result the world over; and therefore when Mrs. Such-an-One says that sweet milk will have precisely the same effect as soap in washing dishes, when I undertake to wash dishes "with a few spoonfulls of sweet milk poured in the water," I ought to find that the milk has been an efficient substitute for the soap.

But when on economy bent, I flew to the milk pitcher to save the soap bill, the net result was a distinct necessity for another dish washing with soap, for the milk wasn't worth a picayune as a cleaner. So many things are written in this same way and the result is just the exposure of a fraud.

If your griddle gets rough when you are frying batter cakes take a raw turnip and slice off the end, and rub the griddle all over with it, and it will be as smooth as glass.

If white china, or ironstone tableware has become stained or discolored from use, scour it well with wood ashes or boil it in good lye and it will become perfectly clean and white again.

There is nothing better for cleaning steel knives than a raw Irish potato, dipped in fine brick dust. Cut off a slice of the potato so as to leave a raw surface, dip it in finely beaten brick dust, and rub the knives until they look bright and clean. It does not wear out and break the ends of the blades, and requires no strength at all.

Freshly fallen snow makes batter cakes as light as fresh laid eggs would do. Make up your batter as usual, only omitting the eggs, and when ready to commence baking them, take up lightly as many heaping tablespoonfuls of snow as you would have taken eggs and stir quickly into the batter, and our experience is that the snow is as good as an egg.

If you want to send milk off in bottles,—with a basket of dinner, or a traveler's lunch, or for the baby's tea—first put into the bottle, if one pint, two tablespoonfuls of lime water, or if a quart four tablespoonfuls. It will keep sweet even in hot summer weather, and if you will wrap the bottle, head and heels in a wet cloth, and then in a dry one, it will keep cool into the bargain. As soon as the milk bottles come home wash them clean and put some lime water or soda and water in them and keep them uncorked, throw the corks into a bowl of lime or soda water and they will stay sweet and clean. This is my experience after several successive years of sending dinner a mile and more to a "railroad man."

When the kitchen dish cloth begins to "smell like a dish rag," throw it in a saucepan or tin bucket of hot water, put a good lump of soda in with it, and set it on the stove to take a good boil. It will be clean and sweet when it comes out.

Certain of the fraudulent say that leaving milk pans open until the milk gets cold will remove the taste of onion from milk. It does nothing of the sort. The only thing that removes the taste is to keep the onions or garlic away from the cows. Once in milk, it is there to stay.

Another fraud is the statement that washing rancid butter in buttermilk will make it sweet again. It doesn't help it one particle! Rancid butter has undergone certain chemical changes and can not be restored to its normal state. There is a German method of preparing "strong" butter so that it can be used in cooking, but once rancid or even in the edge thereof, it is past table use.

Still another imposition is the story that when eggs are "flat" and won't beat up light, a pinch of soda will make them beat. It doesn't do it. A stale egg can not be restored any more than sour milk can be made new or rancid butter fresh.

I spoke of lime water in connection with milk bottles. Ordinarily people buy lime water of a druggist and pay a good price for it. For years I have made all I could use and give away, at a merely nominal cost and trouble. Get ten cents' worth of builders' lime, (simply unslack-lime it is), put it in an open bowl, and pour in by degrees stirring the lime all the time, two quarts of water. When it stops smoking, stir it

all well together and pour it into a glass jar, or jug or what you please. I always use a glass fruit jar so I can see into it. When the lime settles at the bottom, put a funnel in an empty bottle, and put a thick cloth, a damask table napkin, or good sheet of soft paper in the funnel and pour all the water off of the lime into as many bottles as you choose to fill, then fill the jar with water, stir up the lime well from the bottle and set it by until you want some more of it. As you use off the water refill the jar until all the alkaline property of the lime is exhausted. Ten cents' worth of lime lasted me for three years using it as freely as I pleased for all sorts of things. It saved an immense deal of money that would have gone to the druggist, and the lime water was just as good.

Good Housekeeping.

MOTHER BICKERDYKE.

NOT long ago there was visiting in this city, a remarkable and unique personage, known to western soldiers, and to many in the East, as "Mother Bickerdyke." Strong and rugged in character, versatile and executive in ability, prompt and energetic in action, with a reserved force that lifted her to the height of every emergency, this woman was a power in the hospitals during the war, overshadowing all with whom she came in contact.

She was the only woman nurse in the large post hospital at Cairo, Ill., in the early months of the war. There were then no hospitals worthy the name, and Mother Bickerdyke found the surgeons in charge incompetent and intemperate. Neglect of their patients by day, and rioting and drunkeness at night, characterized them, and her refrigerators and pantries were broken open and rifled of every sanitary delicacy. After vainly trying to remedy this state of things for weeks, Mother Bickerdyke went boldly to the post commander, Colonel Ulysses S. Grant, of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, and preferred charges against the surgeons. At her earnest entreaty he visited the hospital in citizen's dress one evening, and saw its hideous management. There was prompt redress. The worthless surgeons were dismissed, the hospital reorganized, superbly officered, and placed on a first-class footing.

After the battle of Fort Donelson, she made five trips to Cairo, on the hospital boat, to assist in bringing off the wounded. We had not learned then to provide for the terrible emergencies of the battlefield in advance of the conflict, and there was a lack of everything needed for the comfortable transportation of the mangled and half-frozen sufferers. But Mother Bickerdyke fitted out the boat before it left Cairo with whatever could be obtained from the stores of the Sanitary Commission and from private sources. On the way to the battlefield she systemized her work by getting the beds ready for their occupants, and by making tea and coffee, soup, gruel, and milk punch, for the exhausted sufferers. She moved about with such an air of authority, and was so wise in her advice and directions, which were promptly obeyed, that the volunteer surgeons from Chicago, who attended the wounded, believed she held a commission from the secretary of war, and treated her with corresponding deference. And yet, at that time, she had no position whatever, and was not even detailed as an army nurse.

At the battle of Shiloh, where over 10,000 dead and wounded were left on the field, there was the same apalling destitution of everything needed. The Sanitary Commission and every Northwestern State sent a boat laden with medical and sanitary supplies, accompanied with surgeons and nurses, to the relief of the sufferers. They found Mother Bickerdyke hard at work, carrying system and relief with her, and dispensing tea, coffee, gruel, and soup, which she had somehow found materials to make, kettles and cauldrons full. The men had learned how benificent a power she was, and incessant calls for "Mother! Mother!" rang out to her, in every tone of beseeching and anguish, as if every wounded man were her son.

At first no attempt was made to wash the clothing and bedding used by the wounded men. Saturated with blood and the offensive discharges of suppurating wounds, and swarming with vermin, it was buried or burned. These very articles were so soon needed that Mother Bickerdyke decided to save them. She sent to Chicago, to the Sanitary Commission for washing-machines, wringers, mangles, and portable kettles, obtained from the authorities a detail of "contrabands," and extemporized a laundry, where not unfrequently 4,000 and 5,000 pieces of hideously foul apparel were washed in a day. The work once begun, Mother Bickerdyke never intermitted it. Her laundry machinery, her posse of contrabands, an ambulance or two, with mules and one or two handy, detailed soldiers, formed a part of her retinue after this, wherever she went.

At Memphis she was stationed at the Gayoso Hospital, where she had 900 patients in charge. Its order, comfort, and neatness could not be surpassed. She had organized two other hospitals at Memphis, besides the Gayoso. There was at one time nearly 10,000 in the Memphis hospitals, and while they were abundantly supplied by the government with whatever was necessary, it was impossible to furnish them with milk and eggs in warm weather. Mother Bickerdyke asked for a month's leave of absence and transportation, and came north on a begging expedition. Before the end of the month she returned with nearly 150 cows, and 1,000 hens. Governor Yates, of Illinois, provided for their shipment to Memphis in detachments, sending attendants in charge of each to care for them. General Hulbert, post commander at Memphis, gave her President's Island, opposite the city, in the Mississippi, for the accommodation of the live stock, a stretch of land so elevated that it never overflowed at the highest stage of water. Contrabands were detailed to take charge of them, and as long as there were hospitals in Memphis there was no lack of milk and eggs for their use.

At General Sherman's request this brave woman was detailed to hospital work in his army. General Grant gave her a pass anywhere within the lines of his department, into all camps and hospitals, and past all pickets, with authority to draw on any quartermaster in his department for transportation for hospital and sanitary stores. She followed General Sherman's army as it fought its way to Atlanta, unloading her wagon-loads of stores and setting up her soup-kettles in the rear of the battle-fields of Kenesaw Mountain, Resaca, Altoona Pass, and elsewhere, and ministering to the wounded. After the battle of Chattanooga she was the only woman in the hospital at the foot of Missionary Ridge for six weeks, where 1,800 men lay battling for life, mangled in every conceivable way by the enginery of war.

I lack space to speak of Mother Bickerdyke's army record, as also her philanthropic work since the war. The Chicago fires, the forest fires of Michigan that followed afterwards, the suffering in Kansas, occasioned by the grasshoppers and drouth, brought into requisition her varied and marvellous abilities. She went from Washington to Kansas four times with car-loads of food and seeds, sent through her importunity and distributed by her administrative ability. All the while she maintained herself by nursing, acting as matron in charitable institutions, serving as housekeeper, and at the present time, at the age of seventy-three, she has a situation in the mint at San Francisco. The soldiers of the Grand Army in the West taxed themselves ten cents each yearly to raise a fund for the woman they hold in idolatrous affection—but she refused the money. "You need all your money, boys, for yourselves," was her reply; "don't spend spend it on me." She scorned to become a burden to any of her friends, and so has wrought, with crippled hands and failing powers, for her own maintenance. Never has she had so little that she has lacked the means to help those in more depressed circumstances than herself.

Eighteen years ago application was made for a pension for her, which has been urged and urged, and at last it has been granted; only twenty-five dollars a month, without back pay. It required her presence in Washinton to secure the wretched pittance. She could not return to San Francisco without coming to Massachusetts to see her "old comrades" as she styles her co-workers in the war I suspect she came quite as much to hunt up an old soldier of the First Chica-

go Battery, who has been in Boston the last ten years, leading a disreputable life. She spent a rainy day ransacking police courts and records and jails and houses of correction, hoping to find him, and came to my house, wet and weary and depressed. I remonstrated: "Why do you waste yourself, a woman of seventy-three, on such a man as B——? He isn't worth it. I wouldn't trouble myself about him," I said. Turning to me with a flash of her blue eyes, and a straightening of the curve of her yet beautiful mouth, she answered, "Mary Livermore, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to help every miserable creature that comes in my way, all I can. He's always sure of two friends, God and me."

Brave, loving, helpful unselfish Mother Bickerdyke, with the faith and lack of worldly wisdom of a child, and the indomitable soul of an iron-hearted hero, I shall see her no more. "Good-by!" she said as she left for San Francisco; "I shall be mustered out before long, and shan't see you again, here. But we shall find one another somehow."

—*Woman's Magazine.*

UNCONSCIOUS TEACHING BY THE FACE.

AN instrument of this unconscious tuition is the human face. There is something very affecting in the simple and solemn earnestness with which children look into their elders' faces. They know by an instinct, that they shall find there an unmistakable signal of what they have to expect. It is as if the Maker had set up that open dial of muscle and fibre, color and form, eye and mouth, to mock all schemes of concealment and decree a certain amount of mutual acquaintance between all persons, as the basis of confidence or suspicion. All the vital spirits of brain and blood are ever sending their swift demonstrations to that public indicator. It is the unguarded rendezvous of all the imponderable couriers of the heart. It is the public playground of all the fairies or imps of passion. If you come before your pupils, after dinner, your countenance gross and stupid with animal excess, do you suppose the school will not instinctively feel the sensual oppression, and know Silenus by his looks?

A teacher has only partially comprehended the familiar powers of his place, who has left out the lessons of his own countenance. *There* is a perpetual picture which his pupils study as unconsciously as he exhibits it. His plans will miscarry, if he expects a genial and nourishing session, when he enters with a face blacker than the blackboard. And very often he may fail entirely to account for a season of rapid and sympathetic progress, which was really due to the bright interpretations and conciliatory overtures glancing unconsciously from his eyes, or subtly interwoven in the lines of frankness and good-will about his lips. The eye itself alone, in its regal power and port, is the born prince of a school-room. He answers a score of questions, or anticipates them, by a glance.

"The human countenance," it has been said, "is the painted stage and natural robing-room of the soul. It is no single dress, but wardrobes of costumes innumerable. Our seven ages have their liveries there, of every dye and cut, from the cradle to the bier; ruddy cheeks, merry dimples, and plump stuffing for youth; line and furrow for many-thoughted age; carnation for the bridal morning, and heavenlier paleness for the new-found mother. All the legions of desires and hopes have uniforms and badges there at hand. It is the loom where the inner man weaves, on the instant, the garment of his mood, to dissolve again into current life when the hour is past. There it is that love puts on its celestial rosy red; there lovely shame blushes and mean shame looks earthly; there hatred contracts its wicked white; there jealousy picks from its own drawer its bodice of settled green; there anger clothes itself in black, and despair in the grayness of the dead; there hypocrisy plunders the

rest, and takes all their dresses by turns; sorrow and penitence, too, have sackcloth there; and genius and inspiration, in immortal hours, encinctured there with the unsought halo, stand forth in the supremacy of light."

What then? Can a man look otherwise than nature made him to look? Can he reconstruct his features? Can he resolve his face into beauty by a purpose? I reply, nature made his countenance to reflect the spirit of his life. It is a common maxim that some faces, plainest by the rules of classic symmetry, are noble with moral dignity, and radiant with spiritual light. The faces we love to look at, over and over again, must be the really beautiful faces, and these are the faces of lovely persons, no matter about your Juno or Apollo. Said Chrysostom, speaking of Bishop Flavian, who had gone to intercede with the Emperor for the rebellious citizens of Antioch, "The countenance of holy men is full of spiritual power." This kind of beauty, the only real kind, is producible. The soul, such as it is, will shine through. But the completeness of that transformed expression will be seen only where the long patience of self-control, and the holiest sincerity of love, and the slow triumph of unselfish principle, have wrought their interior work, molding the inner man into a nobleness that the outward shape may honestly image.

Selected.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

HOME-MADE CHAIR-BOTTOM.

We lately visited some old acquaintances and soon discovered that the chairs in most request were three, the bottoms of which had been replaced by one of the daughters. The chairs were originally cane-seated. When these gave way the bottom was taken out. Straps made by quilting together on a machine four thicknesses of heavy bed-ticking were passed around the pieces to which the canes had been fastened, and made secure. Eight such straps were used, four at right angles to the others. These supported a cushion, made a little larger than the chair frame. A row of fringe hid the pieces over which passed the straps. The cushion was fastened to the straps. The chairs were easier than those with the rigid cane seats, and had been reseated longer than a year, yet the new seats were apparently good for a longer period of wear in addition.

A DECORATED GOBLET.

An interesting home-made method of natural decoration consists simply in taking a glass or goblet, and placing in the interior a little common salt water. In a day or so a slight mist will be seen upon the glass—hourly this will grow, until in a very short time the glass will present a beautiful appearance, the glass being enlarged to twice its thickness and covered with beautiful salt crystal, packed upon one another exactly like some peculiar fungus or animal growth. It is necessary to place a dish beneath the glass, as the crystals will run over, if the term can be used.

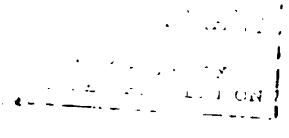
The glass can be made additionally beautiful by placing in the salt and water some common red ink; this will be absorbed, as it were, and the white surface covered with a rich red coat, which in turn can be covered by blue or any color by the introduction of inks or tints. No more simple method of producing inexpensive and beautiful ornaments can be imagined, and by using different shapes of vases and shades, an endless variety of beautiful form can be produced, pleasing alike to young and old.

AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

The most pampered child in existence will gladly leave all his wonderful toys to play with sand, for it seems to possess irresistible attractions for all children. A supply of a bushel or less will keep the little ones quiet through many long, stormy days.

The sand should be clean and free from all mixture of clay or other soil. Paper buckets are the best to keep it in, as they are light and can easily be carried from place to place. A large square of oil-cloth or of muslin sheeting should be spread in one corner of the nursery while the children are playing with the sand to keep it from getting on the carpet. With the sand should be provided a spoon or two, bottles of various sizes, and some small pans and cups. A tin funnel or one made out of stiff paper and a few tiny bags will be an highly appreciated part of the outfit.

Children will "keep store" for hours at a time if supplied with paper cut into small sheets, tiny balls of cord, and a small quantity of dried beans, pearl tapioca, rice, and flaxseed. With the above mentioned articles they can not make much muss, and though, no doubt, they would like bottles and a few liquids added to this stock, they can get along very happily without them.



G. R. Lederer.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Vol. I. LAMONI, IOWA, SEPTEMBER, 1888. No. 9.

Editor's Corner.

ERRATA.—Will our friends kindly cut out and aste the above head-line "Editor's Corner," over the ıcorrect heading on page 431. This mistake was ot discovered until too late to correct.—Editor.

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Revealed, Palestine to Become [illegible] Judah to be Gathered.—Baptism an Ancient Rite, Known to Nephites, Jews, and other Nations.

IN the eleventh chapter of his second book Nephi prophesied of the crucifixion, saying that Christ should thus suffer at the hands of the Jews, and that he would remain in the tomb three days, after which he would rise and manifest himself to his followers. (a)

Not many years later Jerusalem would be destroyed, and from that time for many generations the Jews would be scourged and set at naught by the nations, until they should be brought to believe in Christ as their Savior. For, after their great afflictions, the Lord would do a marvellous work for their redemption, part of which would be the bringing forth of his word and testimony for the purpose of convincing them that the Messiah had already come, and that they need not look for another. Because the Lord purposed that the things written by Nephi and his posterity should be preserved and handed down to future generations, and their testimonies would show that it was through their faith in Christ, (they being also of Israel), that they were made alive in the God of their fathers; and that in him they rejoiced, and of him they talked, and preached, and wrote, as the one through whom they received a remission of their sins. Notwithstanding they still had the law of Moses at this time; but to receive him as the Holy One of Israel, their Redeemer.

Nephi said that it would be long after his day, even six hundred years from the time he left Jerusalem, that Christ should come, but that God had revealed unto him that after he should rise from the dead he would visit the posterity of Nephi on this land; also that certain events would be signs unto them of his birth at Jerusalem and afterwards of the time of his crucifixion. But many of his people would become very wicked before that day. Wars and contentions would take place among them; and at the time of the crucifixion, great calamities would come upon the unrighteous of his people. Many of them would be destroyed by terrible shakings and upheavals of the earth, and by whirlwinds; but the righteous should be preserved and live to see the Son of God in person. For he would manifest himself to all who believed in him; indeed he was willing to do so, Nephi said, to every nation, even by the power and revelation of his Holy Spirit, working miracles and giving blessings in every generation, according to the faith of the children of men.

Then he spoke of the time when these records of his should come to the knowledge of men, saying that after his posterity should become degraded in sin, and be smitten by the Gentiles, their writings

(having been sealed and hidden from sight) should be brought forth by the power of God unto the world. And their coming would be at a time when the Gentiles would be great in pride as well as in power upon this land, when there would be many churches, and they would teach by their own wisdom and not in that simplicity which is according to the power and wisdom of God. There would be many ways and much strife, also great gain for the leaders and the rich among them, but the poor would have little chance. Secret combinations as bands of iniquity would exist in that day, therefore the works of darkness would flourish. But he said that God worked not in darkness nor secretly did good; for the word of his truth and the manifestations of his mercy were free to all men, and his way was ever plain to the common people and the lowly.

God had commanded that men should not murder, should not lie, should not steal, should not take the name of the Lord in vain, should not feel envious nor have malice, but he said that in the latter days all people (both Gentiles and Jews) upon all lands would be drunken with iniquity and would commit all manner of abominations. In that time also would take place terrible things, such as great whirlwinds, tempests and earthquakes, and much destruction by fire. (*p*)

Then should a book come forth that was to be a revelation from God unto the world. Of the manner of its coming Nephi gave an account, as well as foretold the number of the witnesses that should testify to its revealment. And he said that when it did appear the truths of God would be more clearly seen than before, and many would come to an understanding of the true doctrine of Christ. Then also would the poor among men rejoice in the Holy One of Israel, and the meek have gladness in the Lord. After a little season the land that God gave to Abraham would begin to be fertile again, and so continue till it should reach its original state of abundance and prosperity. (*q*)

The Lord informed Nephi that the things written in the book would be of great worth unto all that would receive them, and especially so to the remnant of Nephi's people who would be left at that day. Its worth would be in its finally establishing in the hearts of men the true faith of the Lord. For, in that day when it should appear, the people of many churches would make great profession of serving the God of Israel but would say that he no longer manifested himself unto men as in days of old; that he had finished his work after that manner. Thus they would slight his counsel and seek not for knowledge from him. (*r*)

But, more than this, their religion would permit them to justify themselves in committing sin, to take advantage of their neighbors, and to do evil things in secret, with the idea that God would forgive them any way. Thus with pride, evil doing and false doctrine, and loving fine clothing, riches and display, they would be far out of the true course. Some of them would persecute the saints of those times and cause their blood to be shed; for Satan would rage in their hearts and stir them up against the truth. Nephi also pronounced a woe upon such as would hearken to the precepts of men and deny the gift of the Holy Ghost and the power of God, who would say that they had received enough and needed no more of his word. For he said that the Lord's will was to give line upon line, and that they should be blessed who would hearken to his precepts; but that woe should come upon those who would be angry because of the word of God that would come forth in that day. He that was built upon the rock would receive it gladly but he that was built upon the sand would tremble for fear of falling.

Of the book some would say that they had a Bible and needed no more. (*s*) Then the Lord says that the Bible that they had came to them from the Jews; and that they do not thank the Jews for what the have, nor think upon their trials and sufferings in ancient times, nor of their labors to bring truth and salvation to both Jew and Gentile. Instead of their realizing these things the Lord told Nephi that they would hate and despise the Jews, and instead of seeking to recover and bring them back they would destroy them. But they should be recompensed for all the evil that they had so harshly wrought. Then the Lord asks why they should complain at receiving more of his word. For he declared that it was his will to speak to many nations, and that what he spoke to one agreed with what he gave to the

others, so that when two nations came together it would be found that the testimonies and evidences that they had from the Lord agreed as one, proving that he was always the same.

He said that they need not think that because they had one book that therefore they had all his word, or all that he would ever give to man; for his work was not yet done, and he would command more of his word to be written, both upon the continents and upon the islands of the sea. And the time will come when the Nephites will have the words of the Jews, and the Jews will have the words of the Nephites, and they together will have the words of the lost tribes, and the lost tribes will have their words. Then shall all these people be gathered in one, as one people, and his word unto them shall be gathered in one, because he had covenanted to remember the seed of Abraham forever, and to gather them and bring them back from the uttermost parts of the earth. (*t*)

And as many of the Gentiles as repent shall become the covenant people of the Lord, and they shall carry the knowledge of these truths to the remnant of Nephi and Laman, so that they shall know that their fathers came from Jerusalem and were of Israel. And in due time they shall be free from darkness and degradation and become a goodly people again. Then also will the Jews begin to believe in Christ and gather to their own land, as the prophets have declared.

Nephi wrote much concerning the doctrine of Christ, and it was for the instruction of his people who lived then and for those who should live in time to come. He said that when the Lamb of God came he would be baptized in order to fulfill all righteousness, for that was the commandment to all who dwell upon the earth. (*u*) And Christ would show that he humbled himself like unto other men; and by his obedience to the commandment he would bear witness that he was subject to the Father in all things, and also thereby he would give a pattern to others by himself going in at the strait gate and walking in the narrow way. And Nephi heard the voice of the Son, saying, Follow me; and he that is baptized in my name to him will the Father give the Holy Ghost like as he did unto me. Therefore Nephi said that all who would repent of (forsake) their sins, and follow the appointed course, doing it with full purpose of heart and not with hypocrisy, they should receive the gift.

But whosoever entered in the gate must continue in the way and endure unto the end, not fall away into darkness. Unto all the faithful is promised that power which will show them their duty and help them greatly in doing it. They should also pray unto the Father that he will bless their labors and their lives; for by faith the obedient might receive many blessings from the Lord. He also taught and wrote much concerning men having faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and of their joy and happiness in living by his word of truth, the gospel that he would bring.

(*o*) The subject of the cross and of the crucifixion of Christ will be discussed in connection with the next chapter.

(*p*) These prophesies also agree with those in the Bible concerning the latter days, like the quota ions presented with Chapter Six. We read:

"For the land is full of adulterers; because of swearing the land mourneth; the pleasant places of the wilderness are dried up, and their course is evil and their force is not right. . . . Wherefore their ways shall be unto them as slippery ways in the darkness; they shall be driven on and fall therein; for I will bring evil upon them, even the year of their visitation, saith the Lord. . . . Behold, a whirlwind of the Lord is gone forth in fury, even a grievous whirlwind. It shall fall grievously upon the head of the wicked. . . . In the latter days ye shall consider it perfectly."—Jer. 23:10, 12, 19, 20.

"Behold the whirlwind of the Lord goeth forth with fury, a continuing whirlwind; it shall fall with pain upon the head of the wicked. . . . In the latter days ye shall consider it."—Jer. 30:23, 24.

"And the Lord shall cause his glorious voice to be heard, and shall show the lightning down of his arm, with the indignation of his anger, and with the flame of devouring fire, with scattering, and tempest and hailstones."—Isa. 30:31.

"For they shall be visited of the Lord of hosts, with thunder, and with earthquake, and great noise; with storm, and tempest, and the flame of devouring fire."—Isa. 29:6.

(*q*) This prophecy that the land of the Jews will again be blessed with fertility, after the gospel is restored and the Book of Mormon comes forth, is testified to by Isaiah and others of the prophets. In fact it is evident that the days of their affliction are past; those of their gladness are coming and to come. Isaiah says:

"And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this I pray thee; and he saith, I can not, for it is sealed. And the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee,

and he saith, I am not learned. . . . Is it not yet a very little while and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field. . . . Jacob shall not now be ashamed, neither shall his face now wax pale."—Isa. 29:11, 12, 17, 22.

"Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briers; they shall lament for the pleasant fields, for the fruitful vine, . . . until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field."—Isa. 32:12, 13, 15.

(*r*) Upon this subject it should be said that the Lord gives one of his characteristics as being always willing to reveal himself to those who believe, and who ask him in faith for such wisdom and knowledge as may be for their good. This doctrine is taught in the Bible as well as in the Book of Mormon. Of many passages that might be quoted in this relation a few are here given:

"Thus saith the Lord . . . ask me of things to come concerning my sons; and concerning the work of my hands command ye me."—Isa. 45:11.

"Whom shall he teach knowledge. . . . For precept must be upon precept, pre ept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little."—Isa. 28:9, 10.

"And if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you."—Phil. 3:15.

"Whatsoever he shall hear that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come."—John 16:13.

(*s*) The prophecy of Nephi that when the Book of Mormon should come to light the people of those times would say, "A bible, a bible," has been literally fulfilled all the way down since its publication. For it has been repeatedly called and continually stigmatized as the "Mormon Bible" and the "Golden Bible." And it has been a wide spread delusion among the great mass of the people that the Book of Mormon was really the Bible of the Saints, and the only one that they used. But in later years the Reorganized Church of Christ has so thoroughly shown the error of this idea, as well as of many other preconceived notions of the world concerning our faith, that many have informed themselves upon this matter. This class know that we hold the Bible as the first sacred record, the Book of Mormon being just what the Lord calls it, an additional testimony of God and his truth, and especially that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Savior and Redeemer of the world, in whose name only may Jew or Gentile trust for salvation. Hence to call the book a bible but shows the ignorance of the speaker or writer; or else that he is wilfully determined to misrepresent the facts, and is trying to blind others as well as deceive himself. A study of the book itself would soon show the object of it, and the place it occupies in the great work of the Lord.

(*t*) That there were to be two divine records, that they would be found to so agree in their testimony upon the above important matters that they would become as *one* book, and that they would thus come together and be compared about the time that the Lord would set his hand to gather Israel and Judah, is proved by the prophets.

First, in the twenty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, the description there given of a book to come to the knowledge of men, does not in the least accord with the history of the Bible and its revealment. Isaiah prophesies that a sealed book would be revealed, and that it would be from the dust, "out of the ground," the "voice" of those who had passed away, the "speech" of those who were sleeping in the earth, because they had been "brought down," destroyed, become "like small dust," therefore what they had to communicate would be a "speech," a "voice," a "whisper out of the dust," not the commanding voice of a living nation that compels attention.

The Book of Mormon does indeed come as the words of those who were brought down (through the multitude of their transgressions), of those who perished, both as individuals and as a nation. But the former existence of that people, their civilization, greatness, and power, are testified to by the remarkable ruins that have for centuries past attracted the attention and commanded the admiration of the nations of the earth. A copy of a portion of the "words of the book," of the characters, and of the translation thereof into English, was indeed presented to a learned man, to Prof. Charles Anthon of New York; and he told Mr. Martin Harris that "the translation was correct."

In the same chapter it is stated that Jacob shall no longer be pale; he shall no more after that generation be driven and distressed, but shall be comforted and his land become again a "fruitful field."

Further, concerning both the book to come forth and the land to be r vived and restored, we read:

"Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven. Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase."—Psalms 85:11, 12.

"Let the earth open, and let it bring forth salvation; and let righteousness spring up together; I the Lord have created it."—Isa. 45:8.

As Paul says that the righteousness of God is revealed in the gospel, therefore when David says that righteousness shall look down from heaven, and Isaiah says that the earth shall open and righteousness spring up, we understand that God's revelation will come forth, both from the heavens and from the earth.

Of the union of the two records, their agreement in testimony upon the great matters of law and doctrine, and that they are to act as joint witnesses for the reunion of Israel and Judah, is more explicitly stated by Ezekiel, as follows:

"The word of the Lord came again unto me, saying, Moreover, thou son of man, take thee one stick, and write upon it, For Judah, and for the children of Israel his companions; then take another stick and write upon it, For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions; and join them into one stick, and they shall become one in thine hand. And when the children of thy people shall speak unto thee saying, Wilt thou not show us what thou meanest by these? Say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I will take the stick of Joseph, which is in the hand of Ephraim, and the tribes of Israel his fellows,

and will put it with the stick of Judah, and make them one stick and they shall be one in mine hand. And the sticks whereon thou writest shall be in thine hand before their eyes; and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and will bring into their own land; and I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all; and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all."—Ezek. 37: 15–22.

The above quotation from the prophet shows that there must be two records, and that both would be written by Hebrews, but would be in the possession of different branches of the house of Israel; also that the Lord would take them and put them together at some time, and that that uniting would be prior to the gathering of his covenant people. With the next chapter will be presented proofs that the people who originally settled this land were of the Hebrew race.

(*u*) Of the ordinance of baptism being understood before Christ came, and of Nephi's prophecy that Christ was himself to be baptized, it may now be mentioned, that the evidence is that the Jews knew of the ceremony that is called baptism, and that they expected Christ to re-institute it when he came. For, when John was baptizing in Jordan they asked him, "Why baptizest thou if thou be not the Christ."—John 1: 26. And it is also written, "Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and many were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins."—Matt. 3: 31, 32. By this it is evident that to the Jews the ordinance of baptism was no new doctrine; for, if it had been, the people would not have thus gathered from every side to obey some entirely new thing. The Jews did not so readily depart from the customs of their fathers, as that multitudes should simultaneously obey some strange ordinance. In fact it is stated that when individuals of other nations were converted to the Jewish faith they were baptized. In support of this we find on page 130 of Watson's "Biblical and Theological Dictionary" the following:

"Soon after the time of our Savior we find it to have been the custom of the Jews to solemnly baptize, as well as to circumcise all their proselytes. As their writers treat largely of the reasons for this rite, and give no hint of its being a novel institution, it is probable that this had always been the custom after the time of Moses. . . . For, if no Jew could approach the tabernacle or temple without washing, much less would it be thought proper to admit a proselyte from a state so impure and unclean as heathenism was deemed to be, without the same mode of purification. . . . Many testimonies of Jewish writers, without one dissenting voice, allow the fact that the practice of Jewish baptism existed before and at, as well as after, our Savior's time. . . . If it had not been of that antiquity to which it pretends, viz., before the time of Christ, it is not likely that it would ever have become a custom among the Jews afterwards. Would they begin to proselyte persons to their religion by baptism, in imitation of the disciples of Jesus of Nazareth, whom they held as accursed?"

On page 35 of M. B. Craven's "Christianity before the time of Christ" it is stated of the ordinance of baptism: "Its origin is unknown, but the Pagan philosopher, Euripides, more than four hundred years before Christ, speaks of fonts being fixed at the entrance of the heathen temples, for that purpose."

Evidently among both Jews and heathen this ordinance was the relic of by-gone days, a remnant of the true faith held by Noah and his sons, who were heirs "of the righteousness that was by faith," Noah himself being a "preacher of righteousness." Righteousness being a prerogative of the gospel (Rom. 1: 16) Jesus told John that in asking baptism at his hands he did so in order "to fulfill all righteousness," to keep the whole gospel law, therefore we understand that Noah preached that ordinance as a part of the righteousness by which he and those with him became heirs of God.

After his day the people scattered abroad and soon corrupted all truth from its original power and plainness, though they continued to perform more or less of the old-time ceremonies and to hold much truth in a traditional form. Consequently even after they had become heathen to God's truth they knew that somewhere there was a God of power and might, and a Son of God. With all their diversity of gods they sought to find and to gain favor with the true one, the powerful one, the one who would reveal secrets to their prophets, interpret their dreams, and make known events by various omens and auguries. But they had strayed far away from the Holy One of their fathers, and, while they wished to worship him, they no longer knew the way. Hence, when Paul visited Greece he saw the inscription, "To the unknown God." He knew the meaning of it and said, "Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you; God that made the world and all things therein."—Acts 17: 23.

Even Nebuchadnezzar knew so well the characteristics of the true God, the one of genuine power and authority, and had such respect for the actual manifestation of his presence that when he looked into the furnace he immediately recognized that the God of heaven was upon the side of the Hebrews. For he said, "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."—Dan. 3: 25. He no longer tried to fight against these men in whose behalf was arrayed the Supreme Being, because he knew his might and had regard for him even while revering multitudes of Babylonian and Assyrian deities. So he commanded that if "any people, nation, or language" of his broad dominion should speak 'anything amiss" of the God of the Hebrews they should be cut in pieces, for he said, "There is no other god that can deliver after this sort."

With these traditions, and with this recognition of the true God, we may well suppose that some of them had the rite that we call baptism; for it came down to them from the pure source, from Noah and those before him, and from those after him. And the evidence adduced prepares us to believe the translation of the Bible

that was corrected by the Spirit of inspiration, wherein it is stated:

"And it came to pass that Noah continued his preaching unto the people, saying, Hearken, and give heed unto my words; believe and repent of your sins, and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God."—Gen. 8:11.

Paul said that the children of Israel in the wilderness drank water from the same spiritual rock that the Saints of his day did, and declared that that rock was Christ. He said also that they in Moses' day were baptized in the cloud and in the sea. How much he meant by that, fully, we do not know, but the idea presented is that baptism was an understood ordinance in Moses' time.

This subject of Christ and his work being foreknown was treated upon in Chapter Five, and more will be said upon it in Chapter Eight.

LITTLE KATIE HADEN.

BY PERLA WILDE.

The teacher was beside her desk,
  The scholars in their places,
While she, with sad and anxious eye
  Looked in their upturned faces.
She touched the bell and silence fell;
  Hushed was the merry chatter;
All eager eyes were turned on her,
  For something was the matter.

She paused a moment, as in doubt
  Of what, and how to say it,
And then began with trembling voice.
  For she must not delay it:
"Now, children, I have lost a ring;
  Three days ago I missed it,
And some one must have found it here,—
  Do tell me; I insist it.

"T'was but a single band of gold,
  And yet a priceless treasure,—
To lose my mother's wedding ring
  Is grief beyond a measure."
She paused and looked around in vain,
  The silence was unbroken;
How innocent those faces seemed—
  And not a word was spoken.

All eyes were frankly raised to hers
  Save one fair little girlie;
A tiny child with bright, dark eyes,
  And hair so brown and curly.
The teacher spoke with gentle voice,
  "I give you all fair warning;
The scholar that has found my ring
  Must bring it in the morning."

No more was said about it then;
  The school-day passed serenely,—
The teacher ever kind and good,
  But watching each one keenly.
Next morning early she was there,
  Waiting in hope, yet fearful,
When little Kate came in alone,
  With downcast eyes and tearful.

"I don't know how you found me out,
  I thought no one would know it.
I meant to keep it all the time
  And never, never show it.
And when I grew as big as you,
  Why then I thought I'd wear it,
When you would not be here to see,—
  But oh! I could not bear it.

"I never thought you'd mind it so,
  Because you had two others;
Till you looked down into my heart
  And said it was your mother's.
I didn't think I was a *thief*,"—
  Then, breaking down completely
She sobbed as if her heart would break,
  And begged forgiveness sweetly.

The teacher soothed the weeping child,
  With words of kindly feeling;
"You found it, dear, and called it yours,
  And did not think it stealing."
Kate said, "I wasn't sure 'twas yours
  Before you spoke about it,
Although it looked like it so much,
  I couldn't hardly doubt it.

"I always wished to have a ring,
  For ladies wear them, mostly,
But oh! I wouldn't have one now,
  If it was gold and costly."

Since Katie saw her fault so well,
  Much talk was not in keeping;
The teacher sent her to her seat
  And bade her cease from weeping.

And when the other scholars came
  They thought her bent on study,
And never knew the strange, new thoughts
  That tinged her cheeks so ruddy.
When school was called the teacher said,
  "I'm grieved to have accused you;
I've got my ring all safe, my dears,
  And hope I've not abused you."

Another week and school was closed,
  The teacher gone, and Katie
Resumes her lonely cabin life
  With grandpa, nearly eighty.
She was a little orphan girl—
  Her grandmamma had died, too,
And she kept house for grandpapa,
  Or with his help she tried to.

Time passed, and she was eight years old,
  Yet such a little maiden,
When this her last near friend must die,—
  The good old grandpa Haden.
A poor, kind neighbor took her in,
  Just for a few days only;
The child was so distressed with grief,
  So poor, and oh, so lonely!

But Katie's absent teacher heard,
  And sent a hasty letter
To offer her a home,—and more,
  To come at once and get her.
The letter said, "About the ring,
  You were sincere and truthful;
You kept it first because untaught,
  And, then, you were so youthful.

"I had a darling sister once,
  And sadly we have missed her;
So papa says that you may come
  And be my little sister.
My mother died three years ago,
  And soon my sister left us,—
And now we offer you a home,
  Since fate has thus bereft us."

A home of plenty, peace and love,
  Where Katie knows no trouble;
They love and trust her, for she has
  Proved good, and true, and noble.
If she had kept her teacher's ring,
  Or told a falsehood, surely,
She had not found this happy home,
  Where she may dwell securely.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN STARTING IN LIFE.

SIX thousand people, sitting and standing in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and all the adjoining rooms packed, and people turned away! Such was the scene October 30th, last. Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached on the subject: "Defense of Young Men," and took his text from Second Kings 6: 17—"And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man." He said:

One morning in Dothan, a young theological student was scared by finding himself and Elisha, the prophet, upon whom he waited, surrounded by a whole army of enemies. But venerable Elisha was not scared at all, because he saw the mountains full of defense for him, in chariots made out of fire; wheels of fire, dashboard of fire, and cushions of fire; drawn by horses with nostrils of fire and manes of fire and haunches of fire and hoofs of fire—a supernatural appearance that could not be seen by the natural eye. So the old minister prayed that the young minister might see them also, and the prayer was answered, and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he also saw the fiery procession, looking somewhat, I suppose, like the Adirondacks or the Alleghenies in their autumnal resplendence.

Many young men, standing among the most tremendous realities, have their eyes half shut or entirely closed. May God grant that my sermon may open wide your eyes to your safety, your opportunity and your destiny.

A mighty defense for a young man is a good home. Some of my hearers look back with tender satisfaction to their early home. It may have been rude and rustic, hidden among the hills, and architect or upholsterer never planned or adorned it; but all the fresco on princely walls

never looked so enticing to you as those rough hewn rafters. You can think of no park or arbor of trees planted on fashionable country seat so attractive as the plain brook that ran in front of the old farm-house and sang under the weeping willows. No barred gateway, adorned with statue of bronze, and swung open by obsequious porter in full dress, has half the glory of the swing gate. Many of you have a second dwelling place, your adopted home, that also is sacred forever. There you built your first family altar. There your children were born. All those trees you planted. That room is solemn, because once in it, over the hot pillow, flapped the wing of death. Under that roof you expect when your work is done to lie down and die. You try with many words to tell the excellency of the place, but you fail. There is only one word in the language that can describe your meaning. It is home.

Now, I declare it, that young man is comparatively safe who goes out into the world with a charm like this upon him. The memory of parental solicitude, watching, planning and praying, will be to him a shield and a shelter. I never knew a man faithful both to his early and adopted home, who at the same time was given over to any gross form of dissipation or wickedness. He who seeks his enjoyment chiefly from outside association, rather than from the more quiet and unpresuming pleasures of which I have spoken, may be suspected to be on the broad road to ruin. Absalom despised his father's house, and you know his history of sin and his death of shame. If you seem unnecessarily isolated from your kindred and former associates, is there not some room that you can call your own? Into it gather books and pictures and a harp. Have a portrait over the mantle. Make ungodly mirth stand back from the threshold. Consecrate some spot with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel and a mother's love, and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another defense for a young man is industrious habits. Many young men, in starting upon life in this age, expect to make their way through the world by the use of their wits rather than the toil of their hands. A child now goes to the city and fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great town. Sitting in some office, rented at $1,000 year, he is waiting for the bank to declare its dividend, or goes into the market expecting before night to be made rich by the rushing up of the stocks. But luck seemed so dull he resolved on some other tack. Perhaps he borrowed from his employer's money drawer, and forgot to put it back, or for merely the purpose of improving his penmanship makes a copy plate of a merchant's signature. Never mind; all is right in trade. In some dark night there may come in his dreams a vision of Blackwell's Island, or of Sing Sing, but it soon vanishes. In a short time he will be ready to retire from the busy world, and amid his flocks and herds culture the domestic virtues. Then those young men who once were his schoolmates, and knew no better than to engage in honest work, will come with ox teams to draw him logs, and with their hard hands help heave up his castle. This is no fancy picture. It is every day life. I should not wonder if there were some rotten beams in that beautiful palace. I should not wonder if dire sicknesses should smite through that young man, or if God should pour into his cup of life a draught that would thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if his children should become to him a living curse, making his home a pest and a disgrace. I should not wonder if he goes to a miserable grave, and beyond it into the gnashing teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

My young friends, there is no way to genuine success except through toil either of head or hand. At the battle of Crecy in 1346, the Prince of Wales, finding himself heavily pressed by the enemy, sent word to his father for help. The father, watching the battle from a windmill and seeing that his son was not wounded and could gain the day if he would, sent word: "No; I will not come. Let the boy win his spurs, for, if God will, I desire that this day be his with all its honors." Young man, fight your own battle all through and you shall have the victory. Oh, it is a battle worth fighting. Two monarchs of old fought a duel, Charles V. and Francis, and the stakes were kingdoms—Milan and Burgundy. You fight with sin and the stake is heaven or hell.

Do not get the fatal idea that you are a genius, and that therefore there is no

need of close application. It is here where multitudes fail. The great curse of this age are the geniuses, men with enormous self-conceit and egotism, and nothing else. I would rather be an ox than an eagle; plain, and plodding, and useful, rather than high-flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcasses. Extraordinary capacity without use is extraordinary failure. There is no hope for that person who begins life resolved to live by his wits, for the probability is that he has not any. It was not safe for Adam, even in his unfallen state, to have nothing to do, and, therefore, God commanded him to be a farmer and horticulturist. He was to dress the garden and keep it, and had he and his wife obeyed the divine injunction and been at work, they would not have been sauntering under the trees and hungering after that fruit which destroyed them and their posterity; proof positive for all ages to come that those who do not attend to their business are sure to get into mischief. I do not know that the prodigal in scripture would ever have been reclaimed had he not given up his idle habits and gone to feeding swine for a living. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which, having no overseer or guide, provideth her food in the summer and gathereth her meat in the harvest." The devil does not so often attack the man who is busy with the pen, and the book, and the trowel, and the saw, and the hammer. He is afraid of those weapons. But woe to that man whom the roaring lion meets with his hands in his pockets. Do not demand that your toil always be elegant, and cleanly and refined. There is a certain amount of drudgery through which we must all pass, whatever be our occupation. You know how men are sentenced—a certain number to years of prison, and after they have suffered and worked out the time, then they are allowed to go free. And so it is with all of us. God passed on us the sentence: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." We must endure our time of drudgery; and then, after a while, we will be allowed to go into comparative liberty. We must be willing to endure the sentence. We all know what drudgery is connected with the beginning of any trade or profession, but this does not continue, if it be the student's or the merchant's or the mechanic's life. I know that you have at the beginning many a hard time; but after a while these things will become easy. You will become your own master. God's sentence will be satisfied. You will be discharged from prison. Bless God that you have a brain to think, and hands to work, and feet to walk with; for in your constant activity, O young man, is one of your strongest defenses. Put your trust in God and do your level best. The child had it right when the horses ran away with the load of wood, and he sat upon it. When asked if he was frightened, he said: "No; I prayed to God and hung on like a beaver."

Profound respect for the Sabbath will be to the young man a powerful preservative against evil. God has thrust into the toil and fatigue of life a recreative day, when the soul is especially to be fed. It is no new fangled notion of a wild-brained reformer, but an institution established at the beginning. God has made natural and moral laws so harmonious that the body as well as the soul demands this institution. Our bodies are seven day clocks, that must be wound up as often as that, or they will run down. Failure must come sooner or later to the man who breaks the Sabbath. Inspiration has called it the Lord's day, and he who devotes it to the world is guilty of robbery. God will not let the sin go unpunished, either in this world or in the world to come. This is the statement of a man who had broken this divine enactment:

"I was engaged in manufacturing on the Lehigh river. On the Sabbath I used to rest, but never regarded God in it. One beautiful Sabbath, when the noise was all hushed and the day was all that loveliness could make it, I sat down on my piazza and went to work inventing a new shuttle. I neither stopped to eat nor drink till the sun went down. By that time I had the invention completed. The next morning I exhibited it, boasted of my day's work and was applauded. The shuttle was tried and worked well, but that Sabbath's work cost me $30,000. We branched out and enlarged, and the curse of heaven was upon me from that day onward."

While the divine frown must rest upon him who tramples upon this statute, God's special favor will be upon that young man who scrupulously observes it. This

day, properly observed, will throw a hallowed influence over all the week. The song and sermon and sanctuary will hold back from presumptuous sins. That young man who begins the duties of life with either secret or open disrespect of the holy day, I venture to prophesy, will meet with no prominent successes. God's curse will fall upon his ship, his store, his office, his studio, his body and his soul. The way of the wicked he turneth upside down. In one of the old fables it was said that a wonderful child was born in Bagdad and a magician could hear his footsteps six thousand miles away. But I can hear in the footstep of that young man, on his way to the house of worship this morning, step not only of a lifetime of usefulness, but the coming step of eternal joys of heavens yet millions of miles away.

Again, a noble ideal and confident expectation of approximating to it will infallibly advance. The artist contemplates in his mind the great thought that he wishes to transfer to the canvas or the marble before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. The architect plans out the entire structure before he orders the workmen to begin, and though there may for a long while seem to be nothing but blundering and rudeness, he has in his mind every Corinthian wreath and Gothic arch and Byzantine capital. The poet arranges the entire plot before he begins to chime the first canto of tingling rythms. And yet, strange to us, there are men who attempt to build their character without knowing whether in the end it shall be a rude traitor's den or a St. Mark's of Venice. Men who begin to write the intricate poem of their lives without knowing whether it shall be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymester's botch. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are living without any great life plot. Booted and spurred and plumed, and urging their swift courser in the hottest haste. I came out and asked: "Halloo, man, whither away?" His response is "Nowhere." Rush into the busy shop or store of many a one, and taking the plane out of the man's hand and laying down the yard-stick say: "What, man, is all this about, so much stir and sweat?" The reply will stumble and break down between teeth and lips. Every day's duty ought only to be the following up of the main plan of existence. Let men be consistent. If they prefer misdeeds to correct courses of action, then let them draw out the design of knavery and cruelty and plunder. Let every day's falsehood and wrong doing be added as coloring to the picture. Let bloody deeds red stripe the canvas, and the clouds of a wrathful God hang down heavily over the canvas, ready to break out in clamorous tempest. Let the waters be chafed, a froth tangle, and green with immeasurable depths. Then take a torch of burning pitch and scorch into the frame of the picture the right name for it, namely: the "Soul's Suicide." If one entering upon ainful directions would only in his mind, or on paper, draw out in awful reality this dreadful future, he would recoil from it and say; "Am I a Dante, that by my own life I should write another 'Inferno?'" But if you are resolved to live a life such as God and good men will approve, do not let it be a vague dream, an indefinite determination; but in your mind or upon paper sketch it in all its minutiæ. You can not know the changes to which you may be subject, but you may know what always will be right and always will be wrong. Let gentleness. and charity, and veracity, and faith stand in the heart of the sketch. On some still brook's bank make a lamb and lion lie down together. Draw two or three of the trees of life, not frost stricken, nor ice glazed, nor wind stripped, but with thick verdure waving like the palms of heaven. On the darkest cloud place the rainbow, that billow of the dying storm. You need not burn the title on the frame. The dullest will catch the design at a glance and say: "That is the road to heaven." Ah, me! On this sea of life what innumerable ships, heavily laden and well rigged, yet seem bound for another port. Swept every whither of wind and wave, they go up by the mountains, they go down by the billows, and are at their wits' end. They sail by no chart, they watch no star, they long for no harbor. I beg every young man to-day to draw out a sketch of what, by the grace of God, he means to be, though in excellence so high that you can not reach it. He who starts out in life with a high idea of character, and faith in its attainment, will find himself incased from a thousand temptations.

There are magnificient possibilities before each of you, young men of the stout heart, and the buoyant step and the bound-

ing spirit. I would marshal you for grand achievement. God now provides for you the fleet and the armor and the fortifications. Who is on the Lord's side? The captain of the zouaves in ancient times, to encourage them against the immense odds on the side of their enemies, said, "Come, my men, look these fellows in the face. They are six thousand, you are three hundred. Surely the match is even." That speech gave them the victory. Be not, my hearers, dismayed at any time by what seems an immense odds against you. Is fortune, is want of education, are men, are devils against you? Though the multitudes of earth and hell confront you, stand up to the charge. With one million against you the match is just even. Nay, you have a decided advantage. If God be for us, who can be against us? Thus protected, you need not spend much time in answering your assailants.

Many years ago word came to me that two impostors, as temperance lectures, had been speaking in Ohio in various places and giving their experience, and they had long been intimate with me and had become drunkards by dining at my table, where I always had liquor of all sorts. Indignant to the last degree I went down to Patrick Campbell, chief of Brooklyn police, saying I was going to start that night for Ohio to have these villains arrested, and I wanted him to tell me how to make the arrest. He smiled and said: "Do not waste your time by chasing these men. Go home and do your work, and they can do you no harm." I took his counsel and all was well. Long ago I made np my mind that if one will put his trust in God and be faithful to duty he need not fear any evil. Have God on your side, young man, and all the combined forces of earth and hell can do you no damage.

And this leads me to say that the mightiest of all defense for a young man is the possession of thorough religious principle. Nothing can take the place of it. He may have manners that would put to shame the gracefulness and courtesy of a Lord Chesterfield. Foreign languages may drop from his tongue. He may be able to discuss literature and laws and foreign customs. He may wield a pen of unequaled polish and power. His quickness and tact may qualify him for the highest salary of the counting house. He may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson, with as fine locks as those which hung Absalom, still he is not safe from contamination. The more elegant his manner, and the more fascinating his dress, the more peril. Satan does not care much for the allegiance of a coward and illiterate being. He can bring him into efficient service. But he loves to storm that castle of character which has in it the most spoils and treasures. It was not some crazy craft creeping along the coast with a valueless cargo that the pirate attacked, but the ship, full winged and flagged, plying between great ports, carrying its millions of specie. The more your natural and acquired accomplishments, the more the need of the religion of Jesus. That does not cut in upon or hack up any smoothness of disposition or behavior. It gives symmetry. It arrests that in the soul which ought to be arrested, and propels that which ought to be propelled. It fills up the gulleys. It elevates and transforms. To beauty it gives more beauty, to tact more tact, to enthusiasm of nature more enthusiasm. When the holy spirit impresses the image of God on the heart he does not spoil the canvas. If in all the multitudes of young men upon whom religion has acted you could find one nature that had been the least damaged, I would yield this proposition. You may now have enough strength of character to repel the various temptations to gross wickedness which assail you, but I do not know in what strait you may be thrust at some future time. Nothing short of the grace of the cross may then be able to deliver you from the lions. You are not meeker than Moses, nor holier than David, nor more patient than Job, and you ought to consider yourself invulnerable. You may have some weak point of character that you have never discovered, and in some hour when you are assaulted the Philistines will be upon thee, Samson. Trust not in your good habits, of your early training, or your pride of character; nothing short of the arm of Almighty God will be sufficient to uphold you. You look forward to the world sometimes with a chilling despondency. Cheer up! I will tell you how you all may make a fortune. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all other things will be added unto you." I know you do not want to be man in this matter. Give

God the freshness of your life. You will not have the heart to drink down the brimming cup of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a Savior so infinitely generous you have not the heart to act like that. That is not brave, that is not honorable, that is not manly. Your greatest want in all the world is a new heart. In God's name I tell you that. And the Blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities and privileges of this holy hour. Put the cup of life eternal to your thirsty lips. Thrust it not back. Mercy offers it, bleeding mercy, long suffering mercy. Reject all other friendships; be ungrateful for all other kindness, prove recreant to all other bargains, but despise God's love for your immortal soul—don't you do that.

I would like to see some of you this hour press out of the ranks of the world and lay your conquered spirit at the feet of Jesus. This hour is no wandering vagabond staggering over the earth; it is a winged messenger of the skies whispering mercy to thy soul. Life is smooth now, but after a while it may be rough, wild and precipitate. There comes a crisis in the history of every man. We seldom understand that turning point until it is far past. The road of life is forked, and I read on two sign-boards: "This is the way to happiness;" "This is the way to ruin." How apt we are to pass the forks of the road without thinking whether it comes out at the door of bliss or the gates of darkness.

Many years ago I stood on the anniversary platform with a minister of Christ who made this remarkable statement:

"Thirty years ago two young men started out in the evening to attend the Park theatre, New York, where a play was to be acted in which the cause of religion was to be placed in a ridiculous and hypocritical light. They came to the steps. The consciences of both smote them. One started to go home, but returned again to the door and yet had not courage to enter, and finally departed. But the other young man entered the pit of the theatre. It was the turning point in the history of those two young men. The man who entered was caught in the whirl of temptation. He sank deeper and deeper in infamy. He was lost. The other young man was saved, and he now stands before you to bless God that for twenty years he has been permitted to preach the Gospel.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know though that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

THE GREATEST ARTIST.

The marble was pure and white,
Though only a block at best;
But the artist, with inward sight,
Looked farther than all the rest,
And saw in the hard, rough stone,
The loveliest statue the sun shone on.

So he set to work with care,
And chiselled a form of grace—
A figure divinely fair,
With a tender, beautiful face;
But the blows were hard and fast
That brought from the marble that work at last.

So I think that human lives
Must bear God's chisel keen,
If the Spirit yearns and strives
For the better life unseen;
For men are only blocks at best,
Till the chiselling brings out all the rest.

DODDLEKINS.

CHAPTER I

IN rainy weather I was staying at the old inn of a country town, when I noticed a very odd sight in the street. Every morning just as I was looking from the coffee-room window to see rain again, and again to grumble, there marched past, close under my eyes, and apparently quite by itself, a big broad umbrella, greenish-grey with age, and with three ribs sticking out. I saw down on top of it; it went within its handle's length of the ground. It spread across the footway, and though it came in a business-like manner at exactly the same hour, it was an umbrella that was enjoying itself, and it jogged along in no hurry. On three mornings I saw the umbrella coming just as I went to the window; on the fourth day a gust of wind caught it, and showed under it a poor little pair of pink heels peeping out of broken socks and shoes, which heels, socks and shoes all took to a rapid retreat, the umbrella carrying off in triumph, and whisking them round the corner out of sight.

One Saturday afternoon, when the rain suddenly increased to a downpour, I had rambled to the outskirts of the town, where there was a dark red sand-stone church half covered with ivy. I crossed the grassy graveyard to take shelter in a side porch.

"Now you be dood! Sit straight up! Don't slither down—no! I'm going to hear father play, and don't you make a noise!"

So said a little voice in loud treble as I neared the porch, where the rain was hissing on the ivy leaves. When I stepped in, shaking my wet umbrella at the entrance, I looked round for the little prattler, or prattlers, for I thought there must have been one talking to another. But there was not a living soul in the porch; only on one of the stone seats a wooden doll, having staring eyes and no arms, was leaning up against the wall in a corner, with two dirty calico feet turning inwards thrust straight out in front of her. Opposite this unlovely creature I sat down, after shaking the rain off my coat. At the sound of my footsteps, a trot began on the tiles inside, and with a hurried fumble at the iron ring handle, one of the half-doors was pulled open. With the opening of the door, soft music from within the church came with a louder swell. I remembered that the little voice had said to the doll, in a boasting tone too, something about "father playing," and I expected to see some pretty, well-dressed, dainty little maiden, sheltering from the rain, peep out in anxiety about her old doll. Instead, what a queer little figure appeared! a figure made np of an oilskin sou'-wester, a round face almost hidden under it, and a boy's coat much too long in the sleeves, and stretching down to a pair of country clogs.

"Are you coming out of church with your hat on?" said I, in a virtuous tone of reproach. "Always take off your hat in church, my boy."

"Please, sir, I'm not a boy; I'm a girl!" answered the same voice that had been talking to the doll, a strong clear voice, but babyish too. And forthwith, in some confusion of ideas as to whether the wearer of a boy's coat and hat ought not to behave as a boy, the sou'-wester was timidly pulled off, disclosing the wildest head of curls I ever looked down upon, and the most wonderful pair of blue eyes.

"What is your name?" I asked this apparition, drawing her to my knee, sou'-wester in hand.

"Doddlekins."

"What is it!"

"Doddlekins;" this time lisped shyly, with down-cast eyes and nervous twisting of the sou'-wester.

"Well, that is a fine long name!" I said, trying to ward off shyness and to coax a conversation. "Who gave you such a fine name, Doddlekins—eh?"

She only looked steadily into the sou'-wester.

I asked about the doll instead. She brightened up at once, and told me it could cry and squeak once, till "Harry squeezed her too hard, and then she squoke no more!" "Father" gave it to her, when she was "kite little." The funny conceit of the last word was lost upon me in noticing that the babyish ways disappeared when she began to talk of "father;" the play and sparkle went out of her blue

eyes, and face and voice assumed a wistful tenderness, a depth of love, such as I had never imagined in a little child before.

"Is there only father and you?"

"Father and me," she said, smiling with pearly teeth at the pleasure of saying it; "father's got me, and I'se got father. That's all."

"Then whose hat is this? and this coat, too? I thought you had a little brother; or a big brother it would be," I added, looking at the sleeves hanging over hands. She shook her head, till the curls tickled her forehead.

"Whose are the coat and hat, Doddlekins? Who is Harry—tell me—Harry, you know, that squeezed the doll till she 'squoke no more?'"

"The coat and this," (the hat in her hand), "b'longs to Harry," said Doddlekins, after a long silence and a mysterious stare.

"And who does Harry belong to?" said I, trying to come at his connection with Doddlekins. Another reflective stare, and a shy examination of her garments, particularly the oil-skin hat. Then she opened her mouth, and I thought the information was coming, "The coat and hat b'longs to Harry."

"But, my dear little child, you told me that before. If you have got no brother, I want to know who Harry is. Who does Harry himself belong to?"

Third reflective stare; "Harry b'longs to the coat an' hat."

After that I gave it up. Doddlekins struggled up on the opposite seat, and with great gravity put her doll, with open eyes, to sleep. The child's confidence pleased me; it was flattering to me, as the good will of little strangers always is. But as she was busy with the doll now, and taking no notice whatever of me, I watched her, and listened to the organ music rolling and swelling from within the church, It was Mendelssohn's Psalm of Praise, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory;" the psalm of hope, proclaiming that our God is in heaven, and "He hath done all things whatsoever He would," and that He blessed both little and great. Doddlekins, who had been cooing and singing over her doll, suddenly looked up at me, saw I was listening to the organ music, and nodding towards the closed doors, said with a quaint pride, "That's father and Miss Jones."

"I think it's more likely to be Miss Jones than father," I said, with a smile, for she was a very poor little child, and I could guess there was an old dress and a tattered pinafore under the coat. How could "father" play that soul-stirring music?

"No," she said, with the pride of affection, "it's father and Miss Jones at the organ—both organing,"

This puzzled me. It was impossible to believe the fact, and impossible to doubt the child. "Who is Miss Jones?"

"The lady," said Doddlekins, deferentially.

"Oh, I see! she comes to practice, perhaps. Does Miss Jones play the organ always in the church?"

"Father and Miss Jones plays the organ," said Doddlekins, with the persistence of conviction.

"What! both together—do they?"

"Yes," said Doddlekins, listing with loving delight. "Isn't it booful? Father plays it at one side always, and Miss Jones plays it at the other."

"Oh, now I understand. Miss Jones plays at the front, where the pipes are; and your father blows the bellows at the back."

"There ain't no pipes and bellowses assept what the music's in," replied the child, rather hurt by my dullness of comprehension. "Father and Miss Jones is back an' front—both organing out the music. Don't you see? I've been up there lots of times, every Sattaday. Only I can't stay up there, 'cos since I got my new boots—Did you see my new boots? (tilting them up on a level with the seat till I satisfied her with admiration)—since I got my new boots I musn't stay up there, 'cos they make a noise about. But it is father an' Miss Jones. I come every Sattaday to bring father and take him home, and I like—Oh-h-h-h!"

In her ardor she had let the doll tumble. It was picked up off the pavement—alas, with less nose than before, and that was little enough. Poor Doddlekins wept aloud—with open mouth and streaming eyes till I suggested that if that tune went on in the porch we could not hear her father's beautiful music. That hushed her instantly; there was only a small hard breath, or a little sniff of grief now and

then. The truth flashed upon me. This little child was the merest baby in all else; but the moment anything touched her love for her father, her character seemed to show a development years older than her age. What was the secret? What mystery was the cause of such earnestness in that young heart and that pair of blue eyes?

When the music in the church ceased, she announced that she was going in to see "the mizzicle window." Miss Jones was going to tell her all about it. This suggested to me stained glass windows, though I had no idea what a "mizzicle window" would be like. I followed Doddlekins to see the interior of the church before going away. Doddlekins had put on the sou'-wester, very much on the back of her head this time, and with the old doll tucked under her arm, she led the way, the oddest little figure ever beheld under a church roof; but for all that, a figure whose perfect simplicity ought to have been the best passport to the holiest place in the world. Among the darkness of polished oak and sombre pillars she turned back to me. She saw my hat held in my hand.

"I put on my hat, 'cos I am a girl," she whispered. "Must I take it off 'cos it's Harry's!" This obscure point of casuistry I settled by telling her the hat was all right, and so was she.

"Go on now, and show me the window. What window did you say?"

"The mizzicle window," said Doddlekins, in a whisper. And, sitting on the front bench, with her doll in her arms, she raised towards the end of the chancel those beautiful eyes of hers, wondering and solemn now.

What a magnificent window was there! From its storied splendor of color the light streamed down all glorified. The many colored glass was telling the old, old story, that will be the comfort and strength of human hearts till time shall be no more. The miracles of the world's Redeemer were glowing in every division of the window; beneath its branching tracery, the raising of the widow's son, the cleansing of the lepers, the feeding of the multitude, the turning of water into wine, the healing of the paralytic, the curing of the blind; and, in the centre, between the resurrection of the dead and the prayer of the lepers "afar off," was set resplendent, as if wrought out in jewels, the miracle of grace—the Savior receiving back with love the weeping Magdalen, whose hidden face found rest against His feet, ere, with her bright hair wet with tears, she rose to sin no more. Gazing upon the central picture, all the rest linked themselves into one plan. The child had been trying to call it "the miracle window." A white haired lady, dressed in black, had come to speak to the child, and it was from her I afterwards heard most of the story of Doddlekins. While I was examining some marble tablets on the wall, I heard her low voice telling "Dora" the meaning of the window.

"Please tell me about that man," said Doddlekins out loud, with the recklessness of intense interest, "in the low down corner—the yellow browny man. What's that yellow browny man being done to?"

In a soft voice, Miss Jones told about the cure of the blind man who sat by the way side begging. "And Jesus asked the poor blind man what he wished for. And he said, 'Lord, that I may see!' And Jesus, who can do everything, gave him his sight, so that he was not blind any more." There was a sudden stir. I looked around. The child—that odd little figure with the oil skin hat and doll—had fallen upon her knees. She looked up full towards the glorious window, and said breathlessly, in a whisper that was almost a cry, "Jesus! listen!" In a moment's pause the tears burst into her blue eyes. "Lord, that he may see!"

Her simple prayer was untroubled by our presence. Miss Jones' look of wonder meet mine. Then Doddlekins had scrambled up on her seat again, doll and all; but she did not ask for any more stories.

"Good-bye, Dora," said Miss Jones; and came to me with a word of explanation.

"The father of that little child is blind," she whispered, "and she is wonderfully devoted to him." We exchanged a few more words about the blind man and child. I heard that his name was Jacob Lynn, and that he found it hard to earn a living by binding books as well as a sightless man could. Then Miss Jones went away to the porch to see if the rain was over; and no doubt it was, for she did not come back.

Concluded next No.

A MISTAKE OF MOTHERS.

THE one grand mistake that very many mothers make, is in making slaves of themselves for their children. We have in mind a mother—and there are far too many like her—of four little daughters. The youngest is a nursing babe, and the eldest a girl of fourteen; but the latter is asked to do no more than the former, and is indeed no more good, no more aid to her mother. Of course it is the mother's fault. Her child has always been allowed to use her time as she sees fit. She does not even make her own bed; never wipes or washes a dish; does not even comb her own hair, or that of the younger ones. During vacation, as soon as breakfast is over, she takes her book and saunters out to the hammock, and there lies and reads till dinner time, visits when she pleases, brings home companions for over night, but never offers to aid in the bearing of the fearful burden of such a family—how fearful only the mother knows.

To be the mother of such a family, either with servants or without (and this family can afford no servant) is to make of her a perfect slave. Make the burden as light as possible, it must still be very heavy. Think of the cooking, the washing of dishes; the sweeping and "tidying up;" the scrubbing; the washing (for four girls); the sewing and mending; the caring for baby; the never-ending, ever-present array of tasks that need many hands to do, but when done all by just one pair it becomes appalling.

No wonder mother is pale and ill, and fast growing old. You may, perhaps, begin to be ashamed of mother, because of her looking so old, and because of her ignorance. But how can she look fresh, when every moment she is working for you? How can she be learned, when she can obtain not one moment for reading or for self-improvement? Go to work yourself, son or daughter (and it will not hurt sons any more than daughters, but rather do them good); lift a few of the burdens from her shoulders, and you will soon see how round and soft her features will become. Toil yourself, incessantly, for ever so short a time, and see how soon, you, too, will grow old prematurely. "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy;" but your idleness is murdering mother, and if you want to keep her any length of time, go to work and help her carry the burdens you make.

Golden Censer.

LITTLE THINGS.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
  Calm as some tempest beaten rock—
  When some great trouble hurls its shock;
We say of him, his strength is proved;
  But when the spent storm folds its wings,
  How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath
  Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
  Braves flashing gun and saber stroke,
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death;
  We praise him till the whole land rings;
  But is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
  That echo bears from shore to shore—
  Does that, and then does nothing more;
Yet would his work earn richer meed,
  When brought before the King of Kings,
  Were he but great in little things?

Treasure Trove.

SEPTEMBER CLUSTER OF MEMORY GEMS.

"Oh, ask not, hope not, thou too much
Of sympathy below:
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
B ds the sweet fountains flow;
Few, and by still conflicting pow'rs,
Forbidden here to meet.
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet!"—*Hemans.*

1	S.	JOYS ARE OUR WINGS—SORROWS OUR SPURS.
2	S.	One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.
3	M.	Youth is most inclined to the better passions—love, ambition, joy.
4	Tu.	Secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable.
5	W.	A lie is a lie, whether spoken to men in the public ways, or to a woman for the winning of her love.
6	Th.	Ripening love is the stillest; the shady flowers in this spring, as in the other, shun sunlight.
7	F.	Earn what you spend, and spend not basely that which worthy hands have honorably won.
8	S.	Obstinacy is will asserting itself without being able to justify itself.
9	S.	Uncertainty and expectation are joys of life.
10	M.	Reason is the flower of the spirit, and its fragrance is liberty and knowledge.
11	Tu.	When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.
12	W.	Intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style.
13	Th.	No fountain so small but that Heaven may be imaged in its bosom.
14	F.	Give advice to all, but be security for none.
15	S.	Small curs are not regarded when they grin, but great men tremble when the lion roars.
16	S.	Scandal is the offspring of envy and malice, nursed by society, and cultivated by disappointment.
17	M.	Our faith comes in moments; our vice is habitual.
18	Tu.	Rather let my head stoop to the block than these knees bow to any save to the God of Heaven.
19	W.	Repartee and quickness of parts are seldom joined with great solidity of character.
20	Th.	One man receives crucifixion as the reward of injustice, another a regal crown.
21	F.	We pamper little griefs into great ones, and bear great ones as well as we can.
22	S.	Superstition is but the fear of belief—religion is the confidence.
23	S.	Original and useful minds are always in advance of the unreflecting mass of men.
24	M.	Under the free brain beats gladly a free heart.
25	Tu.	Rank is a glove that stretches to the hand that wears it.
26	W.	Scandal is the sport of its authors, the dread of fools, and the contempt of the wise.
27	Th.	People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy.
28	F.	Unstained thoughts do seldom dream of evil.
29	S.	Republics end with luxury, monarchies with poverty.
30	S.	Silence is the wit of fools, and one of the virtues of the wise.

Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

[THE following beautiful composition was found in Charleston, South Carolina, during the war. It is printed on very heavy yellow satin, and is quite a literary curiosity.]

Thou to the mercy seat our souls dost gather,
To do our duty unto thee, - - - - - Our Father,

To whom all praise, all honor should be given;
For thou art the great God, - - who art in Heaven,

Thou, by thy wisdom, rul'st the world's whole frame;
Forever, therefore, - - - Hallowed be thy name,

Let never more delays divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but let - - thy kingdom come;

Let thy commands opposed be by none,
But thy good pleasure and - - - thy will be done,

And let our promptness to obey, be even
The very same - - - in earth as 'tis in Heaven;

Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou wouldst be pleased to - - - give us this day

The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed,
Sufficient raiment, and - - - - - our daily bread;

With every needful thing do thou relieve us,
And of thy mercy, pity - - - - - and forgive us

All our misdeeds, for Him whom thou didst please
To make an offering for - - - - - our trespasses,

And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe
That thou wilt pardon us - - - - - as we forgive,

Let that love teach, wherewith thou dost acquaint us,
To pardon all - - - those who trespass against us;

And though, sometimes, thou find'st we have forgot
This love for thee, yet help - - - and lead us not

Through soul or body's want, to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us - - into temptation;

Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial, - - - - - but deliver

Yea, save them from the malice of the devil,
And in both life and death, keep - - us from evil,

Thus pray we, Lord, for that of thee, from whom
This may be had - - - for thine is the Kingdom,

This world is of thy work, its wondrous story,
To thee belongs - - - the power and the glory;

And all thy wondrous works have ended never,
But will remain forever, and - - - - - forever.

Thus we poor creatures would confess again,
And thus would say, eternally, - - - - Amen.

OUR MOTHER.

A figure bent with weight of years,
The bright eyes dimmed with flow of tears;
Soft laid tresses of snowy hair,
With the fevers blanched of a life-long care.

Shoulders bowed to the burdens, long.
Burdens shunned by young and strong;
Nobly borne by this weak old frame,
Thro' summer sun and wintry rain.

With never a murmur, ever alone,
With seldom a rest, when day is done.
A cheerful spirit blythe alway,
Sad with the sorrowing, glad with the gay.

Beautiful hands once soft and smooth,
Eager to give, to heal, to soothe;
Rough and worn, and faded grown,
Striving to keep for the lov'd ones a home.

Dear old face with lovelit eyes,
Mirrors the bright unclouded skies;
O'er the tremulous lips, with cheeks aglow,
The words of trustful courage flow.

The weary feet still willing go,
Slowly, painfully, to and fro;
Erst so fleet in days that have fled,
On errands of love and mercy sped.

Patiently waiting the welcome call,
From Him, thou lovest, thine "All in All;"
Hailing with joy the "blissful sleep,"
From which thou'lt wake no more to weep.

Bright be thy crown, O, mother mine,
Nor vain thy trust in "Love Divine;"
The Spirit of Holiness softly spread,
O'er the snowy locks on thy precious head!

When from our presence thy spirit hath flown,
Leave not thy loved ones to wander alone;
E'er let us feel as we ponder those skies,
Ever the gaze of thy spirit's fond eyes.

May all whom thou lovest meet ne'er to sever,
On the radiant shores of the crystal river;
Father and Mother, loved sister and brother,
Meet ne'er to part in the blissful "Forever."

—Selected.

SPERO MELIORA.

This, grand, old, circling world is fair to see,
And life is sweet;
But blight o'ertakes its brightest bloom. Its joys
Are incomplete.

Ambition spurs us on; its prizes please
Our human pride;
Though every goal we gain but leaves us still
Unsatisfied.

Oh! fainting toiler, weary and perplexed,
When thou hast found
Life disappointing, and the solid earth
But shifting ground,

Press on, and upward still; nor ever count
The struggle vain;
What seemeth loss to thee to-day, may be
To-morrow's gain.

As some poor trav'ler, journeying thro' the night
Sees faint and far,
The light of home gleam on his troubled sight,
A distant star.—

So we, though dull and dim our vision, while
Environed here,
May sometimes catch the glimmering glories of
Another sphere.

Who knows? Perhaps when we have passed beyond
The mists of Time,
And on our ears the heavenly music falls
With swell sublime,

All mysteries made plain, and vaguest hopes
Grown bright and real;
In that blest moment, face to face we'll stand
With our ideal.

—Selected.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER IX.

"DO you know the history of the way in which God qualified the men who were chosen to be witnesses to the Book of Mormon, to testify to its truth?" asked Daniel.

"This is one of the most interesting parts of the history," said Mr. Clark. "You will remember that the charge of the angel was very strict to Joseph; and no one was to see the plates unless God commanded him to show them. Here are the names of eight witnesses to whom Joseph was commanded to show the plates, and they testify that they saw them and handled them, and solemnly witness before God that what they testify to, is true."

"These were not the three special witnesses, were they?"

"No; and I want you to notice in what a special manner God guards the testimony in regard to the divine origin of this book. Had there been only these eight witnesses men might have said, 'We do not doubt their testimony is honest enough, and that they have seen the plates, but how do they know that this book contains what was written on them. It is not unlikely that Smith found the plates by accident, just as many other strange things are found, and it has come into his head to build up a system of religion; and by putting himself at the head he will become a great man. He has therefore drawn upon his imagination to translate the writing on the plates, and as no one can read it, his deception can not be discovered, and those who are silly enough believe that what he says is true.'

"But, my children, if the people of this generation reject the Book of Mormon they will have no excuse left for doing it, because God has not left them any. The record itself told them that three special witnesses were to be provided by the Lord, to whom he would grant that they should see the plates; and when Joseph inquired through the Urim and Thummim who these were to be, he was told, as I mentioned before, that they should be Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris. If he was a deceiver he here placed himself in a strange position. Moroni had taken away the plates and yet these men had never seen them. If Joseph Smith was to practice deception now, he must get the Lord to help him; and truly the Lord did help him, not to practice deceit, but to confirm the truth of what he had declared through him.

"Being anxious that these three men whom God had appointed should be qualified to become witnesses, Joseph in company with them retired to the woods to ask God for a fulfillment of the promise he had made. Kneeling down they called

upon God in earnest prayer, Joseph leading and followed by the others in turn. This they did twice in succession, observing the same order and each one praying. When at the close of their second prayer, they received no manifestation of divine power, Martin Harris proposed to withdraw from the rest, as he felt that in some way the hindering cause was in him. A few moments after he had gone, while they were praying, they beheld a light above them in the air, of exceeding brightness, and an angel stood before them. In his hands he held the plates which they had been praying to see. Slowly he turned over the leaves one by one, so that they could see the engravings on them very distinctly. Then addressing himself to David Whitmer he said, 'David, blessed is the Lord and he that keeps his commandments,' and immediately afterwards they heard a voice from out of the bright light saying: 'These plates have been revealed by the power of God and have been translated by the power of God. The translation which you have seen of them is correct, and I command you to bear record of what you now see and hear.'

"Joseph then joined Martin Harris, and, uniting their faith and prayers together, he also heard and saw the same things and rejoiced exceedingly, praising God for his mercy. After this the three witnesses drew up their testimony as they had been commanded, 'To all nations, kindred, tongues and people.'"

"Father," said Mary, "I do not see how it will be possible for people to disbelieve this, when so many witness that God has shown them that it is true. I am anxious to know what is in the book. When will you begin to read it to us?"

"In a few days, I think; but I want to tell you, Mary, that you must not expect to see people willing to give up their old systems of religion without a desperate effort to uphold them. It always has been so, and always will be to the end of time. You know that they refused to hear Christ, and not only rejected his message, but crucified him, and persecuted those who believed on him. The Savior told them that it would be so, that the time would come when those who killed them would think they were pleasing God in doing so."

"Do you think, father, that the time will ever come again when people will be killed because they do not believe as others do?"

"I do not know, daughter, but it would not be strange. As far as we know the history of the world it always has been so, and men are very much the same now that they were in the past. Indeed they have already manifested great hatred of Joseph and his followers, and have circulated all manner of falsehoods about them, even arresting them upon the most trivial charges."

Again the heart of Mrs. Clark throbbed painfully for a moment as she looked at her group of little ones, but it was only for a moment; then the calm assurance of faith came to her, and lifting up her heart to God she prayed earnestly that if the covenant into which she had entered led unto death, that she might have grace given her to endure to the end—even to the end—and that all her children might be gathered into the fold. She had made her choice, and for life or death, through evil as well as through good report, she would follow the Lord. Then how thankful she felt that God had given her a knowledge of the truth of what she had embraced. It was not a belief, but a knowledge. She had believed before she was baptized, but when she had been confirmed a member of the church the Holy Ghost had descended in power, witnessing to her that she was a child of God. It was the seal of her adoption into his family, and she needed no one to assure her that what she had obeyed was the gospel of Christ, for the witness of God was greater to her than the witness of man. When the elders had said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost" she had felt it come upon her, baptizing her from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and from that time no shadow of wavering crossed her soul, and she felt that it would never be possible for her to doubt. Never!

"To-morrow," said Mr. Clark, "is the Lord's Day, and I have invited as many of our neighbors as I could see in so short a time, to meet with us here at ten o'clock for the purpose of holding a religious meeting. We will retire early in order that we may be up early and have everything in readiness."

The children looked inquiringly at each other, but they did not ask the question which was in their mind, "Who will preach?" Neither did their father tell

them, but they soon went to bed, thinking that there would be great excitement the next day if half the wonderful things which they had heard of should be told. They knew that some of the neighbors had learned already the object of the recent visit to Kirtland, and they knew that as many as could get there would be there.

It must not be forgotten that Daniel was now several years older than when he passed that terrible night in the woods, and that he was no longer a youth, but a man in stature and in feeling, and there had come to his heart the blissful knowledge which sooner or later knocks for admission at the heart of every boy or girl. He knew that there was one whose smile he valued above all others, and the lightest touch of whose hand had power to thrill him with such a sense of bliss as nothing beside could do. From all others his heart singled out this one, and without measure or reservation gave to her the first, truest and best love of his manhood. Not a dream, not an aspiration of his soul which did not include her; and he had resolved that very soon he would ask her to be his wife, to share with him the journey of life making its joys dearer and its cares lighter, but now his mind was troubled. He had felt that she understood the nature of his feelings and hoped that she loved him; but this was before his father had brought home this strange news. Now many a doubt arose in his mind as to how it might terminate. He believed fully all which his father had said, and he knew that the time was very near when he would be called upon to act. Would she believe as he did, or would action upon his part build up a barrier between them? That he could ever give up the truth did not once present itself to his mind, neither did it enter his heart that he could ever resign Margery; but notwithstanding this, a vague uneasiness took possession of him and he longed, yet dreaded to see the morrow. He felt sure that she would come, for they lived near and she and Mary were friends. For years he had felt that he would yet be called upon to preach the gospel of Christ, and his studies had all been entered upon with direct reference to this. True, they consisted mostly of sacred and profane history, (not very much towards qualifying a young man to preach in these days); but he found that Jesus was familiar with the Old Testament scriptures, and Paul exhorted Timothy to search the Scriptures, and a doubt never entered his mind that when the time came for him to "declare the works of the Lord," the Lord would enable him to do it. He almost wished that he had asked her sooner and put it beyond her power to reject him because of his religion; but no, he was glad he had not done so, for he knew that he would never have held her to the fulfilment of any promise which her heart did not fully ratify, and now he would never ask her to be his wife until he had decided fully on his future course.

The day dawned clear and bright and promised to be one of the loveliest of a late Indian Summer. Rude benches had been constructed under the large forest trees in front of the house, and as early as half-past nine the people began to assemble, and by ten o'clock the audience numbered over fifty grown people, besides children of every age. As Daniel had expected, Margery was there; but being detained in assisting his father in managing a restless team, he had not been there when she came, and he quietly seated himself at some distance from her and found himself speculating as to who was going to preach. He had never heard his father address an audience; but for some reason did not feel very much surprised when he arose and announced a familiar hymn, and after the singing offered up a short but fervent prayer. Then the congregation sang another hymn, after which Mr. Clark arose and read the second chapter of Acts. He told them he should confine what he had that day to say to them to a brief review of Peter's answer to those Jews who had cried out "Men and brethren, what must we do?"

He then went back in the history of this same apostle to the time when he had denied the Savior with cursing, trembling to acknowledge him before even a servant maid; but here upon the day of Pentecost boldly and fearlessly he stands up before the assembled thousands of the Jews gathered from every nation under heaven, and without a tremor in his voice or the slightest hesitation, charges upon them the crucifixion of Christ, and declares his resurrection by the power of God. No stammering tongue now betraying his Galilean origin, but an irresistible tide of eloquence, until pricked to their hearts, un-

able to bear it longer, they cry out, "What shall we do?" Whence this great change, wonderful in its nature and effects? Searching for its cause he called their attention to the last interview between Christ and his apostles and the strict injunction he had given them. "John," said he, "truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." Tarry at Jerusalem; depart not, but wait for the promise of the Father. I have told you of it; told you that if was necessary for me to leave you, for if I did not the Comforter would not come. You are to be witnesses unto me in all the world, but there is another whose witness is greater, even the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth, therefore abide in Jerusalem until ye receive power from on high. "Here, then," said Mr. Clark, "we obtain the key to unravel the mystery of this strange transformation. In the baptism of the Holy Ghost, then, resided this wonderful power which even the presence of the Master had failed to confer upon his disciples. Wonderful, not only in the boldness conferred, but in its convincing power. The number added to the church in one day vastly outnumbered the church previously at Jerusalem, for we read, the number of names together were about one hundred and twenty, but upon this day about three thousand were added unto them. Before this they had prayed to God to direct, and had then chosen *by lot* one to take the place of Judas in the ministry; but after this we read of no more casting of lots in matters like this, but find the Spirit taking up the office work assigned it in the church and speaking with authority, as when they were ministering and fasting at Antioch 'The Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them.'—Acts 13: 2. And again, when they had in obedience to this direction sent them away, after going to various places they would have continued their journey to Asia, but the Holy Ghost forbade their going there.—Acts 16: 6.

"But going back and taking up again the cry of the three thousand Jews, 'Men and brethren what must we do?' let us hear the answer; hear it, while we bear the fact well in mind that Peter, who answers this question, was one of the number upon whom the Holy Ghost had been poured out and was therefore doubly qualified to answer it. Qualified because he had been with Jesus during all his earthly ministry, and was one of those to whom the Master had said, 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me;' and now by the baptism of the Holy Ghost he had, as the future companion of his life journey, the Spirit which should guide into all truth, and which was the other witness to the truth of all things taught by Jesus. The words are not mine, neither the doctrine. Christ commanded them to teach to all men just what he had taught to them; and is there any one under the sound of my voice who believes that Peter was disobedient to this command? 'Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, for the promise is unto you and to your children and unto all who are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.'—Acts 2: 37, 38.

"Repentance, then, was required of them as the first requisite after faith. They had shown their faith in God when they cried out, 'What must we do,' and the question evidently implied, What must we do if we would be saved? But further than this there was a command, and the object of the command was most distinctly stated 'Be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of your sins,' and then follows a promise, positive, unconditional, broad, deep, and far-reaching as the gospel itself; 'you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost,' because Christ has promised it, and to-day God has ratified the promise of his Son. Turn with me to John 7: 17, and we hear Jesus saying, 'If any man will do his will (that is the Father's will) he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.' Peter in very few words told them the will of the Father, and finished by saying, "Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.

"I see here to-day many of my friends who I know belong to different churches, and I want to ask them how it was with them in the years gone by when they inquired of their preachers the same thing; put to them the same question asked by these alarmed and convicted Jews on the day of Pentecost, "What must I do to be saved?" I remember how it was with me,

and I doubt not my own experience is similar to yours. I was told to come forward, and they would pray to God to convert my soul; and when I could give sufficient evidence of being converted, then, if I had not been baptized in infancy, they would baptize me and the church would receive me as a member. But Peter had not so learned Christ. The will of the Father was that they should believe on the Son whom he had sent, and having believed on Jesus they should be baptized in his name, not as a form nor a sign, but for a specific purpose, namely, the remission of their sins, and then they *had a promise.* Before this they had no promise whatever, and the apostle tells us elsewhere that the 'Spirit of God dwelleth not in unholy temples.' If there remains any doubt in regard to this matter let us go on a little farther with Saul (or Paul) in his journey upon which he had been sent by the Holy Ghost, and we overtake him while he is sojourning at Ephesus. Here he finds disciples—"certain disciples," the narrative calls them—but it is evident that they believed themselves to be disciples of Jesus. Paul asks of them a very plain straight-forward question, 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?' They answer in astonishment, 'We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost!' It is Paul's turn now to be astonished, and he quickly asks, 'Unto what then were ye baptized?' They answered, 'Unto John's baptism.' 'Some mistake here,' reasons Paul, 'John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people that they should believe on him who should come after him;' and it is recorded of John that he told the people, 'He is mightier than I . . . he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.' What was the result of this brief dialogue with Paul? 'When they heard this they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.' Thank God the record does not close here, for we need all the way-marks we can find to point us to the straight and narrow way which leads to life everlasting. Jesus said of this way, 'Few there be that find it;' and, my friends, when we consider how this way has been hedged up by the teachers men have heaped to themselves, how they have taught their own commandments instead of the pure gospel of the Son of God; when we consider this, I say, it is not, or should not be, surprising to any of us that it became necessary for God to restore the gospel to the earth by the hands of an angel. But let us go back to Paul, and see what transpired after he had baptized the disciples he found at Ephesus. The record says, 'and when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came upon them and they spake with tongues and prophesied.' Think you that after this Paul would have found it necessary to ask them, 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost?' Paul had not been with the apostles when Jesus said to them, 'These signs *shall follow* them that believe,' but he tells us that Jesus was his teacher. Man had not taught him the gospel, and, dear friends, let us bear this one thing in mind, when Christ teaches perfect harmony will always be found. He will not declare to the messenger he sends to-day, that which he will to-morrow send another to take back, for he himself came from God who changes not. Himself was with the Father when the plan of human redemption was framed; and that redemption is in the gospel which was preached in the beginning, as well as in these latter days, and to which 'the law' was afterwards added because of transgression.

"But let us call your attention to another part of God's word as proof of the way in which Christ intended his gospel should be confirmed to those who obeyed it. This takes us back to the time when Paul was himself a bitter enemy of the church. Indeed he was foremost among those who were persecuting the Saints, and most active in haling men and women and casting them into prison; and because of the fierceness of those wicked persecutors the Saints were scattered everywhere. Among them was one, Philip by name, who went down to Samaria and preached Christ to the people, and many of them believed and were baptized by him. When news of this came to Jerusalem they sent Peter and John; and the record says, 'When they were come they prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost, (for as yet he was fallen upon none of them, only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus). Then laid they their hands upon them and they received the Holy Ghost.'—Acts 8: 15–17.

"This again we see is not in harmony with what is taught by teachers sent of

men and having only the authority which man can confer; but Peter assured those who mocked upon the day of Pentecost, that Jesus having received of the Father what he had promised, even the Holy Ghost, he had shed forth what they saw and heard."

"Mr. Clark then proceeded, I come to you to-day with this same gospel, alike in its origin, its ordinances and its promises; come to tell you that the Lord has restored again to earth by the hand of an angel the authority of his priesthood, or the right to administer in all the ordinances of the gospel, and not only to offer it upon the same terms, but with the same promise associated, that if any man or woman will do the will of the Father he shall know of the doctrine, 'whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.' It is a thing unknown in the history of the past that ever a deceiver called upon God to witness to the truth of his words and received an answer to his call confirming that which was spoken. But it is not a thing unknown that the Father promised the Son to confirm his gospel by signs, neither are these signs of an indefinite character as you will see by reading the last verses of the last chapter of Mark. Jesus there says to his disciples, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned, and these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.' This was just before Jesus was received up into heaven, it was his parting command to those who had been with him, and the promise was not only to them, but to those who should believe the gospel; and Mark adds further, that 'they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following.'

"Jesus commanded them to teach the people to observe all things whatsoever he had commanded them, and he would be with them to the end of the world. I come now to ask of you, my friends, if you have ever heard this gospel presented to you, the gospel which Paul declares came unto the saints in that day 'not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance.' Many of you have asked the way of life and salvation; have any of you ever been answered as Peter answered the three thousand upon the day of Pentecost? If you have not, would it not be well to inquire the reason? Has the gospel been changed, or have we been hearing that which is not the gospel? Paul pronounced a curse upon man or angel who should preach any other, and declared there was no other. If then there is no other, why this change?

"In writing to the church at Corinth Paul speaks at length upon the spiritual gifts, and assures them that 'no man can say Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost.' He understood very well that it was the Holy Spirit which was to bear witness of Christ. The apostles were his witnesses also, but the witness of the Holy Spirit was greater than theirs, because one was human testimony, the other divine; but while the Holy Spirit was to bear witness to men that Jesus was the Son of God and that the doctrine he taught was the truth of God, it was at the same time to confer certain gifts upon the church, and Paul is laboring to instruct the Corinthian church that they may be able to understand these things and tells them that a manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man, but that these are not all alike. 'To one is given the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge, to another faith, to another the gifts of healing, to another working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another discerning of spirits, to another divers kind of tongues, to another the interpretation of tongues,' but no matter what one of these gifts the follower of Christ may possess, it is bestowed by the same Spirit.

"I see before me some of my friends who are Methodists, and as I was a Methodist for years, I find myself wondering if their experience corresponds to my own. I often inquired why it was that these gifts of the Spirit were not now in the church, and I would receive for answer, 'They were only given to establish the church, and not being needed any longer God had removed them.' This however did not satisfy me, and I never read of the wonderful works done by the early followers of Christ without believing in my soul that they were intended to

be in the church to the end of the world. Reading in a volume of Wesley's sermons I one day to my astonishment came across this passage: 'It does not appear that these extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost were common in the church for more than two or three centuries; we seldom hear of them after that fatal period when the Emperor Constantine called himself a Christian; and from a vain imagination of promoting the Christian cause thereby, heaped riches, honor, and power upon the Christians in general, but in particular upon the clergy. From this time they almost totally ceased, very few instances of the kind being found. The cause of this was not, as has been vulgarly supposed because there was no more occasion for them, by reason of all the world becoming Christian, for this is a miserable mistake as not one twentieth part was at that time even nominally Christian. The real cause was, that 'The love of many waxed cold,' and the Christians had no more of the Spirit than the heathen. The Son of man when he came to examine his church, could hardly 'find faith on the earth.' This was the real cause why the gifts of the Holy Spirit were no longer to be found in the Christian church; because the Christians were turned heathen again and had only a dead form left.' After reading this another thought troubled me. If God had called Wesley to organize his church and preach his gospel, why did he not say to him as he said to his disciples, 'These signs shall follow them that believe;' especially why did he not confirm his work as he confirmed theirs? Wesley was a great and a good man, and he did a grand work in his day; but I tell you, my friends, he was not able to restore the gospel. The power and authority had been taken from the earth, and if ever it should be upon the earth again, one would have to be sent from heaven to restore it.

"Reading still further we come to his sermon upon the Signs of the Times. 'The times that we have reason to believe are at hand, if they are not already begun, are what many pious men have termed, the time of the latter day glory; meaning the time wherein God would gloriously display his power and grace in the fulfillment of the promise that 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.' The generality of Christians can see no signs of the glorious day that is approaching; yet how is this to be accounted for? How is it that men who can now discern the hue of the sky, who are not only great philosophers but great divines, as eminent as ever the Saducees or Pharisees were, do not discern the signs of the glorious times which, if not begun, are nigh—even at the door. . . . And yet the wise men of the world, men of learning and renown, can not understand what we mean by talking extraordinarily of God. They can not discern the signs of these times. They see no signs at all of God's arising to maintain his own cause and set up his kingdom over all the earth. . . . What could God have done that he has not done to convince you that the day is coming, that the time is at hand, when he will fulfill his glorious promise, and will arise to maintain his own cause and set up his kingdom.'

"From this it will be plainly seen that Wesley did not regard himself as being called of God to establish Christ's kingdom, but he looked forward to the time when God would establish it; and doubtless, if we had a fuller expression of his views, he knew that when God should do this, there would be a restoration to the earth of the power of the gospel. From the time of my reading this I have been looking for God to arise and maintain his own cause; and I thank God he has at last done this, and to-day I stand before you to declare in your hearing the wonderful things which have lately come to pass in our midst."

Then Mr. Clark proceeded to give a brief account of the history of the Book of Mormon and of the work God had set his hand to do in the latter days, and concluded by extending to any who might wish, the privilege of being adopted into the household and kingdom of God upon the same terms offered by Peter upon the day of Pentecost; and as it is not our purpose to lengthen this part of our story we will just say that the services were continued from time to time, and in a few weeks a branch of seventy-five members was organized and the gifts and blessings of the gospel were with them in power.

To be continued.

Under the Lamp-light.

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

TENNYSON'S "BUGLE SONG."

"CHILDREN," said Miss Thomas, one bright afternoon in October, "if you were to choose your very prettiest song, what would it be?"

A few hands came up instantly, but the majority of the pupils were evidently putting on their "thinking caps" before replying. Down in the very front row a dear little fat five-year-old was trying hard to restrain her impatience. She had one hand held up high, and the duty of the left hand seemed to be to keep the right in order.

Miss Thomas waited until half of the entire school decided, then turning to little five-year-old said, "I will let Delia answer, she seems to want to so much."

"I think 'Sweet and Low' is the prettiest."

"I like 'The Brook,'" said Walter, a thoughtful boy of ten.

"Why do you like it, Walter?"

"I like it because it tells about things out of doors."

"Don't you think 'What Does Little Birdie Say?' is very sweet, Miss Thomas?" (This from Amy, aged eight.)

"I love 'Sweet and Low' best," said Alice; the picture is so lovely."

"Carrie, will you tell us about the first verse?"

"I see the ocean. The sun has gone down, and the water is very still. A soft breeze comes over the water. There is a new moon just ready to sink down behind the water. The poem calls it a 'dying' moon."

"In the second verse," says Susie, eagerly, "it tells us that,—

'Father will come to his bird in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon.'

It is so lovely there. I like the music swelling out so after we've been singing softly. It seems just as beautiful every time you hear it. Why is it we don't get tired of such a song, Miss Thomas?"

"Perhaps you can answer your own question," replied Miss Thomas, smiling.

"Well, I like 'Sweet and Low,' because it gives you such lovely pictures."

"Suppose I should tell you that the same man wrote all three of the poems, could you tell me one of his greatest talents?"

"He can make us see the picture he has in his own mind," answered Florence.

"Don't you remember what you told us the day we sang 'Sweet and Low' to Miss J.?"

"Yes; and how many of you can tell what it was? Pauline, you may try."

Little brown-eyed Pauline looked very proud and happy at being chosen.

"I can't say it very good," she began. "You told us to sing so nice that we could make Miss J. see what we did."

"Bravo! my little girl. Children, one man did write all three of the poems. His name was Alfred Tennyson, and he is Queen Victoria's poet. His poems are like pictures and music both.

"Will he come into school some day?" inquires Maud.

"I fear not. Mr. Tennyson is an old man now, and lives in England. Would you like to learn another of his poems, more beautiful, even, than 'Sweet and Low.'"

"Oh! yes! yes! yes!" cry the children.

"Let me repeat it; or rather the first verse. You must listen carefully."

"The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
While the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, answer echoes dying, dying, dying!"

"I see a lot of things," cried Carl. "And I," "and I," echoed the other children.

"What does it mean by the splendor.'?"

The children looked puzzled, and were silent. Finally Daisy, the oldest pupil, said, "I'm not sure, but I think it means the sunshine."

"I think so, too. Can any one tell me what a 'castle' is?"

"It is a great stone mansion with towers, and a wall around it," said Carrie.

"What are the 'snowy summits,' children?"

"They are the mountains."

"'Old in story.' Does that mean anything to you?"

A long silence, blank faces.

"How long had those mountains stood there?"

"Always." "Before Tennyson was born." "Before the castle was built," came the answers.

"Do you think he was the first to love them and write about them in books?"

"No!" "Perhaps a good many had." Perhaps people had done it ever since they began to make books."

"That is just the idea. Those glorious peaks had been loved, and written about, and sung about for ages and ages. That is what 'old in story' means. Let me repeat the verse again. What do you see when it says,—

"'The long light shakes across the lakes'?"

"The sunbeams play over the water," said Ned.

"Sometimes we see long shadows creep over the field."

"There is water falling from the mountains into the lake," replied Naomi.

"See what a fine line this is, children,—

'While the wild cataract leaps in glory.'

Can't you see the water churned into foam leaping down from a great height, as if impatient to reach the lake? Some one goes out on one of the towers and blows a sweet-toned bugle.

"'Hark! hear the notes thrown back by the mountains,'

first loud, then softer, and softer, until it is just a whisper, 'Dying! dying! dying!'"

There is a deep silence, and after a moment Miss Thomas said, "Let me sing it to you," and stepping to the piano she played a few airy bugle calls, then sang the verse. It was to the most descriptive and inspiring music she had been able to find.

The children listened in perfect delight. But sweeter than all was that look in many of the young eyes, which showed that they were beginning to enter that land of fancy and beauty, the key to whose door is sympathy.

"Miss Thomas," said Daisy, after school, "I wish I could tell you how much I liked the lesson," and Miss Thomas, looking into the eyes of the loving child, felt that it had not been in vain.

What may this true story of a *bona fide* exercise, given in an actual school of thirty children of fair ability, teach us? It may reveal to us, as it did to the teacher: *First*, that the best literature is none too good for the average child; *second*, that it is often within his comprehension and appreciation; *third*, that all depends upon the leading of the teacher. By her skill and magnetism she may be a wonderful power that shall awaken in childish hearts the love and exercise of all that is good, beautiful, and true.

Kate L. Brown.

I SAY WHAT I THINK.

I say what I think, says the valiant man,
With a voice and a look of daring,
Determined to act on a selfish plan,
And for nobody's comfort caring.
I say what I think, and at every chance
This impulse of his obeying,
'Tis plain to be seen at a single glance,
He doesn't think what he is saying.

Oh, many an arrow will reach the heart,
For which it was never intended,
If a careless marksman wings the dart,
And the hurt can never be mended;
And many a friendship may be lost,
And many a love-link broken,
Because of neglect to count the cost
Of words that are lightly spoken.

I say what I think. Ah! the truly great,
Who give their wisdom expression
In choicest phrases, would hesitate
To make such a rash confession;
For think what injuries might be wrought,
What evils we could not smother,
If everybody said what they thought,
Without regard to another.

To say what you think is a noble thing
When your voice for the right is needed,
To speak your mind with a royal ring,
When order and law are impeded;
But evil thoughts that flow through the brain
And the heart, should be retarded,
For we lessen the tide of grief and pain,
When our speech is carefully guarded.

You may think what you choose, nor give offense,
Be a traitor and not display it;
And if you're deficient in common sense,
By silence you'll not betray it.
And let it be written in blackest ink,
For the good of each son and daughter,
That those who always say what they think,
Are most of the time in hot water.—*Sel.*

THE POOR WIDOW'S OFFERING.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ELON.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Ecc.* 11:1.

PART I.

IN one of the rural districts of "Merry England," off from the King's highway and distant from the busy haunts of men, in a green and shady lane known as Green Lane, were three humble dwellings. The most pretentious was a small old-fashioned farm-house, the home of an aged widow and her son. Another of the three was of modern date, but not very modern in style. This was the home of the clerk of the "Chapel of Ease," as such Episcopalian church buildings were called, that were not dignified with the name of "Parish Church." (The clerk is the person who lines the hymns, reads prayers and also utters the responses after the minister in the Church of England services.) The middlemost of the three houses was a little, low, white cottage, covered with a heavy thatch of straw. It was built of brick, contained three small rooms, two on the ground floor and an upper chamber, and also a "pantry" or buttery. And I imagine the pantry formed the most interesting part of the house to the young folks, at least; but that pantry door was never locked as I have seen some, nor was there any forbidden fruit therein. All was free to satisfy childish hunger and there was no temptation to "picking and stealing." The floors of the lower rooms of the house were bricks, or quarries, laid on the ground. The fire-place was a wide, old-fashioned one, with very wide chimney, and an iron grate built in between two elevated brick sides, called "settlaces" or "settlers." These latter formed seats for the younger members of the family to occupy during the long winter evenings, as they listened to the stories of the old folks, or amused themselves in their own way. The iron bars on either side of the grate were bright as burnished steel; and the four bright knobs, two on either side, would reflect the face of the observer. Many pleasant winter hours were spent around this old-fashioned hearth, reading Scriptures, singing songs, telling stories, or playing innocent games in which even the aged willingly bore their part. There was no luxury here but the luxury of health and peace and contented minds. There was really no beauty or grandeur in this little cottage home; yet the sweetest memories cluster around it, and stamp it as the most sacred spot on earth. One can see the family group, from eighty years down to the little ones of nine and seven, sitting around that cheerful fire, and hear the childish glee ringing out, with perhaps a stern, or mild reproof, as was necessary from the old folks, as the generous fire sends out its glowing light to fill the room; for it often served the purpose of fire and candle too. In fact, the inmates could not always afford to burn candles, (there were no kerosene lamps then). There was one article of furniture in the house that was both useful and, to some extent, ornamental. The old clock, fixed in a tall wooden case, reaching almost from floor to ceiling, and faithfully admonishing both old and young that "time was on the wing." The other furniture consisted of a white round table for common use, and a round turn-up table for use when company came, or at Christmas or other holidays when the scattered members should gather under the old roof-tree and enjoy the festivities of the occasion. There were a few old, straight-backed flat seated chairs, and a large half round arm-chair for the head of the family or the chief guest, and one or two rush seated chairs with the inevitable straight back, of course. The floor, though of brick or "quarry," was kept scrupulously clean; and clean, finely powdered red brick dust, or fine white sand, was sprinkled over it, to enable the housewife to sweep off the dirt more easily that might be gathered in. The parlor was only used occasionally; it was a smaller room, with small half round fire-grate. A large cupboard, a bed and a small table

completed its furniture; the chairs of the house doing duty in the parlor when that was used. The upper bed-room was reached by a brick stairway. Two beds, on home made bedsteads, and a chair, with a large oak chest and boxes, constituted its furniture.

The only remarkable thing about the outside of the house, was, that the east end was all covered with a dense mat of ivy, the growth of nearly, if not quite a century. The dark green foliage of the ivy furnished the chirping sparrows and "robin red breasts" ample room for their cozy nest. The lovely and fragrant honeysuckle also intertwined itself with the stems of the ivy. There too, in summer, the red and white roses blushed their beauteous tints and shed their sweet fragrance around. The chirping of the sparrows, the twittering of the swallows which built their nests and reared their young under the ample eaves of the roof of thatch, together with the mellow singing of the robins, rendered that portion of the house a scene of busy life and gaiety; and altogether it presented a picturesque scene which always attracted the gaze of the casual traveler.

But I must describe more fully the location of the little old thatched cottage. Its name, however, will best do that. Don't startle, youthful reader. "What is there in a name?" A great deal sometimes, for a name often describes not only the nature of places, but of persons, their condition and callings, etc., as Zion—"pure in heart;" Salem,—"peace;" Jesus—"He shall save his people from their sins." But this name? "Goblin's Pit." You startle at the name! but calm your spirits; this is but a name. Yes, there were numerous pits around, and a marsh, on a small scale; and according to childish lore some of these pits had no bottom! There, too, according to childish legends, goblins roamed at night, and some imagined they saw them in open day among the pits and in the marsh! I suspect, however, that older heads had invented these horrid legends to keep their children from frequenting those places of danger, and this purpose they truly served. Goblin's Pit was not a place of great resort.

The village of Walsall-Wood, consisting of a school-house and church in one building, and four taverns, with a few straggling houses and several nail makers' and chain makers' shops, were situated over a mile away on the King's highway. And although there was a great deal of travel through that village, it was a rare thing for any one to turn off the high-road to thread the bye way called Green Lane. Only some local farmer's team, or some distant neighbor on a market day, going to town to sell their butter and eggs would pass that way. Occasionally, such would call at the little cottage to rest, or for shelter from the rain; then a few items would be interchanged consisting only of the gossip of that and the surrounding neighborhoods. Newspapers were a great luxury; only the more favored classes could obtain them, for it would take a good share of a common day laborer's wage to pay for one copy, so that the news of the great world outside of Goblin's Pit, its intellectual growth, its progress in physical improvements, its hopes and fears, its haps and mishaps, rarely ever reached these humble cottagers. But as there is no disadvantage without some little advantage, as they learned but little of the world's good, they knew but little of its evil, only such as happened immediately around them. But they were a church-going people, and Sabbath after Sabbath they might be seen, cleanly, if not richly dressed, wending their way across the fields or around the "commons" to church in the village school-house above referred to. The men in their knee breeches, and low shoes fastened with large shining buckles, their long, swallow-tailed coats, and vests of various colors, as suited their tastes; and, if it was likely for rain, thick, long heavy overcoats, with perhaps umbrellas. The women in their calico or linen dresses, with perhaps a red flannel cloak of grey or black as suited them, with a large hood attached to draw over their heads in case of storm. The bonnets the women wore would hardly suit the ladies of to-day; in fact, the question of fashion did not trouble these primitive folk. Neatness and decency were the height of their ambition in dress. And to worship God at heart, while in church, was the purpose for which they gathered there.

As will be readily supposed, these people were not deeply learned, but in every house was a Bible, (and it was well thumbed), and a prayer book; and in the little thatched cottage was a Bible over two

hundred years old at that time, and while it was in a fair state of preservation it bore the marks of being well read. "Fleetwood's Life of Christ," and "The lives of His apostles" were carefully laid away on the self in the little old cot. These books were diligently read Sabbath after Sabbath, and often through the week.

I have been thus particular in my description in order that you might know something about some of the rural homes of "Merry England," and the surroundings of the subject of my story; and I can assure you that my pen, while it may have lacked in force and beauty of diction, has not wandered from the truth, nor shall it throughout my story.

In this little old thatched cottage, amid the music of the birds, the sighing of the wind through the ivy leaves, and surrounded with the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, a young mother gave birth to her second babe. This mother was a widow, her husband, the father of her children had been taken by death from her side in manhood's prime, seven months before, and had left her very poor, and without a home of her own; and she was compelled to return to the home of her childhood, where, by dint of labor on the fields of neighboring farms, or by labor in the farm houses she provided for herself and child until her second babe, the subject of our story was born. And, while its advent brought new cares, and demanded if possible, extra exertion on the mother's part, yet that same thrill of holy joy that fills every virtuous mother's heart at the first touch of the lips of helpless innocence, filled her soul. And while anxious tears filled her eyes as she gazed on both her helpless babes, with no strong husband's hand to provide, or help her bear her burden, with an unfaltering trust in God she determined to be no burden to her aged parents, but to strive with all her womanly power to provide things honorably before all men. Her simple faith in Him who said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me"—Jer. 49: 11—enabled her to bear her trials as only a godly woman can; and her soul fed on the promises of the Lord; He watched the sparrow's fall, and fed the ravens when they cried, and even numbered the hairs of her head; He will never forsake her little ones, nor turn her empty away. The Lord will provide! This was that mother's faith. Dear reader, youth or maiden, father or matron, this is no fancy sketch. It is a picture of real life, and is another evidence that the Lord had "a seed" left in the world through which to raise up witnesses for him.

To be continued.

AIMING HIGH.

BY FRANK E. STODDARD.

IT has been truly said that "a man without a purpose is like a ship at sea without a rudder." Purpose is the rudder of life; and unless the purpose be a grand one, a purpose that aims high, that will carry us forward to a position that may be occupied with honor, and will merit the esteem of all, then the rudder that guides us is defective. No matter how humble we may be, if we have a good rudder to guide us, and determination to act as pilot, we can pass safely over all shoals into the harbor of success.

Few men come to true greatness; most drift on with the current, having no special plan or thought beyond their immediate vicinity, and spend their lives in their little round of social life, being content to occupy the same station in life that was held by their ancestors, and giving no thought to the fact that they are a part of our great world which requires a multitude of leaders—leaders that have mental ability to sustain them. It is not because they have not the ability to advance themselves; but because they

have not had a purpose in view; they have not aimed high enough.

"The longer I live," says Charles Buxton, "the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between the weak and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once formed and then victory or death. This quality will do anything that is to be done in the world."

This is not only the idea of one man, but of all that have watched the progress of our great men; men great in their determination to do right, to help their fellow men, and to ennoble themselves. History is replete with examples of noble men who have aimed high and come to their mark, or very nearly so. Abraham Lincoln rose from a humble backwoodsman to occupy the highest position in the land, placed there by a nation in time of trouble. His circumstances were not as favorable as the humblest lad of to-day. But he had energy, and the determination to secure the esteem of all good men. His aim was high. When asked what he supposed he would ever do, he answered, "You will live to see me President yet!" Words that were recalled with a feeling of sadness when the news of his death was telegraphed throughout the land.

It is said by the skeptical that "circumstances make the man;" but there must be something in the man, or circumstances, however favorable, can not develop it. Philip Henry Sheridan, a poor Irish boy, working in the little western town of Somerset, Ohio, at twenty-four dollars a year, would never have come to the Lieutenant Generalship of the United States army, if he had not had some such purpose in view. He was passionately fond of reading histories and biographies, and was heard to express a wish that he might have a chance to make his name famous in battle. His associates scoffed at the idea, little thinking that he would ever be the hero of a score of battles. Success comes only through hard work and determined perseverance. The steps to honor, wealth or fame, are not easy to climb, as is shown by the trials of Demosthenes; who, having heard a celebrated orator speak, determined to give himself up to the study of oratory. After studying diligently for some time, he made his first attempt to speak in public; it was a failure. Not discouraged he gave himself up to study again, and soon appeared to speak; but without success. Again retiring to years of patient study he appeared and was welcomed as the best of orators. Such were the trials to which he was subjected, well showing

"That the heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight."

Bayard Taylor wrote in his journal, when a boy of sixteen, upon seeing the autograph of Charles Dickens, "It was not without a feeling of ambition that I looked upon it; as he, a poor humble clerk, had risen to be the guest of a mighty nation, so I, a humble lad, might by unremitting and arduous intellectual and moral exertion become a star among the names of my country. May it be!" Little did it seem that the wish of the humble school-teacher who had aimed so high would ever be fulfilled; but he was persistent in his efforts, working with his pen day by day that his fondest hopes might be realized, until at last his efforts were crowned with success and his name had indeed become a star among the many famous authors.

Luther, Calvin, Wycliffe, and the other leaders in the Reformation, could never have accomplished their great work if this had not been the end for which they were constantly struggling. "Though persecuted and driven from place to place, they persisted, and Europe awoke at last as if from a state of lethargy." Their work calls to our mind the words of Longfellow:

"Still pursuing, still achieving,
Learn to labor and to wait."

To be sure to reach a point that will necessarily please us, we shall be compelled to strive for a place higher than that with which we might be satisfied. It is best to aim as high as we can have the least hope of reaching; even though we do not reach this point we will be benefitted by having made the effort, even without success. The object of our lives is to give us a chance to show what energy we can display. In infancy we are all endowed with mental abilities, almost the same physical structure and muscular power. The difference is the training to which we subject ourselves. If we make one special thing our chief object of attention, we will gradually extend our studies until we have reached out and

gathered into our mental grasp all that is worthy.

To attain a noble and ideal manhood, aimed at by all, the work should not be pursued with sordid motives. Judging by the mad rush for great and sudden riches by the people of to-day, and the fact that a man is oftener judged by the size of his possessions than by his character, one would think that the prime object of life is attaining wealth; but not so. Wealth may, if properly applied, be a benefit to man. William Penn, in sharing the land of Pennsylvania with his companions that were persecuted, shows us that the possession of riches may be a pleasure and benefit.

Faint heart not only never won fair lady, but never won anything else worth winning. It is the "I will!" that conquers.

"The undivided will;
'Tis that compels the elements and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air."

Napoleon, when told that his armies could not scale the Alps replied, "There shall be no Alps;" and the wonderful road to the Simplon is built.

NOBLE DEEDS.

BY MARY EVANS.

HUMAN beings are susceptible of great exaltation or degradation; they may rise to the majestic heights of greatness, or sink to the depth of shame and disgrace. The truest greatness is that which is not easily seen or known—of those who suffer alone, without sympathy, for truth and principle; those who, unnoticed by men, maintain their posts and in obscurity and discouragement patiently fulfill their trust. Every youth should form at the outset of his carreer the solemn purpose of making the best of the powers which God has given him. There is no such thing as a standstill in life; we must either advance or retrograde.

There is a structure which every one is building, young and old, each for himself; it is called Character, and every act of life is a stone in that structure. If day by day we are careful to fill our lives with noble deeds, at the end will stand a temple honored by man and God. But as one leak will sink a ship, so will one dishonorable act leave a stain forever on character. Our minds are given to us, but our characters we must make.

Noble deeds are the great corner-stone, or rather the foundation, on which we must build this great structure to make it firm and lasting. The value placed on character is the standard of human progress. The individual, the community, the nation tells its standing, its true wealth and glory in the eye of God, by its estimation of character. If we ever rise to any height of glory and honor it must be through "noble deeds."

It is not necessary to confine noble deeds to the sphere of heroic actions alone, for the domain of noble deeds is wide. No matter where we go we can always find opportunity for performing noble deeds. No society can be too low, no occupation too limited, no home too grand for the enactment of that which tends to elevate man. To be noble does not require one to perform some great act like those of a Wesley or a Luther. If we were always to wait for some opportunity to do great things, little would be accomplished in the world. The deed which most tends to elevate man is honest labor. There is dignity in toil, in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head; in toil to provide for the bodily wants, as well as toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labor that tends to elevate man's nature is honorable. Labor goes forth into a region uninhabited and waste, waves his mighty hand over the vast plains and the dreary valleys become clothed with golden grain. Through labor cities are erected, barbarous nations

are turned into civilized and enlightened peoples. He who is above labor, lacks common sense, and forgets that every article that is in use is the product of labor. The starry heavens—such a magnificent spectacle—the vast universe itself, is the work of the God of nature. As we rise by noble deeds, so we will fall by ignoble deeds.

The person who gambles is cast back into a state of barbarism; it revolutionizes his tastes at the same time that it destroys his moral principles.

Dishonesty, bad company and bad habits, all have a degrading influence; and like gambling, instead of elevating us to that which is good and noble, will lower us to the very depth of inhumanity.

The gambling halls in our cities, tolerated and patronized, are a disgrace to a nation bearing a Christian name. Nations as well as individuals acquire their greatness and stability through noble deeds.

Our generosity as American citizens does not deem it justice to confine this subject to America alone.

Let us look back at England in the time of Alfred the great; does not Alfred stand out in history as a virtuous hero, a noble patriot? A prince by birth, he was reduced to the condition of an exile, obliged to seek refuge in a lonely island, while his kingdom was pillaged before his eyes, and divided by barbarians. His incentives to noble daring were personal degradation, aggravated injury, his rescued country, and a throne.

Similar wrongs moved the valiant heart of Gustavus who had been imprisoned by Christian II. Injury after injury was heaped upon Sweden. He raised a force and threw off the yoke of a tyrant. Through his noble deeds and patriotic principles, he was finally elected king of Sweden. Leonidas, Cato, Tell,—one peculiarity marks them all—they dared and suffered much for their native lands. But do we have to go back to read in obscure texts of Greek and Latin of the exemplars of patriotic triumph and virtue? No, thank God, we can find them nearer home in our own country, on our own soil; the strains of the noblest sentiments that ever swelled in the breast of man are breathed to us out of every page of our country's history.

A noble deed is always rewarded; thus it was with the pilgrims leaving their mother country for freedom of religious belief, little thinking that their coming was the sowing of the seeds for a vast nation. It was a noble instinct that prompted them to break off from the rule of tyrants.

Noble deeds have a great effect on a country; and if there are none, then we might as well say our constitution is void and our government blasted; but we are proud to say that such is not the case. Noble deeds have been performed from the time of Columbus' discovery down to the present day.

Our country stands at the head of the mighty nations of the world. It has a noble and grand government. It has been baptized with blood, and consecrated by the prayers of the pilgrims. It has been an asylum for the persecuted of all nations. First came the Huguenots, and then the pilgrims, who had fled from persecutions that had made the very hills and mountains run down with blood. They were the founders of our country, the ancestry to which we look back with exulting pride. But soon came severe tribulations—the night attack of the ruthless savage upon the frontier settlements; the infant slain in its mother's arms, the beloved father and husband scalped and trodden under foot. These were the sufferings of those who laid the foundations of the grand institutions which we now enjoy.

The great revolution forms an epoch in the history of our loved country; and those who engaged in it are well worthy to be classed as the truly patriotic, the noble and the good. In the battle of Lexington they gave earnest of the spirit with which they entered the struggle, and of the final, after long years of toil and blood. However, the difficulties did not end with the war. True, they found themselves free from the rule of Great Brittain; the country around them was exhausted; the colonies were only held together by the sad memories of the war; a constitution was to be molded, and a government formed. Men who had perilled their lives and fortunes for their country, were called by the people to devise ways to meet the approaching crisis. They proved themselves equal to the task, and the Constitution is the result of their grand and noble deeds. The beautiful banner of the free is waving over us, and woe to the hand that would dishonor it.

Familiar as household events is the story of the revolution, yet we hope that the time will never come when it will cease to be of deep and solemn interest when the recital will not cause a feeling of pride in the bosom of every patriot. Let your ambitiòn be to enroll your names among those over whose history our hearts swell with admiration.

No; we need not go to ancient Greece for a model. We have in our own country a Washington, an Adams, a Lincoln, and many others. We need not think that they owe their greatness to the peculiar crises which called forth their virtue. The crises would have been nothing to them, had not their characters been ready to meet it. Hence we hold up to you the grand character of Washington. Form your character by his. Strive to acquire his modesty, his devotion to his country, his firmnness.

Commencing your career with this high character, your course will be as steady as the needle to the pole. Your objects will be always exalted. Your means always noble. You will adorn and bless your country. After we have considered some of the noble deeds of other nations and then those of our own loved country, let us go back through the ages. We see the clouds hanging heavily o'er the whole human family, without a ray of light to mark their future destiny; for the sins of the world there was then performed, the greatest, the grandest of all noble deeds, which was the sacrifice of Christ.

Helpful Hints and Suggestions.

The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.—*Whittier.*

AIR YOUR BEDS.

The saying of Bridget: "Sure ma'm, I made every bed in the house before a soul was up," although not literally true, it has too much truth in it. In an article on "Economy of Time," I read how a house-keeper made her bed while her husband was building the fire for breakfast. Bah! where was her common sense, and what became of the scent and heat that the clothing unavoidably contained? Safe, without a doubt, there being no chance for it to escape.

Now, this isn't a plea for the chamber-work to remain undone until sundown, or, worse still, till bed-time. Don't look to us for sanction in such shiftlessness.

Before you leave your bed chamber place a chair three feet from the foot of the bed and strip the bed to the mattress, place the pillows near the window, which should be opened even in the coldest weather. Two hours' good airing will do. It is a good plan to hang the quilts, blankets and pillows on a line in the sunshine once a week for several hours. They pay for the trouble, coming in so sweet, wholesome and fresh. Always air a spare room before you put a guest into it; the air is never good in a closed room.

WAR ON RED ANTS.

I want every lady who reads this to try my experiment with red ants. Two years ago I began placing a bait in the bottom of the cupboard, on the pantry floor and in the cellar, and found a soda biscuit the most attractive (one can be used several days in succession). Place it on a plate, turning a saucer over it, as they are partial to dark quarters; tap it over a pan of hot water every morning, and you will be surprised at the myriads you destroy. I am happy to say I have not seen a red ant this summer, and hope I have exterminated the race in my house.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.

This is the way I have settled upon to best preserve eggs from summer to winter: Put an inch layer of crushed salt into a common salt box. Stand in this salt fifteen eggs, three eggs to a row and five rows will fill the layers. Cover

with salt; enough to shake down well between the eggs and an inch or more above them. Crowd into this salt another one and a fourth dozen eggs on end, and pack the box with salt to its brim. Tack cover down lightly, or slip it into its groove and put in a cool, dry place, turning from top to bottom every week or two to prevent yolks from settling and cleaving to shell.

Eggs hatch much better if the nests are made by placing a cut of turf and a shovel of mold, sand or ashes in a box or basket, and on this a little short straw, than if straw only is used. In this way a convenient hollow is obtained, that prevents the eggs rolling out from under the setting hen. In cool weather the eggs are kept of much more equal temperature than in nests made simply of loose straw.

Quince trees should be mulched as a protection against extreme heat and cold, as the roots are small and usually near the surface. The quince bears every year, but requires care, and may be pruned annually with advantage.

Clean castor bottles with shot.

To remove ink stains, soak in sour milk over night.

Mix stove polish with vinegar and a teaspoonful of sugar.

Never allow fresh meat to remain in paper; it absorbs the juices.

To remove tea stains from cups and saucers, scour with ashes.

To remove mildew, soak in buttermilk and spread on grass in the sun.

CLEANING PAINT.

Wet the paint with warm water, then with a damp cloth dipped in whiting instead of soap, rub the paint. It will look as well as new, is much easier cleaned, and saves the paint.

GIDEON R. LEDERER.

(See Frontispiece.)

THROUGH the kindness of Rev. Jacob Freshman, editor of The Hebrew Christian, 17 St. Mark's Place, New York, we this month present the readers of AUTUMN LEAVES with a likeness of Gideon R. Lederer, for twenty-five years a faithful laborer among the Jews of New York, but better known to many of our readers as the editor of Nathaniel, or The Israelite Indeed, a monthly magazine conducted in the defense of Hebrew Christianity, and edited, as many Saints can testify with rare ability and unfaltering zeal. Among the pleasantest recollections of those early days of our enlistment in the latter day work is the memory of the correspondence long continued with this faithful worker in the Master's great vineyard, and the bright gems of truth and wisdom gleaned therefrom. We have long cherished a private photograph of him; and believing that many others who knew him through his writings would be glad to have his picture, we hastened to obtain and herewith present it to our readers. To us the life and conversion, supplemented by the faithful self-denying labors of this man, are but an added testimony of truth of this great latter day work. Born in 1806, just prior to the time of its coming forth, he remains a Jew until 1842, at which time, his training for the work before him being complete, he is convinced of the truth of Christianity—that grand central truth unto which all others are subordinate and around which they cluster, the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. From that day he entered upon his labors; and let us remember the words of Christ, "He that is not against us is on our part." Surely none can say that he was against us; though he followed not with us, neither understood all things as we understand them, he was one of God's instruments to bring to pass his purpose concerning the house of Israel and a helper in the great work which the prophet declared should begin "shortly after the coming forth of the book." (Book of Mormon). Bro. Lederer was not a sectarian, but stood upon the broad platform of Moses and the prophets; and of this foundation Jesus Christ was to him, as he is to us, the chief corner stone.

His estimate of Christianity of the present day was expressed to the writer in terms so terse and forcible as never to be forgotten. "Christianity of the present day," said he, "is like the Augean stable of the ancient Greeks, and requires a Hercules to clean it, and that Hercules will be Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

If the mythology of our young friends has grown rusty, let them turn to Webster and they will find that this stable belonged to the fabulous king of Elis, and in it three thousand oxen had been stabled for thirty years without its once having been cleaned. This seemingly impracticable task was accomplished by Hercules in a single day. This feat is reckoned among the twelve labors which made him famous, and it is to his great strength we refer when we call any labor a Herculean task. Was ever illustration more forcible or apt than this one? Let us not forbid any who are laboring to make the world better for their having lived in it; but if we have clearer light than they, let us remember that our judgment will be stricter than theirs. And if our love is not stronger and brighter; if our lives are not purer and better; if our zeal is not more unflagging, and our self-sacrifices laid with a purer devotion upon the shrine of His love, let us blush because they are not, and accepting the rebuke of James, "show our faith by our works," not in words of thankfulness to God that we are not as others —even that poor publican.

Before closing this brief sketch we wish to refer to one incident connected with Bro. Lederer, the vital point of which bears upon the light we as a people have received and unto which we do well if we take heed, as it is truly "a light shining in darkness." If our young saints do not already know what it is to have trial of their faith, they may rest assured that the time is coming when, if they continue faithful, they will know, for God will have a tried people. Present revelation is the dividing line between the church of God and all other churches which worship the Father in the name of the Son. This has been the line of demarcation in other dispensations as well as in this. Can we dispense with it? If so, what shall we do with the promise of Jesus in John 7: 17; especially when taken in connection with Rev. 19: 10?

Knowledge is not belief, and the Savior says, "shall know of the doctrine." Call the God whom we worship—this divine power which is over all, in all and above all—nature, evolution, or whatever you may please to term it, so far as the testing of this power is concerned, the fact remains the same. It confronts the infidel and the sceptic alike, and challenges them to the test. They may scoff at the Bible, deny its truth and authority, set aside the validity of its claims; but they will not, they do not, they dare not, accept the challenge the result of which shall test the matter. "I come in my Father's name, and the doctrine is his. He is the creator of heaven and earth, the ruler of the universe, and before him all men must appear in judgment, and be judged according to their works. The just shall be rewarded, the wicked punished. You do not believe this message, neither believe in Him who sent me; but here is the means of testing its truth, that you may no longer believe, but may know. Dare you accept the test?"

Of this doctrine, the Son himself was the central light, and this testimony being confirmatory of the doctrine, was confirmatory of the Son; and the angel declared to John that, "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." John himself declares that this knowledge of the Father and the Son, is life everlasting; how then, we ask, can we separate ourselves from present revelation and yet claim part in this life everlasting? Can any truthfully say, We do not need present revelation?

To go back, however, we spoke of trials, and remember well the time when we were tried, even to the foundation of our faith; and as this knowledge, this testimony, which Paul told the Corinthians, "was confirmed in them," had also been confirmed in us, we were led to question in this way: "How do you know that you might not have obtained the same in any other church. True, you did not in the Methodist; but, perhaps you did not seek for it in the same earnest manner, for had you done so you might have obtained it." We were greatly distressed; but the temptation to doubt the testimony of God's Spirit, the tangible witness to the truth of the doctrine we had embraced never entered our minds, even for a moment. The witness was from God, for man could have no agency in the matter; but might

it not be obtained in other churches and outside of this doctrine? We had not obtained it, but others perhaps had, and we resolved to question others upon this subject, and if possible settle the question in our own mind, once and forever. Of the many we questioned, in whose Christian experience their daily walk and conversation gave us confidence, Bro. Lederer was the last; and of him we asked the direct question: "What assurance have you that you have passed from death unto life, and how do you know that you are a child of God?" In due time the answer came, and from that day to this we have never had any desire to question further, for if there ever lived upon earth a sincere, self-sacrificing Christian man, we believe G. R. Lederer was one. But that God has a testimony for those who enter into the straight gate, seeking the narrow way and doing the Father's will, which he has not for even those who like Cornelius attain to the ministration of angels, we assuredly know.

We said that the answer came, and it was in these words: "Having the assurance of faith, I know that I have passed from death unto life." Faith, we repeated, is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Faith is based upon testimony; but knowledge is based upon that of which we are assured and clearly comprehend; and "the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy," even that Spirit which was to take of the things of the Father and show them unto the disciples. Happy that people, then, who have the testimony of Jesus, for the witness of God is greater than the witness of men.

HE THAT BELIEVETH.

BY J. F. M'DOWELL.

BELIEVETH what? is a question ever confronting us upon every hand. The sinner warned of impending future danger, in whose ears the thunder tones of oratorical speech rings with startling force, asks the question. The person who becomes convicted of sin and its terrible consequences as portrayed by a Calvin or an Edwards, asks the same question. The party before whose eyes lurid flames dance their fantastic images wishes to know what he shall believe.

If escape from the power of sin is the chief thought of the convicted one, and if that escape is to be found in a genuine faith, he must know where that faith may be found and in whom it is to be reposed. Herein attaches all the importance which shall secure to him a full and thoroughly completed assurance that escape is not only found, but has been actually obtained, and the escaping one becomes the happy possessor of the power of liberty. If a mistake occurs at the inception of this move all the future hope may be solemnly blighted, and every brightened prospect bedimmed. If there be "One God and Father of us all;" if there be one "mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus;" if there be one hope of our calling, and we "are baptized by one Spirit" into that "one hope," then surely there can be but one answer to the question involved. If but one answer, who shall be the one permitted to give the answer?

We can not now listen either to Catholicity nor Protestantism, for neither are recognized in Holy Writ as valid claimants. Primitive Christianity anticipated no such monstrosity of wrangling sects to become representatives of the religion of the Bethlehem Jesus, or the Nazarene Christ. Christianity, pure and good, was as unpretentious as the village where was born its magnificent Author. It knew nothing of the glittering splendor of towering spires, nor the soft-toned light of stained windows; nor of the subdued, thunder-toned melody of pipe-organs, nor

the simpering giggles of a vain quartette; it knew of, and possessed a power that reached fallen humanity and saved, redeemed, by the grandeur of its own sweet simplicity, human souls stained in sin. O for a revival of the genuine Christian power that sees sin as it is, and God's love to take us from out its galling grasp!

Who shall answer an anxious, inquiring world? The question is legitimate, and the response must be divinely authoritative. Man's opinion savors of no good upon an eternal destiny. God attends to destiny; man attends to the way leading thereto, therefore it is left with him to "seek that he may find." If naught is to be found for which he seeks, why then seek? If no door of life is to open at the "knock," then why knock?

So many answers resound through one's brain that he tires of hearing; for it sounds so much like mere senseless jargon that reason's light seems to have no just claim upon the confusion that so strangely and embarrassingly abounds.

Shall the soul of man be burdened by intricacies of uncertain sound, and so ladened with speculative theology and the claims of science as to be lost altogether to the one excellent answer that comes, "not in word only, but in power, and full assurance of the Holy Ghost." Many are so burdened, but not all. We should never be concerned regarding minor matters, nor let our eyes become dimmed by the flying dust of glittering theories which rest upon no "sure foundation."

"Go ye into all the world," said Jesus. The broad universality of the commission's command, implies universal adaptability, and capability, adapted to all classes of mankind, capable of saving all who might strictly adhere to its holy demands.

"And preach the gospel to every creature." The student and inquirer will please notice that that which is to be preached to the "unconverted" is defined as "the gospel." "He that believeth," was to be "saved" upon baptism having been complied with—the act of baptism signifying an acceptance upon the part of the devotee of that which had been preached to him. The thing preached thus proving a "savor of life," how could an unqualified person deliver such a message? how could an opinion serve the same purpose as could a positive statement of fact? Jesus sent men forth armed with some one or more special facts and truths; one of these was the fact of all facts, the truth of all truths! These men in treating of the work of salvation, had no opinions respecting "the way" of life; they either knew, or knew not. They were either correctly informed, or incorrectly.

The Master who sent them evidently knew what He was to do under the then existing circumstances. The men sent knew what they were to answer all inquirers after the way of life! This grand absence of opinion, and presence of knowledge, gave potency and glory to the message delivered. Not one of the apostles dare say: "Well, my opinion respecting the question of salvation is this!" With a human soul hanging by the slender and uncertain thread of mortality, where was or is there room for opinion?

Human destiny demands an answer concerning which there can be left no room for doubt. The primitive ministry "spake as one having authority from God;" and so should it be to-day.

If the pulpit is not supposed to be entrenched with an authority believed or known to be divine, religion wavers and becomes contemned, and the pulpit totters, and becomes deposed. It assumes a common level with the lecturer's rostrum, from which mere oratorical effect is displayed, and from which sounds the expressions of learned opinion only. This is an important issue—of eternal significance, and can not be lightly passed by! Our faith must be well directed; some certain objective point kept in view, else harm accrues. When people look upon a man in ministerial garb and think him to be a messenger for Christ to humanity, how happy their souls must be when they truly learn that that man shall teach them what he has not been "taught save by revelation of Jesus Christ."

The formula used by ministers of one certain church in administering the rite of baptism has always sounded to the writer as of such grand import; and never has he heard it used without the eyes becoming moistened with tears that start at the bidding of a heart moved by a recognition of that conceded by him and others to be an undeniable and holy truth, that Almighty God has again commissioned men to teach people what to believe unto salvation! The words are these: "Having been commissioned by Jesus Christ, I baptize thee,"

etc. Who could be so strangely, and daringly forgetful as to use such words before heaven and men, if not "called of God as was Aaron?" Who, professing to "preach Christ and him crucified," could assume such blasphemy! For blasphemy it ever is to him not so called!

We, in the Acts of the Apostles, read that upon the day of Pentecost, Peter spake concerning Jesus and His mission to the world, His death and resurrection and glorification, to become "both Lord and Christ." Upon hearing and believing this statement, and asking what they should do, Peter answered: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

In the eighth chapter of the same book you may read of Philip and the eunuch. We find this statement made: "Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same Scripture (Isa. 53: 7, 8), and preached unto him Jesus. . . . and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest; and he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." The eunuch was baptized. Now for the words of Jesus: "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved."

Paul said: "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness."—1 Cor. 1: 23. "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." —1 Cor. 3: 11. "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—Col. 3: 4. Jesus Christ, His sonship, Lordship, and Saviorship, are the leading ideas of all gospel truth. The word "gospel" is said to mean "glad tidings." Of what do these glad tidings consist?

1st. Man is recognized as living in sin, and sin is destructive to all human interests.

2d. Penalty attaches unto all law; hence the infliction for transgression of law—which is sin.

3d. All persons dying in a sinful state, must pay the penalty.

4th. God promises if Jesus Christ be accepted by man, as His Son, and man repent of his sins by forsaking them, and being heartily sorry for having committed them, and be baptized for their remission, his receiving the Holy Ghost of God as the seal of witness affixed to this sacred act and promise, and that person continuing in righteous living thereafter, when he shall die, "shall die in the Lord," pay no penalty for former transgressions; go to no hell or prison, incur no punishment —otherwise so justly due—be eternally freed from future distress of conscience, etc. If this is not "glad tidings" to a guilty soul, what could be? The person who can not appreciate such mercy and love must be of peculiar mind.

Herein consists the preaching of Christ. These thoughts were surely taught the eunuch—else why the question: "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized? How could Philip have successfully "preached Christ" without presenting these important facts to him? Such tidings gave him joy! They gave joy on Pentecost. They give the same joy to-day! There were not weeks of serial meetings. Jesus Christ is the pivotal fact and truth of all the widening truths of Christianity. Humanity requires knowledge of "what must we do." And the first thing of all to such classes, is Jesus Christ! After that they have entered the church, having been "born of God," they can learn more of Him. This one truth seems to have been the only test of fellowship; the one chief requirement for admission into the church!

"Preach the glad tidings, he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." No other tidings than glad ones. No other man held up to men, save "the man Christ Jesus." Hold him up; let his light shine over a benighted world. Keep him before the people. No other foundation. "No other name given among men, under heaven, whereby we must be saved." No creeds in this plain story of Jesus. No confessions—but one: "Whosoever shall be ashamed to confess me before men," etc. Jesus, clothed in his prophetic and historic facts makes him the "Lord of all!" If this kind of preaching to the world was acceptable then, why not now?

We do not learn that the apostles preached first, "the divine calling of John Baptist;" but they "preached Christ and him crucified." Anyone becoming "convicted of sin," accepting of salvation's plan through Christ should never be de-

barred from the initiatory step of baptism. Any one intelligibly taught, who honestly believes, will ask for baptism at the hand of God's minister. To the authorized minister of this age has been given these words: "All those who humble themselves before God and desire to be baptized, and come forth with broken hearts and contrite spirits, and witness before the church that they have truly repented of all their sins, and are willing to take upon them the name of Jesus Christ, having a determination to serve him to the end, and truly manifest by their works that they have received of the Spirit of Christ unto the remission of their sins, shall be received by baptism into his church." No other test than this. It was the one anciently, it is *the one* now! All other truth connected with Christianity will grow about the honest heart, so they shall be found "growing in grace and the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ." While "the whole counsel of God" should be declared unto the church, as the ministers are taught "to feed the church of God over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers," it should not be forgotten that "meat is not for babes," but rather "the sincere milk of the word." The great initiatory steps for all sinners to be first taken are the first to be taught, Jesus Christ in his commendatory, saving office to be the central thought of all. He that believeth this one truth, the concentrated of all the gospel primary facts, and is baptized, shall be saved! This is not provisional for formularies of concocted creeds—which in themselves contain not even the primaries of the glad tidings—can not in the multiplicity of their contorted expressions, inapplicable to even the parties addressed—be or prove of saving efficacy to any one. The world is to be saved by obedience; that obedience should be implicit; it can not be implicit without definiteness attaching to the message taught and asked to be complied with. Hence the necessity of one certain way, the way leading unto life, being correctly taught. A way leading from heaven, can not lead unto heaven. Herein Protestantism is at fault, its answers are multitudinous. Catholicity can not anwer, for it is "defiled with the blood of saints and martyrs for Jesus."

Catholicism and Protestantism have each demanded a belief in the whole Bible as essential unto salvation. St. John Chrysostom in his thirty-seventh Homily on Genesis writes: "Whatever is contained in the Scripture is a doctrine absolutely divine," etc. Men with such ideas before them are startled, for we are confidently assured that we should decidedly object to many historic narratives being taught or enforced as doctrinal now-a-days. Protestantism, breaking away from the gross darkness of Catholicism, was wild in its assumptions. And while denouncing the "mother" as infamous, they, the Protestants, blindly fell in with many of her "errors and gross superstitions."

Although Protestantism claimed to give "the right for private judgment and interpretation" of the Bible, it committed a fatal error by the interception between the "right" extended and the people of its conflicting creeds—compelling the people after all to confine the expressions of their "private judgment and interpretation" to the limited proscriptions of the provisions found in the creeds; causing all who expressed a "private interpretation" contrary thereto to become at once heretics, and their interpretation an unacceptable heresy! What a dilemma they were in! But Protestantism had its fatal weakness—division—and after all the "right" become limited unto certain leaders, and the people were unreasonably obligated to accept or abide the consequences. But, as we stated in our first chapter, the populace could not accept all, so every one of them was a heretic in each other's estimation! and no remedy.

If Protestantism recognized Jesus Christ as the Savior, and he said: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he can not enter into the kingdom of heaven," that was sufficient for a start. There would have been incipient unity at least. But is was a sowing to the wind; and it was and is yet a conglomerate system of "every wind of doctrine," and is by the "sleight of men," hence can not be tangible nor abiding. It is irreconcilably divided, and it has the seed of its own downfall within it—namely, division; and Jesus said: "a house divided against itself can not stand." And his kingdom is never to be thrown down. Having not been especially sent of God, it had no special tidings to deliver. It can not save, for "salvation is of God;" and it claims no God-send. Protestantism may elevate

morally; to save men eternally it can not! It can not answer intelligently the one saving question; and being unreliable there—it is unreliable throughout.

IOWA WEATHER.

BY S. F. WALKER.

In order to a proper appreciation of the sudden changes in Iowa weather illustrated in the poem given below, the reader beginning with the line "Dec. 3d," should omit to read the second line, and read every odd line through to the end, in which will be found a faithful description of the weather of that day, in the year 1886. Then going back and beginning with "Dec. 4th," read in the same way, and you have a description of the weather on the day following.

Dec. 3d.—December comes, and Autumn's robes of blue,
Dec. 4th.—December comes and, too, the winds come forth,
Like distance, lend enchantment to the view.
From out the icy chambers of the North.
The elms are misty with a mellow haze,
Old Boreas sounds aloud his bugle blast,
Suggesting scenes that meet not mortal gaze.
And all his trooping furies follow fast.
The waiting ground is mellow, parched, and dry;
They join with hand and hoof in savage dance.
And whirling dust denotes where wheels go by.
They swirl and swoop and swing and prowl and prance.
The farmer hies afield at crispy morn,
Now rush they through the street with clattering hoof.
To shuck and pluck and heap and haul his corn,
They pull and pelt and patter on the roof.
Unhindered yet by cloud or wet or cold,
The corners now they turn at breakneck rate.
To swelling bin he shovels in his gold.
They beat the walls in diabolic hate;
And lengthened evening follows ideal day,
They snarl and scold and mutter and shriek and moan,
And windows gleam with hospitable ray,
Then all unite in bursting thunder tone.
And myriad stars join in their silent glow.
Again they pipe a dirge that seems but planned
And frost-flake stars repeat the scene below.
To imitate the sobbings of the damned.
How sweet is sound! and silence how more sweet!
Now swoop they down, now mount they up on high,
The silence of the stars is rythm complete,
Till gloom and blackness mantle all the sky.
And such was Iowa of olden time,
No light on earth, and in the sky no star,
When men now bending o'er were in their prime,
And horror broods the scene anear and far.

HINTS ON HEALTH.

BY J. H. HANSEN, M. D.

THE CARE OF INFANTS.

BY commandment we are told, "If any are sick among you let them send for the elders." We are also taught that we have power within ourselves "to bring about much righteousness."

Sickness, especially among infants, is often caused by not understanding how to care for and nourish them. Hives, heat, eruptions, and sores on children are often caused by not bathing them often enough. In hot weather especially they should be bathed daily. The addition of a small amount of baking soda to the bath will be a help. The child's under-clothing should be well washed, of course; but especially should they be well rinsed. Rinse them thoroughly in two or three waters. Soft water should not be used for this purpose unless it is fresh. I have cured many a child by the above means alone, without a drop of medicine, who was supposed to have some severe eruptive skin disease. Don't say, "I have not time." You may be crowded for time; but one hour a day spent in preserving the health of your child, may save you days and nights of weary watching and heartaches, besides possibly large doctor's bills.

Next in importance is feeding. Mother's milk is the best possible food for an infant, and where the mother is healthy, nothing else should be used; but when the child can not obtain it, the first substitute is that of a wet nurse. Here, a woman of good health, preferably from the country, whose own child is near the age of the infant to be nursed, should be chosen. Next in usefulness is cow's milk. This should be from a fresh, healthy cow, and she should be fed, in summer, on good pasture and fresh running water, or well water, never from a pond or slough. She should not be shut up in a stable at night. In winter she should be fed on fresh hay and water, with such amount of corn, bran, or other grain, as is needed. She should not be kept in the stable during the day, except in very cold weather. Where you purchase milk get it, by preference, from a neighbor who keeps a cow. Tell him it is for the baby, and pay him a little more than the regular milkman's price. This will place him on his honor to have it pure and good. If you buy it from a milkman, go and see his stable, and way of caring for the milk. Select the best you can. Order "whole milk;" that is, milk put into a small, air-tight jar as soon as received from the cow, and delivered to you in the jar. You may have to pay more for this too, but you will get purer and richer milk. Milk however obtained, should be kept as cool as can be; and where obtained from a milkman, it should be boiled, to kill any possible ferment germs that may have entered it. For young children it should be prepared by adding a small amount of water and sugar—milk sugar is best. It may be prepared by the addition of some of the infant foods kept for sale in the drug stores. I have used Reed and Carnrick's, and also Horlick's, with success. They should be used according to the directions on the package. Sometimes it is better to add a larger portion of cow's milk than they direct.

The practice of mother's chewing food for their children when they are a few months old is good notwithstanding it is homely. The saliva is a digestive agent, and bread well chewed is partly digested. Young children do not chew their food, hence it enters the stomach without this partial digestion caused by the saliva.

Children should not be fed too much at a time. In summer they are often given milk or other food when they need water. You can often quiet them by a small drink of water, when nothing else will satisfy. Study their needs by an examination of your own and that of older children. Latter Day Saints are often violent in their denunciation of doctors and medicine, and yet before their children are a day old they have dosed them with catnip tea, saffron, etc. I fear they believe in doctors and medicine altogether too much. The trouble is their "doctor" knows neither the child's needs nor the nature of "cat-

nip tea." Don't think the infant has colic because it cries. Very few infants have colic till some busy-body has given them some "tea slop" to stop their crying. Let me again urge you not to give your new-born infant medicine till it is sick. As far as possible let it depend on its mothers' breast. In the great majority of cases it will receive enough nourishment from that source; if anything has to be added for a day or two, let it be prepared according to the directions given in this article.

The summer diseases of children are mostly caused by bad air and improper feeding. Beware of half matured vegetables and half ripe fruit. Green corn as generally prepared is especially bad. It should be cut from the cob in as fine particles as possible, or, preferably, grated, and then cooked in the various ways as preferred; but no matter how carefully prepared, it should be eaten sparingly. This last remark should be applied to all vegetable foods during the hot season. Don't let your children eat just what they like. Help them to the regular courses the same as you eat yourself. Especially see to it that they eat a fair proportion of bread.

Some mothers are very fond of their children; so fond of them that they would rather give them a severe spell of colic or cholera infantum than deny them a half ripe apple. If you love them do what is best for them, regardless of how they like it at the time.

FROM MALACHI TO MATTHEW.—No. VI.

BY W. R. HOUGHTON, IN "THE CURRENT."

VICTORIES OF JUDAS.

THE unbroken successes of Judas raised high the spirits of the Jews living beyond the limits of Judea, but conversely excited all the enemies surrounding that little province. On the south were the Idumeans, whose territory reached within a few miles of Jerusalem. On the east were the malignant tribes of Moab and Ammon; and on the north and west was a fringe of hostile colonies which had been established at intervals by Egyptian and Syrian kings. Among these hostile people many Jews had made their homes, but now numbers of them were being murdered and all were in danger of their lives. The most threatening enemy were the Idumeans, the posterity of Esau, on whose frontier was the craggy fortress of Bethsur, commanding the pass and called the House of the Rock. From this outpost Judas advanced against the hereditary foes of Israel, who were besetting the roads and rendering them unsafe for Jews. At Acrabattine in the north-east of Judea he overthrew the inhabitants and took their spoils. The terrible tribe on Bean near the Dead Sea, he drove into their towers, which in retaliation he burned with all their occupants. From the Idumean border he hastened beyond the Jordan to aid the Jews who were defending themselves against the Ammonites under their Greek commander Timotheus. Judas defeated this leader in skirmish after skirmish, and having made conquest of Jazer with the towns belonging thereto, returned into Judea.

The Maccabæan, however, had not long for repose after these successes, since they were the signal for outbreaks in districts more remote. The widespread magic of the name of Judas caused all the persecuted Jews to turn towards him for redress of wrongs. Messengers came from beyond the Jordan, announcing that the Ammonites had rallied under Timotheus and attempted the destruction of the Israelites in the Jewish cities of Gilead, having slain a thousand Hebrews, robbed them of their possessions, and carried away their wives and children; and that the Judeans who had fled to the fortress of Dametha were oppressed to the last ex-

tremity. While these messages were yet in reading, there came couriers with their clothes rent in expression of their distress to announce that the Grecian settlers from Ptolemais, Tyre, Sidon, and other cities, had risen against the Israelites of Galilee. A great military council was held, and arrangements were made at once to meet the emergency. It was decided that Joseph and Azarius should remain in Judea with a sufficient force to guard the people at home, while Simon should proceed against one enemy, and Judas against another. Accordingly, with three thousand men, Simon, the oldest son of Mattathias, entered Galilee, drove the Grecian armies across the plain of Esdraelon to the gates of Ptolemais, and brought back safely into Judea, with all their property, the afflicted Jewish population to whose rescue he had hastened. Simultaneous with these exploits Judas and his brother Jonathan with eight thousand men, were on an expedition to the succor of the Hebrews in Gilead. After a journey of three days from Jerusalem, they learned through a friendly Arab tribe that the Jews, having shut themselves up for refuge, were besieged in various fortified towns, and that Timotheus had planned a simultaneous attack upon all the garrisons. Judas instantaneously turned into the wilderness towards Bosor, slew the male inhabitants, burned the city, and took its spoils. The night was spent in marching to Dametha, whose fortress, surrounded by a great army, Judas beheld at morning dawn. On seeing the scaling-ladders planted, the battering-rams prepared, and hearing the great outcry of his brethren praying for rescue, the magic deliverer ordered the trumpeters to sound for battle. That well known signal blast was despair to the Grecian leader. Timotheus fled, suffering in his retreat a loss of eight thousand men at the hand of the avenging army. This engagement was followed up by the capture of other places among which were Maspha, Chasphon, Maked, and Alema. Timotheus, however, having rallied his forces, had collected a large army, and was in camp at Raphon, with a swollen stream between himself and the Jewish forces. He informed his leaders that if Judas crossed the stream they could not stand against him; but, if he hesitated to cross, they could attack him with a surety of success. When the Maccabæan reached the torrent, he dashed boldly across, having ordered every man to enter the ranks. Before his onset the adversaries wavered, and casting away their weapons, fled into the temple of Carnain, the famous sanctuary of the Syrian Atargatis, under whose two protecting horns they deemed themselves secure. But Judas took the city, and burnt the temple with all therein. The enemy being no longer able to stand against the Judean army, its brave, yet sympathetic leader assembled all the Israelites that were in Gilead, from the least to the greatest, with the view of taking them and their property into the province of Judea. As this great host were journeying homeward, they came to Ephron, the reputed home of the Syrian general Lysias. It being necessary to proceed through the city, which was strongly fortified, Judas made a peaceable request for the right; but his wishes were denied and the gates were closed against him. Whereupon he assaulted the city, slew the male inhabitants, captured its spoils, and passed through the place over the bodies of the slain. In the pride of conquest he crossed the Jordan, where Gideon had returned in similar triumph, and, encouraging the people all the way, went up to Zion in joy and gladness. The return of Judas was in time for the Feast of Pentecost B. C. 163, after arduous military duties of about sixteen months.

Joseph and Azarius, who had been left in command of the forces at home, were strictly commanded by Judas "not to fight with any one before his return;" but the valiant deeds of the commanders in the field excited in the inactive generals a desire for military renown. Accordingly they undertook an expedition against the enemy on the west of Judea, and proceeding to Jamnia, were met by the Syrian forces under Gorgias, who joined the disobedient generals in battle, killed two thousand of their men, and pursued their army to the very borders of Judea. The defeated leaders "were not," says the chronicler, "of that stock of men by whose hand deliverance was given unto Israel."

Judas, however, made immediate preparation for new strokes. Since the seventy years captivity the ancient Hebron had been held as an Idumean fortress, and was now a great menace to the safety of Judea. Its walls were defended by vali-

ant young men, and within the city was a great store of engines and darts. Judas marched against this stronghold, reduced the city, demolished its fortifications, fired its towers, and, pressing the sons of Esau on all sides, laid waste the country within their border. Now among the people there was, if ever, a realization of the hope expressed in the bitterness of the Babylonian exile, "that a conqueror should return from those hated fastnesses, wading knee-deep in the blood of Edom, and with his garments stained as if from the red wine-press of the battle-fields of Bozra." Pressing westward from Idumea, Judas entered the plain along the Mediterranean, destroyed the last stronghold of Philistine worship at Ashdod, pulled down the altars of that people, burnt the images of their gods, and with much spoils of the cities returned into the land of Judea.

In the midst of these successes occurred an event B.C. 164, which produced a more powerful influence on the general course of affairs than any other circumstance could have exerted. It was the death of that talented, though wayward sovereign, Antiochus, king of Syria, whose eccentric character seemed to touch insanity on the one hand and genius on the other, so that in propriety he was known as *Epiphanes* "the Brilliant," and *Epimanes*, "the Madman." This fierce persecutor of the Jews, who had left Lysias viceroy at Antioch and gone into Persia on a plundering expedition, received information that in Elymais there was a temple dedicated to Nanea, or the Moon-Goddess of Persia, and that it was very rich and contained weapons, and breast-plates, and armours of gold, placed there by Alexander, the Macedonian conqueror. Having made, it is said, the statement that he was going to marry the Goddess and take her treasures as the dowry, Antiochus Epiphanes advanced to the city to lay hands on the treasures of the temple. The resistance of the people rendered his attempt unsuccessful, and "he departed with great grief to return to Babylon." While deploring his failure on this journey he received tidings that his plans regarding Judea had been thwarted; that the Jews had defeated the forces under his viceroy Lysias; that the temple worship was restored; that the sanctuary was fortified, and that the Jews were everywhere successful. The mortification at this intelligence, added to the disappointment of his failure at Elymais, weighed so heavily on his mind that he fell seriously ill, and "came to his end," as Daniel had foretold, when "there was none to help him." His own co-religionists attributed his sudden disappearance to his reckless attack upon the temple of Nanea; but the story which came to the Jews was that he, afflicted with an incurable and cancerous disease, was sick for a long time, his malady being so distressing that his flesh fell away and worms swarmed out of his body. Perceiving that death was near, he called for his friends and said: "sleep departeth from mine eyes, and my heart faileth because of care, and I thought with myself, 'unto what tribulation have I come, and what great flood is it wherein now I am!' for I was bountiful and beloved in my power. But now I remember the evils that I did at Jerusalem, and that I took all the vessels of gold and silver that were therein, and sent forth to destroy the inhabitants of Judea without a cause. I perceive therefore that for these things these troubles have come upon me; and behold, I perish through great grief in a strange land." After this he called Phillip, one of his friends, and made him viceroy of Syria, with instructions to care for his son Antiochus, and train him for the kingdom. The death of the king soon following this event, Phillip took the remains of his sovereign, and proceeded to Antioch to bestow upon his benefactor a royal burial; but while crossing a river, the animals that were carrying the remains became suddenly frightened, and the body, falling into the water, was washed down by the current and seen no more.

To be continued.

Do Not Loaf.—Charles Dickens says that "the first external revelation of the dry-rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason." If this be so, a good many young fellows in all our towns and cities show the first symptoms. They had better get rid of them by not lounging where there is nothing for them to do. The worst of it is that the dry-rot is often a step in the road to wet-rot, for the usual lounging-places is at the corner where liquor is sold, and nothing is easier than to drop in at the "saloon" or the "grocery" for a drink. Do not loaf.

GRUMBLERS.

APRIL, and the thermometer is below zero in parts of the east, while we are enjoying paradisaic climate; yet we hear murmurs of discontent from those living in our sun-kissed land. I wonder if people are born grumbling, and would do so under circumstances of the pleasantest. All want perfect bliss. The question is, Can it be possible to have it in this life? Some think not, for if so we would not appreciate the glorious gifts of the other world. Our complaints are of the warmth and then of the cold. When it is temperate the remark is heard, "I'm tired of this sameness." It is known that climatic changes are a benefit. For that reason is it not more becoming to part the lips with words of thanks? Do you change the weather by a frown? Let each be one toward making the coming generation better than the present one by working in combined effort. The rough places in our natures will then become polished, throwing scintillations that will illuminate the lives of those to fill our places; thus the world grows unto perfection. By so doing we are obeying the laws of life found in our Guide Book. Some argue they are not obliged to use the scriptures for a guide—as they are not believers, therefore they are not condemned. This is a weak argument, because as was so well spoken by one of our best poets, "'Tis only noble to be good," whether you are believers in the scriptures or not. Therefore we say categorically, you are condemned if you are of sound mind. Reason shows you right from wrong.

A beautiful girl is sitting by a richly curtained window, looking out upon a velvety lawn dotted here and there with variegated tulips, trees of palm, umbulla, cedar, etc. Old Baldy mountain in the distance lends grandeur to the scene. Noble brothers guard her pathway from intruders. She has every knowledge that time and money can give; an angelic mother bends to kiss her. The next moment a murmur is allowed to escape her lips about a trifle, and to the beholder that face which could always be beautiful has consciously put on a mask, the knowledge of which sends a dagger to our hearts. It is taught by Swedenborg that our inward natures here will be depicted in the countenance in the other world; thus a bad, murmuring, obstinate person will have ill-shapen features—matters not how beautiful they might have been here—and an ugly face with non-corresponding habits will be beautiful. Whether this be true or not, the reward seems just.

We murmur because we have not the comforts of life. Why? Does it bring them? Yet we do so because we can. What has happened can not be altered, in spite of complaints, which nearly always make the heart heavier. We have heard of people grumbling until it became chronic. If what has transpired could have been bettered let your judgment teach your egotistical natures that we are yet children, although some of us are old ones, and like the burnt child we may dread the fire which sometimes burns more seriously the second time. Why do we not profit by witnessing the scars of others? Because we persist in being obstinate, and would rather know for ourselves what "fire" is. A gentleman said if he were a boy again he would lead a different life. We will reply with a contradiction. If he were a boy again, he would be a man? In other words we can be children but once. "When I was a child I thought as a child, when I grew to manhood I put away childish things." The gentleman's significant "if" was used once in the wrong place. How much better to have gone through the bitter experience of childhood up to the knowledge which makes men and women in the true sense! If we do not seek improvement instead of wasting precious moments by grumbling, we will remain children till our heads have ripened for the grave. We hear people say, "Let the boy go, he must sow his wild oats." This makes my heart swell with indignation, because we know the interpretation of "wild oats" is Poison Oak.

—REGINA.

Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

We have been kindly furnished with most of the essays of the recent graduating class of the Lamoni High School, now under the superintendency of Bro. D. F. Lambert, of this place, for publication in Autumn Leaves. Five of the seven who composed the class are members of our church, and six are members of our Sabbath School. While listening to the exercises on commencement evening, our mind was carried back to a similar occasion twenty-nine years ago, when, with sixteen others, we took our last farewell of the Alma Mater under whose shadowing wing three of the happiest years of our life had been passed; and we say with cheerful gladness, that carefully as we had been trained and nurtured during those years, we felt that not in our farewells, neither in the farewell address of our beloved president, there was the mystic something intended to fit and equip us for the battle of life, which permeated these.

And what are these essays, we ask? Can any one for a moment doubt that they are but a reflex of that which in home and school these youthful minds have imbibed? If so, they do not know these young people, neither their teacher so well as we think we do. We wish it were possible for us to reproduce his farewell address to the class; but though it is not possible, its impression will not soon fade from the minds of those who heard it; and we prayerfully trust the influence exerted over the minds of his pupils will never fade.

The world is rapidly advancing in its demands upon all who seek its honors or favors. Error is crumbling before the mighty blows of truth; creeds and dogmas of men are fading into insignificance like the fog of a summer morning before the rising sun, and the question asked centuries ago by the proud Roman Governor of the despised Galilean, "What is Truth?" is ringing in the ears of prince and potentates to-day. Nor dare they turn to it a deaf ear, for the question unanswered then by the Prince of Peace, is being answered by the throes and throbs of an awakening world—a world rising to comprehend the grand, the glorious truth; "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."

We come to-day to ask of the church a solemn question. It is one which the age and the times in which we live should press home upon the heart of every one called to be a Saint in this age of the world. How long shall our sons and our daughters, who have been born and raised in the church, whose fathers and mothers have sacrificed all for love of the church; how long shall they remain destitute of that nourishing, fostering care God demands his Church to give them. How long shall they cry to her for bread, and she give them a serpent?

There is no hyperbole in this, for it is the truth, which can not be gainsayed, that in order to obtain a liberal education for them we must send our children outside of the fold, subject them to every influence calculated to wean their hearts from the true church, the true order of God; and the plain facts stare us in the face, that not one in ten escape unscathed. How different would it be if the Church came forward to the discharge of her duty, prepared schools for the education of her children—hers by birth, by blessing, and by baptism—many having even a more sacred claim upon her than all these—*hers by orphanage.* Is there to-day one father in her ministry whose heart does not respond to, does not know, the truth of this? If they will but demand and unitedly labor for the remedy, it will not remain long as it now is. We have men, and women too, in the church to-day, capable of conducting such schools as we need; and there is now an effort being made to raise means and erect buildings for a College in Lamoni, where the young men and women in the church, as well as those who are not of our faith, may obtain a liberal education under Christian (not sectarian) influence; and if we understand what that influence is, it is for untrammeled freedom of thought and conscience. Seeking only truth, the church has nothing to fear, demanding "truth for authority," and only truth. Vain and worse than vain will be any other demand, for he who observes can not help seeing that God has come out of his hiding place. He is bringing both church and state—both ruler and people—into judgment; and what can abide the day of his wrath, the time of his coming, when he shall sit as a refiner and purifier, but truth?

We present our readers this month with two of the essays mentioned: one by Miss Mary Evans, the other by Frank Stoddard. Others will follow.

We wish to call the attention of our older readers to the article in August number, "He That Believeth," in connection with the answer thereto contained in this issue. We may be amiss in our estimate of this unstudied effort of Bro.

McDowell's, but if ever a strong array of stubborn facts were more skilfully grouped together than these, we confess that we never saw them in print, or heard them from the sacred desk.

In our November issue we purpose the commencement of a serial, by Sr. Eleanor, entitled, "Pattie, or Leaves from a Life"; and having had the privilege of examining portions of it which are completed, together with the entire plan of the work mapped out, we can assure our readers both young and old that in this serial will be embodied treasures of thought and experiences so rich in the practical things of life, that should Autumn Leaves contain nothing beside this, they could well afford to pay $1.50 for its yearly visits. But while this is the truth with regard to this serial, it will be but a tithe of the rich contents for the coming year. Beginning with this issue is the Widow's Offering, a quaint, sweet story of domestic life in merry England, not only portraying the customs of the country and habits of the people, but showing how God was moving upon the hearts of the people for the reception of this latter day work long before the Book of Mormon was published to the world. The Lord seems moving upon and inspiring the hearts of his people to contribute gems of truth and wisdom to our little magazine; and while we thank them from our soul for this, we can but recognize in it the fact that the work is approved of Him, was needed in the church, and if the workers are faithful they will still receive His blessing.

In our next issue we will mention other features of the coming year.

Owing to the pressure of other matter, our "Round Table" is crowded out this issue. We will make full amends next month. We were disappointed in not having Bro. Blakeslee's biography in time for this issue. His likeness and the beginning of his biography will be found in October number.

Let us direct the attention of mothers, especially those having infants to care for, to the excellent article by Dr. J. H. Hansen, on Treatment of Infants, in this issue. Dr. Hansen is well and favorably known to many in the church; was for ten years a missionary in active service for the cause; but circumstances seeming to demand a change of occupation, he gave his time and bent his energies to the study of medicine, graduating with honor at the Kentucky School of Medicine, Louisville, Kentucky, since which time his practice has been constant and extensive. We esteem it a great privilege to the church, when the prayer of faith is not answered, to have the advice of a skilled, Christian physician, and such we know Dr. Hansen to be. This is the beginning of a series of articles to be furnished for Autumn Leaves.

THE NUN OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

An Incident of the Franco-Prussian War.

Dead on the corpse-strewn battle plain,
  Where war's dread work is done,
She lies, amid the heaps of slain,
  The pure and holy nun;
She saw the stricken soldier fall,
  And ere the strife was o'er,
She rushed, unheeding blade or ball,
  To staunch his flowing gore;
To gently raise his drooping head,
  To cool his lips of flame;
To whisper, ere his spirit fled,
  The Savior's Holy Name.
And on from one to one to pass,
  'Midst those who, living yet,
Lay groaning on the crimson grass
  Their streaming blood had wet;
With saintly love and tenderness
  Their suffering hearts to aid,
Whate'er the color of the dress
  Through which their wounds were made,
And—in whatever form of speech
  They prayed to God above—
Unto their dying lips to reach
  The emblem of His love.
But, ah! the battle's thundering swell
  Has rolled not far away;
Bullets, ill-sped, came whistling by,
  Huge shot tore up the ground,
And shell, like meteors from on high,
  Spread fresh destruction round.
She flinched not while she hurried past,
  Nor turned her head aside.
But when her death wound came at last,
  She blessed her God and died.—*Sel.*

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George A. Blakeslee

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JESUS THE CHRIST.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

TO-DAY, while reading the eloquent and sometimes sublime sayings of Mr. Ingersoll, I was impressed with the beauty and pathos of some of his sentiments. He says: "Love is the legal tender of the soul." How true! There is nothing which so elevates the mind, purifies the morals, softens the heart, refines the feelings, and ennobles the man as love. It encourages the despondent; strengthens the weak; sheds the sunshine of peace in the home; makes lighter the burdens and sorrows of life; soothes its pains, increases its joys, adds to its pleasures; and binds by ties too strong for death to sever human hearts.

But why should Mr. Ingersoll reason that love is the principal thing? Love can not exist where there is not an object to be loved. The more tender the feelings, the more susceptible the heart to the influences of love, the more will the mind yearn for a worthy object upon which this love may be bestowed. Fancy may form an ideal. That ideal we may follow in our dreams. A vague and undefined pleasure may attend our fancies. But should we seek an object, a real tangible object, upon which to bestow our hearts devotion, where beneath the sun will it be found? To be sure, there are many things here worthy to be loved. The world is full of beauty and excellence, and happy is that man who fully appreciates all the good in his surroundings. But, after all, this only comparative good; good because it is better than something else.

Man may see in the object of his love that which is superior to all other things surrounding him; consequently he adores, he worships at its shrine. But that "love is blind" that sees not defects in all things mortal. They are too apparent to be passed unnoticed. Love is often wounded thereby; alas! to often wounded to the death; while despair, degradation and woe ensue. Greater than love is the object which inspires love. What man needs to develop his powers to love in the highest degree is, an object which is perfect, pure, holy, elevating, noble and good. Not comparatively good, but superlatively good, in which no defects can be found; and withal comprehensible.

Give man such an object as this to love, let him comprehend it; and you will lift him from evil, from degradation, from misery, from sin, and will elevate and save him to the uttermost, for he always becomes nearer and nearer like that which he loves, in proportion to the development of that love. Such attributes exist only in God, the Allwise. (The skeptic must admit that they exist nowhere else.) So he that only loves his fellowman, though it inspires him to noble deeds, and justly is he praised; yet he has not the means for the highest development of love, and consequently is unprepared for the highest appreciation of happiness and peace.

While in God the Father dwell these attributes of excellence, they are to man as they exist in God alone incomprehensible; hence the necessity of some one possessing all these attributes coming so near to man that he can be comprehended by man, and yet be approved of God, that through him the world might be saved. Well did a great philosopher say: "We

can know nothing of God unless some one knowing more than we can naturally know, come to teach us."

In the Christ we recognize such an one; and he whose powers to love have been sufficiently developed to enable him to grasp for its highest attainments, welcomes the Messiah because he needs him. Without him life in its grandest and best sense would be a failure; for without this object upon which to bestow our love the good that is in us would, in a measure, be undeveloped.

While Mr. Ingersoll may, because of having loved worthy objects, have risen to heights above that attained by less fortunate ones, and may have uttered from the heart the beautiful sentence, "Love is the legal tender of the soul;" yet how it sinks into insignificance compared with the sentiment of this saying: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life." If you doubt his love, follow his eventful life; observe him lifting up the weak, cheering the faint, healing the sick, opening the blind eyes, unstopping the ears of the deaf; consider his acts against which even his bitterest enemies have found no indictment. Hear him as he prays: "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory I had with thee before the world was." O, my Lord, do you demand nothing more? no reward for your sacrifice? no compensation for your suffering? no consideration for the scorn and scoffs of the world? for the death you are to suffer? This, and this only, he asks in addition to what was his before: "I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me, for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." Purely unselfish! Nothing for himself, but all for others. O, where can be found an example of love like this! Blind indeed must be the man who, while he extols love, can scoff at this Savior of ours.

Ingersoll says: "I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the Autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great." One can but admire a sentiment like this; nor can he fail to honor the author of it, while he almost hates Napoleon. But pause; ask yourself which of these two men was the most capable of discerning the true and appreciating the good? One scoffs at the Christ, and rejects him who so unselfishly died for men; the other, even in the very zenith of his own glory says: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemange, and myself founded great empires; but upon what did the creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for him." Again he says: "The gospel is no mere book, but a living creature, with a vigor, a power, which conquers all that opposes it. . . . The soul charmed with the beauty of the gospel is no longer its own. God possesses it entirely. He directs its thoughts and faculties; it is His. What a proof of the divinity of Jesus Christ. Yet in this absolute sovereignty He has but one aim, the spiritual perfection of the individual, the purification of his conscience, his union with what is true, the salvation of his soul. Men wonder at the conquests of Alexander, but here is a conqueror who draws men to himself for their highest good; who unites to himself, incorporates into Himself, not a nation, but the whole human race!"

While it would have been better for Napoleon had he entertained Ingersoll's ideas of greatness, how infinitely better would it be for Ingersoll if he could have Napoleon's appreciation of the good, the beautiful, and the true. One was developed in one direction, the other is developed in another.

So it has ever been. Some characteristic has been so prominent in the lives of all great men that they have been honored for that one virtue, while others have attracted no attention. Men have been unbalanced; strong here but weak there. Joseph was virtuous, Moses meek, Abraham faithful, Job patient, Solomon wise, Daniel devout, Isaiah eloquent, Peter brave, John humble, Paul resolute, Alexander great because of his ability to command.

But tell me, ye wise ones, which was the distinguishing characteristic of Jesus the Christ? Ah! while others were developed in certain directions, in him all fulness dwelt. He was more faithful than Abraham; more virtuous than Joseph; meeker than Moses; more patient than Job; wiser than Solomon; more eloquent than Isaiah; more devout than Daniel; braver than Peter; more humble than John; more resolute than Paul, and greater than Alexander. In him, all these graces and powers sweetly blending, were crowned with love. O, let me fall at his feet, and in the language of the poet exclaim, "Crown him, crown him Lord of all!" Yes, let me fall at his feet; let me have an ideal like him to love; a model like him for my pattern. Let me place my fondest affections there; let my heart be wholly His. Then shall I crucify this sinful heart; then shall I rise above all groveling things; then shall I penetrate the heights and the depths, and feel the ecstatic joys of a boundless love.

DODDLEKINS.

CHAPTER II.

"I'VE asked him to do for father like for the yellow-browny man," said a small voice at my side.

"But, my dear little child, there may not be a miracle for father. Come here, and I'll try to tell you," sitting down, and drawing her towards me. "Father is blind—isn't it so? Yes, poor little thing! And you have been praying that he may see."

Doddlekins nodded, with her great eyes fixed on me.

"Perhaps God will do something better for father, instead of making him see."

Doddlekins took a good long stare at me and then said, with the most bewitching air of superiority—"You don't know the blind beggyman's story, then. I'll get Miss Jones to tell you next Saturday."

But, while I was smiling at my need of instruction, she broke out, in a yearning tone—"Won't He make him see? Tell me, won't He?"

"Only don't make too sure, poor child. God may love father better while father is blind."

Doddlekins withdrew the finger and thumb that had seized my buttonhole. She remarked slowly as if to herself—"*He* doesn't know *nussin* about it."

Cold explanations were unfit for her simplicity. Unless I knew how to speak to that simple heart, I should not interfere with her happy hope. Soon after that wet Saturday I found out much more about Jacob Lynn and Dora Lynn, or "Doddlekin," by letting the poor man bind for me some books that had been my traveling companions. The Lynn's lodged at the top of a house, over a chandler's shop in Brick Alley, Little Paradise street. The only vegetation in Little Paradise street was the remains of cabbages, at which the hens pecked as they meandered from their cellar henhouses to the cab stand. Nothing grew in that unlovely Little Paradise but the chicks and the children; but the chicks had the advantage over the children, for their clothes grew with them, and while the children came daily out of the side gutters black and torn, the chickens dabbled and went home with cleaner beaks and claws. Poor Doddlekins was one of the dabblers too, in her play hours; but she mostly inhabited the top room, where Harry, the chandler's boy, sometimes came up to tell her stories, and to help her father, who was always working in his slow patient way, platting straw mats or binding a few old books. In the book binding two tiny hands, as awkward looking as a pair of pink star-fishes, were of the greatest assistance to him; and Doddlekins had almost carried on the business, by collecting and carrying home books under a certain old umbrella, during one weary week after the poor man had hurt his foot. Did I not remember well that big umbrella that had passed every morning by the inn window! Doddlekins was under it. Who

shall say what the day dreams of children are, or to what fairy land the poorest of them are spirited away during their reveries, unconscious of reverie? Who shall say what thoughts were in that curly head, while Doddlekins hummed to her broken doll in that poor lodging? or when she sat on the top step of the wooden stairs, drumming with her feet to the tune of the barrel-organ in the distance, while the first stars peeped down at her from the dark high heaven—even through the sky-light of the mean roof in the court, and at poor Doddlekins? She had dreams, too, while the kettle sang its song, and the small fire glowed in the twilight—dreams when she and the other children had squabbled in their play, and when she had retreated skirmishing along the alley, to take refuge seated on the counter among the bunches of candles, like a parody of Charles in the oak. But her greatest visions, and most beyond our ken, were on Sundays when she listened in church to the solemn organ, or on Saturday afternoons, when the church was empty, and she sat on the first among dark oak carving, in the dim religious light, looking up at "the mizziele window," and thinking such thoughts as no words of dry reasoning could follow. Perhaps the sound of a distant barrel-organ brought her bright dreams at home, by association with her long watching beneath the church window. Certain it is that the beautiful stained glass, with its glorious colors, and its still more glorious story, was lighting up radiantly, day and night, the life of this poor little child in Brick Alley.

When I was leaving the town, and had paid for the last of my book binding, I found Doddlekins perched on the counter as I passed through the shop. She was rattling pennies in a money-box, and nodding that funny head of hers in time to the tune. "There won't be none of it left! There won't be none of it left! There won't be nussin left! There won't—"

I coaxed her meaning out of her.

"Them's candles—that's soap," presenting a bar, as if insinuating that I had never seen such a thing in my life. "Tarch and soda, soda and tarch—on the selves, all up, up, up, to the top. Some goes on fire to nussing, and in water—all away to nussin. Everything here goes—there won't be none of it left. Did you ever think of that?"

I acknowledged that there had never dawned upon me the fate of a chandler's shop by fire and water. But as Doddlekins view of the subject was too much for my ignorance, I asked, "Where's the doll?"

"Vezzy bad in bed. So whity looking since I washed her at the pump. Harry says he'll make her well. Harry has a paint-box."

This mention of the rouge cure seemed to remind her of a graver trouble. "Father 'el get well too," she said; and then with treacley fingers caught me by the button hole, and pulled me down to whisper in my ear. "I'll tell a secret. He's going to do for father like for the beggy man."

"Who? What man?"

"The yellow-browny man on the mizzicle window. That was a beggy man."

"But, little Doddlekins, how do you know He will make father well?"

"'Cos I asked Him."

"But, you poor little thing, you don't understand. Do not look for a miracle. That was a miracle—about the blind man. If father does not be able to see when you pray, it is because father will get something much better, instead of his sight, you know, and—"

Doddlekins left the treacle about my button-hole and took away the fingers. "He will! He will, like for the yellow-browny man! The yellow-browny man asked Him, and He did it. And I've asked Him—oh, lots of asks! *and He's the same*"

Doddlekins, either listening to the barrel-organs, or waiting for the kettle to "fizz," or sitting on the stairs watching the stars peep down through the skylight, was accustomed to what we have called dreams, and what she called her "thinks." One night she was "having thinks" while the kettle was singing, when it was nearly time to call up Mrs. Wicks to wet the tea. Her father was still working among the fitful red light, and the deepening shadows. Daylight and darkness were the same to him.

"Father," said Doddlekins, "where's up in London? How do people get up there?"

"London is a great big town, dearie, ever so far, miles on miles, and hundreds o' miles from here."

"But there's a way up. How is it up?"

The picture in the mind of Doddlekins

must have been Brick Alley, Little Paradise street, High street, and the church, all multiplied indefinitely to a cloudy immense size, and seen in a cloudy manner upon a cloudy height—not upstairs, for what sort of stairs could they be? not up a mountain, for even a hill she had never seen, but up in some mysterious manner, perhaps in the same way as heaven was up; yet, no, London was not beyond the stars that shone above the skylight on the stairs. Oh! those mazy puzzles of the little strangers that know only one small corner of this tremendous world, and only a few small words of its speech—how little we think what fascinating, stupefying, hopeless puzzles they are!

"One goes up to London in the train," said the blind man, "and it costs a pot o' money." Forthwith a railway sprang into the mind-picture of Doddlekins, an upright railway, as misty as the misty town high up.

After a long pause, "Father," said the little voice again from the fireside, "how much money is in a pot? More than a sixpence—a whole sixpence, and twopence and a farthing; is it? Much more? Must it be in a pot? What pot?"

"Oh! it don't matter much what it's in; a purse or a box, so long as there's plenty to spend."

After that, with her chin resting on the doll's head, Doddlekins went on with her "thinks," and the kettle went on singing, and the blind man went on working in dark.

Some weeks after, Miss Jones—that white-haired lady, dressed in black—called at the chandler's shop to inquire if Jacob Lynn was ill, for he had not come to blow the organ for her on Saturday or Sunday. A babyish head, with the whitish hair common to the children of the Wicks family, popped up behind the counter and lisped over it, with some pride of important knowledge—

"Doddlekins is dot the tarlet feber."

"Ah!" said Miss Jones to herself, with a startled sight, "I knew the poor man had some trouble."

"Doddlekins is dot the tarlet feber," repeated the small white-haired Wicks, as if it was an enviable interesting event; "she's gone to the 'ospital."

Gone to the hospital! What a lonesome space seemed to be left in this poor home by that small missing figure, that filled somewhere else, among a suffering crowd, such a little corner—such a little bed!

Day after day it was hardly possible for the lady in black to comfort the poor blind father, or to persuade him that the little child would not grieve; that she would be well cared for; that she would bear the separation with the wonderful resigned patience that belongs to little children. Poor Jacob Lynn, dumb, heart-broken, tried to work on, saying nothing except a stammered word to thank her. Heaven only knows how much greater than ours are the griefs and anxieties of the blind. For them it is always the anguish of the night. There is no object seen to divert attention; nothing but the great sorrow and the suffering soul alone together in the dark. One evening the poor father told Miss Jones that his child wanted her.

"It's near the end," he said, in that tearless, heart-broken gasp, "very near the end now."

It was the rule that only one visitor could enter the ward at a time. Miss Jones soon had permission to enter. The gentle woman, whose hair was whitened with a sorrow of long ago, was well known in every haunt of human suffering.

"She's in the worst ward now—Dora Lynn is," said one of the nurses, leading the way along broad airy passages, toward a pair of swinging doors.

"You'll mind your clothes when you come out, ma'am; it's the worst thing in the world ma'am, for going about."

Miss Jones nodded, and went quietly into the ward. She passed down the lofty, lightsome room over a polished floor. The great open window high up, and the size of the whole spacious place, seemed to dwarf the row of narrow beds along by each wall. There was only a few cases; no head was raised or stirred; those who there were too self-conscious in suffering to take notice who came or went. The nurse in the room—a white-capped pleasant-looking woman smiled a recognition at little Dora's name, for the child was every one's pet, because of her littleness, and her patient helpless ways. She led the visitor to the bedside, with a warning not to bend over it. The little child—oh! how weak, and little, how sweetly childlike she looked in her narrow bed!—opened her eyes, and smiled a

recognition to the kind face that she recognized well. Doddlekins, hot and worn with suffering, was sadly changed; but when she began to talk in a small, hoarse whisper, it was the heart of Doddlekins that spoke, true to the might of its deepest feelings, as all hearts are at the last—true to the end to its devoted love.

"I'm chokey in here," she whispered, with a moist little hand raised weakly to her neck.

"Poor darling! You'll be better soon."

"Don't tink so. I hear 'em say—they don't know I hear—but I'se not going to be besser."

"Dora—darling—they are trying to make you well. You will be well and happy soon."

Miss Jones felt her own voice choking at the word. Ah! who could tell how happy this little one might be soon, when the heart of the poor lonely father would be breaking! Then, all at once the visitor noticed what made Doddlekins so unlike herself—the curly locks were gone.

"Miss Jones," cried Doddlekins faintly, rising from the pillow, all flushed with the great effort. "Is she gone away? Oh!"

"No, dear, I'm near you. What is it?"

"My love for father; all my love, dear, dear love for father; that's all. I love you too, 'cos o' gettin' the money-box down, I do. Top s'elf corner, please."

The child closed her eyes, exhausted, satisfied. And Miss Jones went softly away.

Jacob Lynn was pacing up and down outside the hospital. She told him what the child wanted. He knew it already. He explained how that the child was thinking of something she had once overheard when a customer was talking to him—that worse cases than his which "had come on gradual" were cured by the great doctors "up in London." Poor Doddlekins! he had always told her he had no money for long journeys, for "I know," he said, "there's nothing to be done for my eyes, that hasn't a splink o' sight left." But for this the little child in life had saved her halfpence and her farthings; of this on the threshold of death she was thinking, caring nothing in comparison for the sufferings she was too young to tell. Jacob Lynn was so desponding to-night, that Miss Jones, the kind-hearted, went home with him to Brick Alley, and tried to comfort him and to make the top room more pleasant. He sat in silence with the sightless face buried upon his hands. His misery was fixed and comfortless; the child would die far away from him; this hour, this moment, her life was going fast.

"Not a bit of it! Don't think of such a thing!" exclaimed Miss Jones, in the most positive tone a woman ever assumed, while her heart sickened with fear.

On opening the little box that had been put away on the top shelf, the sum accumulated for the journey to London was found to be one and a penny three farthings—chiefly in halfpence.

"My little child! my little child!" the poor man sobbed, falling back in his old arm-chair in the corner of the desolate room, that looked so empty without her.

* * * * * *

In the spring-time, after that rainy autumn, I was again in the town, and one Saturday afternoon I crossed the graveyard of the red ivied church. Beautiful and still the place looked under the first sunshine of the year. The trees were green again; birds chirped, daises and buttercups had risen in crowds "where heaved the turf in many a mouldering heap." I noticed one small mound, the grave of a little child, quite snowed over with daises. I thought of the last time I was here; I thought of that funny little figure in the boy's coat and hat; and when I saw the budding spring time and the grave of the little child whose feet would run about no more, somehow my heart beat fast.

Reaching the side porch, I heard organ music within. Again it was Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, solemn and sweet. Then the words of the one hundred and fifteenth Psalm floated into my mind like a dream: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory! . . . . He hath done all things whatsoever He would. . . . He hath blessed both little and great."

I went in. The sunlight was shining radiantly down from the great stained window, and with the rolling music the floor vibrated where I trod. On the front bench sat a little child, with her pinafore yellow with buttercups; she was making a chain of the buttercups, and managing to nurse at the same time an old doll with flaring red cheeks. The music seemed to be heard in my very

heart, when I looked up at the old story on that glorious window; but somehow the child down below, the buttercups, and even the old doll, made not the slightest discord in the harmony of light and beauty and praise. What! Yes, no, yes—it was Doddlekins! She was looking up at me with a wondering stare from under a straw hat. I smiled at her, and she smiled shyly, without changing the direction of the innocent eyes. Then I said:

"So you remember me, Doddlekins?"

The great blue eyes began to sparkle. She jumped up, letting the golden flowers tumble in a shower on the pavement.

"He did it for father. He did! You thought He wouldn't—do you remember, sir? But He did—like for the man on the mizzicle window?"

I hardly understood. How could I take in at once such startling news, told in such a stammering, lisping hurry?

"Father can see!" she exclaimed, catching my hand in both of hers, and holding fast in her eagerness. Her childish eyes, tearful with joy, told me better than words.

"Come into the porch," I said, "and tell me all about it; and let me take a better look at Doddlekins, that remembered me all this time. So father's sight is better. I am so glad! Come and tell me all about it."

"No—please, no!" I had to sit down on the front bench if I wanted to hear any more. "I have thinks here often," she said, 'cos the mizzicle window is up there." In her broken simple way, she told how her father's sight was not only better, but quite well; "only he wears booful spects, like a gentleman;" how he could not see before, but he could see now; how he had been cured up in London; and how she herself had been very ill in the hospital, and had her curls chopped off." Father said I sud have a curly wig; but I wouldn't have anything nice father didn't have. So I wanted him to have his wig first, but now there's going to be no wigses, so mine's growing instead." Then she showed me her doll and the "booful cheeks" that Harry had painted. Her own cheeks were not yet as rosy as they were once, and the curls were very short. It was only afterwards I heard how nearly severed that fragile thread of life had been; and who (beside the money box) had paid for the journey to London, I never heard, but it was not hard to guess.

While my hand was caressing the close, new curls—she had taken off the straw hat, and insisted on my admiring it—all at once the blue eyes were raised to the great window again, and in a moment they had caught their older solemn look.

"Will there be anuzzer mizzicle window?" she said.

"Why?"

"'Cos He did for father like for the blind beggy man," came the same persistent explanation. "Father sud be on the window like that yellow-browny man in the corner up there."

"But it was not a miracle, Doddlekins. The doctor cured your father, and I am so glad to hear he did. But a miracle is something being done that a doctor couldn't do."

"He made the doctor do it," said Doddlekins, with a slight touch of her old manner of implying that I ought to know. "Oughtn't there be anuzzer mizzicle window?"

"My dear," I said, "I am delighted about the cure, and I must wait to see your father and tell him so. But, you know, Doddlekins, it was not like the miracle on the window, because—"

"You don't understand!" said Doddlekins, in a helpless way. She took the old doll more comfortably in her arms, and sat swinging her feet for some time before she could put her ideas into words for my enlightenment. "It was just like for that there mizzicle window man—just like! He did it, when I asked. He made the doctor do it, 'cos if He didn't the doctor couldn't—not if he was all the doctors in the world, and all their bottles and things in one. That true, father said."

I doubted if all the doctors together, and all the bottles in one, would cure any body of anything. But I did understand the child; and she was satisfied. We waited together, she for the father to whom she was in very truth dearer than the light of heaven, I to congratulate him, and to see the poor fellow again in his happier days. Listening together to the harmony of the hymn, I felt that it was the song of this little child's heart. She, with her wondering blue eyes fixed on the miracle window, had known more than I with my books.

Watching the bright window uncon-

sciously, with her old doll in her arms and the buttercups under her swinging feet, was she not giving the praise "not unto us," but where all praise is due? Did she not know that He could do whatsoever He would, and that He blessed the little as well as the great? Doddlekins had helped me to "understand," at least; for her there was no teaching and no undoing of mistaken wisdom; she was safe in her simplicity. But as for myself—must I confess it?—only under the miracle window had I learned, late in life, to take into my heart and vividly realize the truth that the healer of the sick is He who cured them once by His bodily touch or by His word; that it is our joy to be utterly dependent upon Him; that, however indirectly He may comfort us through our fellow-men, it is still His power that grows for us the healing herb and tree, and His own tenderness that teaches to mankind the most compassionate of human sciences.

Selected.

CHARITY.

PAUL commands us to covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet he shows us something which he considers more excellent, and something that all God's children should strive to attain. It seems very natural when one has first embraced Jesus' gospel, to desire to see the gifts manifested, and even to be exercised in them. But the above named brother teaches us in the thirteenth of first Corinthians that though we may speak with tongues of men and angels, and lack charity, we are as sounding brass or tinkling cymbals. We may prophecy, understand mysteries, all knowledge, and have great faith, but without charity what are we? Nothing. In such a case how can one boast? What is there to boast of, though one has been exercised in the gifts. What do we understand by charity? It can not mean benevolence, for "though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity it profiteth me nothing." If we possess all the spiritual blessings except charity, we are among those who fail in one point and are considered guilty of all. Then, dear reader, let us examine ourselves, and see if we come up to the requirements. This thing does not benefit us merely for this life, but for all eternity, and yet it must be acquired in our spiritual school, here. How shall we know one that has attained it? How shall we recognize the fact? Such a one "suffers long and is kind, envies not, is not puffed up, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Charity never faileth, but prophesies shall fail, tongues shall cease, and knowledge shall vanish away." When? When Jesus comes and sets up his kingdom on the earth. But charity, which is the love of Christ, will have but just begun in that day, although it may have been cultivated to the best advantage—it will develop through the "thousand years," and on, and on through all eternity. It is as endless and unlimited as God himself. We feel to be very deficient in hope, faith and charity, and especially the latter. Charity will cover a multitude of sins, not blot them out, but cover them from the gaze of others, and give the transgressor a quiet chance to repent. Charity, perverted, becomes a spurious thing. It will not stand in one's favor but against him, in that day when all will know themselves as they are known, or as God knows them. O, what a fearful thing to stand with our souls uncovered in the presence of the living God, although we may have a witness within that we are his children.

It is painfully unpleasant to hear one condemn others for the very acts that he or she is guilty of, or harshly censure them because some of their acts do not agree with his or her own peculiar fancy. Each one has a perfect right to his own views and doings, provided they neither infringe on the rights of his fellow being, nor conflict with the laws of God. Such being

the case, every growing Saint will discipline himself by the law as laid down in the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants. By so doing he will receive the promised reward according to God's love and mercy. While on the other hand, he must receive justice according to the decision of the Righteous Judge, even though he come short of the hoped for reward.

Not unfrequently parents notice defects in the deportment of other people's children, and abruptly condemn them, not observing the same, or similar, or even worse acts of their own. Such things are uncharitable and somewhat selfish.

One may have favorite friends, who are only mortal, and as liable to err as other people's friends, yet he does not, or does not want to see their errors, and does all in his power to hide them from the gaze of others; while on the other hand the faults of others, which perhaps may be much less than the former, are uncovered and shown up to the greatest disadvantage of the latter. Following such a course is perverting charity, and yet we too often see such cases; sometimes we see such practiced by members of a family, also by members of the church either against one another, or against those who do not understand the gospel as we have been taught. For members of a family, or members of a church, to be uncharitable one toward another, is certainly a violation of Christ's law—which teaches us to do as we would be done by. And to be uncharitable toward those who do not see the right way is certainly unwise, if not sinful. We can never bring people into our houses by pelting them in the back, neither would we have gone in by abuse, but we may get them in by gently and freely offering them the fruits of the Spirit. To make the thing profitable both to the church and the individual, members must come in understandingly. They must heed the teachings of God's servants, pray much and obey the promptings of the Spirit. By such a course have the members of the church of Latter Day Saints been gathered out of many nations, many churches, into a God-fearing, world-despised band. We are not perfected—do not claim to be—and one great imperfection is a lack of charity. The strong should bear with the weak; but alas, too often the weak are so situated they are obliged to bear with the infirmities of the strong. But says one, "Christ did not hesitate to speak plainly and boldly in regard to people's faults." Very true; but he knew all their circumstances, thoughts and intents of heart, and had a right to exercise his authority as the Son of God, while we, if faithful are only his servants, and should not essay to make ourselves equal with him. 'Tis a lovely sight to see a servant know his place and keep in it. He has no authority to make himself a judge and ruler, and will not have till it is given him, and that will not be till he is perfected and a judge of the world. Christ kindly, gently led his flock, yet rebuked their errors, and he showed sinners that they must repent, in order to be saved. When his work was done he calmly gave up his life for the world, sealing his work by the shedding of his precious blood; in like manner have many of his close followers done. We doubt not that they will have the privilege of being very close to him in his most glorious reign on earth. That is what we claim to be striving for—God grant that we may so strive as to obtain!

Charity, the superior gift, is acquired only by bridling the tongue, (without which our religion is vain), and exercising a fair, honest spirit toward both friend and foe—happy, or we might say, blessed—is every one who acquires it! In the long looked for, long prayed for kingdom, it will be fully practiced by both King and subjects. The *Autumn Leaves* are very beautiful, just what we all need; may they grow more beautiful, and not fall till King Messiah comes.

ALMIRA.

Sobriety and tranquility tend to self-command and that genuine self-respect which has in it nothing of self-worship, for it is the reverence that each man ought to feel for the nature that God has given him, and for the laws of that nature. It is one thing to plough and sow with the expectation of the harvest in due season when the year shall have come round; it is another to ransack the ground in the gold-field, with the heated hope and craving for vast returns to-morrow or to-day.

OCTOBER CLUSTER OF MEMORY GEMS.

"Education is a companion that no misfortune can depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave; at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in society an ornament, in solitude a solace. It chastens vice, guides virtue, and gives at once grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated by brutes."—COLERIDGE.

1	M.	HOPE IS THE LAST THING THAT DIES IN MAN.
2	Tu.	Offended vanity is the great separator in social life.
3	W.	Pride, impure motives, and self-reliant conceit, may vitiate the noblest work.
4	Th.	Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own.
5	F.	If self-knowledge is the way to virtue, still more is virtue the way to self-knowledge.
6	S.	Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.
7	S.	The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.
8	M.	How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done.
9	Tu.	Everybody knows our virtues—at least, if we believe half we tell them.
10	W.	Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence.
11	Th.	A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.
12	F.	Sleep is a generous robber; it gives in strength what it takes in time.
13	S.	There are in business three things necessary—knowledge, temper, and time.
14	S.	The seeds of knowledge may be planted in solitude, but must be cultivated in public.
15	M.	He who trusts God is already strengthened.
16	Tu.	It is one thing to have truth on our side, and another thing to wish to be on the side of truth.
17	W.	Nothing is so vulgarising as dishonesty.
18	Th.	God likes far better to help people from the inside than from the outside.
19	F.	The darker the cloud, the brighter the bow in the cloud.
20	S.	He that betrays that he has a secret to keep, has already betrayed half of it.
21	S.	A man must either imitate the vicious, or hate them.
22	M.	The service of Christ is help; the service of Mammon is greed.
23	Tu.	Do you wish men to speak good of you? Then never speak good of yourself.
24	W.	It is infamy to die and not be missed.
25	Th.	Every young man should remember that the world will always honor industry.
26	F.	Sincerity and plain dealing are conducive to the interests of mankind at large.
27	S.	It is one of the surest tests of an educated man that he "knows what he knows."
28	S.	Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.
29	M.	Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges.
30	Tu.	Any life that is worth living for must be a struggle—a swimming not with, but against, the stream.
31	W.	Next to an effeminate man, there is nothing so disagreeable as a mannish woman.

Under the Lamp-light.

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

A BRIGHT, SUNNY ROOM.

BY A BOSTON TEACHER..

"What a bright, sunny room you have, and how cheerful it looks!" I remarked to a teacher in one of our public schools, whose class I was visiting one day not long ago.

"Sunny?" replied she; "our sunshine is all manufactured."

I glanced about me. True, there were windows, but they overlooked alleys, back yards, and out-buildings. The room was on the ground floor; so it could not be the amount of light which gave the brightness.

The building was old, and not in the best of repair. What could it be? This question must be solved, thought I, for it is an important matter, and I pictured to myself my own schoolroom, bleak and barren, dark and gloomy.

Rapidly glancing about this apartment, which still seemed sunny to me, I noticed color wherever my eye rested. Pretty pictures, Japanese umbrellas, scrolls, panels, and fans tacked about the walls; red and blue lanterns hung from the gas jets. There were "window gardens" where the brilliant green of the plant-leaves mingled with the red of the painted boxes.

A bright though inexpensive carpet covered the platform, hiding, as the teacher informed me, many wide crevices and a warped floor. A pretty calendar hung from this nail, a banner from that. A small table in one corner was covered with prettily bound story-books; little globes stood on the children's desks, and more than this, each child had his desk covered with a red or blue cloth neatly fastened down by an elastic cord and bearing in many cases the initials of the owner.

Such plants as could live without genuine sunlight stood on the window-sills, while pots of dried grasses, gathered during the summer vacation rested on brackets attached to the walls.

Everything seemed bright and cheerful. The room had the appearance of a home rather than a school. The children were happy, the teacher contented. Ah! thought I, this must be the secret. Bright colors are her manufactured sunshine. Color gives warmth and life. Why not carry it into our darkened school rooms? The children like it. They are more quiet and orderly. There is less trouble with the discipline. In short, it brings happiness, and isn't that the best possible teaching which produces happy and contented, yet growing minds?

Thinking that my visit might help other teachers who are compelled to dwell in dark, gloomy rooms to make their own sunshine, I give them these few hints.

This class I mention was not made up of children from wealthy or well-to-do parents, but contained some children from the poorest homes. It was a class of boys, too, who, as a rule, are not thought to be so fond of bright colors as girls are.

The room was also used for evening school, and the teacher told me nothing had been molested, but that she had received several notes and quite a number of decorative articles from the pupils in the evening school. They also thanked her for the "pretty room," saying how much they had enjoyed the time spent there.

In another room on the same floor, same grade, I saw the walls very successfully ornamented with the large, clearly-defined German chromos, imported and sold by the Prang Educational Company. These pictures are about two feet by three feet, and were hung above the blackboard on three sides of the room, so as to be readily seen by the pupils. The selections seemed very suitable. I noticed Polar Landscape, Naples, Forest in Brazil, Rome, Pyramids, Athens, a Swiss Glacier, Constantinople, etc. What an influence those pictures will have over those children in the course of a year.

In an upper class in the same school I saw photographs and etchings of appropriate historical and geographical subjects hanging in pretty frames on the walls, thus giving the room the appearance of a home.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

"If God
Told you to-night he'd grant your dearest wish,
What would it be?"

What could it be, but the perfection or completeness of your own being according to His eternal purpose,—a sound and true character, through and through, a life like His own? Yet, even here, we must confront and dislodge our old and only enemy, self-seeking.

It is impossible to be our best or do our best

so long as our leading motive and ideal in life is to seek our private advantage, even though we may mean spiritual advantage or individual perfection. The philosophy which looks only to one's personal completeness is narrow and false; for no one is perfect until he is perfect in his relations with others,—perfect in his adjustments and functions,—by virtue of his having chosen the Universal Good as the end of all his aspirations and endeavors. Then, he drops into the infinite harmony, and inner discord no longer jars his spirit. He loses and finds himself in that life which is both all and in all.

Thus, every advance is unselfishness, every act and experience of true love, adds enormously to our motive power. We can do for others as well as with others what we can not do for ourselves or alone. Let another life be welcomed inside of your own, let it blend with yours, and the motive for self-improvement changes into a desire to be worthy and to serve. Love is the great miracle-worker. In the storm of battle, what multitudes have gladly died for king and country. Without the help of passionate, hot-blooded impulses, thousands and thousands of men and women have serenely accepted death in cruel and ghastly forms, because they loved One who first loved them.—One who loved them when they could plead no loveliness of their own.—One who loved them till love itself burst forth from unsealed fountains within and washed them clean.

And every day, century after century, millions of men and women are patiently bowing and growing old under the burdens of toil, and finding joy and blessing in it all, because they loved each other and the children who cling to them in helpless dependence. Selfishness is a great power; but love is a greater. It is the motive and interest of the highest life on earth and in heaven. "For God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him.

Rev. C. G. Ames.

IS IT SAFE TO DANCE?

A great deal can be said about dancing; for instance, the chief of police of New York City says that three-fourths of the abandoned girls of that city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing which, taken under other circumstances, would be considered as improper. It requires neither brains nor good morals to be a good dancer. As the love of one increases, the love of the other decreases. How many of the best men and women are skillful dancers? In ancient times the sexes danced separately. Alcohol is the spirit of beverages, so sex is the spirit of dance; take it away, and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would go out of fashion very soon. Parlor dancing is dangerous. Tippling leads to drunkenness, and parlor dancing leads to ungodly balls. Tippling and parlor dancing sow to the wind, and both reap the whirlwind. Put dancing in the crucible, apply the acid, weigh it, and the verdict or reason, morality and religion is, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

SLANDER.

THERE is nothing which wings its flight so swiftly as calumny; nothing which is uttered with more ease; nothing which is listened to with more readiness, or dispersed more wisely. Slander soaks into the mind as water soaks into low and marshy places, where it becomes stagnant and offensive. Slander is like the wheel which catches fire as it goes and burns with fiercer conflagration as its own speed increases. The tongue of slander is never tired; in one form or another it manages to keep itself in constant employment. Sometimes it drips honey, and sometimes gall; it is bitter now, and then sweet. It insinuates or assails directly, according to circumstances. It will hide a curse under a smooth word, and administer poison in the phrases of love. Like death it loves a shining mark. No soul of high estate can take delight in slander. It indicates lapse, tendency toward chaos, utter depravity; it proves that somewhere in the soul there is a weakness—a waste of evil nature. Education and refinement are no proofs against it. They often serve only to polish the slanderous tongue, increase its tact and give it suppleness and strategy.

He that shoots at the stars may hurt

himself, but not endanger them. When any man speaks ill of us, we are to make use of it as a caution. He that values himself upon conscience, not opinion, never heeds reproaches. When ill spoken of take it thus: If you have not deserved it you are none the worse; if you have, then mend. Flee home to your own conscience and examine your own heart. If you are guilty it is a just correction, if not guilty it is a fair instruction. Make use of both; so shall you distill honey out of gall, and out of an open enemy create a secret friend. That man who attempts to bring down and depreciate those who are above him, does not thereby elevate himself. He rather sinks himself, while those whom he traduces are benefited rather than injured by the slander of one so base as he. He who indulges in slander is like one who throws ashes to the windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over. To be continually subject to the breath of slander will tarnish the purest virtue, as a constant exposure to the atmosphere will obscure the luster of the finest steel. How small a matter will start a slanderous report! How frequently are honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by smiles or a shrug; a mere hint, a significant look, a mysterious countenance, directing attention to a particular person, is often amply sufficient to start the tongue of slander. Never speak evil of another even with a cause. Remember we all have our faults, and if we expect charity from the world we must be charitable ourselves.

A word once spoken can never be recalled; therefore it is prudent to think twice before we speak, especially when ill is the burden of our talk. Give no heed to an infamous story handed you by a person known to be an enemy to the one he is defaming; neither condemn your neighbor unheard, for there are always two sides to a story. Hear no ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy. Believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe. Be cautious in believing ill of others, and more cautious in reporting it. There is seldom anything uttered in malice which returns not to the heart of the speaker. Believe nothing against another but on good authority, nor report what may hurt another unless it be a greater hurt to others to conceal it. It is a sign of bad reputation to take pleasure in hearing ill of our neighbors. He who sells his neighbors credit at a low rate, makes the market for another to buy his at the same rate. He that indulges himself in calumniating or ridiculing the absent, plainly shows his company what they may expect from him after he leaves them. Deal tenderly with the absent; say nothing to inflict a wound on their reputation. They may be wrong and wicked; yet your knowledge of it does not oblige you to disclose their character except to save others from injury; then do it in a way that bespeaks a spirit of kindness for the absent offender. Evil reports are often the results of misunderstanding or of evil designs, or they proceed from an exaggerated or partial disclosure of facts. Wait, learn the whole story before you decide; then believe what the evidence compels you to, and no more; but even then take heed not to indulge the least unkindness, else you dissipate all the spirit of prayer for them, and unnerve yourself for doing good.

On many a mind and many a heart there are sad inscriptions, deeply engraved by the tongue of slander, which no effort can erase. They are more durable than the impression of the diamond on the glass; for the inscription on the glass may be destroyed by a blow, but the impression on the heart will last forever. Let not the sting of calumny sink too deeply in your soul. He who is never subject to slander is generally of too little mental account to be worthy of it. Remember that it is always the best fruit that the birds pick at; that wasps light on the finest flowers, and that slanderers are like flies that overlook a good man's parts to light on his sores. Know that slanders are not long lived provided that your conduct does not justify them, and that truth, the child of time, ere long will appear to vindicate thee.

Selected by S. A. Price.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

BY A. J. RYAN.

I walk down the valley of silence,
  Down the dim voiceless valley alone;
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
  Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
  As houses where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
  Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
  That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago I was weary of places
  Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,
  I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each ideal
  That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the real,
  And sleeps like a dream in the grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
  And still found the false and the true;
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,
  But caught a mere glimpse of its hue:
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
  Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled heart-tired of the human,
  And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
  And heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
  That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
  'Tis my trysting place with the divine,
And I fell at the feet of the holy,
  And above me a voice said: Be mine.
And there arose from the depths of my spirit
  An echo: My heart shall be thine.

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
  I weep, and I dream, and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
  That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayers like a perfume from censers
  Ascend to my God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,
  I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
  Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,
  A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
  That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence,
  That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley,
  Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley,
  Ah me! how my spirit was stirred.
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
  Their foot-steps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins,
  Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of that valley?
  Ye hearts that are burdened by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
  And God and his angels are there;
And one's the dark mountain of sorrow,
  And one the bright mountain of prayer.

WANTED.

God give us men! A time like this demands
  Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
  Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
  Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
  And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking,
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
  In public duty and in private thinking.

J. G. Holland.

THE POOR WIDOW'S OFFERING.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ELON.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Ecc.* 11:1.

PART II.

IN our last we left the young, widowed mother pondering over in her mind the means of support for her helpless babes, realizing as she did that "God helps those who help themselves." But now another thought rushes to her mind. It concerns especially the youngest born. It is no longer the question of support; that has been committed to her heavenly Father. It is something of deeper moment; it concerns his eternal welfare. She sees a world of corruption around her, and he must stem its tide, or sink beneath its turbid waves. Her frail hand can not steer his bark; she can not even shield him from evil by her motherly counsels, nor point out the narrow path his feet should tread, nor lead him from the broader way of sin and woe. She had read in the Book of Books, of Hannah, who presented her child to the Lord. Was it the whispering of the Holy Spirit that told her, "This child must be given to the Lord?" She staggered not at this demand; but immediately resolved, "It is his, I yield him but his own;" and in the language of the righteous Hannah she said, "He shall be lent to the Lord as long as he shall live."—1 Sam. 1. It must be remembered by the youthful reader that at that time, the restored gospel was not preached in its fulness to the world; and these events were transpiring in a land far distant from "Cumorah's lonely hill," around which at this time holy angels were keeping watch and ward, and at the same time bearing messages of peace and love to him whom God had chosen as his honored instrument in the gospel's restoration. But the Holy Spirit's influence was not confined to Joseph's land; it was preparing the hearts of as many as hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and for the kingdom of God in every land, and preparing a ministry to bear off the glad tidings of the restored gospel to all lands. Was this little waif to be one of that ministry? If not, why these whisperings of the Spirit to this mother's heart? Why this clear-ringing resolve on her part, "He shall be lent to the Lord as long as he shall live." True to her resolve, about three weeks from the time of his birth she took her child to what was, in her eyes, the house of the Lord; and while she was not bound by any of the cable creeds of the day, yet knowing of none more likely to be God's authorized ministers than those of the Episcopal Church, she concluded to offer her precious gift through those "priestly" hands as Hannah had done through those of Eli; and there she laid him on the sacred altar, "to be the Lord's as long as he shall live." Did the Holy One accept the gift? Would he hear that mother's prayer? He had heard and accepted Hannah's gift and prayer, and this young mother believed he was "no respecter of persons."—Acts 10:34,—that "with him there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."—James 1:17. She had done what she could, and from that moment she had no doubt of God's acceptance of her gift.

But now, another trial awaits her woman's heart; a terrible ordeal must be passed, which none can know but those who have passed through it. Only ten short weeks has she pressed the subject of our story to her bosom, and sung the sweet lullabys that only mothers can sing. The dreaded hour of separation has come. The present and future wants of her children demanded it; and they must be placed in other hands, and be separated too from each other, as well as from their mother. Necessity shows no mercy; its demands are relentless, and were it not for an ever watchful, overruling, and guiding Providence, it would forever crush out all hope, and light, and life from the human heart; but "He is faithful who has promised." She again commits her little ones to him

who has said, "I will preserve them alive."

The eldest is placed in care of grandmother; but the youngest is too young for grandmother to be troubled with, so he must be placed in stranger hands, whose only interest in the child is the compensation for their trouble. Once more the mother presses her tender babes to her bosom, while tears of agony roll down her cheeks; but her little one clings closely to her breast, and is permitted to draw for the last time, the life-sustaining food and comfort therefrom; and as he gently sinks to sleep unconscious of his mother's woe, she tremblingly transfers him to another's arms, and sadly wends her way to her "place of service," to earn the means of sustenance for her tender babes. Kind Providence had prepared the way of life for her and her's. A gentleman farmer needed a housekeeper in the village of Dawend, near the town of Wahall. She obtained the place, at what was considered good yearly wages. The gentleman was advanced in life, and a bachelor. Her duty was to take charge of the house, and control its internal affairs, having servants under her charge. It was her privilege to engage such "help" as she needed. Her new home was all she could desire, having no thoughts of changing her condition; for she had resolved to remain a widow until both her children had grown to age, and ability to sustain themselves. Here she remained for over sixteen years, having the fullest confidence and respect of her employer, the reverence and esteem of the farm hands, and of her subordinates in the house. She was also esteemed and loved by the villagers. To her the village mothers would come for counsel and comfort in their troubles. To her the destitute would come for aid, and the worthy never sought in vain. And those who moved in what were termed the higher walks of life gave her assurance of high esteem by associating with her; and indeed, a recommend from her, of the character of a "servant" who might seek employment from the neighboring gentry, was received with confidence and respect. I present these facts to show that whoever honors God, them will he honor.—1 Sam. 2: 30.

We must now return to the little waif which this noblest of mothers has lent to the Lord. "The lines" have not fallen to him "in pleasant places." He is neglected, and through this neglect contracts disease, that cripples his little limbs, and deforms his body. The quick eye of his mother soon detects this, in a visit to him, and she quickly removes him to kindlier care; but it was not until the bare neglect of those into whose care he was placed had done its work, and for years he was a deformed child. But under the blessing of God, and the kind care of an aged grandmother, he greatly improved, and finally outgrew the evil.

It is possible that even this affliction was a blessing in disguise; for being confined to the house in his childhood, his mind naturally sought amusement and recreation; and as he could not well get out to find it, he sought it in the house. His grandmother had taught school in her old thatched cottage, in her former years, and she taught him his letters. He took great pleasure in them. He readily learned to form words and read easy sentences. During this time his bodily strength increased, and at about five or six years of age he was able to attend the village school; and here begins the active life of "Little Jack." The school-boys nicknamed him Jack the Soldier, partly because he wore a red flannel cap, and partly because he developed a pugilistic spirit whenever he was imposed upon; and being a little waif, sometimes larger boys would crowd him, then Jack would be sure to "strike out from the shoulder." And so they called him Jack the Soldier. I told you there was sometimes a good deal in a name, and this name aptly describes our little Jack; for Jack is the synonym for all kinds of boyish mischief. But Jack was not a quarrelsome lad, nor was he revengeful. He would resent an injury with all his power, defend himself or his lesser school-mates, but never cherish malice, even against his bitterest foe. But he was never intended for a model boy; he was too full of mischief, and I fear too wayward. He could not brook insult; he would not bow to oppression; but was always rebellious under the rod. He could be persuaded, but very rarely driven; and this will account for some of the scenes in his after life. There was, under his rough exterior, a generous nature which never failed to develop in the right time and place; but that time or place was never under oppression of any

kind. Throw away the rod and he would kiss the hand that had wielded it; and that hand might lead him in duty's path. Jack continued in school while living with his grandmother, and he had the society of his older brother, and was benefited by his influence; for he was of a milder temperament, more tractable in disposition, and less given to mischief. One incident will serve here to show something of Jack's nature. At nine years old, or a little before, Jack felt the necessity of earning something. He found work with a brick maker for one shilling per day; that is about twenty-four cents. His work was to "carry off bricks;" it was his first job. Of course he was awkward, and he dropped his first bricks from the mold. This irritated the man, and he scolded him. The boy tried to do it right, but becoming frightened and nervous, he dropped another couple, and soon the man became furious; and Jack, not accustomed to being called bad names, nor hearing foul language, threw down the brick mold, and ran with all his might for home. The man tried to recall him, but it was all in vain; the more he called, the faster Jack ran away, determining in his mind that he would never "carry off bricks" for that man again. And that closed Jack's carreer on the brick yard. Nor would he at any time, in after years, meekly submit to abuse or oppression. Jack was not naturally a model of meekness; if he ever possesses that excellence, it will be the fruit of obedience to the gospel and example of Jesus. What a glorious school is the Church and Kingdom of God! Can we enter it too soon? How can this untoward nature of man be subdued, changed, cultivated, purified, and made fit for the society of the meek and lowly Jesus, without that gospel, without that example? And where can we find these, outside of that Church and Kingdom?

My young friends, it will require all the light of the gospel, all the power of the Holy Spirit, all the sacred influence of the Church of Christ to make us like our divine pattern; and even all these will be exerted in vain if we do not give ourselves to the task, and yield ourselves as clay to the hands of the potter. I do not blame Jack for resisting oppression; but it is doubtful if his resistance was always characterized with meekness. It is possible to be meek, and yet firm against evil; but Jack had not learned that secret, and it may be feared that while resisting evil in his way, he fell into other evils more dangerous than those he resisted. How is it with you, reader? Meekness suggests great self-control. Solomon says, (Prov. 16: 32), "He that ruleth his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a city." But, "He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down, and without walls."—(Prov. 25: 23.

To be continued.

LINES FOR A CHILD'S ALBUM.

We read of an Eden in the world's fair dawning,
  And sigh that its purity may not be ours;
Yet we each have an Eden in childhood's glad morning
  As free from all stain and as fragrant with flowers.

The sky of that Eden is now o'er thee bending;
  Its light, like a halo, encircles thy head;
Its flowers their beauty and fragrance are lending,
  A joy and a charm round thy pathway to shed.

Then bask in the brightness and bliss of thine Eden,
  Enjoy its perfumes and its blooms while you may;
Full soon from its gates will thy footsteps be leaving,
  For Childhood and Youth hasten swiftly away.

THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

THE BOOK OF JACOB.

BY H. A. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Death of Nephi.—Jacob Receives the Records.—His Testimony of Christ.—Polygamy Condemned.—Nephites and Lamanites Contrasted.—The Parable of the Fig Tree.—A Controversy.—Death of Jacob.—The Indians of Hebrew Origin.

BEFORE the death of Nephi he committed to his brother Jacob the various records that were in his charge, including the copy of the prophets, the account of the creation and the subsequent history of the world and of the Hebrew nation down to the time that Lehi and his colony left Jerusalem, as well also as the record of the travels and experiences of the Nephites and Lamanites until the time that he delivered the records to Jacob's care. Then Jacob wrote that during the most of his life, as well as in the days of Nephi, that people lived so as to enjoy much of the Holy Spirit and its ministrations from the Lord, having knowledge of the truth of God and being instructed further concerning the coming of the Messiah and in regard to his kingdom that should eventually be established upon the earth. Jacob bore witness of his faith in Christ, and said that he labored continually to bring all the Nephites unto Christ, through obedience to God's commandments, for he said that he knew that all men must finally believe in Christ, and endure his cross or they could not share his kingdom.

It is well to mention here that the children of Nephi, Jacob, Joseph, and Zoram were all included under the general name of Nephites, while the children of Laman, Lemuel, and Ishmael were all called Lamanites, and that these two peoples became widely separated and diverse in their customs and manner of life, the first named striving largely to live according to the law and order of their Creator, and the other becoming more and more like the son of Hagar and his wild posterity; and so they are seen throughout the American continent unto this day.

After the death of Nephi another man was chosen by the Nephites to rule over them. His name is not given, but he seems to have been a just and good man, for the record charges no iniquity or sin against him. However, toward the close of his reign Jacob says that some of the Nephites became covetous to a great degree, and even wicked in their conduct. They sought to gather unto themselves a large and unnecessary amount of wealth, far more than they sought after justice, truth and godliness, and thus they sinned against the rights of others, as we gather from what is written; and some became so corrupt as to enter into the abomination of having more wives than one. But when Jacob and Joseph saw this tendency they were still more diligent in teaching the people to shun every sin and to depart from every form of evil and corruption, and warning them of the consequences if they did not. Jacob preached openly to them, saying that he saw that the rich were proud in the abundance of their possessions, and that for this reason they felt lifted above their poorer brethren, which he said ought not to be; for they were all made of the same dust and by the same God; and all of them were alike precious unto their Creator, whether they were rich or poor, therefore one should not feel above another because of mere riches. So he taught them more zealously to seek for the riches of the kingdom of God, rather than for so much gold and silver, and that they ought to use the abundance that they had, more than they needed, in caring for the afflicted and the distressed.

But he said that even for all this his heart would greatly rejoice in them were it not for a grosser sin of which some of them were guilty, and for which iniquity those engaged in it were excusing themselves because David and Solomon transgressed in the same way yet were blessed in various ways notwithstanding it, so they reasoned that they also might be favored

of the Lord and continue in it. But Jacob taught them that they were not justified by reason of David and Solomon, and then he uttered these memorable words that stand as a witness of the pure teachings of the Book of Mormon upon this subject as well as upon all others:

"Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord; wherefore, thus saith the Lord, I have led this people forth out of the land of Jerusalem by the power of mine arm, that I might raise up unto me a righteous branch of the fruit of the loins of Joseph. Wherefore, I, the Lord God, will not suffer that this people shall do like them of old. Wherefore, my brethren, hear me and hearken unto the word of the Lord: For there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none; for I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women."

And Jacob told them that the Lord had regarded the grief and suffering that existed among the daughters of his people, because of the sins of their husbands, not only among them, but also in Jerusalem and wherever they had thus transgressed his holy law, and that sore evils should be the portion of all those who should persist in such a course of sin; for he said that because of it the hearts of their wives were becoming wounded and broken, while the confidence and love of their children was being lost. As the Lord had told them before so he again declared, that they must keep his law or the land should be cursed because of the sins of its inhabitants, and woes would surely come upon the impure in heart, upon those who were filthy before God. But he directed the pure in heart to lift up their heads and receive the pleasing word of God, as also to feast upon his enduring love. And these were cheered by comforting words of promise, and they had joy therein.

Also the Nephites were commanded not to revile the Lamanites because of their being dark complexioned and unclean, but instead they ought to think of their own uncleanness of heart; for their unworthiness was their own, while that of the Lamanites came largely to them by the transgressions of their fathers, even as the Nephites by their acts might yet bring degradation upon their children, and thus at the last day have to answer for the sins of their posterity as well as for their own. He reminded them that the Lamanites had not sinned after the same manner, but said that they had remembered the commandment that a man should have but one wife, and because of this virtue they should receive mercy from the Lord, even though they suffered for their other sins.

After these things Jacob spoke of the knowledge had by the righteous among them concerning Christ, saying that in his name they worshiped the God of their fathers, and that they had a hope of his glory, looking forward in faith for the day of his coming to the earth as the Redeemer of the world. He stated that they kept the law of Moses because therein was a type of Christ, and, according to the prophets, it was a shadow of better things to come; therefore, so far as it could be, it was sanctified for their righteousness until the better should appear. In teaching Christ they presented the great atonement to be brought about by and through him, and that thus the resurrection was to take place and the first fruits thereof were to be gathered unto him. (*v*)

Jacob said that the Jewish people sought for mysteries instead of the plain and pure word of truth, therefore they killed the prophets; and, through seeking after strange doctrines and theories, they had stumbled in their blindness and would surely fall.

Then he tells the parable of the fig tree which ceased to bear fruit and began to decay. But the master of the vineyard enriched the roots so that young sprouts came up as the top perished. These he cut out and took away to put elsewhere, and in their places he grafted shoots from a wild tree, so that the root might continue to live. And the sprouts from it he carried far off, beyond the sight of men, and in far parts of his vineyard he grafted them into other trees, so that he might, as uncontaminated as possible, preserve the fruit unto himself. After a time he went again to see the tree, and he found the wild grafts had become strong branches, and that they were at that time bearing excellent fruit, such as the original tree had borne. Afterwards he and his servant went to the places where the scions from the tame tree were hidden, and they found the first bearing good fruit and

abundance of it, notwithstanding it stood in poor soil. The second stood in still poorer soil, yet it had much good fruit upon it. The third graft was rooted in good ground and flourished, but, though it bore fruit abundantly, yet only upon one half of it was the fruit good, the other part being wild and unprofitable.

However, that which was good upon all the trees was gathered and laid up in store, and the master continued to cultivate the trees. By and by he found that the wild branches upon the original tree were heavily loaded with fruit, but it was of many kinds, and none of these were really good according to the standard for preservation; yet he saw that the branches had kept the root from dying. After that they went where the three grafts were set; and in each place they discovered that the natural branches had likewise become corrupt, even upon the third tree the bad had spread and overcome the good. And the master wept because none were bearing good fruit, but he said that he could have done no more for them than he had done; yet all had become evil, even this last that he had set in good ground, in the choicest part of all his vineyard, it also had become bad.

Then he said that he would take of the branches that were in the far parts of his vineyard and graft them into the tree from which they originally came, the fruit of which was now so various and so bitter, and perhaps there was still enough life and virtue left in the root to make good the branches of its own kind. And also he would take some of the wild branches away and set them where the others were removed, and for the same purpose. So the servants were sent to labor that the natural fruit might be restored; and they gradually removed the bad branches, burning those which were ripe and dry and putting the new ones in their stead. Thus for the last time the master sent workmen into his vineyard, hoping that he might yet rejoice in laying up good fruit, and also save both the root and the branches of the tree. Unfortunately there were but few laborers, but the master told them to work with all their might and they should share with him in the fruit to be gathered. He also labored with them, and they gradually inserted the natural branches, until these finally took the place of all other kinds. And the tree thrived and the genuine fruit grew, so that once again the tame olive tree had upon its branches plenty of the good fruit that the Lord of the vineyard sought. Then came the final gathering of the harvest; and when the work was finished he blessed the laborers for their diligence and faithfulness, and they shared with him in the abundant results of their mutual labors, and rejoiced together in that which was done.

Jacob stated that when the Lord would set his hand the second time to recover his people then he would also restore the natural branches unto the parent tree, and blessed should they be who labored diligently at that time until the end came.

After these things there came one among the Nephites who said that it was a delusion to believe in the coming of any one as a Savior. And he had great power of speech, and he also beguiled some with flattery, Satan assisting him. This man sought to overthrow Jacob by his sophistry, but Jacob was blessed of the Lord unto the entire confusion of the man. Then he asked for a sign, and the power of God smote him so that he fell to the earth, and for many days he was weakened and distressed. After that he told the people that he had been deceived by Satan, and what he had taught was of him; also that he was convinced that there was a Savior and that Christ should come. Then he died, and the people were astonished at what had come upon the man with such power and suddenness. Therefore they searched the scriptures and became satisfied as to the truth. The Nephites also tried to instruct the Lamanites, but the effort was in vain, for they loved evil and hated their brethren and tried to destroy them. So there was war between the two parties, and in such a time as this Jacob closed his writing, for he became old. And he committed the plates to his son Enos to keep, and then he died.

(*v*) In connection with Chapter Five were presented scriptural and historical evidences of the antiquity of the knowledge of Christ, showing that his work was foreknown, and that his mission and its results were fully understood by the patriarchs and prophets of the Hebrew nation; in fact, that he was the expected lamb, "slain from the foundation of the world." The lambs that Adam and Abel sacrificed were in token of the pure one to come; and, by faith in him who would yet take away the sin of the world, the typical lamb was slain for the remis

sion of sins. When Jesus had come he said that as Moses lifted up the serpent that whosoever looked upon it might live, so Christ must be lifted up for the whole world to gaze upon, that unto all men the needed healing and salvation might come. From this it is plain that the manner of his death was also foreknown, especially as Christ said (after his death and resurrection) that thus it was written and thus it behooved him to suffer; and as Peter also declared that the prophets foresaw "the sufferings of Christ and the glory that was to follow." As Nephi and Jacob represented their faith in Christ, so Job had said that he knew that his Redeemer lived and that by and by he should stand upon the earth.

With these evidences before us we come now to the proofs that the ancients upon this land also had knowledge of the Savior and of his crucifixion. Both antiquarian research and aboriginal tradition bear witness that the original inhabitants of America were of Hebrew origin. If so, then we readily comprehend how they came by their religion of the cross. To the believer in Christ this subject is of more than ordinary interest. The Book of Mormon plainly states that from the beginning, from the time that Lehi and his colony left the eastern continent, their prophets and leaders understood that the Messiah of the Jews should come to earth and that he was to die at Jerusalem upon the cross. If that book is true in these statements, then we have reason to expect that both the relics and the traditions of the land will bear record of the same, and substantiate the claims of the book, so far as they have been discovered or can be investigated.

With respect to this I refer to the lecture of the Seneca Indian, which was heard by Elder D. H. Smith and the writer in June, 1868, as cited in connection with Chapter Five. He said that it was his firm conviction, based upon similarities that existed between the various Indian dialects and the Hebrew language, that they were descendants of the Hebrew race. This Indian showed how similar were some words in the Seneca tongue with the Hebrew, and added that he could present one hundred and fifty Indian words that were remarkable in their similarity. He expressed the idea that gaining a knowledge of the Hebrew was also the gaining of a key to the Indian languages, saying, furthermore, that their traditions from ancient times agreed with this. For instance, the Aztec tradition was that they were the children of the east, and that some time they would return there; that their fathers were guided by the Great Spirit across land and sea from a far country to this land; that in their old home lived a very wise king, who dwelt in a golden palace. And one Indian tradition spoke of their fathers being once visited b a person who was born of the Great Spirit but having an earthly mother. When this divine being left them he went to a north country; but he will return by and by, and then the earth will burst into flame.

Further, upon the similarity between the Hebrew and the native languages, there is found on page 475 of Short's "North Americans of Antiquity" the views of Senor Melgar, a Mexican scholar. He presents a list of words from the Chiapenecs of Central America, and shows how similar they are to the Hebrew words for the same thing. For instance Abba, the Hebrew word for father, is Abagh in Chiapenec; Ben (son) is Been; Maloc (king) is Malo, etc., etc.

Concerning antiquities, Bancroft in his fifth volume of "Native Races of the Pacific States" writes on page 79, 81, 82, 83, 85, 90, as follows:

"Must not Mexico be included in the direct declaration of God, that he would scatter the Jews over all the earth? The opinion that the Americans are of Hebrew origin is further supported by similarities in character, dress, religion, physical peculiarities, and customs.

"The Jews were famous for fine work in stone, and a similar excellence in this art is seen in the Mexican ruins. The Mexicans have a tradition of a journey undertaken at the command of a god, and continued for a long time, under the direction of certain high priests who miraculously obtained supplies for their support. This bears a striking resemblance to the Hebrew story of the wandering in the desert.

"It is urged that the Americans, if of Jewish descent, would have preserved the Hebrew ceremonies and laws. It is, however, well known that the ten tribes, from whom they are supposed to be descended, were naturally prone to unbelief and backsliding. It is not strange, therefore, that when freed from all restraint they should cease to abide by their peculiarly strict code. Moreover, many traces of their old laws and ceremonies are to be found among them at the present day. For instance, both Jews and Americans gave their temples into the charge of priests, burned incense, practiced circumcision, kept perpetual fires on their altars . . . and kept the ten commandments.

"Another objection is that the Americans do not speak Hebrew. But the reason for this is that the language has gradually changed, as has been the case with all tongues. Witness the Hebrew spoken by the Jews at the present time, which is much corrupted, and very different from what it originally was. Besides, there do actually exist many Hebraic traces in the American languages

"There are striking similarities between the Babel, the flood, and the creation myths of the Hebrews and the Americans. . . . The character and history of Christ and one of their deities present certain analogies. . . . The Mexicans applied the blood of sacrifices to the same uses as the Jews, they poured it upon the earth, they sprinkled it and they marked persons with it. . . . No one but the Jewish high priest might enter the Holy of Holies. A similar custom obtained in Peru. . . . That man was created in the image of God was a part of the Mexican belief, and their opinions with regard to the resurrection of the body accorded with those of the Jews. . . . Amongst them and the Indians of Honduras an ark was held in the highest veneration, and was considered an object too sacred to be touched by any but the priests. The same religious reverence for the ark is stated by Adair to have existed among the Cherokee and other Indian tribes inhabiting the banks of the Mississippi.

"It is impossible, on reading what Mexican mythology records of the war in heaven and the fall of Tzontemoc and the other rebellious spirits; of the creation of light by the word of

Tonacatecutli, and of the division of the waters; of the temptation of Suchiquecal, and her disobedience in gathering roses from a tree, and the consequent disgrace and misery of herself and all her posterity, not to recognize scriptural analogies."

Bancroft also quotes from Duran's History of the Indians, who gives the tradition that their ancestors suffered many hardships and persecutions at the hands of some people, but a great man became their chief and prevailed upon them to flee to another land. They arrived at the sea-shore, their chief struck the waters with a rod, and the sea opened so that they croesed in safety. But their enemies pursued them and were drowned. Another tradition was that, while on the journey under this chief, an earthquake swallowed up some of their number who were wicked, (evidently meaning Korah, Dathan and Abiram, and the two hundred and fifty princes of Israel). Another was that some of their ancestors desired to reach the sun, therefore they built a tower to reach the heavens, but the dwellers above descended like thunderbolts and demolished the tower. Seeing their work destroyed they were frightened and scattered themselves throughout the earth.

Again, Mr. Bancroft quotes Mr. James Adair's work, and especially cities the comparisons he makes between the Hebrew and the Indian customs. A few are here given: "The Israelites were divided into tribes, and had chiefs over them. So the Indians divide themselves, each tribe forming a little community within the nation; and, as the nation hath its particular symbol, so hath each tribe the badge from which it is denominated. . . . The Hebrew nation were ordered to worship Jehovah, the true and living God, who by the Indians is styled Yohewah. . . . Their opinion that God chose them out of all the rest of mankind, as his peculiar and beloved people, fills both the white Jew and the red American. . . . The Indian language and dialects appear to have the very idiom and genius of the Hebrew. Their words and sentences are often, both in letters and signification, synonymous with the Hebrew language. They count time after the manner of the Hebrews, reckoning years by lunar months. The religious ceremonies of the Indian Americans are in conformity with those of the Jews, they also having prophets and high priests. As the Jews had a sanctum sanctorum, or most holy place, so have all the Indian nations. The dress also of their high priests is similar in character to that of the Hebrews." Mr. Adair was an Indian trader, and resided among them for forty years, therefore he knew their customs, ceremonies, and legends.—*Bancroft. v. 5. p* 91, 92.

Josiah Priest, in his "American Antiquities," pages 68 to 70 tells of a Hebrew relic found by Mr. Merrick in 1815 near Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Mr. Bancroft gives an account of this, and then mentions one discovered near Newark, Ohio, which his father saw. This was a stone eight inches in length and three or four in width. Upon it was the figure of a man dressed like a priest, and there was a line of engraved characters which characters were pronounced by the Episcopal minister (a Hebrew scholar) to be the Ten Commandments in Hebrew. Afterwards it was seen by Dr. Lederer of New York, the editor of the Israelite Indeed, and he wrote an article upon it which was published in his magazine for May, 1861. He said that evidently the carver intended to pe petuate the essence of the divine law on a stone "of such a nature as should be able to resist all influences of the destroying tooth of time." He believed "that, at some remote age, and in some unknown way, one or more pious Hebrews came over to this continent, became the teachers of some of the wild tribes of America, and thus introduced the knowledge of the true and living Jehovah." He closed his editorial by saying:

"The form of the characters is neither the modern Hebrew, (adopted by the High council in consequence of the fact that the Samaritans adopted the ancient Hebrew), nor is it the Samaritan, which shows again that the writer or writers had already forgotten much. Of one thing, however, I am morally convinced: that this stone is a genuine relic of antiquity; as it would be a greater difficulty to believe in the invention of such a strange mixture of characters, disorder of combination and innocent blunders, than to believe it the handiwork of one long since passed away."

I am indebted to S. F. Walker's "Ruins Revisited" for the above extracts.

In relation to the cross having been used by the ancients of the land in their religious services, and its being held in veneration as a religious emblem, we gather the following from various authors:

"The principal subject of this tablet is the cross. It is loaded with ornaments. The two figures are evidently those of important personages. They are well drawn, and in symmetry of proportion are perhaps equal to many that are carved on the ruined temples in Egypt. . . . Both are looking towards the cross, and one seems in the act of making an offering . . . This tablet of the cross has given rise to more learned speculations than perhaps any others found in Palenque."—Stephen's "Central America and Yucatan," vol. 2, pages 346–7.

"The cross is one of the most common emblems present in all the ruins. This led the Catholic missionaries to assume that knowledge of Christianity had been brought to America long before their arrival; and they adopted the belief that the gospel was preached there by St. Thomas."—Baldwin's "Ancient America," page 109.

"When the Spanish missionaries first set foot upon the soil of America, in the fifteenth century, they were amazed to find that the cross was as devoutly worshiped by the red Indians as by themselves. . . . The hallowed symbol challenged their attention on every hand. . . . It appeared in the bas-reliefs of ruined and deserted, as well as on those of inhabited palaces, and was the most conspicuous ornament in the great temple of Gozumel, off the coast of Yucatan."—Donnelly's Atlantis, page 319.

"The richly carved figure of a cross excites surprise and speculation, the same emblem having, been discovered elsewhere there, (Central America), as well as in North America."—Brownell's "Indian Races."

Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

[The following exquisite poem by William Pitt Palmer, was some years ago pronounced by one of the most eminent of European critics to be the finest production of the same length in our language.]

LIGHT.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I penciled the hue of its matchless blue
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art in the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the ark's own few, tried and true,
Came forth among the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of the bridal beams
I bid their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
Where shepherd swains on Bethlehem's plains.
Their lonely vigils kept;
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Savior born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man.

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile, the best smile of a friend.
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of Kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings.

The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her flowers,
And lead the young day to her arms;
And when the gay rover seeks eve for his lover,
And sinks to a balmy repose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted out from the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though dyed by the hurricane's wings,
His compassionless, dark, lone, weltering bark
To the haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in the dew-spangled bowers;
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountains and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in their matinal sheen.
Oh, if such the glad worth of thy presence to earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with Deity's smile.

"IF WE KNEW."

If we knew, when walking thoughtless
Through the crowded, noisy way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We would pause, when now we hasten,
We would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade which we should fling;
If we knew what lips were parching
For the water we should bring;
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew when friends around us
  Closely pressed to say good-bye,
Which among the lips that kissed us,
  First beneath the daises lie.
We would clasp our hands around them,
  Looking on them with our tears,
Tender words of love eternal
  We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives were darkened
  By some thoughtless word of ours,
Which had ever lain among them,
  Like the frost among the flowers—
Oh! with what sincere repentings,
  With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes were overflowing
  We would cry, forgive—forget.

If we knew—alas! and do we
  Ever care to seek or know—
Whether bitter herbs or roses
  In our neighbor's garden grow?
God forgive us, if hereafter
  Our hearts break, to hear Him say,
"Careless child, I never knew you,
  From my presence flee away."

Selected.

DRIFT-WOOD.

The threads our hands in blindness spin,
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.—*Whittier.*

"THE LITTLE FOXES THAT SPOIL THE VINES."

One little fox is "By-and-By." If you track him, you come to his hole—Never.

Another little fox is "I Can't." You had better set on him an active, plucky little thing, "I Can," by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is "No Use in Trying." He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more fruit, than many a worse looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I forgot." He is very provoking. He is a great cheat. He slips through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught up with.

Fifth little fox is "Don't Care." Oh, the mischief he has done!

Sixth little fox is "No Matter." It is matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults.

A PRAYERLESS FATHER.

"There was one little circumstance," said a gentleman, in relating his religious experience, "that more deeply impressed me with the importance of being a Christian than any other. It was the question asked by my son Henry, a little boy of four years old.

"My wife and myself had taken great pains to teach my little Henry ver-es of Scripture and hvmns, and he never went to bed without saying his little prayer, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' One night, tired and fretful, he refused to do it; and while I was insisting upon it, telling him how wrong it was not to pray, he looked up into my face and said, with childish simplicity, 'Why do you want me to pray, pa? I never see you pray.'

"No sermon I had ever heard, no book or tract I had ever read, so impressed me as this rebuke from my child. I determined then, by the help of God, to lead a different life, and henceforth teach my children by example as well as precept."—*Good News.*

Leaving home this morning for the office, we kissed our little four-year-old good-bye, saying to him: "Be a good boy, to-day." He somewhat surprised us by saying: "I will. Be a good man, Papa." Sure enough, we thought. We need the exhortation more than he.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

The foundation of education is thoroughness.

Good Christians should never revenge injuries.

Count as lost the day in which you have done no good.

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.

Practice only can burnish the virtues into their glorious luster.

Riches deceive those that trust in them; as the stream of brooks they pass away.

Many people are busy in the world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.

You may be sure that the young man who is ashamed of his parents is also a shame to them.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY EDWIN STAFFORD.

IN my last we were just entering Nauvoo, I believe. We came at length to the city, entered it on the south-east corner, and came to the residence of George A. Smith, one of the Twelve. It consisted of a one story, hewed log house, which served for culinary purposes, and east of that, with a space between, a one, or one story and a half frame building, of not very large proportions. The sun was getting along near the western horizon when we arrived, and getting permission to stop there over night, we unloaded the wagons, and placed the freight in the yard, partook of an early supper, and sat, conversing a while on different topics, on the grass in the front yard, till nightfall; and then, spreading our beds on the first floor of the frame building, retired to rest—not now remembering to have heard of prayer being mentioned. The next morning father went to hunt a place to stop at until we could get up some kind of a dwelling that we could call home. He succeeded in finding such place with a widowed sister, and her family of five or six children, who dwelt in a log cabin with only one room, about eighteen feet square, occupied with two beds, besides the necessary furniture, and a loom in one corner. When night came and the beds were spread for the children, there seemed to be not much space left; but there was that about the place that made us all feel at home, and that, reader, in my vocabulary, is saying a great deal.

Our father, securing a piece of land and purchasing building material, commenced the erection of a frame house of moderate dimensions. In the meantime we moved into the house with a brother Burgess—who lived nearer to the one we were erecting—so that not much time should be lost going back and forth to meals. After the frame was covered, we moved in before the chimney was built, or the whole of the floor laid. In the meantime father obtained employment with Bro. Theodore Turley, a gunsmith—to turn gun and pistol barrels—who could not furnish steady employment, so that our parent, after a while, was obliged to seek it elsewhere, and engaged with John Taylor, one of the Twelve, to work in a furniture shop, turning bedstead posts, &c., on a foot-lathe. He had to work nights and mornings on the house, many times in foggy weather, by which he contracted the chills and fever—it was supposed—yet that could not be the case with all of us, for we were all taken down sick together.

Everybody was poor, as a necessary consequence, from being robbed of their all and driven by the mob from Missouri; and not having been long settled at Nauvoo, they had not had time to recover in point of means, and there was very little cash paid for any kind of labor, except some trades where the mechanic could not be dispensed with; such as plasterers, and brick masons—as I am knowing to, for that was one great reason of my learning the plasterer's trade, after father's death. Our parent was not so fortunate, indeed, we could not get flour for cash, hence we were under the necessity of leaving that out of the bill of fare; and salt was another cash article, and had to be left out. Corn meal could be had; but we did not have enough of that at all times, and pork we could obtain, and out of the meat fryings we could obtain salt to put in our bread. One day when the family had nothing except a small allowance of corn-bread and meat to eat, father went soon after breakfast to see if he

could get something in that line for his services rendered—the firm being considerably behind in payment—and came home towards evening with about three or four pounds of beef and a water mellon, which was all the firm could raise that was edible, and cash was out of the question. We were tolerably well in health, except a slight dysentery caused by the use of corn meal and pork, which we were unaccustomed to using before we went there; but being very hungry when he brought those things home, mother put on the meat to cook; and while that was being dome we ate the water mellon; and after the meat was cooked we partook of that, and retired to rest soon after the repast, it being dark, and we could not afford the luxury of a light. Before morning we were all taken sick with what culminated in chills and fever, excepting my youngest brother, aged two years, and father; they seemed to have a bilious or typhoid attack. My little brother commenced early in the night, crying for a drink of water, and at short intervals kept it up all night; and I remember hearing father get up between midnight and morning, trying to get a drink and groaning with pain. He succeeded in reaching the water bucket, drank, and was trying to get back to bed, when he fell prone on the floor, and lay there sometime, none of us being able to rise to help him; for mother, my brother next to myself, sister, and I, were all shaking with the ague. Mother had always a pitcher of water by the bed, to give the babe a drink when called for; and this night though so very sick herself, contrived to give him a drink when he called for one, which call began to come at shorter intervals.

Just at daybreak he called for a drink of water almost immediately after she had given him one; she replied, "Oh, no, you don't want a drink now; I have just given you one." The little fellow said: "Dust give me a drink mamma; dust give me a drink." Mother knew he was very sick, and burning with a hot fever, but did not realize that he was as bad as he was. She raised up with an effort, to give him another drink, and saw him gasping his last breath; she cried out: "Oh, my little Benny is dying;" and the little fellow was gone instantly.

She fell back on her pillow, exhausted, giving vent to her sobs and tears. I remember the remark father made, and I do not remember his speaking afterwards: "It has commenced with the youngest and I would not care if it would end with the oldest." The little fellow lay in that situation till somewhere about nine o'clock, when our nearest neighbor—sister Maudsley, I believe—coming to the house on an errand found the family all sick in bed, and the babe dead.

Little brother's death occurred on the 7th of October, 1842, about three months after we entered Nauvoo. Father lingered two weeks longer, and breathed his last on the 21st of the same month; mother and the three remaining children being bed-fast, were not able to attend his burial, and we children do not know to this day the spot where the earthly remains of father and brother were deposited.

In the meantime sister Mackey, the widow with whom we stopped when first entering Nauvoo, learning of the situation of our family, had a team sent to bring us to her house, that she might take care of us; which task she performed cheerfully, patiently, assiduously, without a murmer or complaint, until we were all convalescent. "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

First of November came, and found us still in bed, but some better. I remember the door being opened, and seeing the snow fly, and thinking upon our lonely condition—a dreary winter before us, and without any visible means of support. I could not help but contrast our situation with what it was when my parents first joined the church. And surely it was one of the most severe winters I ever was permitted to see; the snow commenced to fly on the first of November, and was seen in places in the early part of May the following year. We gained slowly. Mother was the last one up.

The widow was not able to let us stay longer than we were well enough to move, and we found a place with a brother Hardman, whom we were acquainted with in Manchester, England, with whom we stayed a few weeks.

The Bishop, learning of our situation, secured us a room in the house of a brother Woodward, a blacksmith, a maker of edge tools. He was a kind-hearted man, and had an excellent, kind-hearted, moth-

erly wife, with three boys, true sons of such noble parents. This was in the ninth ward, and at this house was the first week-night prayer meeting I attended in Nauvoo. The Spirit of God met with His people assembled there. We used to have excellent prayer meetings; the Saints appeared to be earnest, devoted, and sincere in their worship, whether singing, praying, or speaking. I remember that Joseph Young, brother to Brigham, was a regular attendant, and was very fervent in his worship; and I do not remember being at one meeting of that nature where he was, but he invariably would commence the hymn: "I have given all for Christ; he is my all," &c.

My mother was not over well when we first moved; and moving twice so soon together, brought on a relapse, and she was confined to her bed till the month of February, 1843.

A maiden aunt, who lived in our family in England, and who came over in the first ship that brought a load of Latter Day Saints from that isle, (among whom was William Clayton, and Theodore Turley, who had charge of the company), and had stopped at Kirtland, Ohio, learning from some source of father's death, came to Nauvoo. Her coming was a great source of comfort to our mother, in her affliction, as well as a great help.

In this ward our mother received many kind attentions and a few delicacies, and once in a while a few pounds of flour from the Saints, all of which tended to help her physically, and served to strengthen her in her forlorn condition, raising her drooping spirits, so that she was able to leave her bed at the time spoken of. While in that ward we were tolerably well provided for; our meat barrel was never less than half or two-thirds full, and corn meal and flour very seldom lacking.

I was that winter rendered unable to do anything towards the support of the family, on account of the return of the chills, which lasted most of the winter. I was between fourteen and fifteen, and might have been some litttle help by finding something to do.

Soon after mother's convalescence we were moved to a log house, situated, I think, between Mulholland and Parley streets, and nearer to the heart of town, where we were living when spring began to open; and here a circumstance transpired that affected the writer to the present time, and that was over forty years ago. Having passed through a long, severe winter, we longed to see spring come, and every token of it was hailed with joy. A young man who was paying attention to our aunt, spoken of, was in the habit of chewing tobacco; and on one occasion, when mother's attention was called off for something or other, and he was taking a chew, I asked him to give me one. He gave me one, and I quickly put it in my mouth, avoiding mother's eyes, for she would not have allowed it. I got it tolerably well saturated with saliva, when my brother, who was out of doors, called out to me to come and see the wild geese go over, exclaiming, "spring's coming! spring's coming!" Overjoyed with the thought of spring's coming, I ran out of the house exclaiming, Where? where? He pointed up towards the north-west, and looking up in that direction, forgetting what I had in my mouth, the tobacco slipped down my throat with a gurgle, gurgle; and then! oh, but I was a sick individual. The bed seemed to turn round all night, and no sleep for me until the morning hour. That chew of tobacco lasted me till now. I have never asked for another one; nor should I, if allowed to be as old as Methuselah.

I am reminded of a story related a few *Herald's* back by one of the editors, of a man who tried several times to give up the use of tobacco, but could not until he had prayed unto the Lord to take the appetite away from him, and received an answer to his prayer. The editor came to the conclusion that the man would not be entitled to the plaudit of, "Well done good and faithful servant," for the reason that he had not conquered the habit himself, while yet he might derive the benefits in this life arising from its disuse. The writer thought that possibly this might be his own case. He also thought that had he yielded obedience to the desires of his parent, and refrained from the use of tobacco as an evil, like every other denounced of God, that then he might have stood a chance to hear that pleasing approbation of our heavenly Father. At any rate I have been the happy recipient of the benefits flowing from abstinence from the noxious weed.

At the return of spring I entered into an agreement with brother Thomas Heap,

a plasterer, to learn the trade; he agreeing to find the family with flour and groceries, and board and clothe me for services rendered. The chief reason for the writer's entering into this agreement was that this was one of the trades that commanded cash, or flour, and other cash articles, and this would enable him to furnish his mother such food as would be agreeable to her and conducive to her health; such as she had been in the situation to obtain before our arrival at Nauvoo.

The family moved to our own shelter on the banks of the Mississippi, and with them I lodged, but boarded with brother Heap.

To be continued.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

CHAPTER X.

ONE of the most attentive listeners that day to the sermon of Mr. Clark had been his son Daniel, and long before his father closed, his mind was fully made up that if God would accept him he would preach his gospel. New light dawned upon his soul and a burning zeal took possession of him to be numbered with those who should bear these glad tidings abroad to the world. Once or twice he glanced where Margery was sitting anxious to see if he could judge the effect it was having upon her, but save an earnest attention to the speaker, he could discover nothing to indicate the workings of her mind; but knowing that she was truthfulness itself, he knew that she would tell him frankly what she thought of it, and his heart offered one earnest prayer to God that the power of his Holy Spirit might convince her heart. When the meeting was dismissed the people gathered in groups to talk over the strange things they had heard. Many questions were asked and answered, and Mr. Clark was solicited to give out other appointments—which he did.

Margery had gone in with Mary and both were busy in peparing dinner, for some of their friends were going to stop with them until evening, and Daniel had no chance to speak with her privately until she started for home, when saddling his own horse he prepared to accompany her.

For some time they rode silently along the shady road, each absorbed in their own thoughts; then Margery called his attention to the beauty of the woods, robed in the varied tints of Autumn. "But, after all, it is only the preparation nature is making for their decay and death," said she; "even now they are falling and the ground is strewn with them like a carpet. How beautiful they were in the early springtime, and how eagerly we watched their budding, so tired we were of seeing the leafless branches where neither fruit or flower were growing. I am always glad when the Spring comes back, but the Autumn days make me sad."

"We must look beyond them for the return of the gladness nature is even now at work in her storehouse to create for us," said Daniel. "See those rich clusters of golden rod among the purple and white asters. One knows not which to admire most, the early flowers of Spring, or Autumn's richer treasures. The works of God are all perfect, and even the decay which we deplore, causes us to look forward to the renewal we know will surely spring from it, with a zest we never should know if it was always with us in its beauty. I always loved my home; but its light never shone for me with a halo so soft, its voices were never so dear to me and its sheltering care so grateful as it has been since I once faced a terrible death, through the long and lonely hours of a night never to be forgotten."

"When was that?" asked Margery, with a scarcely preceptible tremor in her voice.

"It was years ago, before we came here."

"Is the story too long to tell?"

"Oh no, not if you would care to hear it."

"Tell it to me then, for the evening is so fine I feel like lingering by the way."

So while their horses walked slowly along he told her the scrap of history with which our readers are already familiar;—told her all even as he had told his mother,—and then said, "Margery, for more than a year I have known that you were more to me than any one upon the earth. I love you without any reservation of heart or soul, and I would gladly make you my wife; but before I win a word from you in answer, a word which would in any way commit your future to be affected by mine, I must tell you that I know my lot will be cast in with the people of God, and if God is willing to accept of me I shall offer myself as one of his servants to carry this gospel to the ends of the earth. I now feel that the Lord sent the message to me, when my life was preserved by the presence of his angels, and I feel sure that it will soon be made known to me. I do not know, but I intuitively feel that the life of an elder's wife will be one of sacrifice from first to last; but if your faith was strong, if you knew that it was a cross taken up daily through love of God and in his service, I feel that I know you well enough to know that you would take it up with a light heart and a firm hand. I will not ask you to answer me now, for all this must be new to you, and as it is a question which will affect our lives for all time, if not for eternity, it ought to receive your most careful attention. I will not even ask you if my love is returned, but leave you free to reject my suit upon any grounds, for that is your privilege; and your happiness is more to me than my own. It will be to you like the choice of Ruth, for I know that this people are to be a peculiar people, and it may be that the time will come when life itself will be demanded by those who will not deny the truth."

"Why do you think this, Daniel?"

There was in the tone of Margery's voice, as she asked the question, a subtle tenderness which made the heart of Daniel throb more quickly; and he remembered that in all their former acquaintance she had never called him Daniel, before; but he steadied his voice as he replied to her question—though one swift glance at her slightly averted face, betrayed the joy he felt; and though Margery did not lift her eyes she felt the glance, and trembled even after it was withdrawn.

"I think it," he replied, "because it always has been so. Joseph Smith is a prophet and he has been sent to declare repentance to all people alike. To say to saint and sinner that none are accepted before God. Stephen, in talking to the Jews just before they stoned him, told them that they were doing just what their fathers had always done, and that was resisting the Holy Ghost. Jesus told them that if one should come in his own name they would receive him; but because he had come in his Father's name they rejected him. Do you not see that there is the same difference between Joseph Smith and all who have gone before? Luther, Calvin, the Wesleys, and a host of others who from time to time have undertaken reforms in the church and world, have never claimed to have any direct revelation from God, but have only contended against the wickedness of the church and people as men imbued with a deep sense of justice and love of God. Not so, however, with Joseph Smith. The very first claim which he puts forth is to being called of God and commissioned with authority from heaven. Not only this, but he is commanded to tell the world that God acknowledges none of their creeds, but that all their systems of religion are abominable in his sight. Not to say that their works of justice and mercy are not acceptable, but that their creeds of religion are hateful to him, for they are not the gospel he sent his Son to deliver, and which is the power of God unto salvation, and in which the righteousness of God is revealed. Think for a moment of the righteousness of God being manifested by his choosing some to be eternally saved and others to be eternally damned; not because he foreknew that one would believe on his Son and so have eternal life, while the other would not believe and so come under condemnation, but just because having all power, it pleased him to make one to be saved and the other to be damned. Yet this you know is the creed of more than one church. Is it any won-

der that God is weary of being so misrepresented? Jesus said the "truth should make us free," and it is this truth, which is finally to banish from the earth such abominable doctrines as this, that men will (strange as it may seem) hate and contend against."

"You may be right, but it seems to me so strange that such things can be reconciled with love. It was love which led God to send his Son into the world, but what love is there in that, or what nature could God be possessed of to take pleasure in such things? Why not hope and believe that the time of which Wesley spoke has come, 'when God will arise to maintain his own cause and set up his kingdom?'"

"That time has indeed come, but the powers of hell will engage in a desperate struggle to defeat it, and the contest may be long and bitter. I learn from my father that some are already making preparation to go to the west, and it is my intention to go to Kirtland very soon and learn if I am needed. But you have not told me yet how you were pleased with what you heard this morning."

"Perhaps because you have not asked me. I do not know whether it is necessary for anything to please us or not; if it is the truth, it ought to be enough for us to know that it is so, and I think no one could doubt the perfect agreement of what your father said with the word of God. I shall search the Bible more diligently than I have done in the past, and will attend the meetings for further instruction; and if I am convinced of the truth, believe me, nothing will prevent my obeying it."

"I can not tell you what pleasure it gives me to hear you say this, for I believe that you will be led by the power of God's Spirit; and when the time comes that you shall have decided this, then may I come to you for an answer in regard to myself?"

"If I unite with your church, I will be your wife, if you still wish it, for I have long known that I loved you; but unless I can believe as you believe and know for myself that I am right, I will never marry you, for I would not hinder you from what your heart is set upon doing; neither could I, without faith in the work take upon myself a responsibility so grave, and one which, like yourself I feel, will demand not only courage, but abiding faith in God."

"Margery, you will yet be my wife then," said Daniel; "for I know that God will lead you into his truth. He will confirm it to you, and we will rejoice in it together."

"I trust we may, Daniel," said Margery, and then there fell a silence between them, as their hearts were too full of joy to admit of talking longer upon topics foreign to this; and the one shadow of uncertainty resting upon the future, the possibility that she might not believe as he believed, sealed their lips from speaking of the future as *ours*

The sun was low in the horizon and the shadows were long upon the grass. The birds were not singing gaily as in the morning, but in low chirping notes, or little twittering songs, as though hushing their nestlings to rest—being themselves tired with the songs of the day, and glad of the coming night when they might rest from song. The hush of approaching evening lay like a benediction upon all nature, and nothing disturbed the Sabbath stillness of the woods. The feet of their horses fell softly among the leaves which strewed the road, and the rustling sound was like the murmur of the wind among them; the quiet peace of nature entered their hearts; and, for a time, they asked no questions of present or future. It was enough for each to feel the other's presence and know themselves beloved.

At her father's gate Daniel bade Margery good by, asking the privilege of coming for her on the next Sabbath; and then mounting his horse was soon far on the road home. Margery stood for some time leaning upon the gate, listening to the sound of his horses feet, and then turning to the house she went quickly in; and after sending her brother to care for the horse, changed her dress, and busied herself in preparations for supper.

Margery Boyd was the oldest of her father's family. They had become acquainted with Mr. Clark's family shortly after the latter came to the neighborhood, and a constant friendly intercourse had been maintained between them. They had been at the meeting to-day, and Margery thought that her father had been pleased with what he had heard, but of her mother's opinion she dared not guess.

They had stopped at a neighbors on the way, but would soon be home now, and she hastened that the evening meal might be waiting when they came. Like Mary Clark, she had been brought up to assist her mother in the care of the family, and no part of housekeeping was any mystery to her.

Our little friends must remember that in those days the good housewife not only fashioned and made the various garments needed by her household, but spun and wove the cloth from which the garments were made. Could any of the fashionable girls of our day have looked in upon Margery that evening, they might have envied the snow white apron worn over the neat plaid dress, the smooth brown curls tied back from her forehead and fastened with a knot of blue ribbon; but if not these, they surely would the rosy cheeks, bright but thoughtful eyes, and the buoyant tread which spoke of health, contentment, and a happy heart. Everything which she touched seemed to be transformed by her deft fingers from the ordinary thing of every day use to a thing of beauty which should be a joy forever. The snowy cloth which covered the table was the work of her own hands, as was the yellow butter, the crisp white loaf and the golden brown pumpkin pie, placed ready for the frugal supper. Cake and tea were luxuries reserved for rare occasions; but with cool water from the spring near by and rich sweet milk, especially with appetites sharpened by healthful labor, they were never missed. The last touch was given to the table, and then Margery went to the window to see if her father was coming. The carriage was not in sight and she sat down to wait, folding her small brown hands in her lap she soon fell into a deep reverie over the events of the past two weeks. Mary Clark had told her more in regard to her father's visit to Kirtland and his own experience before going there than he had made public that day; and being naturally quiet and thoughtful, she was now reflecting upon it and trying to analyze her own feelings, to know if her preference for Daniel was not blinding her eyes, and leading her to believe things which in themselves were improbable. Her father and mother were members of the Methodist Church, and she had been brought up a Methodist. "I was baptized when I was a baby," she said, "and it was not possible for me to believe then, neither to repent. Mary says that they do not baptize children until they are old enough to be instructed and know what they are being baptized for, but the elders of the church take them in their arms and bless them as Christ did when his disciples wanted him to send them away because they were troublesome. I remember when reading the Bible last winter I often wondered why it was that the angels never come to the earth now as they so often did in those days. Why it really seemed lonesome to me to think of so many hundreds of years going by without a single messenger or message from the land where Jesus has gone to dwell with his Father.

It has been so long that one could almost doubt whether they were remembered or not. How real it makes the word of God seem, to believe as they do that Jesus promised to give to every one who obeyed him a testimony,—a witness for themselves—that the doctrine he taught them was just what God sent him to teach. I never thought before about the promise Christ made to his disciples, that by certain works which he gave them power to do, they should be distinguished from all others. I wonder that the world has ever believed those to be his disciples who deny the need of such things. If there had been no need of them, why did God give them? I wonder what father will say about Wesley's views. How strange that Wesley did not ask God to give the "spiritual gifts" to his church. If they are a part of the Church of Christ, can the church be his without them? The church is compared to a body and these different gifts to the different members of the body, and Paul says that when one member of the body suffers, all the others suffer with it. I can see now how the Church of Christ must have suffered as one after another, these different members or gifts were taken from it, and when it turned heathen of course it was no longer the Church of Christ, but a heathen church. Daniel says, that wicked men wore out the church by their persecutions, and God took from those who pretended to be his followers all authority or power to act for him, and that the Father himself in a vision, told Joseph Smith that what they taught was an abomination in his right. I wish I had a Book of Mor-

mon, but they have only one at Mr. Clark's. Daniel is going to bring more when he goes to Kirtland, and then perhaps father will get one. Mary says an angel brought the plates and showed them to three men when they were in the woods praying that God would fulfil the promise he had made. Surely God is able to let me know whether this is true or not, and I will seek to know for myself. Faith in God and his son and the gospel is required. I believe all this. Repentance for sin and forsaking it is next, and baptism for the remission of it comes before I have any promise of the Holy Ghost, which is to confirm the truth of all I believe. I wonder if Mr. Clark has a right to baptize? I will ask Mary next time I go there, and now there is father, and I shall soon know how they feel about this strange thing, for despite all I can think about it, it is strange.

To be continued.

NOT ONE TO SPARE.

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John, John looked at me
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as when my locks were jet);
And, when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said."
"This is his letter: 'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return from out your seven
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.
"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stept
Where Lillian the baby slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her!"
We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too!" said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suff'ring's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns not him!"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick, bad Dick, our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bade us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he.
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from your bedside pray'r."
Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be?"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head, "Nay, love, not thee!"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I can not, will not let him go!"

* * * * * *

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not drive one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place—
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

Selected.

BISHOP G. A. BLAKESLEE.

(See Frontispiece.)

GEORGE A. BLAKESLEE was born at Ellisburg, Jefferson county, New York, August 22nd, 1826, and is of English descent.

His father and mother embraced the faith of the Latter Day Saints in 1833. His father was a minister of the gospel for thirty-three consecutive years.

His parents moved from New York to Perth, Canada, in 1835. In 1837 they moved to St. Lawrence county, New York; in 1838, to Waterville, Oneida county, same state; thence to Utica, where they lived until 1842. In 1843 they removed to Nauvoo, Illinois, which they reached July 4th. In 1848 they removed to Batavia, Kane county, Illinois.

The subject of our sketch attended the common schools in the various places in which his parents resided; also received good instruction from his father and mother, who highly valued learning.

His first year at Batavia was spent at work on a farm.

In 1849 he engaged in the lumber business, which he continued until 1854, when he removed to Galien, Berrien county, Michigan, where he became interested in general mercantile business, in connection with his lumber trade. He maufactured annually one million five hundred thousand broom handles, and is probably the largest manufacturer in South-Western Michigan.

He has held several minor public offices; was justice of the peace from 1856 to 1880; has been postmaster continually since 1855, and is probably the oldest Federal postmaster in the United States.

February 13th, 1848, he married Miss Lydia Alcott, an English lady who had come to America but a few years before.

Mr. and Mrs. Blakeslee have been blessed with eleven children (two sons and nine daughters) eight of whom are living. Following the teaching of his father, he espoused the faith of the Latter Day Saints, near Perth, Canada, in the winter of 1836, and remained firm to the original faith and teachings of Christ, never being led astray by any of the factions during the dark and gloomy day of the church.

Late in 1859 he united with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. About one year later he was ordained an elder. April 9th, 1866, he was chosen a high priest, and was also chosen to sit upon the High Council the same year, which was the only call of this council since the reorganization of the church. In 1882 he was called and ordained as presiding bishop of the church.

He has had many testimonies of the truth of the work—some when quite young. In 1833 he fell from a fence and broke his right arm at the elbow. For the space of two months his suffering was very intense. Physicians were called from time to time, but could render no relief, the limb being so swelled that the broken part could not be reset. Joseph Smith, the father of the Martyr, and David Patten visited his father's house, preacing the gospel. Seeing his intense suffering, they obtained permission of his mother (who did not then belong to the church) to administer to him. By the administration of the brethren he obtained immediate relief. The bandages were taken from his arm, and in the lapse of a very few days the bones went to their proper places, and his arm was entirely healed. This was one of many convincing evidences to them of the truth of the work, and a large branch was shortly raised up in the vicinity of Woodville, New York, then his home.

In 1843 he first became acquainted with Joseph the Martyr. He found him to be a grand and noble man, a man in whom the Spirit of God dwelt, as it was always felt while in his presence.

While defending the calling of the present Joseph Smith, he received an unmistakeable evidence that he is divinely called. At that time a bright light was seen above his head by several persons, some of whom are now living.

His life is rich with many experiences and evidences of the truth of the work.

GOSPEL PRINCIPLES.

AN ACROSTIC.

F ather in heaven, to thee I turn my anxious eyes,
A nd feel I could for thee all worldly joys despise;
I n vain I've tried in self to find one ray of light divine,
T hus all I have, my life, my soul, I give to call thee mine.
H ow can I come to thee, but through thy only Son?

R eceive me as I am, unworthy, Father, and all undone;
E nable me to overcome my will, and follow only thee.
P leased may I only be when Thy will's done in me.
E 'en now I come to thee forgive, "O Lord forgive" my wrong;
N ow to my mind reveal thy way and make me strong.
T hus willing to obey whate'er thy law of me demands,
A nd more inclined become to keep thy just commands;
N ot worthy, but desiring to take on me thy name,
C ans't thou refuse me, as 'tis not for worldly fame?
E nable me to pass what in my pathway lies.

B ring forth meet for repentance, works thou'lt not despise,
A nd thus before the world I firmly take my stand;
P laced beneath the crystal wave fulfilling Christ's command,
T o life divinely new I rise again, with joy and praise;
I n love and thankfulness to him my voice I raise.
S weet thoughts pervade my soul, of sins forgiven,
M y eyes with steadfastness are cast toward heaven,
S hining with gladness as all my sins are washed away.

L ight, love and gratitude, fill up my soul this day,
A ssured from heaven that I am in the narrow way.
Y ea, born into thy kingdom, according to thy word,
I now the seal of my redemption ask, O Lord!
N ot by the craft of man can I this knowledge gain,
G reat though their knowledge be for this 'twould all prove vain.

O f water now been born, I need the birth of holy fire;
N ot as 'tis taught of man, would meet my soul's desire.

O n me the hands of those are laid who called of thee,
F ulfilling all thy law, thy Spirit give to me.

H ear now, O Lord, their prayer, to me thy Spirit give;
A nd grant the Comforter to teach me how to live,
N or leave me to myself; in truth direct my way;
D istil thy influence in heart and life I pray,
S o may my life become to others as a light.

R enew each day in me thy Spirit's power and might,
E ngaged may all my powers be while I have life and breath;
S triving to lead my fellow man from sin and death,
U nto endless life, all glorious and bright;
R eserved for those alone, who are true saints of light,
R evealed to those to whom redemption's seal is given;
E nsuring to their souls that they are heirs of heaven,
C aught up to meet him when the trump shall sound,
T he dead in Christ the first to rise from out the ground
I n robes so bright; their shout of triumph then shall ring:
"O grave where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting."
N ow as they soar aloft their Savior King to meet.

E ndless their glory now as Jesus' smile they greet,
T heir glorious bodies now unite with spirits pure;
E nter upon the earth a reign that shall endure—
R eigning a thousand years with Christ, supremely blest,
N 'er by the summer's heat or winter's cold distressed;
A n unmolested lot, beneath the fig and vine,
L aden with precious store, in safety they recline.

J esus the King, shall then all enemies subdue;
U nto him shall each saint ascribe the honors due.
D riven from earth shall sorrow be, through all this blissful reign,
G lad shouts from every tongue shall swell the glorious strain,
E ach one, at length, before the judgment seat shall stand
M eeting rewards for all, as justice shall demand.
E vil its proper place shall have to it assigned,
N ot to again intrude where faith with works is joined,
T here to the pure a crown of light and life be given.

B lessed and holy they whose home is heaven!
L ife never ending theirs who Jesus' sufferings shared;
I nherit they the kingdom before the world prepared.
S hall I this life celestial, this glory e'er obtain?
S hall I with Christ, the Lamb, forever live and reign?

RICHARD BULLARD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 1885.

HOME.

BY AUDIE SMITH.

FROM the West the low descending sun shot forth rays dazzling in their splendor, across a bloody battle-field, and lit with undying glory the pale faces of the dead and dying. A soldier, lying in his gore, turned and smiled as a ray of brightness softly touched his face. He was dying; and to what were his thoughts turning in these the last moments of his earthly life? Were they turning to war? to battle? to the dead, or dying? to his country, for which he dies? No; his last thoughts dwelt upon a sweeter subject, a dearer scene than these afford. He was thinking of home and loved ones and gazed, in memory, upon a happy home-circle—happy because they knew not the condition of husband and father; happy because they had love and each other.

The face of the dying soldier brightens as he looks upon this; but saddens as quickly, as he remembers that he can share it no more; that no more will his return from labor be welcomed by demonstrations of joy, as formerly; that he has seen, met and parted with them for the last time.

What is home that could thus engage the thoughts of a dying man? It must be something near to his heart; something inexpressibly sweet, to be held in sacred reverence; something to which he is as dear as it is to him.

The word home, is Saxon, meaning the abode of a family, the place where the members of a household gather.

Home should be a place of refuge and freedom. When the storms of life are furiously beating, we hasten home; there to rest; there to throw off the cares, the labors which we constantly meet in performing life's tasks. It is as landing in a safe and peaceful port after a day's voyage on the waters of life where the waves of adversity buffeted us here and there.

Although we see the benefits of thus having home as a haven of rest, yet we should remember that it is too holy, too sacred, to be profaned by undue freedom, or complete unrestraint. There should be, through love, a check put upon the baser parts of human nature. Though we should feel at rest and free, yet the manners and actions should be as perfect there as elsewhere.

Home. Tthere is with that word something which makes the heart bound with pleasure and throb with love. No matter how poor, no matter how humble, no matter how wretched, Home is sacred. We love our homes; whether as the home of our family, the home of our community, or as the home of our nation, does not matter; as home, anything is grateful and pleasant to us. It seems that man is imbued with a natural and passionate love for home. There is that in him which calls, and calls loudly too, for Home. It matters not whether this home is in the great bustling city or the little country hamlet; whether it is among the mountains, or near the sea-side; whether on the vast prairie, or the little island; whether on the land, or on the water,—to home the heart turns in love and pride.

As for our national home, how familiar we all are with deep and thrilling love for our country! This love is partly due to patriotism, and partly due to the innate love in man for his native home. How proud we are of our Union! And the affection for this—the home of millions—inspires to noble actions and brave deeds in its defense. We would bear torture; we would suffer bondage; we would risk everything but our honor, for the protection of our country.

All are familiar with the heroic deeds of the "Patriots of 76." They fought; they bled. Their hearts swelled with pride and indignation as they thought of their homes and the danger threatening them. Their minds were not taken up with the risks they ran in breaking the yoke of bondage which Great Britain had imposed upon them; but were filled with plans for the protection and safety of their homes.

Who can deny that it was Home which made the heart of every patriot nearly burst with indignation as he thought upon this, the subject first in the interests of all? Who can deny that it was Home, which inspired them to determined action? Home, which won for them many a battle? Home, which filled the minds of the wise and noble men who framed the Constitution?

However, all the noble deeds in defense of home and country were not confined to the Revolution, by any means. The Indian and Civil wars in the history of our own country, and the Punic, Gallic, French, and hosts of others in the history of other nations, afford fine examples of the work and noble deeds performed through the love of Home.

This interest taken in Home is one of the principal elements which tends to civilize and enlighten barbarous nations. True, even as they are, the natives of any place will do anything rather than have their simple homes destroyed or trampled under the feet of any; but still, a people which has the interests of its homes truly at heart, will advance, and advance with rapidity proportioned to the number and length of the steps taken to improve the homes. A man would not help, encourage, or patronize any of the arts or sciences, the suggestions or inventions with which this age is filled, if he did not, directly or indirectly, have the improvement of his home in view.

The fondest, tenderest thoughts of which the human mind is capable, cluster around Home. As a present blessing, it is not apt to be appreciated so highly as when it is no more, and only a pleasant regret or memory takes the place of the once-owned happiness. To us home is dear; but do we fully comprehend how dear? Not until we are deprived of one, is it entirely understood and appreciated. But this seems to be human nature; for, in June, when roses show their blushing faces everywhere, we admire the sweet-scented blossoms; not until they are gone do we realize how lovely and fleeting they were—as the poet has sung:

"Strange we never prize the music,
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange we never miss the violet,
Till the lovely flowers are gone.
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
As when Winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air."

So it is with our homes; we prize them, but not so freely as if we had them not. A tramp, wandering from place to place, homeless and outcast, looks back with a

keener appreciation, a more fervid pleasure, to the home he once had, than that with which we regard ours.

Childhood's home! How many hearts there are which nearly burst with love, and throb with longing, as thoughts of the home of childhood come stealing into them like a benediction! How many who can trace, by looking back, the many times and places they have spent joyous hours! Its sweet memory is as a holy guard, which checks evil and gives free reign to virtue; its sacredness comes with a fuller force, a grander sense and a nobler appeal; regret absorbs the thoughts, and longing fills the heart and mind. After years of contact with the world, attended by sharp distress, a recollection of home becomes more and more filled with a desire to return, a desire to sit once more where we were wont to rest and dream; to gaze once more upon the scenes which in childhood's days met the eyes; to tread once more the paths so often touched in former years by happy, springing feet. These desires are too strong, too grand, to be neglected; and their gratification will throw such a ray of brightness along earth's highway that it will reflect a hallowed and noble influence over the days to come.

Around, in, and between these longings is ever intwined a remembrance of the holy love of parents, brothers and sisters. Like the sweet strain, running, throbbing, through minor music; soft, yet clear; sweet, yet constant; hidden, yet predominant, comes the thought of love, surrounded by the sad notes of regret.

Love, home, and mother! How hallowed these three! Mother, tenderest, sweetest of God's blessings! How loved and revered! How greatly missed when gone! A mother's love is the purest, noblest, on earth. How careful she is for the comforts of each! She watches over those entrusted to her care through childhood, youth and budding manhood, with love undiminished, never shrinking, never faltering, never changing. Always the same, always watchful, always prayerful, and always sacrificing, she is the grandest work of the Creator. The persons who cluster around the family hearthstone are dear, dear, to us; but mother dearest of all. When away, we miss each familiar face; but mother's is missed most of all. We long for the family circle; but the longing is greatest for mother. We pray for the loved ones; but that prayer is strongest which is offered for mother. What a noble work is hers! So many to lean upon her! So many to look up to her and love her! So many to follow her footsteps! Her work is indeed a grand one! Her influence, combined with that of love and home, upon the heart and mind of a child is infinite, almost. "As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined," is a trite saying; but nevertheless a perfectly true one.

Much has been said about home happiness, and now comes the query, How is home made attractive? The first essential is love; not cowardly love, either. In some families, though the members feel a strong affection for each other, they seem ashamed to own and show it. This is a powerful enemy to home-happiness. Love should be frank, open and honest.

The moral atmosphere of home should be pure and refined. From a virtuous family go forth, with those who have dwelt there awhile and then left it, to enter the great world or a home of their own, that honesty and virtue which make a career good and useful.

As for the adornments of home, they should always be within the means of the family, and partake freely of taste and elegance. As Northrup says: "The memory of a beautiful and happy home in childhood is the richest legacy that a man can leave his children." There have been happy homes, however, without taste or culture; great love ruled there supreme.

Literature is a great source of pleasure and profit. A library, well selected and well used, exerts a powerful influence over the home in which it is. The world of to-day is filled with worthless reading and trashy novels, which are tending rapidly to demoralize the nations, fill the prisons and poor-houses, and thin the ranks of Christianity. It is the duty of the heads of families to provide good and wholesome literature for those in their care and to see that nothing else is indulged in. Contact with sin and vice will leave a stain upon a person's character in spite of everything. A man, noble and true to the highest instincts and virtues, fulfilling to the best of his knowledge and ability, all good that is assigned

to him, is indeed worthy to grace the image of his maker.

We would not pass this part of our subject, regarding home adornments, without referring to music as an element. Its influence is soft and refining, calling into action all the noble impulses, and forcing the baser parts of human nature down and away.

If the children of to-day, instead of wandering about the streets at night, were gatherd together at their several homes, and there taught to sing; sing praises to their Maker, thus using heart, lips and voices in his service, the men and women of to-morrow would be, as a rule, superior to those of to-day. They would find in it an innocent and lasting pleasure.

We look about us, and see this beautiful world—our earthly Home, and we are filled with gratefulness and wonder—gratefulness that God so loved man that he gives to him so many choice blessings, and requires of him, in return, only love and obedience; wonder, that God could be so mindful of sinful and forgetful man, as to place him here amid such lovely surroundings.

Not only are we delighted with the beautiful things of earth, but when we gaze upwards the glorious bodies of the sun, moon and stars meet our admiring eyes, smile upon us, and we are awed to silence. In the pleasant summer evenings we watch the stars and wonder: What are those glittering points of fire? What keeps them in position? Are they worlds like ours? Are the laws which govern them the same as those which govern us? Were they created for the benefit of man? Are they inhabited? If so, by whom?—people like us? Are they surrounded by animals of lower classes, as we are? Have they thoughts and feelings like ours? Do they love, reason, wonder, study? Are they learned? Do they patronize arts or sciences? Have they searched out the laws governing themselves and each other, as we have? Are they banded together? Have they governments? Have they Homes? Can they see us? Do they assemble on pleasant evenings, in their porches, and watch our shining orb as we do theirs? These are questions that are unanswerable; but they are deeply interesting, nevertheless. How vast must be the universe! How grand must be the laws which govern it! How infinite must be the power of him who created all things! How sublime his love! How great his compassion! How large his heart, that poor, insignificant man could find in it so secure a place, so sure a footing, so strong a pity, that all these beautiful, wonderful things are his to enjoy, and greater, higher, nobler ones promised to them that serve him, hereafter!

Our Home on this earth is not to last very long, and each year, each day, each moment, is fraught with opportunities to do good; to be obedient to God; to take another long step nearer the future; to improve another chance for the reward in the great To Come. A few days pass away, and we are a year nearer our Future Home; a few years, and our course is run, the goal reached, for evil or for good, for misery or for happiness; to be lost or saved; to be outcast from the family of righteousness, or to gain an eternal Home in the kingdom of God!

We have only now to improve. It is impossible to raise the standard of yesterday; impossible to make to-morrow righteous; possible only to employ to-day. How needful for us then, to seek those things which will lift us nearer the standard of Christ, rather than those which will drag us down to the level of demons; needful for us to choose light, rather than darkness; salvation rather than punishment. As earthly homes are made happy by love and diligence, so the heavenly home is only attained by labor and obedience. As members of happy homes must be true and noble, so we should strive to become nobler and truer, making ourselves fit members for the choice family circle of God—happy in that home where our Maker, infinite and loving, will be to us as shepherd to straying lambs, as a loving friend to one in time of need, and as a watchful mother, guarding, ever so carefully, ever so prayerfully, her loving wayward child.

Helpful Hints and Suggestions.

The meal unshared is food unblest:
  Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
  Is labor for a worthy end.—*Whittier.*

A FEW COMMON ERRORS.

It is probable that more errors are made in the use of the word "only" than in using any other word in the languge. While its misuse is not so glaring as many other grammatical errors, yet it greatly mars and reduces the accuracy of a sentence. Unlike the more glaring mistakes which are confined chiefly to the speech or writing of the unlearned, its misuse prevails to a singular extent in the writing of accomplished men and women, and is observed frequently in newspapers and even in higher literature. This results from carelessness more than from any thing else, and probably from the fact that the correct use of the word is not so easily understood.

The proper place of "only" in a sentence is readily ascertained by accurately determining the word to which it has reference. A few examples will, perhaps, more clearly explain its misuse. I have heard good orators say, "I will only refer to this branch of the subject." A little thought will make it evident that the speaker did not mean to confine himself to "referring," but to the branch of the subject; therefore he should have said, "I will refer only to this branch of the subject." Had he meant it to limit "refer" he would have emphasized it in order to make himself understood.

To say, "I only see an orange," might mean that the speaker does not feel, taste, or smell an orange, but, "I see only an orange," means that he sees no other fruit. It might be clearer, perhaps, to say, "I see an orange only," or "I see an orange alone;" but it is not well to conclude a sentence with the adverb or adjective, as the case may be. It is common to hear, "I only saw him," "I only have four," "He only went to Philadelphia," and countless similar errors.

The word "too" is misused in precisely the same way. I have heard highly educated persons make such mistakes as "I was there, too," not meaning to include with other places the place indicated, but that the speaker was present with others at the place; so it would have been correct to say, "I, too, was there."

"Also," being used interchangeably with "too," is, of course, similarly misused. In the sentence, "He will read this," "also" can be inserted to convey three meanings. "He also will read this," means that the person spoken of with others will read it; "He will also read this," indicates that he may have intended to sing it, but now he will also read it; and "He will read this also," means that he will read it in addtion to other pieces.

Additional examples need not be given to explain the proper use of the words, A little care and thoughtfulness will soon correct the abuse. Writers, especially, should be careful with these words, for speakers can indicate their meaning by emphasis. Much ambiguity in writing is due to this fault, and correction of it will add mightily to an author's power.

H. M. Hoke.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands.

That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid the whitening process.

That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

That beeswax and salt will make your flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax-rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

Corn Dodgers.—Mix corn meal with cold water, making dough stiff enough to handle. Then mould into oval cakes about two inches thick, put them into an oiled pan and smooth the top with the hand wet with cold water. Bake in a hot oven forty or fifty minutes.

Potato Puffs.—Take an egg, one cup of cream or milk, two cups of cold or hot potato; this must be mashed until there are no lumps. Beat the egg, stir the milk or cream into it, and then add the potato. Bake to a delicate brown.

A FEW THOUGHTS.

AS I sit by my window this evening, thinking of the past and the pleasures of the past, I find my mind dwelling also on the more earnest part of life, and wondering if I have been as true to that part as I should have been. When I was a child my greatest ambition was some day to be a teacher. The great aim of my childhood's thoughts was to attain to that position. When in the school room; with a hard lesson before me, and on the point of giving up ever mastering it, the thought would come, I must get this lesson and many more if I ever teach. That thought would spur me on; and with a view to that attainment, my duty would almost become a pleasure. At last the time came, not before many discouragements, when I stood in the school room surrounded by eager, anxious faces, ready to receive instruction. And as years rolled on, and term after term was taught, I was never better contented than when in the school room, teaching the young idea to grasp the intricate problems of arithmetic, wade through the mazes of the English grammar, or, during the hours of recreation, join them in their various sports. The ideal work of my childhood dreams has been realized. But have I done that work as I should?

The longer I teach, the more I realize the important position in which a teacher is placed. Is merely teaching how to spell long lists of words; adding columns of figures and making the letters the proper slant, height and width the main object? It should not be; but very often is the case. There is something to be taught besides what is inside the lids of books; and a teacher that fails in that respect, performs a very small part of his or her work. I do not believe there were ever many teachers, if any, that realized the responsibility which rests upon them. If we would stop and think that for awhile precious souls are entrusted to our care and teaching, souls which by our example and influence might be led to high and noble lives—lives of usefulness in this busy world, or on the contrary to lives of dishonesty and ruin, we would be more careful of the examples we set before them, both in actions and language. Fellow teachers, do you ever think, as you sit in your school room surrounded by a class of half dozen or more small children whom you are trying to instruct—do you ever look in their earnest, trustful eyes as they look up to you for words of love and encouragement—do you ever think then that immortal souls are before you drinking in words and expressions that will either terminate for their good or evil? Stop and think of these things, if you never did. We can not see, to-day, and may never know, the effect our words and deeds may have on this generation of boys and girls. But come with me and let us, in our imagination, lift the veil of futurity and look, for a few minutes, into the future years.

Who is that man with bloodshot eyes that goes staggering through the streets of one of our principal American cities? He was once a teachable, lovable child, standing at your side, with his bright trustful eyes upturned to yours, with all the sweetness and innocence of childhood. Did you then try to teach him the folly of drinking? and impress on his mind the nobleness of an honest man? Again, we see a woman, whose shame and sorrow seems more than she can bear; yet when she was starting on life's journey pure and stainless as a lily, did you by your example, influence, and kind encouraging words help her resist the temptations which led her feet from the paths of the innocent? Then, again, we see a young man who seems deprived of all principles, modesty and truth; you taught him, when he was very small, his letters. Is that all you taught him?

I do not presume to say we will be to blame for all the vice and immorality of the future generation. But if you do not believe you have an influence, let your mind turn to your school-days, and think how much more respect you had, and still have, for the teacher who was earnest, kind and pleasant, than for the one that was devoid of all neatness and refinement, as well as being addicted to bad habits.

Ofttimes my memory wanders back, and in fancy I see a little old log school-house, with rude benches and no desks, and before me rises the form and features of a

sweet-faced teacher, whose kind and gentle ways will never be forgotten. Now she has gone from this life to one beyond, where she will receive her reward; and far away in southern clime her body rests beneath the sod. But the memory of her firm, yet kind and gentle voice, comes like some pleasant dreams, awakening in me a desire for the good and true.

Then let us be looked upon, by our pupils, as patterns of sobriety, neatness, modesty, truthfulness and Christianity; thus leading them on to purer lives, influencing them to seek after higher aims, and thus preparing themselves for an eternal home in the mansions of God. It is not enough that we should improve our minds in the knowledge of books; but govern our thoughts and actions, and improve our dispositions, that we may be more capable of performing the serious task of training the young mind.

"If we have taught a little child
The path of wrong to shun,
May not its life to others teach
The lesson well begun?
From old, by young, the truth is learned,
We other minds endow;
Our having lived may matter much,
A hundred years from now!"

"ANISE."

HINTS ON HEALTH.

BY J. H. HANSEN, M. D.

OUR health is much influenced by our food. Fifty years ago most patients were drugged entirely too much and dieted too little. Disease then was supposed to be some evil principle that could be destroyed by drugs. This is true of a few diseases, that in the great majority of cases are at once cured by the proper drug administration; but the great majority of diseases are disturbances of the organs themselves, or of their functions only. There is another class of diseases, that depend on a specific, infective or contagious principle. In most cases these germs are unknown; neither is there any drug known that will destroy them, with a very few exceptions.

Diseases of the latter class can not then, as a rule, be cured by drug action on the disease itself. If they are to be cured it must be by putting the system in the best possible state to resist the disease action. This can be done, both by giving such medicines and such foods as will best fortify the system. The medicine should be prescribed according to the needs of the case by one who understands the disease and also the medicine; if such an one is not employed, it is better to give no medicine. As a druggist I have sold the deadliest poisons to Saints who "did not believe in strong medicine."

Food should be the Saints' great reliance, and it is a medicine in its highest sense. Under this heading we include drinks, etc. Healthy persons can eat the various foods as generally provided and cooked, and digest them without injury to the system. There is however, a large class of persons who, while not really sick, are yet so far from being healthy that many foods disagree with them. These should devote especial attention to their diet, and as soon as they learn that any article disagrees they should strictly avoid it. A large class are troubled with constipation, and from this trouble comes a multitude of diseases. The habitual use of pills for this trouble is especially to be avoided. Eat coarse bread; such vegetables as onions, turnips, cabbage, tomatoes, etc; all kinds of fresh meat, preferably boiled, and eat a fair proportion of *fat*. I emphasize fat; don't be afraid of it. Take it in the form of new milk, sweet cream, butter and pork. Take it freely unless you are troubled with corpulency. Drink freely. Eat plenty of liquid foods, soups of all kinds. Avoid all condiments, cakes, cookies, etc. Fruit pies, and most kinds of fruit when ripe and fresh or canned, are good. Devote great care to this one difficulty, if you are troubled with it. If you can not over-

come it by dieting yourself, and such means as are within your reach, consult some intelligent physician, and he can give you much useful advice that would be out of place in this article, as well as such remedies as nature needs.

Among the Saints there is a large number who do not drink coffee or tea. This is to be commended, for they when strong retard digestion; but many such in seeking to avoid "hot drinks," fall into the opposite error of taking cold drinks with their food. A cup of hot coffee will do you less harm with your food than a glass of ice water or iced milk. Food can not be digested unless it is of the same temperature as the body, or nearly so.

When you eat, you should either avoid drinking with your food, or take a drink that is about blood warm, or a little above that. It will take the stomach from one half hour to two hours to warm a large drink of cold water or milk to such a temperature that digestion can proceed with perfect freedom.

Take special pains to eat slowly, and to chew your food well. You may be in a hurry; but remember no part of your time is more profitably spent than that which is spent in taking care of your health. Nine-tenths of our diseases or poor health is brought about by neglect of these and kindred rules.

To be continued.

Editor's Corner.

We this number present our readers with a brief biographical sketch of Elder George A. Blakeslee, Presiding Bishop of the Reorganized Church. We can but regret that the unassuming modesty of Bishop Blakeslee prevented his furnishing us with many rich and abundant testimonies which the Lord has seen fit to bestow upon him, of the truth of this work in which we are engaged; but though withheld now we trust at a future time, we shall be able to glean some of them to add to the memorial stones pitched in Gilgal. Bishop Blakeslee, from the time of his first having embraced the latter day work, has ever given to it the precedence over business, which has been to him a secondary consideration, when the Lord's work demanded his time and means. An affectionate and devoted husband, a kind and loving father, he yet possesses in a preeminent degree, the characteristic which Paul insisted upon as being necessary to the office of a bishop, "A man who rules well his own house." Let us not be misunderstood as meaning that this ruling is other than in love; for the affection with which he is regarded by his children amounts almost to idolatry; but while it is *in love* it is yet in perfect order, and this (if there were no other consideration), would strongly point to him as a man, fitted to occupy the office to which God has called him; for "If a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?" Pertinent question, which seems to cover more than the office of a bishop.

Like many others, who have been called to positions of trust and honor in both church and state, Bishop Blakeslee came up from the ranks of the poor but sturdy toilers of the land. Much of his earnings, when a boy and youth, went into the common fund for the support of his father's family; consequently, amid his later years of financial success and competency, he will never have to reproach himself with any filial duty left undone. Faithful to a sense of duty in the bestowment of his scanty earnings, he now exercises the hospitality enjoined upon the incumbent of his office, with equal faithfulness and unstinted liberality, and we are firmly persuaded that the finances of the church were never in better hands. He is not a novice to positions of trust, therefore not likely to fall into that snare of the devil, "Lifted up with pride." Paul enjoined that it was necessary that a bishop should have a good report of "Them that are without," and the church would have to search long in order to find a man better qualified in this respect, than Bishop Blakeslee. Long may the Lord spare his life, granting his services to the church and the world.

We are pleased to present our readers with the article from the pen of Elder Heman C. Smith, "Jesus the Christ." There is in it a touching

pathos, appealing direct to the heart of him who reads, and lost indeed must that soul be to every sense of love and gratitude which responds not to the great throbbing waves, rolling up from the boundless ocean of undying love, as manifested in the life and death of "Jesus the Christ." We would be glad to hear from Bro. Heman oftener.

A sister in writing to us says, "The September number of the *Autumn Leaves* surpasses itself;" and in one respect, at least, we agree with her that it does. We refer to "The Story of The Book of Mormon." Elder Stebbins in this series of articles is leaving the youth of the church without excuse, if not fully equipped and prepared to defend that book.

In our issue for November will be commenced a series of article entitled "Home Conversations," by "Decinda and Tubal Milkins," which will be found to touch upon many points of interest to all.

FROM MALACHI TO MATTHEW.—No. VII.

BY W. R. HOUGHTON, IN "THE CURRENT."

GREAT SYRIAN INVASION.

THE death of Antiochus Epiphanes left the throne of Syria a prize for unrelenting aspirants. His son, then nine years of age, was under the care of Lysias, viceroy of Syria, west of the Euphrates; but of this same youthful prince, the dying king had made Philip guardian. Then, too, far off in Italy, resided Demetrius as a hostage at Rome. He was the rightful heir to the kingdom, and made great efforts to secure his freedom, and the recognition of his claims by the Roman senate. As soon as Lysias heard that the throne was vacant he had the young prince crowned king of Syria under the designation of Antiochus Eupator, through which act, for a time, the affairs of state remained in the hands of the ambitious viceroy.

The Syrian citadel on Mount Acra was a constant menace to the faithful Jews at Jerusalem, against whom frequent and dangerous sorties were made by soldiers issuing from the fortress. To rid the city of this danger and vexation Judas, B. C. 163, endeavored to capture the citadel, the last stronghold of the Syrians and their partisans in Judea. For this purpose he summoned the levies, and besieged the enemy with battering-rams, catapults, shooting towers, and other engines necessary to the siege. When the garrison had been reduced to the last extremity, some of the apostate Jews effected their escape, and, hastening to the new Syrian court, made urgent entreaties for relief.

A difference of opinion prevailed about coming to peaceful terms with the Jews, but it was finally decided to use every exertion for suppressing the rebellion in Judea. A vast host was soon assembled, including Syrians and mercenaries from the isles of the seas. All these forces, under Lysias in person, accompanied by Antiochus Eupator, the youthful king, marched southward, undisturbed and confident, along the eastern side of the Jordan, and, turning up from the south-east, advanced towards Bethsur in a northwestern direction and laid siege to this strong outpost of the Jews. At the news of this invasion Judas raised the siege of the fortress, and encamped against the enemy near Bethsur, at a place called Bethzachariah. The Syrian army was composed of one hundred thousand footmen, twenty thousand horsemen, three hundred chariots, and thirty-two elephants, distributed among the phalanxes, and surmounting huge wooden towers from every one of which fought a number of soldiers besides the black Indian driver. Each animal, rising high up from the cen-

ter of its own troop, was attended by five hundred horsemen and one thousand infantry, wearing chain armor, helmets of brass, and shields adorned with gold. The array of splendor was most unusual for the winding glens of Judea. When the sun's rays fell upon the ornaments, the "mountains glistened, and shone like lamps of fire." The noise of the multitude, the rattling of the weapons, and the tramp of the huge earth-shaking animals were portentous, and caused to tremble all those that heard them. The Jews had never before seen an elephant, and their little army was deeply impressed at the sight of this wonderful beast, "the beast on whom the castle with all its guards doth stand, the beast that hath between his eyes a serpent for a hand." Judas led his forces to battle and through their valor near five thousand Syrians fell. His brother, Eleazar, singled out a large elephant, royally equipped, which he supposed was carrying the young prince Antiochus Eupator. The intrepid son of Mattathias made his way to the animal by desperate efforts, "slaying on the right hand and on the left," till he reached the huge beast, surrounded by its guard of foot and horse. He then crept under the elephant, and plunged his spear into its body; but the dying animal, falling, crushed to death the brave Eleazar under the mass of its own weight. From this daring act he received the name Avaran, "the Beaststicker," by which appellation he was ever afterwards distinguished. This heroic example was fruitless as to immediate results, for Judas, not deeming it expedient to maintain battle against such superior resources, retired before the enemy to await more favorable developments. The Syrians poured over the whole country, relieved their adherents in the citadel at Jerusalem, and laid siege to the temple-mountain garrisoned by the faithful Jews. To complete the misfortune, it was a sabbatic year wherein the the fields were not cultivated, thus creating a general deficiency of corn through the province. As a consequence Bethsur was forced to surrender, and the temple-mount was reduced almost to an untenable position. At this juncture the Jews were unexpectedly relieved. News of an alarming character reached Lysias and the young king. The Syrian general Philip, whom Antiochus Epiphanes had appointed guardian of his son, had returned from Persia and taken possession of the government. Lysias feeling impelled to depart promptly from Jerusalem, proposed terms of peace to the Jews, who were willing to accept them. The agreement provided that the temple should have royal protection, and that the people should have liberty to practice their sacred usages. As an additional measure for pacifying the Jews, Lysias carried off the high-priest Menelaus, from the citadel on Acra and put him to death at Aleppo, by smothering him in ashes, charged with being the originator of the Jewish insurrection. In his place, however, Lysias appointed Alcimus high-priest, a man in whom the general found a suitable instrument for his own purposes. The peace made with the Judeans gave the Syrians possession of the temple-mountain, whose walls the king and princes had sworn to protect; but when the young sovereign entered the fortifications and saw their strength, he violated his oath and ordered the defenses to be demolished. Upon this the invading army withdrew in haste to Antioch, and, finding Philip master of the capital fought against him and took the city by force.

Demetrius, son of Seleucus Philopater, who had remained a hostage at Rome since the death of his father, was in his twenty-third year, when he was informed of the death of Antiochus Epiphanes. Having twice proposed that the senate favor his re-establishment upon his father's throne, and having been twice disappointed, Demetrius escaped from Roman custody, and, taking a Carthaginian vessel at Ostea, sailed for the shores of Syria. He landed at Tripoli, a small town near the city of Tyre, and obtained adherents with unusual rapidity. A report spread that the Roman senate had sent him to take possession of his dominions, and had resolved to support him in all that the enterprise demanded. The young king was abandoned by his people and army, and Demetrius was established upon the throne. As he entered the palace of his ancestors the soldiers seized Antiochus and Lysias, and put them to death at the hint from the king that he did not wish to see their faces.

Alcimus, whom Lysias had appointed high-priest, being an object of suspicion to the faithful Judeans owing to his con-

nection with the apostates, could not sufficiently establish himself in the sacred office. That his object might be attained, he repaired to the court at Antioch, attended by a number of adherents belonging to the party of the Free, and with rich gifts presented his claims to Demetrius. He calumniated Judas and his brothers, declaring himself a fugitive from them and affirming that they slew all supporters of the king who fell into their hands. In particular did he request Demetrius to get entirely rid of the obstinate Judas, as peace in no other way could be secured. A fitting man was solicited to repair to Jerusalem and investigate the condition of affairs. The king, yielding to the entreaties, selected Bacchides governor of Mosopotamia, to accompany Alcimus into Judea at the head of sufficient troops to confirm him in office and establish his authority. The plenipotentiary, arriving at Jerusalem, requested an audience with Judas and his brothers, but they, having no faith in the Syrian words of peace, refused to meet Bacchides. The party of the Faithful, at this critical moment, felt some hesitation in renouncing all obedience to one who was not legally disqualified for the office of high-priest, and, that equitable terms of peace might be adjusted, sent to Bacchides a deputation of many scribes. He received them in a friendly manner, but not being able to get Judas into his power, he selected sixty of his deputies and treacherously put them to death. Bacchides, after having thus spread sufficient terror in Jerusalem, pitched his camp north of the city on a hill called Bezetha, and executed a considerable number of the apostates who had deserted from him. Upon this he returned to Antioch, leaving Alcimus at Jerusalem in command of a large army. Then followed a destructive civil war in which Judas and the Faithful fought against Alcimus and the Free, each issuing from their strongholds upon the adherents of the other. The great destruction of the conflict was an unhappy reminder of the worst persecutions of Antiochus Epiphanes. Judas passed round through the whole country, fell upon leaders of the apostates, and spread such terror among them that they dared no longer show themselves openly. Alcimus, seeing that he could not maintain himself against Judas, took a numerous band of refugees, and repaired to the court at Antioch a second time for the purpose of obtaining assistance.

Demetrius favored the wishes of Alcimus and Nicanor with a great force to suppress the insurrection in Judea. This honored officer of the king was very hostile to the Israelites, yet he knew from experience how brave they were in battle, for in the engagement at Emmaus, five years before, he had been defeated by the valor of the Maccabæan. There is a tradition that Nicanor conceived for Judas a strong personal admiration and affection on account of the prowess this hero displayed in that early encounter, and that on reaching Jerusalem with Alcimus he opened friendly communciations with the Maccabæan. Judas was suspicious, but he went to Jerusalem, and the two foes for the first time came face to face. It was the meeting of Morton and Claverhouse. On chairs of state, like curule seats of Roman magistrates, the two warriors sat side by side. Nicanor was fascinated at the presence of Judas and could not bear to have him out of sight. The Syrian general "loved the man from his heart," entered into his future plans, entreated him to lay aside his wandering course, advised him to settle in a quiet home, and "suggested the high-priesthood as the haven of the warrior's stormy career." For a time all went well, Nicanor dwelling in Jerusalem and doing nothing out of place. But suddenly all was changed, for the jealous Alcimus, seeing in this ambition the ruin of his hopes, "denounced Nicanor to the king, and procured an order that Judas should be sent as a prisoner to Antioch. This greatly troubled Nicanor, for he could neither betray his friend nor venture disobedience to the royal order. In self-defense the general began to change his policy towards Judas, modifying his conduct in a great degree. His conscience became uneasy, his manners rough, and his temper fierce. Judas noticed the change, suspected treachery, and made his escape. Having collected his army, he arrayed his troops for an encounter. The two friends parted to meet no more save when the head of one should be the trophy of the other.

To be continued.

SOME DAY.

BY "LOUISE."

I WOULD that it were within the power of words to express, or eloquence to depict, the danger, sorrow and disappointment implied in these two little words. Only those who have tasted the bitterness of their folly, or have been scorched by their ruinous flames, know the full extent of their treachery.

Yet these two words, Some Day, are full of poetic sweetness to the mind of youth. To these they embody great things in noble acts, heroic deeds and grand achievements; and, above all, a brilliant and happy future; all of which is to come to pass at this indefinite period. Foolish dreamers! Would that you but saw that the fond hopes of your hearts can never be realized unless you rouse yourselves and cease wasting the precious moments in dreamy thinking, and employ them in active, persevering and vigilant doing.

There is a future in store for every one of us; and upon us rests the duty of making it a useful one; and being useful, it will be a noble one. But the preparation pertaining to it must be begun now, the earlier the better; now, while our minds and characters are growing, must we cultivate them into useful fields; for they are our only substantial resources. Now must we prepare ourselves for the things we wish to accomplish. If we neglect to to do this, and unskilled, unpracticed, uneducated, attempt great things, it will be like oil and water, which can not be mixed; and the only consequence resulting must be bitter disappointment and sorrow. It is as unreasonable to suppose that the mind, character and habits, after having been formed, can easily be turned into an entirely different course, as it is that a stream or river can flow in an opposite direction to its former course. Like the surging and washing of water which forms the river's bed, so do our actions and thoughts form our minds, and the characters which in future will govern us. While the work is being done, is the time to do it rightly. If a useful thought or idea occurs to the mind by which your fellow-beings or yourself may be benefitted, do not allow it to slip from the memory, thinking to do something with it Some Day; but note it, also put it into action at the first favorable opportunity. If you do not, the busy scenes and actions of every-day life will soon obliterate it from the memory. But should it be recalled to the mind, after laborious thinking, it would not make the impression, and animate the spirits as it did at first; for then it partook of the nature of inspiration.

It is our duty to make good use of the talents we possess, for God has gifted us us with them for that purpose. It is our duty to God, to our fellow-men and to ourselves, to exert every good quality possessed, to its utmost limit. And if we fail to do this, we commit sin.

Yet, how very few, gazing upon the beautiful vision of Some Day, framed in a wreath of beautiful flowers, illuminated by purest diamonds and brightest stars, remember to improve the golden moments, which is the first round of the ladder leading to the idol of their hearts and ambition. They gaze on, fascinated and enraptured, until the years have passed away, and they wake up to find that old age has crept upon them, and their unperformed duties are piled mountain high, shutting out the light of the possibility of ever redeeming the time. Darkness overtakes them; their lives are a failure; "the silver chord is loosed; the golden bowl is broken," and they stagger and fall in darkness. The bell in the distant tower tolls another soul passed away. The strains of mournful music are heard, and a dark grave opens and closes over each. The wide world rolls on unconscious of the scene transpiring; no "footprints on the sands of time" are left, to be an inspiration to other weary pilgrims. And save perhaps his birth and death, the life of such one is to future generations an unknown existence. The winds moan over his lonely grave, as if lamenting that by his own fol-

ly and neglect, he lost the chance given him of preparing for the eternal hereafter. O, youth, as you sit rearing air-castles in the flickering blazes of the winter night's fire, or dreaming on a balmy summer evening, let the wind which howls and whistles from far away climes, be a warning to you that your fancies, like the flickering flames, will die out, and like the summer's day, will pass away. And as the wind dies away in the distance, let it carry with it your firm determination not to risk your present usefulness and eternal happiness, in the shimmering bubble and illusion of Some Day.

FOUR EPIGRAMS.

A KIND WORD.

A kind word often so endears
It echoes sweetly through the years—
Forgotten by the tongue that spoke,
Remembered by the heart it woke.

CURIOSITY.

Watching the bees, he oft is stung
Who o'er the hive too close his head has hung,
So, too, and righteously, he fares
Who thrusts himself in other folks' affairs.

IMAGINATION.

Oft our imagination brings
  Such pleasant things to view,
We fold them in our memories,
  And love to think them true.

FORGIVENESS.

Crush the rose, its odor rises,
  Giving sweetness for the pain;
Grieve a woman, and she gives you
  Sweet forgiveness, poured like rain.

Brooklyn Magazine.

PLEASANT PHASES OF FARM LIFE.

It is a common complaint that the farm and farm life are not appreciated by our people. We long for the more elegant pursuits or the ways and fashions of the town. But the farmer has the most sane and rational occupation, and ought to find life sweeter, if less highly seasoned, than any other. He alone, strictly speaking, has a home. How can a man take root and thrive without land? He writes his history upon his field. How many ties, how many resources he has; his friendships with his cattle, his teams, his dog, his trees; the satisfaction in his growing crops, in his improved fields, his intimacy with nature, with bird and beast and the quickening elemental forces; his co-operation with the clouds, the sun, the seasons, heat, wind, rain, frost. Nothing will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison. It humbles him, teaches him patience and reverence, and restores the proper tone to his system.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

THREE LUGGIES.

"In order on the clean hearth stane
The luggies three are ranged,
And every time great care is ta'en
To see them duly changed."

The three bowls or dishes, one containing clear water, one milky, and the other nothing at all, are placed in a row on the hearth stone or table, and the girl wishing to try her fortune is blind-folded and led up to where the dishes stand. She is then told to put her left hand into one of the bowls. If she dips her hand in the clear water, she will marry a bachelor; if in the milky water, a widower; and if into the empty bowl, it is a sure sign that she will live in single blessedness all her days.

The ceremony must be gone through three times, and the hand be dipped twice in the same bowl in order to make the prediction of any value.

THE APPLE GAME.

This is played as follows: From the ceiling is suspended a stout cord, the lower end of which is securely tied to the centre of a stick a foot and a half long. On one end of the stick is fastened an apple, and on the other end a bag, made of cheese-cloth, filled with flour. The string is set in motion, swinging back and forth like a pendulum, and the contestants for the prize stand ready, each in turn to make a grab for the apple which must be caught in the teeth before it can be won. When the person essaying to catch the fruit is struck in the face with the bag, he may find himself covered with flour instead of the glory anticipated.

TRYING FOR A RAISIN

is a laughable performance. The raisin, which must be a good sized one, is strung on and pushed exactly to the middle o a soft cotton string about one yard long. Two aspirants for the prize then take each an end of the string which they put in their mouths and commence to chew, taking it up as fast as they can—the raisin falling to the share of the person reaching it first.

NATURE'S FALL DECORATIONS

are free to all who care to possess them. The graceful golden-rod, so rich in color, sways and bends over the low stone walls, and in the fields wild flowers grow in great profusion. How the rich coloring of autumn differs from the delicate tints of spring, when the promise was made in bud and leaf, which is now realized in the bountiful harvest!

Having such a wealth to glean from, we scarcely know what to take first; but for decorations to last only a few hours, it would be difficult to imagine anything more brilliantly appropriate than

FRESH AUTUMN WILD FLOWERS

and small branches of brilliant fall leaves. These may be used advantageously in decorating the house for evening parties and receptions, or afternoon teas and coffees. Have the flowers and foliage in masses, the effect is much better; and if you gather very large hardy ferns with roots attached, they will make exceedingly graceful decorations, and placed in water or wet sand they will remain fresh for days

When golden-rod is gathered in its prime, it will keep nearly all winter without fading. Do not put it in water; all that is necessary is to keep it dry. The rich brown cat-tails should be treated in the same manner; these must be gathered at their best, before they are too ripe. Bitter-sweet berries will last for months and retain a bright red. The wild rose-bush in the fall is decked with seed-coverings, which closely resemble scarlet berries; these will last for many weeks.

A PANEL OF FIELD-CORN

is very decorative and easy to make. When the corn ripens, select some nice, firm, golden ears, with husks and without; then break off pieces of cornstalk and group them together, cover a board of requisite size with a piece of old black velvet; if you have no velvet, paint the board black, and after tying the corn firmly together, tack it securely on the board, and the dark back ground will bring out the many yellow tints of the decoration beautifully; fasten two screw-eyes in the back of the board, by which to attach the wire, and the panel will be ready to hang on the wall.

Early in November the many varieties of gourds ripen, and their odd and fantastic forms seem like nature's suggestions of the unique in ornamentation. As a decoration for looping over the poles of portieres, and for holding back draperies, these

ORNAMENTAL GOURDS

are convenient. They must first be allowed to become perfectly dry; then they can be made into tasselled festoons. Take mock oranges and cut a hole the size of a silver dime in the top and bottom of each one; then shake out the seeds. Make a rope of colored wools or worsted; on the end fasten a slender tassel, six or seven inches long, made of the same worsted; string one of the bright orange-gourds on the rope down against the tassel; make another similar tassel and attach it to the rope about twelve inches from the first one, and thread another gourd on the rope, bringing it down against the second tassel; proceeding in like manner with the remaining gourds, making a tassel for each one, and you will have a decoration unlike any to be found elsewhere.

Pine-cones, large and small, acorns, and balls from the sweet gum tree, can be used as

SMALL DECORATIONS.

Never try to fasten them by the natural stems, for these will soon break off, but place in each one a small screw-eye.

We have seen chandeliers with gilded cones hanging from different points, and being the identical color of the chandelier, they seemed of the same metal, and added novelty and grace to its appearance.

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

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HOME CONVERSATIONS.

BY DECINDA AND TUBAL MILKINS.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS busy preparing supper, and was all alone. Tilly Jane was visiting at neighbor Jendors; and Unit, he was at his father's shop.

I was expecting when my husband, Tubal, should arrive he might be burdened with some religious thought—it was peculiar to him—and would be nothing new; for he is religiously inclined, and I am pleased he should be.

An air of solemnity always attached to his conversations. I presume that is as it should be, although I am more inclined to cheerfulness. Directly I heard his footsteps, then the door opened and he entered with a smile upon his countenance. Unit accompanied him, and looked good and earnest, as I've always taught him to be.

"Well, Decinda," said Tubal, "I've had a big time to-day. You see, old man Jendors was in the shop, and we had our usual talk on matters of religion, and some side issues as well. He says there are more worlds than this one, and that they revolve in space, and have folk on them."

"I don't see anything strange about that," said I; "there surely are more worlds than this, and more peoples than what inhabit this lone world."

"But I can't see it in that way," said my husband, Tubal; "if there are more worlds than this, and they have folk, how could the atonement of Jesus effect them; for we read that 'Christ died for the sins of the world;' you see, Decinda, it reads, 'world,' not worlds. And again, Paul said: 'As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.'"

"Precisely," said I; "it reads 'world,' in the singular number; but Tubal, when we leave this world and its effects—all it now possesses—and soar high on the wings of our *imagination*, we are very liable to get lost in the mists of ambient air. And you should know, Tubal, that 'castles in the air' are not enduring habitations!"

I emphasized these latter words. Tubal looked at me somewhat surprised.

"Decinda," said he, "I am shocked at your sacreligious form of speech! You are guilty of slurring the words of Jesus about 'many mansions in the sky.' There is no such thing as 'mists of ambulant air,' only on foggy mornings. You seem to side right in with old man Jendors, and fairly assume to teach your husband!"

Tubal spoke this sentence sternly, punctuating it with heel periods, fist comma's, etc.

"I tell you, Decinda," continued Tubal, "we must be careful about our idees; we have to guard so closely against heresy! and you know old man Jendors ain't any too smart; his views are terrible distorted ones, and never can be made to hitch on to gospel truth. Moreover, it ain't imagining, to say that the atonement can't reach other worlds. Look at the number of Christ's it would take, the lots of sacrifices, the stacks of wood for crosses; for I reckon there would be three on every world—two thieves with every Jesus! I tell you, Decinda Milkins, such speeches as old man Jendors' is wild! fairly wild! I was horrorfied at his absurdity! I was shocked at his monstrous opinion. It conflicts with reason, science, and the Bible. We folk must be keerful, Decinda."

"How can they," said I, "conflict? Supposing the Bible does not speak of other

worlds than this—and yet I believe it does. When Jesus said: 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' I believe it meant something grand. But, supper is ready, and we had best partake ere the food becomes unsavory; we can have an evening's chat after meal."

Tubal was willing; so we sat at table, Unit saying grace. Whilst eating, Tilly Jane came home from Mr. Jendors—they having had an early tea. Supper over, and all things put to rights, we were seated about the fire-place and I proceeded:

"Yes, Tubal, I believe Jesus meant something grand. That word 'mansions' had reference to worlds. Paul speaks of 'glory of the sun, the glory of the moon,' etc., one degree of glory to a world. The atonement of Jesus effects these worlds only as it has, or shall have, effected the inhabitants of this world, who, in the future, shall become inhabitants of these 'mansions.' If this world is to be celestialized, and (as we know) all its inhabitants have not obeyed a 'celestial law,' there must of necessity be some other worlds for them to abide upon, places of lesser glories. And as multitudes of peoples are seen to exist only upon a sphere known as a world, of course these folk of lower lives must exist upon worlds of lower laws. Paul speaks of three glories. It is not for us to delve too deeply, I am aware; notwithstanding Paul wrote of 'the Spirit searching all things, yea the deep things of God;' and he said God's people should have that same Holy Spirit to be with them. But we should be careful *to know* that God's Spirit is with us, lest in our delving we arrive at false conclusions, and found fine-spun theories upon false premises. I believe we should be broad in our views, husband, but there is no call for extravagant expression. There is danger also in one being *too narrow* in their views upon any subject."

"Father," interposed Unit, "may I venture to ask of you a question?"

"Certainly," said my husband.

"Do you really think one world of the dimensions we have of this one, is all the world in space that may be inhabited? I ask for information, father, as I'm young and wish to learn."

This was quite a venture for Unit, for his father had been inclined to austerity with the children. Unit was now about seventeen and a half years old, and Tilly Jane was in her fifteenth year last February—she is now a little over sixteen. They are bright children, if I do say it myself; are loving and true. My Tubal was prone to resent Unit's interference, and reproved him for it; telling him he had no right to put in, when older folk were talkin'; and that "children should be seen, not heard." I have been of the opinion that Tubal's ancestry were of the old Puritan stock, although I've never asked him, lest I should unwittingly offend him, for I love him. Tilly Jane, who is rather reserved and modest, ventured to ask her father a question at this juncture of the conversation: "Father, may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, Tilly Jane, proceed."

"If there are no other worlds than this; if there are no suns but one; if there are no moons but one; and no more stars than what we can see, would such an idea be in keeping with the Sovereignty of God? When we think of him as an infinite, omniscient Being, what would He do for all eternity governing one little world like this—only about twenty-five thousand miles in circumference? And not only so, father, but it seems so peculiar to me, if not otherwise."

"Tilly Jane, I am astounded at your venturesome talk," said Tubal; "an upstart like you to assume the—the teaching of your father! A man as old as I, to be taught by the likes of you! Your mother's home training is not what it should be. If you would only obey the gospel and have a little of God's Spirit in your heart, you'd know better how to conduct yourself; you and Unit would. Talk about 'twenty-five thousand miles.' You are sacreligious, I declare. Twenty-five thousand miles in circumference! Who knows it? Who ever went around it? I say its flat, flat as a pancake—only puffed up in the middle a little. Doesn't the Bible say: 'If man findeth the foundations of the earth, God would cast off all Israel;' and doesn't Paul say: 'Yet all Israel shall be saved?' That proves no one can find them; then talk about its being round!"

"Tubal," said I, venturing now to take the children's part; "if the world be round, and revolve in space, how could its foundations be discovered—it having none to discover? The language is poetic. Have you never read that 'the trees shall

clap their hands for joy,' yet who supposes trees to have actual hands?"

"That's so, Decinda, but you know I can't bear to hear religion made light of. It is so dear to my heart, and the Bible so precious!"

"Very true, husband; but no one has been making sport of religion; furthermore, proper words from the children can work no harm. Youthful minds in a healthy condition are always active; and they will querie. You nor I can not prevent it; and the children are now attaining unto manhood and womanhood, and naturally enough they will ponder over things of religion amongst other questions of importance. The world is filled with mysteries, and overflowing with beauties. We owe it to ourselves to make all the mental, intellectual progress we can, and should be doing ourselves an injustice to cultivate mental stagnation. I know Tubal, you will take this as no offense from a loving wife."

"Decinda, I am not offended, though I speak firmly; my views of matters are as broad as justice to religion allows of. You are aware that the enemy tries to make some folk think they are fearful smart, when they're not; and I don't like to see folk make fools of themselves when there's no need on't. You know Jesus said: 'Narrow is the way;' and very broad idee's might overlap, and we'd find ourselves on the outside. You can't be too keerful, Decinda."

"Yes, Tubal, Jesus said all that, and more as well. While the 'way of life' is 'narrow,' yet He who is the author thereof is Master of the Universe. Infinity fills immensity with the vast innumerables of His works. God's ideas are boundless as are His works; and we who profess the gospel should be as far-reaching in our thought as God has given us power to cultivate. We trace the penciling of His wonders in the flowers; we discover of His mysteries in their fragrance; we follow the wending of his footsteps amid the caverns of earth; we find the chiseling of His handiwork in the mountain's canyon; and we behold the beauties of His power in the twinkling, laughing stars of night! We witness His majestic splendor in the flaming sun, and note His calm mercy in the mellow moonlight."

"Decinda I can not endure this;" said Tubal, who had been pacing to and fro in the room while I was talking. He was uneasy, and I could well observe his manner indicated an angry mood.

"It is not for *women* to assume such oratorical effect as this, and with their finespun talk lure the soul of man in many a wile of the devil. You know *woman* was the introducer of evil into this world, and the seducer of man—leading him into sensuous ways of serpentine life. Woman have always been the leader in petty difficulties, and has been under the bane of God, so much so that Paul said: 'If faithful, God might spare them in childbirth.'"

The children did not hear this last speech of their father, they having retired at the conclusion of my previous talk. I bear with him patiently, for there are quite a goodly number of good traits about Tubal; redeeming traits to an extent. I noticed that he was upset, for he and Mr. Jendors do not harmonize any more than a saw-horse and tuning fork; and I don't presume we should if it weren't for the view I take of the gospel spirit. I didn't say much about his last speech, only this:

"Tubal, you may think as you wish about such things; but you should remember that many millions of mothers had been spared by some one's providential care before the apostle's day, or else nature, and obedience to physical laws did it. I would by no means reflect on Paul's writings or his opinions; but I'm not one of that set that's going to have all my thinking done for me by somebody else. God has given me a mind as well as He gave Paul one; and we women think considerable too. Why, Tubal, I've known some men that didn't know enough to eat right. Paul didn't live in times like ours, and not only so, but we are not informed as to the surrounding circumstances calling forth such words. Moreover, those people had been under ancient and heathenish customs, and sometimes Paul was rigid, when otherwise he would not have been. Yes, and woman partook of the 'forbidden fruit.' But I admire her good sense. It showed she was possessed of a progressive spirit, and the power for mental and intellectual achievements. To "know good from evil" is no small matter, and some folk don't know it yet! If there was anything to be gained by it, Eve was in for the gaining. If there would be

some grand work developed by the knowledge, woman sought the development, and *dared* to find it out—risking all the results. Man walked around the garden apparently self-satisfied, until the woman was introduced, and then progress commenced."

"Well, didn't Adam eat too?" snapped Tubal.

"Certainly," said I, "but the woman had to take the lead. Woman was possessed of a dauntless courage that knew, nor cared for consequences. Daring to act, she dared to abide the consequences of that act. Man's following was but a passive resignation to inevitable fate! Adam became the proud possessor of the titles of "father," "sire," "patriarch," "Ancient of Days," etc., all by a brave woman's single act of daring achievement! Ha, ha! Tubal, dear; think of Eden's flowers, fountains, sparkling springs, laughing brooklets, shaded lawns, swaying, weeping willows, stalwart oaks, stately pines, budding bushes, refreshing mists, stars of night peering through the trembling foliage, and amid them all a lonely man doing nothing. But when woman came, with *her* came progress, work, energy, thrift, life, power, honor, glory! Adam became more of a *man* with Eve, than he could have been without her! Men, who are men to-day, have become so through the noble impulses of a good, true woman. I don't say this commending self, but from a sense of duty toward my sex. I shall defend my sex, husband Tubal, and that with becoming modesty, I hope. A certain writer says: 'The mill streams that turn the clappers of the world arise in solitary places.' Such was the case with the rising star of progress in Eden."

"There were no mills in Eden," said Tubal; "it was a garden, and there were no 'clappers' there either."

"Ha, ha! who said there were? I used the language illustratively. Tubal, I wish to quote to you a few lines of an author; they contain such good sense, that I have pondered them over many a time; they are as follows:

'Lord! with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us. Then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws. They send us bound
To rules of reason.'

"'Rules of reason.' Tubal, we are parents, and should well consider how we 'season' our children. I know Mr. Jendors' talk with you of to-day has had an unfavorable effect upon your mind, you have let yourself become unduly irritated; and then, you know, I presume, Mr. Jendors has been an extensive reader, because his life's opportunities may have been good. Nevertheless, we are to learn all we can, and things of which we may not have studied, of course we would not be prepared to grasp their meaning as readily as those who had."

"There you are, siding in with him, and running me down. Decinda, I fear you need more of God's grace to give you light upon these great questions. You are always quoting 'authors,' and you know Paul said: 'The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God;' and professing to be a child of God, I have no use for 'authors.' I want the word of God only."

Tubal placed considerable emphasis in this last speech. He has often told me he should yet preach the gospel. I admire his earnest ways, for he is honest in them to be sure. My ideas of men for preachers are somewhat different from his I admit. Of course we all do not see the same things alike, and therefore I make allowance.

"Yes, Tubal dear, I always have earnestly desired both the passive gentleness of the Holy Spirit, as well as its grand outburstings of firm, but persausive eloquence! I have sought for its magnificent guidance into all truth; I have sought for its winged power of lofty altitudes of divine scenes! I have sought for its soothing calm 'mid the storms of passionate wrath that sometimes well up in human souls strangely perplexed! I have sought for its peace to brood o'er me like the spreading winds of a cooing dove, when in hours of trouble. I have prayed for its light when doubt has darkened my pathway; and Tubal, my husband, I do not believe my seekings have been fruitless! More worlds than one, or no; more suns than one, or no; more moons than one, or no. Stars, by the countless millions, if need be; one fact remains, Tubal Milkins, my husband dear, and that is this: You are the father of two children; you are also a professed Christian"—

"What of that?" interrupted my husband.

"There is much, Tubal; although I am

a woman, yet I feel inclined to kindly state that we owe it to ourselves, our children and to God, to be as generously and liberally minded as possible, and to avoid expressions of views that seem to savor of too strong a prejudice. Tubal, I love you; we have lived together several years; you have a desire to be hospitable with your neighbors and friends; you are disposed to be benevolent where your means allow you; you have kept vigil with the sick and dying. The children are young and anxious to learn; they naturally are inquisitive, and we should strive to avoid all austerity of manner, or rigidness in our home ruling.

Think of Tilly Jane; she studies hard to learn, and is bright. Think of Unit, a boy verging on manhood, whose life is to be one of usefulness. He looks to you for the exemplification of manhood, as Tilly Jane does to her mother for womanhood's true sign. Human minds, sad to say, are often like unto wagon wheels; they wiggle into ruts and do naught else but revolve in monotonous clatter! Mind should *rise above clatter*, and make the smooth running sound of studious thought and word. I am fully persuaded that the gospel spirit is one of eternity's, height, breadth, and length. It encompasses 'all truth,' embodies all fact, and embraces all opportunities for progress and learning! And furthermore, it seems to me the Holy Spirit is gentle, rather than boisterously harsh; and people are evidently calm under its influence; and it is the dispenser of light and intelligence. But I have heard folk talk whose language and manner were not suggestive of the Holy Spirit's presence; and the scene was not very pleasant, Tubal."

"I must say," observed my husband, "that you talk quite eloquently, too much preacher style about you, Decinda, I fear. You know Paul said: 'He allowed not a woman to teach nor usurp authority over the man,' and it sounds as though you were leaning that way too much. Paul said 'the man was the head of the woman, as Christ is the head of the church,' and you should take admonition by this. I am the head of this house, this family; my words and opinions should be heeded as coming biblically authoritative, and no responses from woman. You know that to every 'body' there is a head and foot; the man is the *head*, hence you and all women should know their place."

He spoke these words calmly, but firmly, and I don't doubt he meant them as well. You notice my husband clings to Paul very closely; I admire the good apostle too, but I can not understand his writings as Tubal understands them. But I suppose it wouldn't be expected of a woman like me, that has considerable of good natured vim in them, should. I had to notice this last remark of his, so I proceeded thus:

"My dear husband, Tubal Milkins! can it be, a man of your profession in religion, a man of your biblical claims, a man of your holy aspirations, should look upon me, your wife and partner for life; me—Decinda Milkins, should be considered by you as being your 'feet?' Where are *your actual feet* generally found? Where do they sometimes go? They are *beneath* your body; they go in the mud, and dust, and dirt sometimes! I was not made to loll over the ground, and be placed beneath any man! I am calm, Tubal; but I stand upon the forcefulness, loftiness and sublimity of true womanhood, and respectfully resent your pedal speech as a most ignominious conception of the words of a divinely inspired apostle! Tubal Milkins, if your idea of woman is such, remember that even then—man could not move as he ought; he could not maintain his erectness of stature without feet; neither can man maintain his uprightness, moral integrity, force of character; move socially, religiously, intellectually as he should without a true woman's unfailing support! Tubal, a writer named George Herbert wrote these words:

'In the husband *wisdom*, in the wife *gentleness*.' Shall Decinda note your wisdom, you may always have my gentleness, even as you always have had."

"'Tis late, Decinda, shall we retire?"

"We shall, said I; and upon this word we retired for the night.

I expect we shall always have to "pull through" at this poor dying rate. I can not comprehend why so many men entertain such ridiculous and peculiar ideas of women. But I guess it always has been so, and we poor creatures shall have to do the best we can; but I think when that is done we'll surprise the men-folk, and they'll wake up more dazed than was Rip Van Winkle!

To be continued.

NOVEMBER CLUSTER OF MEMORY GEMS.

Man is not the creature but the architect of circumstances. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstances. Our strength is measured by our plastic power; from the same material one man builds palaces, another hovels; bricks and mortar are bricks and mortar until the architect can make something else.

1	Th.	SPEECH IS SILVERN—SILENCE IS GOLDEN.
2	F.	Prefer loss to unjust gain; for that brings grief but once, this forever.
3	S.	Envy is not only a great weakness, but it is a great ignorance too.
4	S.	Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character.
5	M.	Character is higher than intelligence.
6	Tu.	He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.
7	W.	It is virtue, not ancestry, that makes men truly noble.
8	Th.	Sin, like an angel, does not become greater or smaller by being produced *ad infinitum.*
9	F.	Sum up at night what thou hast done by day.
10	S.	It is the duty of every citizen to raise his voice against injustice.
11	S.	Life is a wave which, in no two consecutive moments of its existence, is composed of the same particles.
12	M.	Very stubborn people are stubborn, not because they are right, but because they are wrong.
13	Tu.	Every one regards his duty as a troublesome master, from whom he would be free.
14	W.	Reverence might be deemed at once a necessity, a duty, and a privilege.
15	Th.	Nothing can be so perfect, while we possess it, as it will seem when only *remembered.*
16	F.	Seek not for danger where there is no profit.
17	S.	It is human to win honor; it is God-like to refuse reward.
18	S.	Life resembles a cup of clear water which becomes muddy as we drink it.
19	M.	Extremity is the trier of spirits.
20	Tu.	No heart so fierce but knows some touch of pity.
21	W.	Confidence once lost, it is not given to every man to regain.
22	Th.	Error is sometimes sweet, but there is no anguish like an error of which we feel ashamed.
23	F.	It is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice.
24	S.	Scandal is what one half of the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.
25	S.	God pardons like a mother who kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness.
26	M.	Our pleasures are in exact proportion to our duties.
27	Tu.	Let us be true; this is the highest maxim of art and of life.
28	W.	Duties are the education for eternity, which is endless duty.
29	Th.	Experience is an open giver, but a stealthy thief.
30	F.	No possessions are good but by the good use we make of them.

SALVATION.

FOR AUTUMN LEAVES.

THAT God intended from the beginning to save the human family, from Adam down to his latest descendant, and that he is working to that end there can be no doubt whatever; but in order for the acomplishment of this purpose of the Almighty, the mind of man must be in harmony with the divine will; for in no other way can the immortality and eternal life of man be brought about. The apostle felt assured of this when he said, "This is life eternal, to know God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent." In all the operations of nature it is known that God has always worked through what we call natural laws; and in the work of saving souls he takes man as the instrument to accomplish his designs; giving also to man laws to govern his acts, that by his yielding obedience to those laws God may lift him up nearer His own glorious being.

In every dispensation of time in which the Almighty has seen fit to reveal himself to man, we see man turning away from the messsage of mercy that has been sent him, and mocking the messengers of God.

For this cause—man's unbelief—the Lord did not permit Israel to enter the promised land, but suffered him for forty years to be a wanderer in a desert land, and die without the blessing intended for him.

Again, for his unbelief and rejection of the Messiah, we see Israel driven from the land of his birth, and his children scattered among all nations; "and thus was inflicted the doom which the unbelieving Jews invoked when they cried out, "His blood be on us and on our children."

And yet, the arm of the Lord is stretched out still, and He speaks unto man another and a last time. His plan is formed, and to a few he entrusts a knowledge of His purposes; for He knows the weakness of the human heart; and He says to such "Occupy till I come."

So perfect is this plan or system in its working, that if any of the parts included in its organization fail to perform their functions, the work immediately stops. Such is the care manifested by the Lord over this His chosen people, that He places officers over them, to see that nothing occurs to break the harmony existing between the members composing this body. All who enter into relation with God in this work are called to do a part, according to their adaptation to the work. Is there any such thing as standing still in the universe of God? The very face of nature pales at the thought.

The church of God bears the same relation to its members that a mother does to her infant. From her it derives its existence and also its sustenance. Through the church its members derive their spiritual birth and blessings, coming from the head down to each member. Therefore if any member wrongs a brother, he injures the church. So we see that it is the duty of each member to strengthen, support and comfort the church in every way possible.

Down in the depths of the tropic seas in silence, may be seen a class of workers that know not rest, but toil on from morn till eve and morn again. They give their whole lives to their work, and at the close their bodies become incorporated with the structure they erect. So perfect is the bond of union between them that like David and Jonathan of old, in death they are not separated. If all the members constituting the church of Christ would unite in building up His church as the coral insects unite, how short would be the time until He would come "to wed His ready bride."

As the life current within courses through the body, and takes up in its circuit the nutritive particles to be used in building up the body and leaves the worn-out atoms to be removed to the surface; so in the gospel economy all who will work in the church for its advancement are continued on, while those who will not, in time become dead, and will gradually be removed.

The President of the United States before taking his seat as chief magistrate takes the following oath, called the oath of office; "I do solemnly swear that I will

faithfully execute the office of president of the United States, and that I will to the best of my ability protect, preserve and defend the constitution of the United States." Now, if every member of the church of God would pledge himself to the interests of the church as does this servant of the American people, that he would faithfully guard her, collectively and individually; and resolve himself into a committee of one to see that this measure be carried out; and inform himself of her history, that he might be prepared to defend her integrity against false charges that might be brought against her; and each one strengthen his brother, and protect his interests,—then that oneness would characterise the church of the latter day that did the church of Enoch.

Let love be the bond of unity that shall unite us as a people, then the work of God will hasten, and Zion arise in her beauty.

THE POOR WIDOW'S OFFERING.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ELON.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Ecc.* 11:1.

AS we have seen, when little Jack was about two years old he was put into the care of his grandmother, at the home of his birth. Perhaps a description of his grandmother may be interesting. At this time she was nearly eighty years of age, a large, muscular woman, straight and active. Above the average in intelligence, she did her own thinking. Was firm in her resolves, and resolute in her execution. She believed in, and tried to honor, God. Priestly domination had no terrors for her; she would speak out in meeting as freely as at home. She was kind and generous, and never turned any hungry from her door, unless satisfied they were impostors. She was strictly honest in her word and deal, and despised a liar with all her heart. She belonged to the English Episcopal Church, and considered that the only church of God. Her charity for other sects was small; but above all others she hated the Papists, or Roman Catholics. She was a constant reader of the Bible and Prayer Book, revered the Sabbath and rarely ever missed going to church on Sunday though it was a mile away. She seemed to have no fear of anything beneath the skies. Her language was chaste, and her life in many respects a model. Her love was strong; but her hatred was deep when once incurred. She was honored by rich and poor. She learned from the Scriptures to read the signs of the times; and often told little Jack and his brother they were living near the end of the world; marking out some of the signs foreshadowing the same. She had a simple but firm trust in God. She considered him the only real physician of body and spirit; hence in all her long life of ninety-four years, it is questionable if she ever called a doctor to her aid.

It was this grandmother that nursed little Jack, from two years old until he was nine. For several years he was a cripple; but at nine he was a healthy lad; and his grandmother always acknowledged that God's blessing accomplished the work.

Jack had a natural love for books, but his grandmother's library was small. Books were scarce and very costly. Bibles and prayer-books were the staple articles of Goblin's Pit; but the Clerk of the church, before referred to, had Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and the Holy wars. Pilgrim's Progress was a great favorite with little Jack, who many times fled from the "City of Destruction" with "Christian," through the "Slough of Despond;" struggled with "Giant Despair" in "Doubting Castle;" braved the "lion's" in the way, and finally knocked at the

"beautiful gate" of the "Beautiful City." And it is possible these imaginary pilgrimages had something to do in forming Jack's character in after life. Jack had access also to Æsop's Fables, which he often read with pleasure. In fact the Bible, Life of Christ, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and Æsop's Fables may be truly said to have been the foundation of Jack's moral being. He knew nothing of commentaries or creeds, except the Apostles' Creed and the Thirty-nine Articles, as found in the Episcopal prayer book. But these latter did not interest him. The Episcopalian service was too formal and tedious for his young mind. And when at about nine years of age he had to leave his grandmother's care and go out to work, and was thrown into other surroundings, and other influences were brought to bear upon his mind, he felt no regret at being free from the necessity of attending the Episcopalian church. In fact, although he had read the Bible much for his years, it had been as a means of amusement; and while he imbibed the spirit of reverence for it as being the word of God, such reverence was rather the result of his grandmother's teaching, than from any realization of the sacredness of its truths. His mind was not capable of discerning the intrinsic value and power of its truths.

He believed there was a God, for he had read of him in the Bible, and his grandmother had taught him that that book was true. His mother, too, had, during his brief and occasional visits to her, endeavored to instill into his mind the sacredness of that record as the word of God, and urged upon him the necessity of being a child of God; yet his conceptions of deity were necessarily vague. But having been taught to pray, he believed in prayer, and was simple enough to believe that God would answer his prayers.

I will give one instance of Jack's faith and the efficacy of prayer. When he was about eleven years of age and was engagat work on a farm for his food and clothing, the farmer sent him out to the grain fields, "bird tending," or keeping the birds from eating the ripening grain. For this purpose he was armed with a clapper. This consisted of a piece of board about a foot long, dressed down at one end for a handle, while the upper end was left flat and about five inches wide. To this, as a center-piece, was fastened two other short boards of the same width as the centerpiece, one on each side, with a wire running through serving as hinges to the outside boards. By taking hold of the handle and vigorously working the implement backwards and forwards in the air, it would make a loud clapping noise, and scare away the little feathered thieves which were robbing the farmers of their grain. Jack's business was thus to go round the fields and protect the grain until it was ready for the harvest.

Jack had no idea of another harvest field that was fast ripening; nor of the marauding thieves who night and day are trying to devour the ripening grain, and thus rob the Lord of the great harvest field—which field is the world—but we must return to our story.

Jack was standing between a thick thorn hedge (which served as a fence) and the waving field of grain, and was using his clapper as vigorously as he could, when it flew out of his hand. He insantly turned to pick it up, but could not see it. He hunted in the grass and weeds, in the wheat and in the thorn hedge; but could not find it. To Jack it seemed as if it was not anywhere around. His little heart sank in despair. He knew that if he returned to his master and told him he had lost the clapper, he would be charged with laziness, and severely reprimanded, if not whipped. The thought of God and prayer came to his mind, and the little childish heart thought God would help him find his clapper. Do I see a smile of contempt on the lips of some of my youthful readers, and on the faces of the "children of larger growth?" Let me tell you, Jack was in trouble and his earthly friends were few. He had often smarted under the tyrant's rod for some little childish wrong, and sometimes when there was no wrong. He dreaded to be again the victim. He had read of God's care for the sparrows, of his feeding the ravens when they cry. He had read that blessed assurance to needy souls: "Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, it shall be given you." Jack's simple faith grasped the promise. He sought and found; for the very moment his eyes opened, as he ceased praying, he saw, through his blinding tears, the clapper, right in the densest part of the hedge. With one bound of joy it was in his hands, and the fields rang with the joyous claps.

from Jack's vigorous arm as he wielded the clapper aloft; and there was deep-seated gratitude in that little heart towards him who said, "Leave thy fatherless children to me," and who had declared himself to be "a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow." From that hour God became a reality to Jack's mind; and he never doubted his willingness to hear the orphan's prayer. Who knows but this was one of the mysterious ways of the Almighty in teaching Jack how near he is to all those who call upon him? I know it is a simple story, but its impression never faded from Jack's mind; but grew deeper and deeper as the years passed on. To others it might be myth; but to him it was a living reality.

One great mistake of humanity lies in this, they overlook the small and simple means which God employs to lead them to him, and they wait to see some mighty, wonderful and terrible manifestation of his arm, forgetful that He is not always seen in the "great and strong wind," nor in the "mighty earthquake," nor yet in the consuming fire; but the gentle movements of his Spirit—the "still small voice" may more plainly reveal him. But poor Jack was not yet an angel, nor even a saint; and while he never forgot this evidence of divine care, he had not learned to consecrate his life to the service of his heavenly Father.

When Jack was about, or near, thirteen years old, his mother gave him choice of a trade, as a means of support through life. He chose the calling of a blacksmith. He was accordingly bound as an apprentice until he should be twenty-one years old, to a woman who owned a blacksmith shop. Her husband was dead, but she carried on the business, employing a foreman to oversee it for her.

With less pretentions to religion, this woman manifested far more humanity than some of Jack's former masters who made great pretence of piety. She never locked the pantry door against him, never stinted him in his food, nor gave him an inferior quality as others had done. She was not brutal to him, yet she tried to impress him with a sense of his inferiority to her children, because he was "only an apprentice boy." This was too hard a lesson for Jack; he never could learn it. He could learn to hammer and strike shoe horses, and do all hard work, and even drudgery, but he could not learn that anybody was any better by nature than he was. If they did better, he was willing to yield the palm, but on no other ground. Jack knew that his mother had paid down a hard ten pounds in gold for the privilege of his learning the trade, and he knew that all that he would get for eight years of hard labor (except learning the trade) was just his food, lodgings and shoes. His mother had to furnish him his clothing out of her hard earnings. And since he and his mother had to pay so dearly for his learning, he could not see where the superiority part came in. In fact, without knowing anything about democracy, he was a born democrat.

Previous to his going to the blacksmithing, he had worked for his board and lodging, as errand and chore boy at different places. His employers had been professedly religious; but their conduct towards him had not impressed his mind with any lofty ideas of, or great reverence for, their professions. He did not believe that religion and brutality went hand in hand. His young mind became soured, and for awhile it seemed as though he was "going to the bad;" and this wounded his mother's heart. He was not able to sift the chaff from the wheat, and he became wayward. But his mother remembered that she had given him to the Lord, and in her closet she kept the child in remembrance before him; and she did not plead in vain, for there were times when a divine influence would seem to be near him, and as though a still small voice was whispering of God and Christ to his soul, and a gentle and unseen hand leading him away from the haunts of sin, and from vicious company. The spirit of prayer would rest upon him at such times, and the divine words he had read in his grandmother's Bible would come to his mind and he would long to be good and pure. But little Jack was weak, and his resolves often withered before the baleful influence of evil surroundings, as Jonah's gourd withered under the scorching rays of a tropical sun. It must have been a mother's prayers that eventually prevailed with God to arrest his downward career; for the still small voice kept pleading with his soul, "Son, give me thy heart."

In his new surrondings (the blacksmith shop), there were, in some sense, new

influences brought to bear upon him. There was not even an empty profession of religion found among the workmen; but they treated with contempt any semblance of piety. Their language was profane, their jests ribald utterances; they seemed to have no reverence for sacred things. The demon of drunkenness was the only deity they knew. But bad as little Jack was, he had no relish for these evils. He had not been used to profanity; it always shocked him to hear it; and drunkenness he detested with all his heart. But here he was, and here must remain for over eight long years; for he was bound by the law to serve until he had attained his majority. There could be no bond of sympathy between him and his fellow-workmen. They might blow the coals in the same fire, and hammer at the same anvil; but there was no unity of spirit or purpose, no fellowship between them. Jack was as much alone, and without friends, as he had ever been. The world had no charms for him. It seemed to him as though life was not worth the living. Was it this lonely feeling, together with a mother's prayers, that led him nearer to his God?

To be continued.

Under the Lamp-light.

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

MY VOCATION.

If I had the girls who read "Our Youth" visibly before me in a great audience-room I should ask Cecilia to go to the organ and strike a certain chord, and then I would say, "Rise, girls, and all together, with one heart and voice, sing that dear old hymn,

"A charge to keep I have."

and when your sweet tones were filling the air with melody, and you came to my favorite stanza,

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will."

I think the tears would fill my eyes, and my whole heart would lose itself in prayer that every one of us might do just that.

Think of it, Edith, Rosa, Maggie, Theresa: all your powers engaged in doing the Master's will! The whole of yourself an offering to him! This is consecration, and you who are the King's daughters want to get farther than its alphabet. I am sure you would like to give the full service which delights in keeping nothing back, letting all your life praise his name.

A vocation and a calling are the same thing.

They imply a place and a purpose, a sphere and a definite preparation for filling it. A calling, dear girls, may be to the easel or the piano, the queen's throne or the writer's desk, the teacher's chair or the drawing-room. One girl is called to the laboratory and another to the cooking-stove. Whatever our meretricious distinctions, all honest work well done is noble, and she who serves diligently in the kitchen is as much deserving of praise as she who paints pictures or writes poems. The main thing is to be found faithful. Great mistakes are made here. The object should be clearly understood. Nobody should think that business or trade a vocation, which she has chosen for any except the highest end. My calling should call me so constantly and persistently that I could not but obey its summons. You remember the voices which haunted Joan of Arc as she went about her peaceful rural work; voices which never gave her rest until she rode at the head of the French army. In just that way the first young woman who dared to breast the tide of prejudice and study medicine was called to be a doctor, and she "made way for liberty," so that now nothing is more honorable than for women to be doctors.

My calling should not be chosen merely because it is one in which I can make money, or one in which I can keep up a social prestige, or one which will afford me frequent holidays. There are hundreds of girls standing behind

counters who have no calling there whatever, but whose calling is rather to the womanly field of domestic helpfulness.

Grandly said old Socrates when urged not to go on in a certain course, which he felt to be his path of duty, because it was beset by dangers.

"You say not well, my friend, if you think that a man who is good for anything at all ought to take into account the chances of living or dying, and not rather when undertaking anything to consider only whether it be right or wrong, and whether the work of a good man or a bad man."

I want to make myself clearly understood about this point, for I believe that we all have a divine call to do something in the world, but that we are not all called to do the same thing. Do you remember, in Christiana and her Children, that when the little company of pilgrims were in the house of Mr. Interpreter he carried them to a garden and bade them look at the flowers there? Some were beautiful and stately and some were small and sweet; but, says Bunyan, "where the gardener puts them there they stand."

A girl has gone through a long course of study, passing from one grade to another, finally winning her diploma. She has grown fond of her books, of the atmosphere of study, and analyzing, and solving hard problems. Now she finds herself confronted with a harder problem than any she ever met in Euclid.

To what use shall her education be applied? If she is in society shall she be simply a gay girl, flying from one pleasure to another, or shall she find some work of charity which needs her light touch, some helpful endeavor which she can forward? What is her vocation here? If her mother is busy and overburdened, her vocation may be found in assisting with the younger children or lightening her mother's cares. But it may be that she has no special taste for society, and that her home does not need her in the sense of needing another hand on any of its machinery. Mother is quite able to carry on her own housekeeping, and prefers to do so.

I have seen girls drift into a perfectly aimless existence; playing the piano in a desultory way, idling over fancy-work, lounging in the morning with a story-book—the type, by the way, in my house of the most excessive indolence—doing not one single thing to make the people about them better or happier. Such girls want shaking into energy. They should look about for a vocation.

It is every girl's duty to make herself completely the mistress of some useful bread-winning art. The duty of doing this is as imperative upon the daughter of the millionaire as on the child of the poorest laborer. The day may come, you do not know how soon, when you will have to depend upon your own brain or hands, upon your own trained facility in some direction for your support, and prudence dictates that you find out what you would like to do, and learn to do it well.

"How may I determine what my vocation shall be?" says Edith, pensively. "I have no special aptitude for any accomplishment. I dislike practicing. My drawing was the despair of my teachers. I care for nothing like fancy-work."

I have always hopes of a girl who knows her limitations. A great deal is gained when one can say definitely, "There is this thing or the other that I can not do." You have narrowed the field so that you may begin to see what there is which you can attempt with a reasonable prospect of success.

In the times which your mothers recall there were very few occupations open to a lady who had to earn her own living. Teaching, sewing, and keeping a boarding-house were the three avocations which attracted reduced gentlewomen. We have made a decided advance in this direction, and now it is very commonly found that women, without losing caste, may do anything they please, so long as it is honest work well done.

I want to emphasize that, for a girl should be above claiming any indulgence on account of her sex. If she undertake a business she should put all her strength, force, and talent into it; not slighting or slurring any part, but showing how thorough has been her discipline and how sensitive is her conscience.

If the Lord has not endowed you with talents for the ornamental, then thank Him that you may learn to be useful. A girl who knows how to mend half-worn clothing—setting patches exquisitely, darning with smoothness and finish, renovating an old gown or cutting and making ing it over for a child's wearing—is a boon to her own household. She saves a great many dollars which may go for other uses; for adding to the beauty of the home, or sending bounty to the poor. Why should not such a girl extend her lines and do the mending of a half dozen families, receiving payment for her work? Another girl who has learned that daintiest of arts, lace-laundrying, "doing up" fine laces and ironing the pretty sheer baby garments which careful mothers hesitate to trust in the ordinary household wash to the rough usage of the ordinary washwoman, might make a comfortable support by undertaking such work as this. A

girl who can make nice muffins or biscuits or good bread, might easily supply a dozen families who would be glad to have their "light housekeeping" lightened yet more in this way.

There is no necessary contest between redecraft and hand-craft. Education ought never to unfit one for plain homely duties. If it does so it has been miseducation. Education should never make one a poorer, rather a better, more economical housekeeper, because it will bring brains to the home management.

Education, dear girls, should only increase your calling to be the natural helpers of all with whom you come in contact.

"Doe the next thynge" is a very safe motto for any one who is doubtful what course to take. The next thing may be very obscure; possibly only the reading a chapter to the grandmother whose eyes are growing dim, the telling a story to children in the hour before bed-time, the fastening of seams so they will not ravel. Whatever little thing it may be do it with all your heart, as unto the Lord, and it will be your vocation for the moment as truly as if it were that which the world calls great.

I never pass a group of girls without wondering what their lives are to be. Of boys one can predict more certainly—this one will follow in his father's steps and be an upright man of business; or that thoughtful fellow will study medicine, or this one will be a clever lawyer. Girls are more puzzling. Few of them are set upon being something, as their brothers are. Yet girls have before them a mission of love, of comfort, of which the value can not be exaggerated.

Louise, Mabel, Emily, what is your vocation? Have you thought about it? Have you begun to plan for it, and put yourself into training? Do not let the golden hours glide away unimproved. "The Master has come, and calleth for thee." Do I hear you each answer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Margaret E. Sangster, in Our Youth.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY WILLIAM STREET.

THE July number of AUTUMN LEAVES has just come to hand, and it does not express all my joys and desires only when I say I am proud of its contents. "With the Church in an Early Day," "Incidents in the Life of One of Earth's Pilgrims," and "Leaves from Palestine," are grand and instructive. Our boys and girls (I mean those who are young in the household of faith) have a great deal to be thankful for. And, I hope and trust they never will go away from home or do anything but what they will ask God's blessing on. If they will do this, the half of the battle will be won.

I am glad that the Lord is remembering Zion and caring for his people in the Holy Land.

We are living in a day and generation that demands us to be on our guard and to be watchful and prayerful. The church could get along without me; but the question is, Could I get along without the church? No, indeed; I must get the *Hope*, *Herald* and AUTUMN LEAVES. I must try and be faithful.

When will the nations be like the Bereans, and search the Holy Scriptures to find the truth; or like Lydia, open their hearts to it; or like the apostle Paul, be willing to learn it?

Observation confirms me that the most damaging influence to boys and girls at the present day is a coaxing to do all kinds of evil, to lie, to cheat, to refrain from doing good; to ungovernable use of temper, &c. Every professional fruit grower knows that there are on all kinds of fruit trees two kinds of branches, one that comes from the heart of the tree and bears fruit, and another that comes from the bark and bears none. "I am the true vine, and my father is the hushandman," says the great teacher; and if the boys and girls want to live and bear fruit, let them abide in the vine.

No duty is harder at the present and none more generally ignored, than of controlling the temper. Sin in this line is so universal that it is clouding itself into suicide, murder, wrong-doing and divorce. Our responsibility is for the management

of temper; our fault is in the failure to manage it well. The trouble is that we do not perceive the magnitude and importance of this matter. Sins of temper are classed among minor offenses; and the persons who do not cheat, lie, steal or live riotously reproach themselves but in a mild form when they have snarled, growled or scolded. Under provocation, I know, it is hard to hold one's tongue; but the apostle James says, "If any man offend not in word the same is a perfect man, and able to bridle the whole body." Is it not beautiful for a mother or a father under the severe tests of life's duties, perhaps in spite of an aching head, or twingeing nerves, to remember to speak to the romping boy or girl a gentle reminder instead of getting into an angry passion? Those who can do this possess a heroism worthy of a king

Boys and girls, the path of duty is the path of safety, and you can not abide in the path of duty without asking God's blessing and grace; and then the termination will be in your favor against the evil one. There are two courses open to you —virtue or vice. I hope and trust the inward monitor may guide you, and convince you of wrong doing, and that through all your trials and tribulations you will have the pleasure of putting your trust in God. Attend, if possible, all the means of grace. Pay attention to the word of God in the church books. Pray in secret, and your Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward you openly. Shun tobacco, and drinks that will intoxicate, as you would a viper. Be ye clean and pure. Zechariah in a vision saw the high-priestly representative of the nation standing before the Lord in "filthy garments," and heard the command to strip them off him, and clothe him in festival robes, in token that God had caused his iniquity to pass from him. Christ spoke of a man at a wedding feast without a wedding garment; and of a prodigal who was stripped of his rags stained with the filth of the swine trough, and clothed afterwards with the best robes. St. Paul in his ringing exhortations, in many places sounds his notes like a morning bugle for Christ's soldiers and followers to put off their night gear,—the works of darkness,—and put on the armor of light that shines like the morning sunrise. Defilement is of the heart, and not of the hands, and yet what boy or girl would ever think of coming to the table to eat with dirty face and hands? Men are diseased to the heart with sin, and thousands are ready to die and pass to the judgment; but it is only those who are tired of sin, and those who wish to continue in sin, and those who are busy with vain ceremonies and led away by false teachers.

Boys and girls, obey your parents in all thing, for this is right. There is a commandment with a promise, and that is, those who honor their father and mother, God will prolong their lives here, and reward them hereafter. There are thousands of children growing up in this country who, if a better spirit does not control them, will be soon ready to turn their parents out of doors. Pride is also working its way amongst the youths and maidens of our land, and its effects are damaging, in the extreme. In the city of Philadelphia you can pass thousands of women whose dresses alone have each cost twenty dollars. And there are six hundred secret societies in the United States alone, ready to spoil the rising generation and work all kinds of evil under the disguise of, "We are your friends; come and join us."

May the blessing of God rest and abide with you all is my prayer.

Stern November drives a-field,
And his train-band bugles' call
Sweeps the forest's airy hall;
All his bannered hosts of air
Charge across the meadow bare,
Hungering in their angered mood
Over many a barren rood.

JAMES RILEY.

Who said November's face was grim?
  Who said her voice was harsh and sad?
I heard her sing in wood-paths dim,
  I met her on the shore, so glad,
So smiling, I could kiss her feet!
  There never was a month so sweet.

LUCY LARCOM.

Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

"LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME DO?"

Dear Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?
In this great vineyard is there work for me—
Some task which I can better than another do—
Some service rendered to Thy cause by me?

Dear Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?
Fain would I linger in Thy pastures green,
And in the calm, still waters bathe my heated brow,
Or rest beneath some shade tree's leafy sheen.

But Thou no idler in Thy vineyard wilt;
Go work, the Master says, while it is called to-day,
For soon the shades of night will gather 'round thy path,
And darkness be about thy way.

Then, Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?
My feet are weary and the way seems rough;
Still give me strength to bear and do
Until the Master says it is enough.

Then, oh! my Father, when this life of toil is o'er,
May I but hear from Thee this kind behest:
Come in, my daughter, to go out no more,
Enter thy Father's rest.

Selected.

"OUR FATHER IS ALWAYS RIGHT."

[The following little incident took place on a lonely country road one day last summer. The night was coming on, when three little children were seen going *alone* down the road. On being asked if they knew they were on the *right* road, the oldest one said: "Yes, we know just where father said he would be. He said take *this* one, and father is always right."]

"Our father is always right."
What faith in the lisping child.
As she sturdily went on her chosen way
Through the country road so wild!
Though the night it was coming on
Three children, all robed in white,
Kept steadily down that lonely way
"For *father* was always right."

And when at their journey's end
They met him with loving kiss,
What joy to that anxious father's heart,
What a season of untold bliss.

To feel that his babes so fair,
That gave him so much delight,
Had the faith to believe that *he* knew best,
And that father was always right.

What a lesson we get from this,
This faith of the trusting child,
As we pass on our way on the road of life
That is sometimes dark and wild.
If we feel that our Father's hand
Will guide us to pathways bright,
And though clouds may gather, and ways seem dark.
"Our Father is always right."

Then teach it unto your child,
When you have him upon your knee,
That pretty babe with the sunny hair,
Who looks up so trustingly,
To have faith in a Father's love,
Though clouds may obscure the light,
And to feel as he passes along through life
His Father *is always right.*

Selected.

THE OTHER SIDE.

We go our ways in life too much alone,
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan;
Too often to the weak and helpless blind:
Too often, where distress and want abide,
We turn, and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth, and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day.
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn
Is seldom more than an untrodden way;
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide,
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten and the sick and sore,
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs.
Instead, we look about, the way is wide;
And so we pass upon the other side.

O friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all,
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!
I pray you listen to the thrilling call:
You can not, in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltlessly by on the other side.

Selected.

WHY ARE WE TEMPTED?

BY ELDER H. L. HOLT.

THIS is a question often asked: Why are those who love the Lord, so often afflicted and tried? We answer, For the same reason Christ was. It is written that he was made perfect through suffering.—Heb. 2:10; and, that in all points he was tempted as we are, yet without sin. In poverty, scorn, hatred and contempt,—all this that he might obtain power to do us the good he came to do. It was after all this suffering, that all power was given him; he was not perfect until he had passed through these trials; for it is said that by them (even to his Father's hiding his face from him) he was made perfect. No wonder that bitter cry escaped his lips: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" His apostles and those whom he had instructed and done so much for, could not watch one hour at this the most trying time of his life; and afterwards, when his Father seemed to hide his face, it is no wonder that even from the Son of God was wrung that sad and bitter cry, "Why hast thou forsaken me?"

How many suffering human hearts have uttered this same wail when apparently forsaken by all! Truly our great Captain suffered as we. He was to be an example unto us; and there are few indeed, if any, of his followers whose lips have not uttered the same cry. But as his Father bore him up, so he will us; and as he gave him his great blessing after he had passed through this trial of his faith, (and who can say that it was not a trial of his faith), so he will us. Let us bear in mind that his sufferings were like ours, and of necessity must have been a test of his faith. With these thoughts in mind, we begin to realize that he was indeed a Brother.

If all this was that he might be made perfect, so are our sufferings. Not that God desires to test our faith, for he already knows, but that we may be benefitted thereby. And how benefitted? As follows: Man is just what he makes himself; ignorant or wise, good or evil, just as he chooses; and will take into the next world the disposition he forms here. The transition from this life to the next will not change his nature in the least; but he will be removed from hindering influences, and be where he will be able to do the good he forms a desire to do here. As he formed, or was a party to, the disposition he brought here, so will he there.

Every organ of the body is made strong by being used; and the greater the test, if in reason, the more quickly are they developed. Equally true is this of the spiritual organs, those exalting attributes necessary for our advancement. If no one should ever injure us, we could never develop that most excellent virtue, forgiveness. If knowledge were always within our reach, our minds would never be trained to think; our reasoning faculties would remain dormant. If adversity never came, we would never learn to overcome obstacles and to trust in God. All these trials tend to help us form a proper character; and it argues a future life of usefulness where we will deal with beings much the same as here. It is possible we will have to forgive wrongs there, as here; if not among our brethren, among others; for it will be borne in mind that those of the Celestial world will minister to those of the Terrestrial, where it is likely all these virtues will be required, as well as among ourselves. We are here building a character which will be necessary in the great work of the future; we are here (if patient in bearing these trials) stepping up into a position of power, where we will be able to do much that we desire to do here, but can not for lack of power. The Spirit of Christ prompts men to do good to their follow-men. When will this end? Surely not at death, when, if faithful, we will have just merged into a condition of power. From what we see and can learn of the past, there will be ample opportunity for labor; and if we have attained unto the grandest of conditions—to be able to love our neighbors as ourselves, surely we will be permitted to labor in their behalf—which we will always desire to do, as long as we have the Spirit of Christ. Those bright beings that come delegated

to this earth on misions of love to us poor mortality, whose presence gives such unspeakable joy, were once, no doubt, like us, and toiled up the same weary road, and have gained the better world, and are now sent back to help us along the thorny path. See Rev. 22: 9 and 19: 10. Evidently this angel that came to John had been here and had kept the law, by reason of which he was sent to minister to him. Keeping the law gave him both power and a disposition to come. These beings having once been of the earth, it is not strange that their love should be for those of the earth, whose sufferings they have felt. Surely it must be a joy for them to return! Let us remember more joyful duties are in store for the faithful than sitting on clouds and singing songs, or walking on streets of gold and playing harps. We will sing grander anthems than mortals ever sang, but such will be the experiences of hearts overflowing with gratitude for the good we have been permitted to do to those that we love; and as we tread those pearly streets, it will be with our dearest friends; and if some loved one is missing, may it not be our happy lot to bring them there, in the same manner we bring them to Christ here. Something in my inmost soul answers, Yes.

A FREE SEAT.

He was old, and poor, and a stranger
  In the great metropolis,
As he bent his steps thitherward,
  To a stately edifice;
Outside he inquires: "What church is this?"
  "Church of Christ," he hears them say.
"Ah, just the place I am looking for,
  I trust he is here to-day."

He passed through the spacious columned door,
  And up the carpeted aisle;
And as he passed, on many a face
  He saw surprise and a smile.
From pew to pew up one whole side,
  Then across the broad front space;
From pew to pew down the other side,
  He walked with the same slow pace.

Not a friendly voice had bid him sit
  To listen to gospel truth;
Not a sign of deference had been paid
  To the aged one by youth.
No door was opened by generous hand;
  The pews were paid for—rented,
And he was a stranger, old and poor;
  Not a heart to him relented.

He paused a moment outside to think,
  Then passed into the street;
Up to his shoulder he lifted a stone
  That lay in the dust at his feet,
And bore it up the broad grand aisle,
  In front of the ranks of pews;
Choosing a place to see and hear,
  He made a seat for his use.

Calmly sitting upon the huge stone
  Folding his hands on his knees,
Slowly reviewing the worshipers
  A great confusion he sees.
Many a cheek is crimsoned with shame;
  Some whisper together sore,
And wish they had been more courteous
  To the stranger, old and poor.

As if by magic some fifty doors
  Open instantaneously,
And as many seats and books and hands
  Are proffered hastily;
Changing his stone for a crimsoned pew
  And wiping a tear away,
He thinks it was a mistake after all
  And that Christ came late that day.

The preacher's discourse was eloquent;
  The organ in finest tone,
But the most impressive sermon heard
  Was preached by an humble stone.
'Twas a lesson of lowliness and worth
  That lodged in many a heart;
And the church preserves that sacred stone,
  That the truth may not depart.

Selected.

WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

MARGERY'S father did not come immediately to the house, but going to the barn attended to putting up his team, and when he came in he appeared to be absorbed in his own thoughts so deeply that little was said concerning the events of the day; and her parents remaining silent, Margery's thoughts became absorbed in her own affairs, and most of the conversation was left to the younger members of the family; consequently the subject upon which she most anxiously desired an expression of opinion was not broached, and after the evening meal was cleared away she retired to her own room, wishing to be alone with her thoughts. Once there, she reviewed carefully the subject of the morning's sermon, and taking her Bible, sat down to read. Turning to the 16th chapter of Mark, she read it very slowly, between long pauses of thought, from the beginning to the end. Her heart was deeply touched as there rose before her mental vision the picture of the weeping women, as in the dim light of that first day morning they hastened to the sepulcher, bearing sweet spices to embalm the body of Jesus. Long before the sun had risen they had started upon their lonely way, and when his beams first fell upon the hillside, they were standing in front of the sepulcher, questioning with themselves, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door?"

Margery found herself in thought standing beside the women in the garden beneath the bending olive trees, upon the topmost branches of which the rays of sunlight were resting, but penetrating scarcely half the distance to the dense shade in front of the tomb. "Whom do they seek?" was the mental question that rose in her mind.

"A man who lately was crucified by the Romans, upon a cross, between two thieves," was the answer.

"Who was this man, and why did these women love him so?"

"He was a malefactor, an impostor, condemned to death by Pilate the governor, but this rich man, being a friend of his, brought his body, and, after wrapping it in clean linen, laid it in his own new tomb. In life they knew him, and love is stronger than death."

"But what is this; what means that open sepulcher? Do you see the women entering in? And now they come forth quickly, and, trembling in every limb, hasten from the garden. What have they seen, and whither do they flee so swiftly?"

"It is known that this impostor told his followers that he would rise from the dead, therefore the Jews demanded from the governor to set a guard over the tomb, and he gave them a band of soldiers, and sealed the rock in front of the tomb with his own seal; but during the night these soldiers slept, and while they slept his disciples came and stole his body. They made haste away with it, for death is the penalty of what they have done, as no one can with impunity break the governor's seal. But these women say they have seen two angels sitting upon the stone, who bade them hasten to his disciples and tell them that this man has risen. Of course this is a delusion, but they believe their fancy to be a reality, and for this cause they are hastening away, poor dupes of an impostor and a deluded fancy!

Thus spake the voice of infidelity and doubt to the heart of Margery, and she shuddered as the cold, calculating thoughts entered her mind. "What if this should be true?" she questioned. "It is believed unto this day by the Jews, and may it not be true? What indeed if Christ be not risen? 'Then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain; you are yet in your sins.'"

But Infidelity vanished, and Faith stood by her side, and this was the soul-inspiring answer she brought: "'But the angels said unto them, Be not affrighted; ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified; he is risen, he is not here; behold the place where they laid him, and go your way; tell his disciples and Peter, that he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall you see him as he said unto you.' See them enter the sepulcher, and mark how they

gaze upon the place where Jesus had lain. They find him not; and now their feet are winged with joy, and they hasten to his disciples with their message, for they know they shall see him. He told them that he would go before them into Galilee; he never deceived them, and they know they shall see him there, and hail him as their King, their Redeemer."

"If he was indeed Christ, how could they ever have doubted?" said the Tempter.

"But his disciples did doubt, and they believed not the women," said Faith; "afterward he appeared unto two others, and when they told it unto the rest, they would not believe, and did not believe until he appeared unto them."

"I do not wonder," thought Margery, "that Jesus upbraided them with their hardness of heart and unbelief; and yet, had he not promised them when he spake unto the women and sent word for them to go into Galilee saying, 'There shall they see me?' Certainly he had, and therefore they expected it, and had a right to look for its fulfillment; but because of this they ought not to have doubted the witness of those who had seen him. This truly was unbelief, and deprived them of much comfort."

But all thought of the perplexity and unbelief of the disciples, vanished from Margery's mind as her whole attention became absorbed with the similar condition in which she found herself: "I have but the testimony of others to the truth of these strange things. This record, this sacred book which I hold in my hand, was written by men long since dead, men whom I never saw, and how can I know of a certainty that there is no mistake about it? They did not believe the women, neither the two who first saw Jesus, can they then enter into judgment with me, and condemn me because I do not believe them? What was it Mr. Clark said about the witness of God being greater than the witness of men. The disciples who knew Jesus, who saw him die on the cross, and knew that his dead body was laid away in the sepulcher, never could doubt the fact of his being alive—his resurrection from the dead—after they saw him and talked with him, therefore it was not only good for them to see him, but it was good also for the generations unborn. Was it enough? It was not enough for them to depend upon the testimony of others; is it enough for me?

"Perhaps such thoughts never would have come into my mind," she added, rather impatiently, "if I had not heard Mr. Clark this morning; but then I surely ought not to blame any one for presenting to the consideration of others, that which is contained in God's word. This Bible which I hold in my hand is the same book that I have used from childhood, and here, even in this chapter, is the authorized message of life and salvation to man, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned.' Yes," she added, as the color rose in her cheeks, "there is here also a promise for me, even as he promised the disciples that they should see him, and this promise is: 'These signs shall follow them that believe;' and St. Mark says that the Lord worked with them confirming the word with signs following. 'Confirming it with signs,'" she repeated slowly; "this word which Jesus calls the gospel, and which the angels declared was, 'peace on earth, good will to men,' this message which the risen Savior sent them to declare, he promised should be accompanied, or followed, by signs, and it was the believer in the gospel whom these signs were to follow, or be with. Do I believe that gospel? I fear I do not even know what the gospel is—do not know what I am to believe. Truly there is need that I search the scriptures, and from this day I am resolved that I will. When the risen Redeemer appeared unto Thomas, and held forth his wounded hands, and took the hand of the doubting one and put it in his side, immediately he called out to him, 'My Lord and my God!' It may not be in this way that I shall be convinced, but in his own way he will convince me; and I am resolved that I will seek this knowledge of him, and him only."

With these thoughts she closed the book, and kneeling by the bedside offered her evening prayer, asking for guidance and light, that she might be led into truth and saved from error. When she arose the stars were shining in the heavens, and through her window came the hum of insect life, and mingling with this, the notes of the whip-poor-will sounded from a branch bending close above; but she started as the sharp, low howl of a

wolf from a neighboring thicket came borne upon the breeze. Then there came over her the memory of what Daniel had that day told her, and she knew why this matter was one of paramount interest to her, for her heart told her that her future happiness, both for time and eternity, was at stake, and dependent upon the way in which she answered it. From the first she had intuitively known that unless her faith assimilated to his, she could never be his wife. There was that in her earnest nature, which responded to the earnestness of his, and she knew that it was only a matter of conviction upon her part and she would be as earnest, as zealous in the faith, as he himself was; but, strange anomaly! strange contradiction of human nature, and one hard to understand! she resolved to contend the more earnestly against this conviction, and not to yield an inch of ground until certain that she was yielding to the convictions of conscience, and not to the persuasions of love. If the words of Ruth were ever spoken by her, they would but echo the convicton that his God was the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, that his people were a chosen people of the lowly Jesus, and a people who could say with Job, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' "

It is not our intention at this time to follow the mental struggle of Margery in her effort to arrive at a solution of the problem present to her mind; but, having glanced at the commencement of the struggle, leave her alone to battle with her own heart, and the opposition met with from her parents—whose silence upon that evening she rightly conjectured did not have its origin in acquiescence or indifference. The fact of her having refrained from inquiring what the opinon of her parents was, led them to suspect that hers was favorable, and entrenched them more closely in their previous silence. They had long guessed that Daniel had a preference for Margery, but had no clue to guide them with reference to her feelings. That she was warmly attached to Mary they knew; but had not the slightest idea in what light she regarded him. As the future chapters of our story will lead us away from these quiet forest scenes, and will constrain us to follow the events of Daniel's life in rapid transition, our readers will pardon us for lingering to delineate the scenes recorded in the next chapters before bidding them farewell forever. It will be as the quiet sunset which precedes a night of tempest and storm.

It is related of Epictetus, the great heathen philosopher, whose own life is said to have been an example of moderation and other virtues, that he again and again reminded his disciples, "that we might have many, if not all, the advantages the world has, if we were willing to pay the price by which they are obtained. But if that price be a mean or wicked one, and if we should have to scorn ourselves were we ever induced to pay it, then we must not even cast one longing look of regret towards things which can only be got by that which we deliberately refuse to give."

"Every good and just man," says Archdeacon Farrar, "may gain, if not happiness, then something higher than happiness. Let no one regard this as a mere phrase, for it is capable of a most distinct and definite meaning. There are certain things which all men desire, and which all men would gladly, if they could lawfully and innocently, obtain. These things are health, wealth, ease, comfort, influence, honor, freedom from opposition and pain; and yet if you were to place all these blessings on one side, and on the other side to place poverty and disease and trouble and contempt, yet, if on this side also you were to place truth and justice and a sense that however densely the clouds may gather about our life, the light of God will be visible beyond them, all the noblest men who ever lived would choose, as without hesitation they always have chosen, the latter destiny.

"It is not that any like failure, but they prefer failure to falsity; it is not that they love persecution, but they prefer persecution to meanness; it is not that they relish opposition, but they welcome opposition, rather than guilty acquiescence; it is not that they do not shrink from agony, but they would not escape agony by crime. The selfishness of Dives in his purple is to them less enviable than the innocence of Lazarus in rags. They would be chained with John in prison rather than loll with Herod at the feast; they would fight the wild beast with Paul in the arena, rather than be steeped in the foul luxury of Nero on the throne. It is not happiness, but it is something higher than happiness; it is stillness, it is assurance, i

is satisfaction, it is peace; the world can neither understand it, nor give it, nor take it away—it is indescribable—it is the gift of God."

We earnestly trust our young friends who have thus far followed the fortunes of Daniel, will read with attentive care the above paragraph; for we wish to impress upon the minds of our young readers that happiness is not the chief good, neither the highest aim to be striven for by man; and in a false estimate of the importance which should be attached thereto lies one of the most objectionable features of modern fiction in general. In it the good are always rewarded and happy, while the bad are always punished and miserable. This is true as a finale, but the finale it not always reached in this life. It is true as a fact, but not when measured by the false standard raised for our approval. Truth, honor aud virtue are their own reward; but truth often goes clothed in rags, while falsehood rides in a chariot; honor sits in sackcloth and ashes, while villainy wears the purple robe of kings; virtue begs for a crust to sustain life, while vice riots in wanton luxury and fares sumptuously every day. Can you afford to buy the chariot and trappings of falsehood, by giving truth in exchange? Can you afford to barter honor for the purple robes of villainy; or would you exchange the crust eaten by virtue, for the sumptuous fare of vice? Never! never! Let your highest aspirations be for the right; let your strong right arm be palsied rather than it should ever be lifted in defense of wrong, and let your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth rather than be smeared by the vile slime of falsehood!

If our story lead you through tempest and storm; if it present to you scenes of suffering and sorrow endured for the truth's sake, let it make that truth more precious to your soul; and let it cause you to resolve anew to love and cherish the gospel of Jesus Christ, to manifest in your own life its pure and life-giving power, and to be faithful unto God even if it lead you into the valley and the shadow of death. The Christian is doubly rewarded; for he has, every day, every hour of his life, that which is dearer than life, the peace which comes from a conscience void of offense, and—when faithful unto the end—life everlasting, "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away."

To be continued.

THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY H. A. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER IX.

BOOKS OF ENOS, JAROM AND OMNI.

Enos and His Work.—The Idolatry of the Lamanites.—Prosperity of the Nephites.—Jarom tells of Righteousness and Justice.—Lamanite Invasions.—Mosiah and his Company go North to find Another People.—They also Learn of the Jaredites.—The Ruins of Cities and a Desolate Land.

WHEN Enos received the plates from Jacob he gave a statement of his own conversion and of his joy in having a knowledge of God and of the truth of his word. Then he prayed fervently and continually for his brethren, the Nephites, and received answer that according to the degree in which they kept the commandments of God so should they receive the blessings of heaven, without fail; and only by iniquity would they forfeit the promises and bring evil upon themselves. To him also was the promise confirmed that the record should be preserved in safety, and that it should come to the knowledge of the Lamanites in the latter days. To the Nephites of his time Enos taught these things, and he preached that righteousness and godliness were requisites to their happiness and prosperity. Then he and some of his brethren visited the Lamanites and tried to teach and bring them to the true faith. But it was all vain, for they were too wild and fierce. They seemed wholly given over to darkness of

mind and to a spirit of idolatry so far as concerned their ideas of the world beyond and its inhabitants and powers. They did not till the ground, but lived by hunting, and clothed themselves with the skins of the animals they killed.

The Nephites continued to labor at their agricultural affairs and to prosper and grow rich. They raised abundance of grain and fruit; and Enos says that they also had horses, cattle, and goats, while Jarom wrote that they increased in wealth, not only having gold and silver, but also buildings and machinery,—working in iron, copper, steel and brass, manufacturing implements to work with, and weapons of war. [w]

When Enos had passed away his son Jarom engraved upon the plates a brief account of events, saying that the main portion of the Nephites kept the law of Moses, observed the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and were neither blasphemous nor profane. Their rulers, being good men, taught the true faith, and were strict in their government and in executing justice. Those who were obedient to the higher commandments had the Holy Spirit to aid and comfort them, and many were thus blessed. Two hundred years had passed, says Jarom, since their fathers left Jerusalem, and the Nephites had become a numerous people upon the land. As related above, they had all that was necessary and useful for their comfort and happiness. Therefore was the word of the Lord fulfilled wherein he had said that inasmuch as they kept his commandments they should prosper.

The prophets and priests labored faithfully in teaching the law unto the people, at the same time inspiring them to look forward in faith to the Messiah's coming, and to believe in him as if he had already come. Thus were they kept alive in the truth, and largely free from darkness and sin.

Jarom says that the Lamanites came against them many times, but the Nephites strongly fortified their cities in defense, and finally drove them entirely out of their land and its borders. Jarom lived till two hundred and thirty-eight years had gone by and then delivered the plates to his son.

And Omni wrote that the Nephites enjoyed many seasons of peace and much prosperity, notwithstanding numerous Lamanite invasions of their country. The death of Omni occurred in the two hundred and eighty-second year from their leaving Jerusalem.

And Amaron, the son of Omni, took the plates. He wrote that some were wicked in his time, which caused judgments to come upon such, but the righteous were saved and their posterity were blessed. So three hundred and twenty years had passed. Then Chemish wrote a few words and gave the record to his son Abinadom. He wrote that many were the conflicts in his time between the two peoples, but thus far the Nephites had, to a great degree, kept the commandments of God, and they were still prospered. After the death of Abinadom his son Amaleki took up the history of that people and kept the record. He wrote chiefly concerning a wise and good man called Mosiah. It appears that some time before Amaleki wrote, Mosiah and a company of the Nephites had gone out from the main body into the region north of their land, being commanded by the Lord so to do; and they came into a region that was inhabited by those who called themselves the people of Zarahemla, whose fathers had left Jerusalem ten years after Lehi did, at the time that Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem and carried King Hezekiah and his people to Babylon. They also had been guided by the Lord through the wilderness and across the great waters, and for over three hundred years had dwelt there, till found by the Nephites. They had brought no records, and to a great degree had departed from the law of Moses and its precepts, even so far as to deny the existence of the Supreme Being. And their language varied from the original Hebrew so that Mosiah could hardly understand them until the Nephites had taught them the more perfect language.

An engraved tablet was brought to Mosiah, and he, having the gift of interpretation from the Lord, found that the people of Zarahemla had come to the land in time to find alive the last one of the Jaredites, even King Coriantumr, whose history, and that of his people, was given as related in chapters one and two of this Story. The people of Zarahemla learned from Coriantumr that his fathers came out from the Tower of Babel at the time of the confusion of languages, and that through their wars, and because of their wicked-

ness, they had perished as a people. Also he learned that their bones and the ruins of their cities and villages were scattered throughout the land northward.

(w) Concerning the wealth of the ancient inhabitants of South America, and their numerous cities and extensive settlements, we find a great amount of information and evidence in the books of explorers and historians. The testimony is conclusive and overwhelming that great wealth and accumulations belonged to the former inhabitants of those regions that the Book of Mormon gives account of in its history of the Nephites. For instance, Brownell in his "Indian Races" says that the ruins and great space over which they extend

"Indicate the existence for many ages of a people possessing all the power which regular government, settled institutions, and an established national character can give."

Bradford in his "Origin of the Red Race" writes of their greatness and the extensiveness of their remains, and says:

"We are surprised to discover a continuous, unbroken chain of these relics; and, reverting to the epoch of their construction, we are presented with the astonishing spectacle of a great race cultivating the earth, possessing many of the arts, and diffused through an immense territory three thousand miles in extent."

The following quotations are from Baldwin:

"There are existing monuments of an American ancient history which invite study, and most of which might, doubtless, have been studied more successfully in the first part of the sixteenth century, before nearly all the old books of Central America had been destroyed by Spanish fanaticism, than at present. Remains of ancient civilizations, differing to some extent in degree and character, are found in three great sections of the American continent: the west side of South America, between Chili and the first or second degree of north latitude; Central America and Mexico; and the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio. These regions have all been explored to some extent—not completely, but sufficiently to show the significance and importance of their archæological remains, most of which were already mysterious antiquities when the continent was discovered by Columbus."—*Ancient America, page* 14.

"The uniform and constant report of Peruvian tradition places the beginning of this old civilization in the Valley of Cuzco, near Lake Titicaca. There appeared the first civilizers and the first civilized communities. This beautiful valley is the most elevated table-land on the continent, Lake Titicaca being 12,846 feet above the sea level."—*Ancient America, page* 236.

According to the Book of Mormon the coast of Peru was the one upon which the original settlers, the Nephites, landed, though at the time the book was published learned men had not studied and explored enough to arrive at the conclusion that the people upon the American continent had a common origin, and that its beginning was in Peru. Now, however, we see that the testimony of the book is eminently true and that the discoveries of science demonstrates its truth, while itself bears witness that scientific men have not been at fault in their decisions upon this point. Of the people and their civilization Baldwin writes:

"The ruins of Ancient Peru are found chiefly on the elevated table-lands of the Andes, between Quito and Lake Titicaca; but they can be traced five hundred miles farther south, to Chili, and throughout the region connecting these high plateaus with the Pacific coast. The great district to which they belong extends north and south about two thousand miles. When the marauding Spaniards arrived in the country, this whole region was the seat of a populous and prosperous empire, complete in its civil organization, supported by an efficient system of industry, and presenting a very notable development of some of the more important arts of civilized life. These ruins differ from those in Mexico and Central America. No inscriptions are found in Peru; there is no longer a 'marvelous abundance of decorations;' nothing is seen like the monoliths of Copan or the bas-reliefs of Palenque. The method of building is different; the Peruvian temples were not high truncated pyramids, and the great edifices were not erected on pyramidal foundations. The Peruvian ruins show us remains of cities, temples, palaces, other edifices of various kinds, fortresses, aqueducts (one of them four hundred and fifty miles long), great roads (extending through the whole length of the empire), and terraces on the sides of mountains. For all these constructions the builders used cut stone laid in mortar or cement, and their work was done admirably, but it is everywhere seen that the masonry, although sometimes ornamented, was generally plain in style and always massive. The antiquities in this region have not been as much explored and described as those north of the isthmus, but their general character is known, and particular descriptions of some of them have been published.

"The Spanish conquest of Peru furnishes one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of audacious villainy. It was the work of successful buccaneers as unscrupulous as any crew of pirates that ever robbed and murdered on the ocean. After their settlements began on the islands and the Atlantic coast, rumors came to them of a wonderful country somewhere at a distance in the west. They knew nothing of another ocean between them and the Indies; the western side of the continent was a veiled land of mystery, but the rumors, constantly repeated, assured them that there was a country in that unknown region where gold was more abundant than iron among themselves. Their strongest passions were moved; greed for the precious metals and thirst for adventures.

"Balboa was hunting for Peru when he discovered the Pacific, about 1511, A. D. He was guided across the isthmus by a young native chief, who told him of that ocean, saying it was the best way to the country where all the common household utensils were made of gold. At the Bay of Panama Balboa heard more of Peru, and went down the coast to find it, but did not go south much beyond the eighth degree of north latitude. In his company of adventurers at this time was Francisco Pizarro, by whom Peru was found, subjugated, robbed, and ruined,

some fifteen or twenty years later."—*Ancient America, pages* 222—224..

During several hundred years the Nephites remained in South America, and from the book we should judge that they led a more quiet and simple life than they did at a later period. They were more inclined to religious matters and to plainness than they were after they departed from the ways of the Lord. When they went into Central America and Mexico doubtless their tastes were more for ornamentation in their buildings and sculptures. From Baldwin we quote further upon this interesting subject of ancient Peruvian history:

"In 1531 Pizarro finally entered Tumbez with his buccaneers, and marched into the country, sending word to the Inca that he came to aid him against his enemies. . . . At a city called Caxamalca, Pizarro contrived, by means of the most atrocious treachery, to seize the Inca and massacre some ten thousand of the principal Peruvians, who came to his camp unarmed on a friendly visit. This threw the whole empire into confusion, and made the conquest easy. The Inca filled a room with gold as the price of his ransom; the Spaniards took the gold, broke their promise, and put him to death."—*Ancient America, pages* 225, 226.

Of the ruins throughout Peru, he says:

"It is now agreed that the Peruvian antiquities represent two distinct periods in the ancient history of the country, one being much older than the other. Mr. Prescott accepts and repeats the opinion that 'there existed in the country a race advanced in civilization before the time of the Incas,' and that the ruins on the shores of Lake Titicaca are older than the reign of the first Inca. In the work of Rivero and Von Tschudi, it is stated that a critical examination of the monuments 'indicates two very different epochs in Peruvian art, at least so far as concerns architecture; one before and the other after the arrival of the first Inca.' Among the ruins which belong to the older civilization are those at Lake Titicaca, old Huanuco, Tiahuanaco, and Gran-Chimu, and it probably originated the roads and aqueducts. At Cuzco and other places are remains of buildings which represent the later time; but Cuzco of the Incas appears to have occupied the side of a ruined city of the older period."—*Ancient America, pages* 226, 227.

Montesinos, a Spanish scholar in Peru in the time of the Conquest, believed that the city of Cuzco was built on the ruins of a still older city. Baldwin says further of that civilization:

"At Lake Titicaca some of the most important remains are on the islands. On Titicaca Island are the ruins of a great edifice described as 'a palace or temple.' Remains of other structures exist, but their ruins are old, much older than the time of the Incas. They were all built of hewn stone, and had doors and windows, with posts, sills, and thresholds of stone, the doorways being narrower above than below. On the island of Coati there are remarkable ruins. The largest building here is also described as 'a palace or temple,' although it may have been something else. It was not high, but very large in extent. It stood around three sides of a parallelogram, with some peculiarities of construction connected with the ends or wings. Making allowance for the absence of the pyramidal foundations, it has more resemblance to some of the great constructions in Central America than to anything peculiar to the later period of Peruvian architecture. The antiquities on the islands and shores of this lake need to be more completely explored and described, and probably interesting discoveries could be made at some points by means of well-directed excavations.

A few miles from Lake Titicaca, at Tiahuanaco, are ruins which were very imposing when first seen by the Spaniards in the time of Pizarro. It is usual to speak of them as the oldest ruins in Peru, which may or may not be correct. They must, however, be classed with those at the lake. Not much now remains of the edifices, which were in a very ruinous condition three hundred and forty years ago. They were described by Cieca de Leon, who acccompanied Pizarro, and also by Diego d'Alcobaca. Cieca de Leon mentions 'great edifices' that were in ruins."—*Ancient America, pages* 227–232.

"Of a very remarkable edifice, whose foundations could be traced near these statues, nothing remained then 'but a well-built wall, which must have been there for ages, the stones being very much worn and crumbled.' Cieca de Leon's description goes on as follows:

"'In this place, also, there are stones so large and so overgrown that our wonder is incited, it being incomprehensible how the power of man could have placed them where we see them. They are variously wrought, and some of them, having the form of men, must have been idols. Near the walls are many caves and excavations under the earth, but in another place, farther west, are other and greater monuments, such as large gateways with hinges, platforms, and porches, each made of a single stone. It surprised me to see these enormous gateways made of great masses of stone, some of which were thirty feet long, fifteen high, and six thick.'

"Many of the stone monuments at Tiahuanaco have been removed, some for building, some for other purposes. In one case, 'large masses of sculptured stone ten yards in length and six in width' were used to make grinding stones for a chocolate mill. The principal monuments now seen on this field of ruins are a vast mound covering several acres, where there seems to have been a great edifice, fragments of columns, erect slabs of stone which formed parts of buildings, and several of the monolithic gateways, the largest of which was made of a single stone ten feet high and thirteen broad. The doorway is six feet four inches high, and three feet two inches wide. Above it, along the whole length of the stone, which is now broken, is a cornice covered with sculptured figures. 'The whole neighborhood,' says Mr. Squier, 'is strewn with immense blocks of stone elaborately wrought, equaling, if not surpassing in size, any known to exist in Egypt or India.'

"At Cuzco, two or more degrees north of Lake Titicaca, there are ruins of buildings that were occupied until the rule of the Incas was overthrown. Remains of the old structures are seen in various parts of the present town, some of them incorporated into new edifices built by the Spaniards. Cyclopean remains of walls of the Temple of the Sun now constitute a portion

of the Convent of St. Domingo. In the days of the Incas, this temple stood 'a circuit of more than four hundred paces,' and was surrounded by a great wall built of cut stone. Remains of the old fortifications are seen; and there is an extensive ruin here which shows what is supposed to be all that remains of the palace of the Incas. Occasionally there is search at Cuzco, by means of excavation, for antiquities. Within a few years an important discovery has been made; a lunar calendar of the Incas, made of gold, has been exhumed. At first it was described as 'a gold breastplate or sun;' but William Bollaert, who gives an account of it, finds that it is a calendar, the first discovered in Peru. Many others, probably, went to the melting pot at the time of the Conquest. This is not quite circular. The outer ring is five inches and three tenths in diameter, and the inner four inches. It was made to be fastened to the breast of an Inca or priest. The figures were stamped on it, and there 'seem to be twenty-four compartments, large and small, including three at the top. At the bottom are two spaces; figures may or may not have been there, but it looks as if they had been worn away.' It was found about the year 1859."—*Ancient America, pages* 232–236

Montesinos said that the native tradition concerning this civilization was that it originated with

"A people led by four brothers, who settled in the valley of Cuzco and developed civilization in a very human way. The youngest of these brothers assumed supreme authority, and became the first of a long line of sovereigns."—*Ancient America. page* 264.

This looks very much like the preservation of the history of the sons of Lehi, Nephi being the youngest and yet the ruler over the other as this tradition also has it. It is a remarkable coincidence if it be nothing more than that. But it has the appearance of being more than that. Undoubtedly Nephi and his successors were the originators of the great civilization that lasted so long on the soil of Peru, such as is told of by Baldwin, Prescott, Squier, Orton and others of whose testimony we shall quote more hereafter.

To be continued.

WHY I CAME TO INDEPENDENCE.

BY DANIEL S. BOWEN.

ABOUT ten o'clock one Sunday morning, in the latter part of February, some years ago, I was sitting with my face towards the west, reading the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, when I heard a voice over head, but did not fully understand it. I looked up, and as I did so, the voice again said, "Look South." I turned my head and looked in the direction named, but saw nor heard no more at that time. Wondering what it could mean, I went to my wife and related the experience I had had, asking her if she could explain it. Like myself she was unable to do so. I then began to enquire of the Lord regarding the matter, but received no answer, notwithstanding it was almost constantly before my mind, and I was extremely anxious to know its purport.

After the lapse of a long time I was one day, early in November, at work without, and, as usual, studying upon this matter, when, suddenly, I heard the same voice again, and also these words: "There is a piece of land in Independence for you." I was also told to go to Independence at once.

Obedient to the counsel given, I instantly quit my work, entered the house and told my wife that I had learned the intent of the former strange experience, giving her a statement of what had been told me. I arranged matters and left home, in a couple of days, for Independence. On reaching that town I went to a real estate agent, named Sea, and told him I thought of buying some property. He kindly took me into his buggy and in driving along showed me several pieces of property which he had for sale.

While driving around I silently prayed and waited for the Spirit to give me an intimation that would enable me to settle on the proper place. When passing by the Temple lot, and talking with the agent about a piece of land across the road north therefrom, the Spirit witnessed to me that I should purchase there. I did so, and felt satisfied that God had a purpose in directing me; but what that purpose was I did not then know, though it was a

beautiful piece of land, upon which you could stand and see Kansas City, ten miles away.

A couple of years ago it began to dawn upon me what was the object of that selection. A new church site was needed, and the same Spirit led me to give a lot for that purpose; and now with a handsome stone church in course of erection, and a railroad running right by the lot, we can see something of the intention of the voice which first spoke to me. Surely God moves in a mysterious way to accomplish his work. Thousands of people pass by and express their admiration of the beautiful structure, and the zeal and devotion of the Saints. I rejoice in God, who is remembering Zion, and is beautifying her. Soon her towers shall rise, if we are faithful. God is giving us opportunity to help beautify this land, and our works will show the measure of our faith. May the Lord bless all who help with means, and all who have no means, but are aiding by their prayers.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY EDWIN STAFFORD.

I well remember the first time my brother and myself attended Sabbath School at Nauvoo, from the fact that this was the first time we had ever done so since becoming members of the church; there existing in the minds of the Saints with whom we had asociated before going there, a prejudice against Sunday Schools, styling them sectarian institutions. It was held in the grove just west or south of west of where the temple was in process of erection; and it seemed as if the grove was filled with the different classes of which such schools consist. The Superintendent was Bro. Wm. Marks, President of the Stake of Nauvoo.

Brother Marks was a man I learned to love and respect, and there will always be a warm spot in my heart for him, and it is a source of great comfort to the writer in contemplating that ere long, if faithful to his trust, he will strike glad hands with him and many other faithful ones whose spirits have entered the paradise of God and are awaiting the Lord's time to inaugurate that day of righteousness that Enoch and his city are looking for, together with all the sanctified ones that have gone before— a day when the sealed portion of the plates delivered to the Seer will be read and understood, and all things shall be revealed which have been among the children of men, or ever will be, even to the end of the earth; a day when the following song will be sung by all the ransomed ones having part in the first resurrection, or quickened at the coming of the Savior to reign:

"The Lord hath brought again Zion;
The Lord hath redeemed his people Israel.
According to the election of grace,
Which was brought to pass by the faith
And covenant of their fathers.
The Lord hath redeemed his people,
And Satan is bound, and time is no longer.
The Lord hath gathered all things in one.
The Lord hath brought down Zion from above;
The Lord hath brought up Zion from beneath;
The earth hath travailed and brought forth her strength;
And truth is established in her bowels;
And the heavens have smiled upon her;
And she is clothed with the glory of her God;
For he stands in the midst of his people;
Glory and honor and power and might
Be ascribed unto our God, for he is full of mercy,
Justice, grace and truth and peace,
For ever and ever, Amen."

Returning to the subject of the Sabbath School, we were placed in the Testament Class, and each member of the class was given the task to memorize the Scriptures as he could the following week, commencing at the second chapter of Mathew, "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea," &c. I had then commenced to learn the trade and was laboring tolerably hard all day long and had only time each morning by rising about an hour earlier, to

commit to memory what I could of those scriptures. I memorized a chapter each morning, Sunday morning included, which chapters were repeated without any prompting. The Lord blessed me with a strong memory; it was very tenacious in my youth, but is failing me very much now.

The preaching meetings were held in the grove, a stand for the speaker being planted on the lower side, so that when he stood up each individual of the congregation was discernable. There was no house in the city large enough to hold the congregations. The temple walls were just even with the top of the ground, and what were called the lower bull's eyes, or basement windows, were about half formed when we first landed there. When the first story walls above the basement of the temple were about half laid, the joists were laid, boards for a temporary floor laid thereon, upon which temporary seats were placed, a stand erected at the east end, and meetings were held in it.

Sometimes the conferences, and large meetings on special occasions, were held in a grove half a mile east of the temple, the northern edge of which bordered on Young Street. There is where we heard the last sermon preached by the martyr, commonly called King Follet's funeral sermon, wherein the speaker established, to the minds of thinking men and women, that our spirits formed within us, or in other words, intelligences, never were, and never could be, created. It was estimated that ten thousand persons were on the ground listening, or trying to listen, to the discourse. One little incident which to my youthful mind was somewhat amusing, occurred while Joseph was speaking on this occasion, which I thought then I never should forget; and our aged Sister Landers told the writer recently that she was sitting close by and witnessed the same. The speaker was standing at the west end of the platform, and the writer. then about sixteen years old, was standing about four feet from the end of it. On the end of the board made to hold the books of the speaker—which was ten or twelve inches wide, running the whole length of the stand— was a pitcher of water and a tumbler. The speaker having a fashion, when about demonstrating a point, of bringing his hand down on the board quite heavily, did so on this occasion. The pitcher trembled for an instant and fell over at the writer's feet, splashing the water over them and his lower limbs. The speaker, hearing the noise of the breaking of the pitcher, turned half round and looked down over his right shoulder at the fragments, all the time keeping up the thread of his discourse in a high key of voice,—which he had to do to make that congregation hear,—and said, without any parenthetical sign whatever, "And I have broken the pitcher." What amused the writer was the wonderment he thought would take possession of the minds of the great numbers listening, and who knew nothing of the breaking of the pitcher, as to what connection that sentence had with his subject.

It was at the last mentioned place that we heard Elder S. Rigdon, when he came from Pittsburgh, immediately after the death of Joseph and Hyrum, to try to establish his claims to the leadership of the church, make his defense of the position taken by him on that question. He claimed, by virtue of his being Senior Counselor to the prophet,—and to our minds it looked plausible,—that it was his right to lead the church until the time that the Lord should appoint a successor to the prophet. I should have acceded to his proposition on my own part, had I not thought that he was under condemnation for the open violation of the revelations of God to him, one of which was that he should not remove his family to Pittsburgh, but let them remain in Nauvoo; and that for a wise purpose in the Lord, who promised to heal his family of their sickness if this was acceded to. We were at the trial of Elder Rigdon when Joseph preferred a charge against him for neglecting to act in his office and calling of Counselor to the President of the Church; and the President gave as his reasons for preferring the charge, that Elder Rigdon had been very derelict in his duty as Counselor and had not acted in that capacity for some time, and that he did not want a Counselor to him in name only, but that he wanted the benefit of the counsel of a man set apart to that calling, which he had not received from Elder Rigdon. And for these reasons he thought it high time to shake him off from such position. Brethren Hyrum Smith, William Marks and Almon Babbit pleaded for mercy in behalf of Brother Sidney.

Sidney arose and confessed, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, that he had not been as faithful as he ought to have been in his calling, and pleaded, as a partial extenuation, sickness in his family; and he asked forgiveness, and promised to be more faithful in the discharge of his duty in the future. He stated that it had been reported that he was about to apostatize, that he was denying his former testimony concerning the calling of the prophet Joseph, but instead of that he had in his own family an additional evidence of the calling of the man blessed and ordained of God to open this last dispensation of the gospel. The evidence referred to was in substance as follows: His daughter Nancy had experienced a very severe spell of sickness, was reduced very low, and finally, according to the judgment of all who witnessed the occurrence, died; and, through the prayer of faith, and the administration of the ordinance of the house of God her life had been restored. So instead of apostatising, he was more deeply rooted and grounded in the faith than ever. The conclusion was, that Joseph said that he was willing to still retain him, if he would act in his office; and it was voted to sustain Sidney under said conditions. But he removed his family to Pittsburg some time before the prophet's death. I remember the steamboat's coming to the foot of Main Street, south of the Mansion House, where Joseph lived—which was not common for steamboats to do, except those of very light draft, or in a high stage of water;—and that a large number of the Saints were in attendance, conspicuous among whom were Joseph and Hyrum Smith and their families, who walked down with Sidney and family to the steamboat's gang plank, and then shaking hands bade them adieu.

There was a remark made by Brigham Young when Sidney came from Pittsburg to claim the leadership of the church, that was characteristic of the man, although at that time it was a revealment to myself, I having formed a better opinion of him. After Elder Rigdon had made his speech, three or four of the Twelve spoke, P. P. Pratt taking the lead. Their remarks were principally made in favor of the claims of the Twelve to lead, and in trying to lower the character of Sidney. Wm. Marks spoke, rather favoring Rigdon's claim, and the story went out that Bro. Marks had apostatized. Brigham Young arose, and after speaking a few words sarcastically referring to Sidney, said, "I have been lying low for ducks." I shall never forget the thoughts suggested by the remark, and the feeling of disgust engendered by the same. The thoughts were that he had been premeditating and aspiring to the leadership, and had been conniving in secret for it, and waiting till the game came in sight, or opportunity offered to gratify his unholy ambition. The sequel to his life connected with his prior life as revealed, justify the thought suggested. Well might the Seer have declared, "If Brigham Young ever leads this church, he will lead it to hell."

I was present at the [I think] Semi-annual Conference in the fall of 1843, when Elders Addison Pratt, B. F. Grouard and — Hanks were set apart for their mission to the Society Islands, and remember how my boyish sympathy was enlisted in their behalf. To think of their going so far from home with all its endearments, to be gone so long as the mission would indicate, and to be separated from the society of the Saints; surely, I thought, these men show their faith by their works! Some of the love that actuated their Master to leave the glory he had with the Father and take upon him our nature to accomplish the redemption of the fallen race of Adam, must have actuated them, to leave all they held dear, and go so far to teach the benighted sons of men of that Savior's love manifested toward them in his sufferings and death; and to tell them the plan of that redemption established by him by obedience to which they might secure their salvation.

There was preaching every Sunday that the weather was favorable for out-door services, but I have not the slightest recollection of the subjects or effects of the preaching, only on exceptional occasions. The principal occasions were when B. Young, H. C. Kimball, or others of the Twelve, would harangue the people on the subject of building the temple—scoring the poor laborers and mechanics, who sometimes could hardly get enough to eat to have strength to labor—if they uttered a word of complaint; or sometimes admonish the Saints to bring in their tithes and offerings into the storehouse, that the laborers might have sufficient food to perform their work, reminding all of what

was pending, viz., that the Lord had decreed a time for the temple to be finished, and if not finished at that time that the church would be rejected with their dead; and again try to encourage them by telling the great blessings that were in store for them if all was completed according to the mind of the Lord. One sermon I heard preached by Amasa Lyman, I think in the spring conference of 1843, the general run of which was enstamped on my memory, and is as fresh to-day as then; and I suppose the reason why is because it was new to me; and yet I could not but endorse it, for it appeared reasonable. It was as follows: That the Lord never had a people upon the earth at any one time since the creation of man but what he revealed his will to them, and they were not entirely dependent upon revelations given to a former people; that the revelations given to each people were more binding upon them than those given to other peoples of former generations; that in the day of judgment each would be judged by the word given specially to each, rather than by that given to others; that all would be judged by the gospel, for that was the revealed will of God to all, for it was the groundwork of salvation to all generations in all dispensations; that there were local circumstances in one dispensation, differing from those of another, which required local laws differing according to the circumstances, and of necessity required the revealed will of God concerning those laws, as he is the only law-giver.— As instances: Noah was placed amongst a people who had so corrupted their way before God that he concluded to destroy all flesh of man except Noah and his family, whom he had found righteous in his sight, and commanded Noah to build an ark, that he and his family might not be destroyed with the rest of mankind. If Noah had refused to do as the Lord had commanded him he would not only have been destroyed in the flood, but would have been condemned in judgment by his God as a rebel to his cause. Abraham was commanded to go out from the house of his father into a strange land, and told that there the Lord would make of him a great nation. Had he refused to go according to the command of the Lord, we would have had no history of the Israelitish race containing the dealings of God with that people, and Abraham would have been judged as a rebel to God's law revealed to him. In short, he said that those to whom the revelations in the Bible were given, would be judged by them more particularly; the inhabitants of America to whom the word of God came, as contained in the Book of Mormon, would be judged more particularly by that, and the Latter Day Saints by the revealed word given to them.

To be continued.

LEAVES FROM PALESTINE.—No. IV.

JAFFA, Palestine,
July 17th, 1888.

MRS. M. WALKER;
Dear Sister in the Faith:

IN compliance with the promise made you some time since, we find ourselves this lovely summer morning en route for Jerusalem, the city of the Great King; and as we remember whose feet have passed over this same route in the centuries long vanished and almost unwritten of, there comes over us a feeling of solemnity, almost of awe, as though we should loose our shoes from off our feet, for the ground is holy. This is subdued, however, as we take in the sights and sounds so common to the dwellers in modern Palestine, and we prepare ourselves to take in fully every object of interest which shall meet us upon the way, and to the best of our ability give the readers of "Autumn Leaves" pen pictures of the same.

As we ride through the orange groves of Jaffa the trees are hanging full of delicious oranges, and also full of blossoms, which scent the air with their perfume for miles. At evening, just after sunset, even in the city of Jaffa, the aroma is borne on the air and reaches us in our dwellings in the heart of the city. From this you can

imagine how powerful it must be when riding through the midst of gardens which line some two miles of the road. As you go to Jerusalem, on the left of the road is a fountain with several large sycamore trees in front, and a few cypress trees behind. This is pointed out as the Tomb of Dorcas, or the house where she was raised from the dead.

Emerging from the gardens, the Plain of Sharon is entered; it extends from Jaffa to Cæsarea, and from the central hills to the Mediterranean, and is the northern extremity of the Sephela. In Bible days it was celebrated for its fertility and its fine pasturage; and now it produces grass and flowers in profusion, and is capable of much better cultivation than it gets at the present time. The wheat that I saw growing on the plain was at least two feet high, and nearly ripe. It is interesting to remember that this has been the great thoroughfare to Jerusalem in all ages. The materials for the temple were all carried along this road; prophets and apostles have ridden across this flowery plain, and the feet of myriad Crusaders have trodden it. It has been sung in the poetry of sorrow and joy; the voice of despair has cried: "The earth mourneth and languisheth; Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down; Sharon is like a wilderness." But the voice of hope has been heard, saying: "The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad, . . . the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God." The Rose of Sharon is said to grow on this plain, but I fail to find that particular rose that King Solomon spoke about in his song The plain is covered in winter with all kinds of flowers,—such as the narcissus, meadow saffron, anemone, lilly, asphodel, Savior's blood drop, etc.; it is also sprinkled with the iris, wild tulip, and mallow. The greatest profusion of flowers is seen in April or May, but in autumn the whole plain is like a wilderness.

Soon after entering the plain a small village will be seen on the right, owned by a Jewish Agricultural School; Mr. Charles Netter, a French Jew, founded it. He has been dead now six years. I once lived there four months. It is most beautifully arranged; each kind of fruit is separate from the other kinds. There is an artesian well there, and the houses are all built in the latest style. Beautiful walks are arranged so that one can always find shade in the hottest day. These are made by India cane being planted on each side of the walks. This cane grows very fast. The street that leads up from the Jerusalem road is planted on each side with acacia trees, and between all the trees are rose bushes. Just to walk up that road you would think you were entering Paradise.

In less than half an hour from this spot Yazur, an old village, is passed. It is the old sight of Hazor. Near this village is a well; some say it is Abraham's fountain. Here the road to Lidda branches off.

Proceeding on the direct road, fields and low hills are passed, and in about twenty minutes Beit Dejan is passed on the left hand. It was doubtless one of the houses of Dagon, the god of the Philistines.

Half an hour before we reach Ramleh, we pass a village on the right hand, called Surafend, surrounded by cactus hedges; and on the left the olive trees surrounding Lidda-Ramleh (this name means sand). It is well built, with a population of five thousand, of whom nearly a third are Christians. There is a tradition that Ramleh corresponds with the Arimathæa of the New Testament, where dwelt that disciple who gave the grave wherein never man lay, for the burial of Our Lord, and that the Latin Convent is on the site of the house of Nicodemus. There does not, however, appear to be any historical evidence for these traditions. It was here that in ancient times the great caravan route from Damascus to Egypt crossed the route from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The town was probably of Saracenic origin, being attributed to Solyman of the eighth century. It was a halting place of the Crusaders; and it suffered in the wars between the Franks and Saladin. In the time of the French invasion Napoleon made this town his headquarters. Round about Ramleh the senses are gratified with the loveliness and fragrance of gardens and orchards; but the sights and smells encountered on the narrow streets take away the pleasure of all. Opthalmic diseases, caused partly from the sand that sweeps through the narrow lanes and partly from the filthy habits of the people, rage among the inhabitants. There are a few soap factories in Ramleh, but

the people do not seem to patronize them. There are churches, convents, mosques, and minarets; and the sisters of the Latin Convent have built a nice school-house for orphans, which is almost the first building you come to as you are entering into the town. The old tower just outside of the village, is quite interesting. It withstands all the ravages of time. No one knows by whom it or the ruined buildings around it were built. Some say that it was a mosque built by the founder of the village; others, that it was a khan; and others, that it was a Christian church built by the Crusaders. The architecture is clearly Saracenic, and an inscription assigns its origin to a Moslem chieftain; but this inscription no doubt was put on by the Moslems, and the tower is not their work. The tower is square, and of great beauty. I went to the top, one hundred and twenty well worn but safe steps. The view from the top is very fine. The whole plain of Sharon, from the mountains of Judea and Samaria to the sea, and from the foot of Carmel to the sandy deserts of Philistia, lies spread out like an illuminated map; beautiful and as vast and diversified as beautiful, the eye is fascinated, the imagination enchanted; especially when the last rays of the setting sun light up the white villages which sit or hang upon the many-shaped declivities of the mountains. You can see Ashdod, Askelon, Gath, also Gaza in the south, and to Cæsarea in the north, and from the Mediterranean on the west to the mountains of Samaria on the east. When I came down from the tower I went into the underground houses, which I call the cave-dwellers' houses, as they have a hole at the top of each room that shuts with a stone, so that one would hardly notice it at a little distance; but having read some time ago about them I saw that these were the same by the description of them. I went into three rooms all in a row, the doors all opening from one into the other. It was interesting to think of, as they are yet so perfect after so many long years; even the niches in the walls for the lamps are there yet. No vandal hands have marred them, only their doors are all gone, like the people who once inhabited them. There are more at Gaza, and perhaps I may get a chance to see them also; but I left those at Ramleh with regret.

A few minutes after leaving Ramleh a burial ground is crossed, and away to the left is seen Gimzu, the ancient Gimzo, taken from the Israelites by the Philistines in the time of Ahaz. In about three quarters of an hour from Ramleh a small village is passed on the right, named Bareh; and beyond this, in about an hour, a village near the road on the left, called El-Cubab, with a Moslem population of about four hundred. Like many of the villages here about it is on a hill and is surrounded with a cactus hedge.

A few rods beyond the village, and before descending the hill, we stop to take a view over the valley of Ajalon, where that wondrous scene occurred (Joshua 10: 12) when Joshua commanded the sun to stand still upon Gibeon and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon—"and the sun stood still, and the moon staid until they were avenged of their enemies." Ajalon, (Yalo,) was a city of the tribe of Dan.

From this spot can be seen the two Beth-Horons to the left, in a north westerly direction; and the site of Gezer on the right. There are extensive ruins of this place, which was a Canaanitish royal city on the south-west border of Ephraim.

In addition to these two places is the route which the Amorite kings took to Makkedah, and the cave where they were hid.

After descending the hill, the valley of Ajalon is crossed on the way to the village Latrun, (or robber as the name means), about three quarters of an hour from Kubab. It is on a hill to the right of the road. There are a few ruins and cisterns of very recent date. It is the traditional native place of Dimas, the penitent thief. The legend says that Jesus was in early life associated with the impenitent thief; and when Mary and Joseph fled into Egypt with the Holy child, and passed this way, the two thieves fell upon them and demanded a heavy backsheesh for ransom. But Dimas, touched with the grace of the divine child, protected him from the brutality of his accomplice. This incident, it is said, was remembered on the cross, when the thief threw himself on the protection of the Savior. There seems reason to believe that Latrun may be identified with Modin of the Maccabees, so often referred to in the Apocraphal book recording the struggles of that renowned family. Here the deputy of Antiochus Epiphanes set up the idol altar,

and called upon the Jews to come and worship, when old Mattathias and his five sons burst upon the scene, scattered the idolators, and fled to the hills. On this mound were buried Mattathias and his son, the renowned Judas Maccabeus, the Lion of Judah, and others of the Asmonean family.

Near Latrun is the village of Amwas, or Emmaus, (not the Emmaus of St. Luke's gospel), with the ruins of a church, and a fountain which is said to have had almost miraculous properties for healing all manner of diseases. This small village was an important town in ancient times. Here Judas Maccabeus gained a victory over Gorgias. The Roman general Varus burned the city in A. D. 4. It was rebuilt in A. D. 220, by Julius Africanus, and by him named Nicopolis. It is utterly impossible to reconcile this Amwas, or Emmaus, with the town of that name in the gospel, although curiously enough it was regarded as that site for nearly ten centuries. This town and Beit Nuba, a little to the north, are prominent in the story of Richard Coeur De Leon's last weeks in Palestine, before concluding a peace with Saladin.

One hour from Latrun, passing Bir Eyyub (Job's well), and Deir Eyyub (Job's Convent), we arrive at the foot of the mountains at a place called Bab-el-wady, (the door or entrance to the valley).

After stopping two hours we went on toward Jerusalem. We pursue our course along the Wady Alley, a narrow, steep, winding defile, where on every hand hill rises upon hill, gray, bald, and rugged. Furze and heath, and a profusion of wild flowers grow among the rocks; but trees are stunted and spare. In other parts adjacent, desolation reigns supreme. Not a blade of grass or a leaf of tree to be seen. A wild region such as you might look for in Iceland; so desolate that one wraps their clothes close around them as if it ought to be cold; so desolate that one feels lonely—not a sign of life in view. At the top of this mountain, the first of the mountains of Judea, there is a fine view of the sea, Jaffa, Ramleh, the Plain of Sharon, and the sandhills of the coast. Near this on the right, in a large olive grove, is the small village of Saris.

In an hour from Saris we came to the village of Abou-gosch, named after a notorious robber, who, with his relations equally robbers with himself, were the terror of the neighborhood, and especially of travellers. On one occasion it is said they fell upon a band of Franciscan Monks, and stifled them to death in an oven. They were transported about forty years ago; but their descendants are in the land, as although the government of Turkey has sold the village to a Christian Jew, named Berghime, one of his sons was murdered only two years ago; no doubt by one of the descendants of the robbers. The former name of this village was a much pleasanter one. It was Kury et-el-Euab, or the town of grapes; and this is comparatively a recent name for it, as in the far away time it was Kirjath-jearim, the city of woods. Kirjath-jearim was one of the four cities of the Gibeonites on the north boundary of Judah, and the southern one of Benjamin. Urijah the prophet was born here. After the exile this was one of the ancient cities again inhabited. The principle event narrated in Scripture about Kirjath-jearim will be remembered with interest here. It was here that David brought the ark of God. "And it came to pass that while the ark of God abode in Kirjath-jearim, that the time was long; for it was twenty years, and all the house of Israel lamented after the Lord." At the end of that time, "David gathered all Israel together, from Sihor or Egypt even unto the entering of Hamath to bring the ark of God to Kirjath-jearim."

As one approaches the village he must settle in his mind on some house in the hills as the starting place. Never was there such a day in the picturesque village before. It was a day to be remembered; for it was the beginning of Israel's glory. No wonder therefore that David and all Israel played before the Lord, and David danced and sang psalms, and all kinds of music. Perhaps as the vast procession moved down the steep hill the refrain of this song might have been heard, Ps. 132: 6–8:—"Lo we heard it at Ephrata, we found it in the fields of the woods. We will go into his tabernacles, we will worship at his footstool. Arise, O Lord, into thy rest; thou and the ark of thy strength."

ABIGAIL YORK ALLEY.

To be Continued.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in my study, writing letters, when I heard:
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me mamma mustn't be 'sturbed,
But I'se tired of de Kitty; want some ozzer fing to do.
Writin' letters, is 'ou, mamma? tan't I write a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy; run and play with Kitty, now."
"No, no, mamma; me wite letters—tan if 'ou will thow me how."
I would paint my darling's portrait as his blue eyes searched my face;
Hair of gold, and eyes of beauty, form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded, as I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter of you, darling boy, instead."
So I parted back the tresses, from his forehead, high and white:
And a stamp, for sport I pasted, 'mid the waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now little letter, go away and bear good news;"
And I smiled, as down the staircase clattered loud the little shoes.
Leaving me, the darling, hurried down to Mary, in his glee.
"Mamma writin' lots of letters;—I'se a letter, Mary—see."

No one heard the little prattler, as he once more climbed the stairs;
Reached his little cap and tippet, standing on the entry chair.
No one heard the front door open; no one saw the golden hair
As it floated o'er his shoulders, in the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened till he reached the office door.
"I'se a letter, Mr. Postman, is there room for any more?
Cause dis letter's doin' to papa—papa lives with God you know—
Mamma sent me for a letter; does 'ou fink at I tan doe!"

But the clerk in wonder answered: "Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find an ozzer office, tause I must doe if I tan."
Fain the clerk would have detained him, but the wistful face was gone,
And the little feet were hast'ning, by the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted; people fled on left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses at that moment dashed in sight.
No one saw the baby figure, no one saw the golden hair;
Till a voice of frightened sweetness rang out on the Autumn air.

'Twas too late! A moment only stood the beauteous vision there;
Then the little face lay lifeless, covered o'er with golden hair.
Reverently they raised my darling; brushed away the curls of gold;
Saw the stamp upon the forehead, growing now so icy cold.

And a smile played o'er his features—was his errand then complete?
Had the letter gone to papa, on the wings of love so fleet?
Not a mark the face disfigured, showing where a foot had trod,
But the little life was ended—"papa's letter" was with God.

Selected.

Next, November, limping, battered,
  Blinded in a whirl of leaf;
Worn of want, and travel-tattered,
Next, November, limping, battered;
Now the goodly ships are shattered,
  Far at sea, on rock and reef.

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON.

Helpful Hints and Suggestions.

The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.—*Whittier.*

SISTER WALKER:—I send a good receipt for milk buscuits.

4 pounds of flour, 2 ounces cream of tartar, ¾ ounce of soda, 8 ounces of butter and lard mixed, and a spoon full of salt, a tomato can full of milk.

The flour can be prepared and laid away, one pound used at a time. This should be mixed well and rolled about one and a half inches thick and cut into round cakes. Bake 20 minutes. The cutter should open at both ends, as the suction effects the dough. I use a tin box with the end out. Yours,

SISTER HARRISON.

FRAZEE, April 14th.

DEAR SISTERS:—As house-cleaning time has arrived, and therefore quilts and comforts, also many other heavy things needs to be washed, I will tell you of a very easy way to wash them. Fill your boiler half full of cold water; shave up nearly half a bar of soap; then put the dry clothes into this and put it on the stove and let them boil hard for 15 or 20 minutes. While boiling stir often with a stick. Have cold water ready in your tub; take out, suds up and down with your hands to get the dirty boiling suds out, then rinse in a clean bluing water and they are ready to hang up to dry. I have washed my white clothes this way and they look very nice. If we learn all the easy methods of work we will have more time to read and write, and instruct our children. Try this plan of washing, and I know you will be delighted with the result. Your sister,

ELLEN ALBERTSON.

The prospect of such an amount of labor saved as this method offers, certainly entitles it to a trial.—ED.

Sister J. Wood wishes to tell the sisters that in washing much labor can be saved by using kerosene in the proportion of one tablespoon full to each bucket of water for both the rubbing and boiling suds, adding to the latter a little lye. She also recommends a piece of spermaceta and white wax, each about the size of a pea, added to starch while boiling.

CLEANING WALL PAPER.

Cut into eight portions a loaf of bread two days old; must neither be newer or staler. With one of those pieces, after having blown off all the dust from the paper to be cleaned by means of a good pair of bellows, begin at the top of the room, holding the crust in the hand, and wiping lightly downward with the crumb, about half a yard at each stroke, until the upper part of the paper is completly cleaned all around. Then go round again, with the like sweeping stroke downward, always commencing each successive stroke a little higher than the upper stroke extended, till the bottom be finished. This operation, if carefully performed, will frequently make very old paper look almost equal to new. Great caution must be used not by any means to rub the paper hard, nor to attempt cleaning in the cross or horizontal way. The dirty part of the bread, too, must be continually cut away, and the pieces renewed as soon as may become necessary.

To take grease stains out of wall paper, mix pipe clay with water to the consistency of cream, laying it on the spot and letting it remain until the following day, when it may be easily removed with a pen-knife or brush.

CREAM AS FOOD AND MEDICINE.

Persons consumptively inclined, those with feeble digestion, aged people and those inclined to chilliness and cold extremities, are especially benefited by a liberal use of sweet cream. No other article of food or medicine will give them results equally satisfactory, and either as a food or medicine it is not bad to take. As an antidote for a tendency to consumption, it acts like a charm, and serves all the purposes intended to be served by cod-liver oil with much greater certainty and effect. Where sweet cream can be had, cod-liver oil is never needed.

Ordinary newspapers are very impervious to cold. If apples are to be shipped during winter, line the barrel with two or three thicknesses of paper, and the apples will rarely freeze if properly protected.

BY LOSS COMES GAIN.

BY RUTH.

"God gave thee life to use
For His great ends, not thine;
And, if the cup holds bitter wine,
Shrink not nor dare refuse.
He knows thy love—He knows thy pain—
Sad life! Thou wilt not be in vain."

OFTEN, when the trials of life are many and hard to be borne; when care comes to sup with us and be our guest, when the heart aches with longing and the eyes fail with watching for the things that never come, we question in our sadness, "Why am I thus chastened? Why must I live in the shadow when others are basking in the sunlight of prosperity? Why must I go my way in loneliness, and others in light-hearted companies, their lives lighted and warmed by friendship and love?"

But the answer comes to us, when we remember that life is granted to us for the accomplishment of the designs of a loving God who purgeth the fruitful branch that it may bring forth more fruit.

Thought goes back to the days of childhood and early youth, and contrasts our present station in life, our friends and pleasures, our aspirations with the apparent ones of some of the companions of those days, and we search for the little hinges on which have turned the gates that ushered us into such widely different fields; for

"Simple things and lowly have a part in Nature's plan."

The little things we meet each day, the little things we faithfully perform or carelessly neglect are the great causes whose effects we see, later, in the charaeter of each individual. As the stone on the mountain-side may turn the course of the tiny stream that afterward becomes a giant for strength, so the influences that, in childhood and youth, may seem but weak and trifling, will prove in after years to be the power that shaped the course of human lives. We refer here to the influence of early principles. "Even a child is known by his doings" is true, and to "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth" is a wise command.

Why is it that some lives seem to be all sunshine, and others all shadow? Why are some full of ease and comfort, and others full of care? Is it because the same duties, the same opportunities, the same causes for joy or pain do not meet all? To some extent, surrounding circumstances may be the cause of the difference; but, in character lies the prime difference. There are those who leave the line of duty when the path becomes rough, and seek a smoother way for their feet. Some do not take care to themselves, do not deny themselves anything that will bring pleasure at the present time. They seek and enjoy the things that gratify the senses. And there are those who deprive themselves of many things which, though they might yield a selfish happiness for a time, would not be productive of real good to others. There are those who, for the Spirit's deep wisdom, are willing to endure the scorn of men, and that, in their secret souls they may wear the white rose of goodness, they wear in man's sight the crown of thorns. The pleasure-seeker has a merry, careless life, because he chooses such a life, and the earnest toiler for others has the cares and weariness of labor because he chooses it. The prime difference is in character.

Since God gave us life to use for His great ends, let us look carefully at our characters and see if our principles are such as are calculated to urge us on to our duty. When we accept any responsibility, great or small, let us be faithful in the discharge of it; for by so doing we make faithfulness one of our attributes. It becomes a part of the character, and when this life with its glitter and gayety, its griefs, its cares and its joys have passed away, there remains to us the only thing we shall have gained from earth-life—the characters we have formed.

Then, if we have loved virtue and gained knowledge, if we have practiced temperance in all things, and clothed ourselves with the mantle of charity for all men, if such are the characters we have developed, we shall go forth to meet the future richly dowered; but, if the opposite be the case, though earth has laid her richest treasures at our feet, though we may have revelled in "all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave," we shall find ourselves stripped

of our pride, our power and our glory, and we shall view, with remorse, our own lack of principle and weakness of character.

We all love the springtime; the youth of the year and the springing grass, budding tree and sweet-scented blossom, bring us many an earnest thought, while they "speak to the soul from out Nature's great heart." We think of young lives now in their spring—young lives that are like the pure blossoms that are just opening their delicate petals,—the blossoms that whiten the tree, scent the air, please the eye, and hold the germs of the fruit that shall be. And these young lives, these vigorous, happy young lives that gladden the homes and soften the hearts, they hold within themselves the germs of the characters that shall be.

If sun and showers and warm south wind be not withheld, we gather in time the perfect fruit; but how often, when it is just forming, there comes a frost—clear, beautiful, sparkling but blighting frost, and when the time of fruitage is come and the tree that gave such promise in blossoming yields us no fruit, we say the frost killed it.

Sin has entered our beautiful world and longs to lay his icy hand upon our fairest flowers. He comes to the young, when their feet have but entered upon the journey we all must go, while the pages of life's record are fair and unspotted. He comes often in deceitful beauty saying, "See, I am not sin. There is no harm in yielding to this or that pleasure." As we think of the allurements that lie in wait for the innocent and inexperienced ones about us, we long to warn them ere the frosts of sin have blighted one leaf of the blossom, and we breath again the wish so beautifull expressed by Wm. Cullen Bryant in the following:

Innocent child and snow-white flower,
Well are ye paired in your opening hour;
Thus should the pure and lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless and sweet with sweet.

White as those leaves, just blown apart,
Are the folds of thine own young heart;
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one! though thou gazest now
On the white blossom with earnest brow,
Soon will it tire thy childish eye,
Fair as it is thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white flower;
Yet, as the changing years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.

How many pleasures come before us, pleading their innocence. To decide this let us first ask, "Do those things tend to lead us to or from God," keeping in mind that God gave us life to use for His great ends, and we shall never be truly happy when we use it for any other.

There are enjoyments that possess wonderful fascination for those who indulge, and the only safe thing to do is to soberly and quietly consider whether indulgence in these things will help us to be more like the One whose character we are to emulate if we would be fit to enter into the rest and partake of the joys prepared for those who are like Him.

Of Jesus it is written, "Though he were a son yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." "He humbled himself and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross." Then must we not learn obedience if we are his followers and he our elder brother? We must choose the pure paths where He walked, and be ever studious in avoiding the things that would tempt us from them; for, though we may be in the straight and narrow way, we are not walled in, we can at any time leave it and wander in the darkness of the by-paths.

A short time since, I stood on the platform as a train, gaily decorated with flags, flowers and green boughs, moved out from the station amid the flutter of fans, the waving of handkerchiefs, merry adieus and strains of music. At an obscure village, the junction of two roads, I had by chance met this merry party, and among them were many who had been the playmates of my early days, the children with whom I went to school. We danced about the same bonfires and played "Little Sally Washman" in the same ring. The memory of those times, the days of Auld Lang Syne, touched them as well as myself, and with smiles and extended hands we met; but, when we parted, they went their way, in happy excitement, to spend God's holy Sabbath in a round of pleasure, and as I went my own quiet way I tried to look back and find the time and place when our paths first began to diverge. As I sent memory back over the past, I found, here and there, a difference in the principles that governed us as children—some would say a trifling difference, but in matters of principle there are no trifles.

"'Tis little things, aye little things,
That make the sum of life."

A little girl asks another to jump rope on the Sabbath, and that she refuses on the ground that it is Sunday may be a trifling act, but the principle underlying it is momentous. It is the principle of respectful obedience to law, as the child understands it. These two children may pass along together, meeting the same allurements, and if adhering to their original principles, one will accept the Sunday promenade, the Sunday drive, the Sunday picnic, and the other as steadily refuse. Time develops them into women as different in character as the principles actuating them. "His servant ye are to whom ye obey."

The Master calls us now, in the morning of our day and the dew of youth, and gives to each one plain duty, at least to work out in patience for himself a clean pure character. We need to look well to our footsteps, for evil is all about us and often in most beautiful disguise. "Rome was not built in a day," "Heaven is not gained at a single bound," and we must renew each day the conflict with evil, whether we meet it in the way or find it in our own hearts. How watchful, how persevering we need to be!

To the thoughtful, the earnest, who seek first to establish the kingdom of God contentment and peace will come, while those mistaken ones who have "drank often, deeply drank" at the fountain of this world's pleasure, at the close of life will be still unsatisfied, destined to long and thirst until they obey the gospel of the Son of God and give to the soul the only thing that can give perfect peace and rest, the means designed by the Creator to make happy the beings he has created.

To obey the gospel does not mean as some seem to think that we are to be obedient to the extent that we comply with the law so far as to be numbered among the Saints on earth: "I will have a tried people." There were thorns for the Savior's brow; there are thorns for each and all of us. He had a life-work; you and I may not be idlers. Some of us doubt as to what we are called to do, but there is a field of labor open to us, one that calls for attention and one that we may not neglect with impunity. It is the conquest of self, the greatest work of all, the subjugation of our own hearts that are so prone to evil. We must fight out the battles of life; we must press onward though we be weary, we must suffer if we would reign. We must drink the cup the Father's hand shall fill for us, and though the wine may be bitter, through obedience we shall learn 'twas sent in love. Then shrink not nor dare refuse; fear to rebel against infinite love and infinite wisdom. There come times when the idols our ignorant hands have set up are thrown down, but while we mourn let us remember,

"'Tis not with angry stroke but kind
The sculptor hews the marble stone;
His blows, their scars, if we but mind,
But loose the angel there confined
An angel from the shapeless stone."

So by our trust in God, our faith in his love, our patience and obedience, let us work with Him to "loose the angel" in these stony hearts. Let us bear the blows and their scars when He in his wisdom sees they are necessary, for "the gem can not be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity."

LATE AUTUMN.

The yellow leaves are falling fast,
The sunshine of the year is past,
And gentle autumn comes to bring
God's time of rest to ev'rything.

The woodbine-wreaths, no longer gay,
Droop idly from the hedges gray;
The fern hath laid his withered plume
Above the violet's mossy tomb.

But where the faithful ivy clings,
Hark how the cheery robin sings
His welcome to the winter-tide,
Though all the birds are mute beside!

Our Life's bright summer passes, too,
With dreams like flowers of every hue,
With woodland song whose music sweet
Returning springs can ne'er repeat.

But still some joys for us remain;
Life's work has not been done in vain,
Though oft its burden sorely prest—
And autumn is God's time of rest.—*Sel.*

DRIFT-WOOD.

The threads our hands in blindness spin,
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.—*Whittier.*

UNCLE POMPEY'S SLIDE DOWN THE ROOF.

"Ha, ha, ha! Go 'way dar! Jes' look! Ha, ha, ha!"

"As Aunty Flora gave this salutation to a lad in partial uniform, hopping down toward the quarters of the hands on the old sugar plantation, she rested her hands on her hips, tipped back her head, and laughed vigorously.

"I'se jined de pledge! I'se a cur-det! I'se a cur-det!" sang out this hopping youth. "I'se jined de pledge!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Aunty Flora again. "Dat am good!"

Uncle Pompey came out of the family cabin, and stared sullenly at his nephew and shook his head.

"Tem-p'rance!" he groaned. "Dunno 'bout dis yer!"

The new member of the Cadets of Temperance was so elated by the magnificent reception that Aunty Flora gave him, he did not notice Uncle Pompey's gloomy face. The bump of approbativeness may be justly supposed to be as large, when found on a head that inhabits a sugar plantation, as anywhere else; and Abe's desire for applause was only whetted by Aunty Flora's cordial appreciation of his temperance stand, and finally he turned to Uncle Pompey. He only saw a frown, just a silent, sullen face. Abe could not understand it. Such reception was like the experience of a young mariner making his first voyage, who starts in the golden sunshine, and runs into a gray, chilling fog-bank.

"Dunno what dat fur!" reflected Abe.

He did not know, though, his uncle's habits very thoroughly, as he had recently come to live on the sugar plantation. He soon found out the reason for that frown. Uncle Pompey was not a soldier in the temperance army. He belonged to the sad, dark army of Drink. He was not a cadet in those ranks, a young beginner, but an old campaigner.

"Dunno!" exclaimed the Cadet of Temperance. "'Pears to me I ought to say suffin to him."

What to say, when to say it, was a puzzle to the young cadet. That a temperance boy ought in the right way to express his opinion, seemed to be the proper thing; but how and when?

One day, Abe saw Uncle Pompey on the roof of his cabin. The roof needed mending. At Aunty Flora's urgent request, Uncle Pompey had gone up to the roof, not by any means to mend it, but to make a careless examination.

"I'll jes' look roun' sort ob easy. Dat will be nuff," was Uncle Pompey's thought. He had just been taking a glass of whiskey, and it had confused his ideas of duty. Whiskey is equal to any amount of moral confusion. Abe saw Uncle Pompey lift that glass.

"I'll take Uncle Pomp on de ruff," was the stern resolution of the cadet.

"Uncle Pomp, don'—don' ye want to jine de pledge?" said an unexpected voice behind Uncle Pompey's broad shoulders. Such a look of scorn as that now twisting his features!

"Boy!" growled the fond uncle. "De pledge am fur dose who hasn't 'nuff sense to stop, but I—I—ken stop! Don' need a pledge."

"Will ye stop?" was the cadet's bold interrogation. "Folks dat git a-goin' hab a hard time a-leabin' off. Like a-goin' down dis yere ruff!"

"Dis yere ruff!" said Uncle Pompey, in disdain, "When I git a-goin' down dis ruff an' can't stop, I'll take it as a sign, an' jine yer pledge, not afore! Dis yere ruff!" he said again in contempt.

That roof with its slight pitch did not seem formidable, and was the drink habit to be dreaded?

Uncle Pompey fumed like a soda-fountain. "Jes' wish," he mumbled, "dose temp'rance folks would leab fus'-class people alone. Let 'em talk to de rice han's."

Uncle Pompey, being a hand on a sugar plantation, looked down on everybody who aspired no higher than the low rice-fields. A cold water pledge might do for such moist latitudes.

"Down dis yere ruff!" he growled again. "Who am afeared?"

He triumphantly glared down on the bold cadet now trundling a wheelbarrow before the cabin. He rolled round his big eyes and asked again, "Who am afeared?"

"One night, though, a cold wave rolled over the "Sunny South," and it left on the cabin roof a little of its white surf, a deposit of frost. Aunty Flora insisted now that the roof must be mended.

"Men' dat now, Pompey!" echoed her clear voice in the morning. "Cole wedder am a-comin'! We'll be shilled to def!"

Uncle Pompey, fat and heavy, climbed upon the roof, first taking a little whiskey to offset the disagreeable effects of his labor. The frosted roof of course was slippery. Very soon Aunty Flora and Abe heard an awful racket above them. Were the sky and the cabin roof and the chimney, everything, mightily tumbling down upon their heads? They rushed out of the cabin, eyes rolling, arms flourishing, voices screaming. They looked up, and there was Uncle Pompey sliding down the roof!

"Help! help! help!" he yelled.

Then he groaned, "Ugh! ugh! ugh!"

He was coming down feet foremost, easily as a boy in a toboggan slide, but in a far different frame of mind. What if he slid off upon the hard ground? It might be a fatal fall. Luckily, just as his big feet reached the eaves, they caught in a slight projection, which stayed his descent, and for a moment he was safe. What about the moment after?

Now the excitement was still more intense. Uncle Pompey could not possibly climb back; it would not do to let him tumble.

"Run, Abe!" screamed Aunty Flora. "Fotch me a sheet from de bed! We will hold it under him!" A sheet? Better, a blanket, thought Abe. But where would they hold it and intercept Uncle Pompey's fall? What if he came down through the roof? Then the blanket must be held inside. Somebody please say where those two panic stricken souls should hold that blanket. First they flew into the cabin and then out of it, Uncle Pompey looking as though his last hour had come.

They finally concluded to hold the blanket outside the cabin and try to intercept that rolling aerolite on its way to the ground.

But who was it that rushed up, ladder in hand?

"O Dan, Dan!" screamed Aunty Flora. "Sabe him!"

Daniel, a hand from the rice fields, was near by, had seen Uncle Pompey's peril, had seized a ladder, and now rushed forward.

It was here that the Cadet of Temperance had a thought and voiced it. "O, Uncle Pomp! Yer said when ye got a-goin' down dat ruff and coulden' stop, ye take it as a sign an' jine de pledge!"

"What?" asked Dan, a fierce cold water man from the rice fields and who knew Uncle Pompey's infirmity. "Did yer promise? Can't hab dis ladder until ye say ye'll jine!"

Unhappy Uncle Pompey! what could he do?

"Jine!" shouted Dan.

"Jine!" pleaded Aunty Flora.

"Jine!" piped Abe.

And Uncle Pompey said, "I'll jine!"

"Now come down de ladder," said Dan.

Be assured that Uncle Pompey, though a fat man, came down that ladder in unusually quick time; and before the frost melted from the roof he had "jined de pledge."

Edward A. Rand, in Sunday School Times.

GOD MADE THIS REST.

THE celebrated Mrs. Craik, recently deceased, is said to have had inscribed on the walls of her favorite room the motto, *Deus hæc otia fecit*—"God made this rest." How beautifully expressive the words! God made the home, and it is for a place of rest. We go forth in the morning to meet the duties of the day; we take our place in these "struggling tides of humanity" that crowd our cities, cover our prairies and people the valleys of our mountains. Wherever we dwell and whatever our lot,—we love, we suffer, we toil, we rejoice, we mourn; for the waves of life's stream are sometimes dark and sometimes bright. Let the day be what it may, a day of pleasure or a day of toil; a day of success, or one in which the heart has suffered from "ruined hopes and friends unkind," when the shadows of night gather, when the birds of the air have sought their nests and the foxes, their holes, the heart of man turns to his home, if he has one, or longs for it, if he has not—

"As the bird cometh back from the wild waves
To her home by the shore of the sea."

Home should be a place of rest; is it always such? Home should be a shelter from the storms of life; on the contrary, is it not sometimes a place where the

fiercest storms of human passion break forth? Ah, the young and tender plants coming up in such homes, how they suffer from the blighting influences surrounding them! What woman worthy of the name, would not be a thousand times happier alone in the world, without a home of her own than to be the mother in a home where might rules instead of right, a home where when she would "do good, evil is present." And yet, how many such homes there are where one, the mother, or it may be the father, earnestly desires to implant and cultivate certain principles in the minds of the children, while the one who should labor to the same end is either indifferent or directly opposed.

Marriage is a serious step to contemplate, but many apparently fail to see it in its serious aspect. Too many things are left for after consideration which should be considered previous to marriage. The question often arising is, Is it right to marry outside of the church? It is not forbidden we know, but we are told that such are considered weak in the faith. It would not matter so much what is thought of such action; but can we be strong and active in the work; can our whole might, mind and strength be given in the service of the Lord; can we be seeking to establish the kinkdom of God in the world,—and find comfort and pleasure with those who are cold or at best but lukewarm? "If one likes the shade and another the sun; if one likes to walk, and another to run," how shall they enjoy a journey together? If one loves the gospel with all his or her heart, and the other cares for it not at all or only a little, what unity can exist there? There can not be the perfect harmony that should exist.

These things are easy to say when we are called to answer the question for another, but when we are called to act under such circumstances, how the loving heart pleads, unwilling to yield that which it holds dear.—

"Sad heart! too tightly round thee
The magic chain is coiled,
And the uses of thy life are foiled,
Since this deep spell hath bound thee."

Oh that every Latter Day Saint might so love the work, be so keenly sensitive to the "uses of life," and so anxious to take an active part in the army of workers who are preparing for the coming King, that he would allow nothing to tempt him from his allegiance, would not allow the love of one, to foil the uses of a life that might be a blessing to many!

We tell ourselves, and allow others to tell us, extravagant things sometimes. And so some one has written, and others have read and repeated it: "The light of the whole world dies when love is done." How can this be unless we are very selfish? Shall we pass by all the sweet flowers of life because one we loved has faded? Shall all the music of life fall on dull ears because one strain we loved is ended? Shall all the love and friendship of life fall on cold hearts because we miss the love of one?

Let us turn our hearts from ourselves and think more of the welfare of those about us. There are little ones needing the tender watchcare of loving hearts. There are the aged too, who need the help of the strong; and the young people, who need kind words and encouragement and advice; and, above all, there are those "sitting in darkness," ignorant of the great light of the latter days. Many are the duties "straight lying in our path," and, though there may be times when all seems dark, pressing forward in the right way we shall find that—

"In soothing other's pain
The light of life will shine again."

In considering the advisability of marrying one not of the Faith, it would seem that we should consider also the reasons for his being out of the church. Why is he out of it? If it is because he does not understand the position and claims of the church, he may understand them if he wishes to investigate the matter. If he be too careless and indifferent to do so, or if upon investigation he opposes the work, his own conduct would answer the question of marriage in the negative.

If there are any to whom the injunction, "Be of one mind," may be applied, it is to the father and mother of a family. "If the house be divided against itself," if the family government be "partly strong and partly broken," the results are soon apparent. In a certain family of Latter Day Saints were two sons and three daughters. These all married out of the church, and to day, of an extensive family circle only two are in the church. If any to day are debating this question in their minds, let them remember the invitation:

"If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not." May they seek the Lord in faith, and so follow his guidance that in after years they may say of their homes, with grateful hearts, "God made this rest."

R—.

FROM MALACHI TO MATTHEW.—No. VII.

BY W. R. HOUGHTON, IN "THE CURRENT."

AFTER the parting of Judas and Nicanor, the latter exerted all his energies in behalf of the apostates, with the view, it is thought, of proving his loyalty to the king. The capture of Judas was his leading object. The general, commanding the royal troops, marched against the Maccabæan and engaged battle at Capharsalama in the plain of Sharon. Nicanor was defeated and compelled to retreat to Jerusalem with a loss of five thousand men. He quartered his troops in the citadel on Mount Acra, and soon succeeded in reoccupying the temple-mountain. Standing in the outer court of the holy place where he could observe the acts of public worship, he demanded that Judas be delivered into his hands. The trembling priests and leaders of the people protested that they did not know where Judas was, and, as a manifestation of their loyalty, pointed to the sacrifices daily offered in the temple for the welfare of the Syrian king. All efforts at propitiation were in vain. Nicanor stretched out his right hand to the temple and threatened that, if Judas and his adherants were not delivered up to him, he would level the building, pull down the altar, and erect on its site a temple to the Grecian Bacchus. The terrified priests, as in times gone by, took up their position between the temple and altar and invoked the aid of heaven, that the house of God should remain forever undefiled, and that unrighteous words should never be spoken against it.

The departure of Nicanor from the temple was soon followed by an attack on a fortress held by Rhazis, a zealous patriot and elder of Jerusalem, concerning whom reports were so excellent that he was called the father of the Jews. Accusation against him having been brought to Nicanor, the Syrian, wishing to show the ill-will he cherished against the Judeans, sent a detachment of troops to capture the fortification. The enemy broke through the gates and were preparing to set fire to the tower, when Rhazis, determining to avoid the insults he would have to endure at the hands of Nicanor, fell upon his sword, "choosing to die manfully;" but failing in this to effect his death, he sprang from the tower to the ground into the midst of the enemy, and rushing to some jutting rocks near by, threw himself headlong from the top of a precipice. Thus did the memory of Nicanor receive an additional stamp of horror.

On hearing that Judas and his men were occupying the strong places near the Samaritan border the haughty Syrian resolved to fall upon them on the Sabbath day, and, accordingly, retired to Beth-horon, northwest of Jerusalem, to await the arrival of reinforcements then on the way from the north. Judas camped at a little village called, Adasa between Beth-horon and Mizpel on the way to Jerusalem. He was among his native hills at the foot of the pass, and knew that the occasion was one of the critical times of his life. He addressed his little army of three thousand men with strong and fitting words that marked his character. He rejoiced all by the narration of a dream in which he had seen Onias, the last blameless high-priest before the evils of the times began, whose denunciation of taking treasures from the temple, had rendered him a victim to the sacreligious jealousy of his rival in the laurel groves of Daphne. The venerable priest had appeared as in life, reverend in demeanor, gentle in manners, gracious in utterance, a model of virtuous training, and a true Judean nobleman. He seemed to be standing in the temple as of old, and praying for the Hebrew army and all the Jewish people. Suddenly in answer to his supplications there started into

view the form of a majestic man, hoary-headed, and of lofty stature; magnificent was the grandeur about the apparition. "This," said Onias, "is a lover of our brethren, who prayeth much for our people and our holy city. This is Jeremiah the prophet of God." The welcome visitor, as if pledging support, stretched forth his right hand and gave to Judas a golden sword; and in the act of presentation, added, "Take this holy sword as a gift from God, with which thou shalt wound the adversaries." The weapon was the huge broadsword of the Macedonian phalanxes, and different from that which he had taken from the dead hand of Apollonius, his earliest foe. To the thoughts of the devout and sleeping warrior, in that silent age of expectation, well might there have appeared this vision of the "suffering servant of the Eternal, who had come to be regarded almost as the Patron Saint of Palestine." Fear was upon the people and anxiety upon the army on the eve of the battle, for the temple was in danger of another defilement, and defeat would undo all the labor and joy of the recent dedication. Intense was the agony at Jerusalem as its inhabitants gazed upon the hills of Beth-horon where the contending forces were making ready for decisive strokes. With his small but trusty band the intrepid Judas saw the Syrian host advance. Huge and variegated were the masses, the furious elephants snorting in the center, the horsemen hovering on the wings. Standing on the memorable spot where the Assyrian host had been destroyed, where Joshua defeated the kings of Canaan, and where the Maccabæan had gained his first victory, the irrepressible chief raised his hands toward heaven and called thus on the wonder-working God: "Thou, O Lord, didst send thine angel in the reign of Hezekiah, and didst destroy from the camp of Sennacherib an hundred and four score and five thousand. Now, O Ruler of the Heavens, send a good angel before us and strike terror and trembling, and with thy mighty arm may they be struck down, who have come with blasphemy against thy holy temple." The Syrian army advanced, the Pass of Beth-horon echoing with their triumphal war-songs and the loud trumpets sounding in unison with the vocal strains. The army of Judas, on the contrary, encountered the enemy with invocation, "fighting with their hands and praying with their hearts." The rout was complete. Nicanor fell at the beginning of the battle. When his soldiers saw that he had fallen, they threw down their arms and fled in disorder. The trumpet-call of the victorious Judas warned the people of the neighboring villages and surrounding hills to join in the pursuit, blockade the passes and cut off the fugitives. Returning to the battle-field in joy the army discovered that Nicanor had fallen in his armor. Loud was the shout and wild the exultation with which this intelligence was received, and with which, in their native tongue, they blessed the God who gave them the victory. The army went forth to Jerusalem in triumph, bearing amongst their spoils, as the most conspicuous trophy, the head of Nicanor and his right hand and arm, which the chief defender of his people had ordered severed from the body as it lay on the field of battle. At a convocation of the priests and people, the head and arm of Nicanor were held up before the soldiers garrisoned in the Syrian castle. Upon the fortress itself, the head of this blaspheming general was fastened, while the hand which had been stretched in defiance against the temple was nailed to the main entrance of the inner court on the east, known long after as the Gate Beautiful, and also, from this reminiscence, as the Gate of Nicanor. The tongue with which the insults had been uttered was taken from the head of the Syrian, and, being cut into small pieces, was thrown for the birds to devour. The battle took place on the thirteenth of the month Adar, on the day before the feast of Purim or Mordecai's Day, when the deliverance of the Jews under Esther was annually commemorated. The anniversary of the battle was called Nicanor's Day, and thenceforth the two deliverances were remembered together.

After the victory of Beth-horon the Jews enjoyed a season of tranquility, during which the leaders engaged somewhat in diplomacy. Although Judas had been victorious in every contest with the Syrians, save one, for seven years, and had now just achieved the crowning success of his life, yet he knew that Syria could bring army after army against his small band of patriots, whom he could never render secure against further attack. The shadow of Rome had reached to Asia, aud it was

deemed expedient for Israel to follow the example of other small nations and seek the aid of that strong and patient enemy of Syria. It was the time when Rome was uncorrupted by empire, and great in her love of law and country. The reports that came to Judas, informed him that the Romans brought under their dominion all opposing isles and kingdoms; that all feared them who heard their name, for they had conquered kingdoms both near and far; that they displaced whom they would, and helped to a kingdom whom they might desire; that they kept amity with their friends, and had made for themselves a senate wherein many sat in council consulting always for the people; and that these were greatly exalted, yet none of them ever wore a crown, or was clothed in purple. Under the circumstances it seemed that the most practical thing for Judas was to effect an alliance with Rome, since that government was fovorably disposed to every enemy of the Syrian king. The ambassadors employed to conduct the negotiation were Jason, the son of Eleazar, and Eupolemus, who had previounly obtained permission of Seleucus Eupater for the Jews to live according to their own customs. The senate received the representatives in full assembly, and readily entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, the terms of which were inscribed on two sets of brazen tablets. One set was carried to Jerusalem, and the other deposited among the archives at Rome. At the same time the senate sent instructions to Demetrius Sotor, requiring that he refrain from making encroachments upon Judea. The far-reaching policy of Rome rendered alliances with other nations the means of their ultimate subjugation, and with this hidden thought the senate concluded a treaty which could do no injury to themselves, and yet might be of some advantage to the Jews. The overthrow of Syria was an object kept steadily in view by the Iron Kingdom, and anything that would weaken Demetrius, would enhance the interests of Rome, whose enemies, her patriotic citizens wished, might never be at peace among themselves.

While the Embassadors were absent from Judea on their important mission, and before the instructions of the senate had reached Antioch, the Syrian king unexpectedly sent forward a force of twenty thousand infantry and two thousand horse, the whole of the southern army, under Bacchides and Alcimus. Marching southward from the Samaritan boundary, they succeeded in effecting a bloody passage to the capital of Judea, and in the month of Nisan, B. C. 163, encamped beneath the walls of Jerusalem. The people were celebrating the Passover and were necessarily unprepared for so swift a campaign. Judas hastily mustered a force of three thousand men at Eleasa, north of Jerusalem, and confronted Bacchides at Beer-Zath, in the Benjamite hills, the Syrian army having marched thither from Jerusalem. The soldiers of Judas, lacking the patriotism of those who had won his former victories, had no desire to contend against such overwhelming forces, and all, save eight hundred, abandoned his standard. This desertion is said to have been the result of the position taken by the Pious, who opposed the liberal spirit of Judas in relation to his alliance with a foreign power. The faithful remnant of troops in vain urged Judas to avoid the desparate encounter, but he encouraged them to the unequal conflict, firmly determined to conquer or die. Bacchides commanding the right wing of his army, had drawn up his forces in regular battle array. The famous trumpet of the Maccabæan sounded for the last time. The battle raged the whole day long, one wing of the Syrian army fleeing to the neighboring mountain of Azoth; but as the Judeans followed in pursuit, the other wing of the opposing army wheeled round opportunely, and attacked the victors in the rear. Thus beset, and seeing the odds against him, Judas cherished as his latest utterance his watchword before the battle, "God forbid that I should flee from them; if our time be come, let us die manfully for our brethren, and let us not leave behind a stain upon our honor." In the sore encounter Judas lost his life, and his men fled away; but Jonathan and Simon, his worthiest brothers, rescued his body from the heaps of slain, and buried the hero in the ancestral sepulcher at Modin. For him there was mourning many days, all Israel lamenting and joining in the dirge that went up like that of David over Saul and Jonathan, "How is the valiant man fallen, the deliverer of Israel."

To be continued.

ELIJAH BANTA.

(See Frontispiece.)

ELIJAH BANTA, present counselor to Bishop G. A. Blakeslee, and the subject of this sketch, was born in Shelby county, Kentucky, on the 5th of January, 1823. His father, Peter A. Banta, who was by occupation a farmer, removed with his family to Johnson county, Indiana, in the year 1829, thus casting the fortunes of the little Elijah upon soil dedicated to freedom, and severing forever the links which might have bound him to that system of oppression to which his native state was wedded. Thus the providence of God prepared the way, making both civil and religious liberty possible. As the years advanced and choice became necessary, he threw off all allegiance to the creeds of men with as little reluctance as he had the ethics of slavery. Though not himself connected with any church, it was his father's custom with his family to attend the Presbyterian service. During the early years of his life, his experiences were much like those of other boys raised on a large farm—hard work with little leisure; and such an amount of instruction as was to be obtained from the village schoolmaster during the late fall and winter months. In time this did not satisfy the boy, who, verging towards manhood, felt the movings of an ambition for something better, at least, if not better, something more intellectual than this. As his father was a well-to-do farmer, cultivating several hundred acres of his own land, it entered the mind of Elijah that he would much rather have an education than money. Accordingly he proposed to his father that he be allowed to fit himself for the practice of law by giving him time, furnishing him means to defray his expenses, and deducting the same from his share of the estate (or that which would be his share upon his father's death). The old gentleman not being willing to grant this, the ambitious boy resolved to leave home and try his fortunes in the far west. Whittier says:

> "The threads our hands in blindness spin,
> No self-determined plan weave in;"

and in the case of Elijah this found a remarkable fulfillment.

Leaving home for the purpose of bettering his fortunes, especially for the obtaining of a better education, he never from that day was under the instruction of any man; and the only education he received thereafter was obtained in the school of experience, and from that teacher whom Jesus promised to send to confirm, lead, guide and direct those who obeyed his gospel, and by doing the Father's will became his disciples indeed. But to return.

With a family who were moving to Iowa, Elijah started upon his journey, finally stopping in Louisa county of that state; and there for the first time he heard the gospel preached. We say gospel, for why should we call it the restored gospel, since it is the same eternal truth, co-existent with God, who is its author, and whose course is one eternal round? In this part of Iowa, George M. Hinkle was located with a small band of followers; and, upon invitation of some neighbors with whom he had formed an acquaintance, Elijah attended their meeting. Faith, repentance, baptism for the remission of sins, and laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, were the principles set forth. The earnest sermons preached by Mr. Hinkle so moved upon his heart that he was led to search the Scriptures as he had never done before, and while thus engaged, the Spirit of God strove with him, and by means of dreams and visions, led him to humility. After being fully convinced that what he had heard preached was the truth, he resolved to obey and test the matter, whether indeed God would give him a knowledge for himself in reference thereto. In accordance with this resolution, sometime in the fall of 1844, he presented himself for baptism, and was led into the water by Philip Maskell. We give the results in his own words:

"At this time I was weighed down with a sense of my own sinfulness to such an extent that life seemed a burden, and with Paul I could have cried out: 'Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?' The most terrible and gloomy forbodings oppressed me, up to the very moment of my being buried beneath the liquid wave; but ever after my rising from that burial I have been able to, and do now, testify

to all men that I know baptism is for the remission of sins. Had I no evidence but my own experience I could never doubt this, and this testimony I shall never fear to bear, either before men or angels; also that upon the laying on of the hands of the elders I received the gift of the Holy Ghost, confirming the truth of the gospel of Christ, even as he promised that it should, and baptizing me anew from the crown of my head even unto the soles of my feet. At the same time the promise was made me, that when faithful my stammering tongue should be loosed, and be no impediment in the way of my preaching the gospel. This promise has been literally fulfilled times innumerable, as many who have heard me preach can testify; as they can also testify that when not blessed by the Spirit I have stammered through a few sentences and been, to my own mortification, compelled to sit down.

Up to this time I had never heard of the Book of Mormon, neither of the rise of the church; but had simply heard the gospel preached, with the promise, 'the signs should follow the believer.'

"Not long after my uniting with the church Elder Hinkle went east; and upon his return he informed us that he had united with the faction of the original church which had followed the fortunes of Sidney Rigdon. Elder James Blakeslee came with him, and from his preaching I first learned of the existence of the Book of Mormon, and found that I with the rest was expected to believe it and accept it as a revelation from God. This I was not prepared to do; for never having heard of the book, I had not accepted it as a part of my faith when I was baptized; and I was resolved that I would not accept it upon the testimony of any man, unsupported by the testimony of God. In this difficulty I took the book and retired to a hazel thicket, where, kneeling down, I placed the book open, on the ground, and closing my eyes prayed earnestly to God, asking him that if the book was inspired and was what it purported to be, that when I opened my eyes I might find it closed; but upon opening my eyes the book lay before me, open as I had left it. I then closed the book and again prayed, that if it was of God, when I looked at it I might find it open; but upon looking, it was closed just as I had left it. Greatly distressed and perplexed I took the book up and started for the house. Upon the way the Spirit rested upon me and said: 'You asked amiss?' I then left the book at the house and returned to the thicket of hazel brush, where, kneeling before the Lord I asked him, that if the book was what it was represented to be and of divine origin, that he would give me a manifestation of the Spirit. In answer to this prayer the power of God's Spirit rested upon me, again baptizing me, even as in confirmation; and from that hour I have never for one moment doubted the truthfulness nor divinity of the Book of Mormon. I had not believed in the divine calling of Joseph Smith, nor that he was a prophet; but reasoning from this witness received to the Book of Mormon, I knew that if the Book was true and had been translated by the gift and power of God, then Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. And for myself I never needed any other testimony of his being a prophet; for the witness which pronounced the Book of divine origin and just what it was represented to be, to my mind endorsed the divine calling of the man chosen of God to translate it, and through whom the original gospel plan of salvation was restored to the earth, accompanied by the gifts, blessings and also the testimony of the Spirit.

"In the summer of 1845, in company with Bro. Cowles I started for the East, he stopping at Kirtland and I going on to Pittsburg, where I arrived just after the great fire of that year. Not obtaining employment here, I went up the Allegheny River to the salt works, where failing again to obtain employment, I went on to the iron works and worked in them for some time; also in the lumber business or logging camps. Later in the season I came down to the coal mines at the town of West Elizabeth, where I met Mrs. Emeline Campbell, to whom I was married, December 6th, 1846.

To be continued.]

Editor's Corner.

OUGHT SAINTS TO MARRY OUT OF THE CHRUCH.

THIS question has often been asked us, and at times we have been pressed for a reply; and while our own views are very definite upon the subject, not even a shadow of doubt being mingled therewith, we do not feel like setting up a standard for any one. It is a subject of importance so grave, results so far-reaching and serious in their consequences depend upon it, that the pen of inspiration only could do justice to it.

If we believed the declaration of Paul to have been inspired when he said, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," though fully persuaded in our own mind, we would not wish our opinion to be of weight with any one any further than the reasons therefor commend themselves to the judgment of those interested. These reasons Paul has given most fully in a series of questions following his plain exhortation to those whom he calls children in the gospel. They were those whom he had begotten in the gospel and over whom the bowels of his love yearned.

"For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what commuion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?"

Dare we publish the letters which have come to us in our editorial capacity, laying bare the bleeding, festering wounds which have been inflicted by a disregard of the fatherly warning contained in this one exhortation of the apostle, we doubt if any one would for one moment question its wisdom, not to say its inspiration, or be willing to risk the consequences of disregarding it. But these have come to us from crushed and bleeding hearts—hearts seeking the one word of sympathy in an extremity when it seemed to them if it came not the very stones would cry out with a word of comfort for them in their anguish.

We do not forget that we are writing this for the young—the young whose hearts are filled with hope and loving confidence. To them the future seems so replete with sunshine and love, that there is found no room for a single thought of doubt or distrust. Are there not however, among those same trusting ones, some at least who will be wise enough to realize that the hearts now crushed and bleeding, once bounded with hope as vigorous and throbbed with joy as complete in its fulness, as that which chants peans of gladness in their own souls. Nay, more than this, it was the very extent of their confidence which led them astray. Trust is good, is God-given; but ah! how necessary it becomes for us to know the object upon whom our trust is placed to be worthy of that trust, especially when the most important, most sacred covenant of life between mortals is to be entered into.

"What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?" Even in the first step towards the consummation of such a result, is a strange mystery hinted at. How can a Saint firm in the faith of the gospel find fellowship with one opposed to it, or who, if not actually opposed, is perfectly indifferent, taking not the slightest interest in those things which should be most engrossing to the mind and heart of a child of God. Passing the stage of fellowship, there comes communion. How can one who walks in the light, seeing things with clear eyes, find happiness in constant communion with one walking in darkness? Will concord and harmony be the result? or ought we not rather to expect discord to follow? Harmony there can not be, and discord there must be, unless one be converted to the faith or belief of the other.

Last, but not least of the solemn questions, "What part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" Did ever true love exist in the human heart without the desire arising that the fellowship and communion of spirit enjoyed in this world might extend to the life beyond? If this be so, then let this question come home to your heart for an answer. There is a day and a time coming in which there will be a separation between the righteous and the wicked, between those who walk in the light of the true faith and those who walk in the darkness of unbelief. It may be objected by some, that unhappy marriages have resulted when both parties were in the church. We grant you this, for there are many things necessary beside this one of unity of faith to constitute a happy married life. All that we claim is that the advice of Paul is good, and if disregarded, in nine cases out of ten one of two results will follow; either the party belonging to the church will gradually assimilate to the unbeliever, or will, when it

is too late, regret in silence and with tears of bitter penitence that he or she had not in time heeded the warning given.

WITH "Leaves from Palestine" we this issue begin our journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and those who will carefully read the same will obtain from these letters much information with reference to the Holy Land as it is to-day. This journey was undertaken entirely in behalf of the readers of AUTUMN LEAVES.

WE give place with pleasure to a strong testimony from Bro. D. S. Bowen, of Independence, Missouri, and would be glad to have more of the same kind sent us.

WILL our friends please read the notice on inside pages of cover. This is the last number but one of the present volume.

OWING to a pressure of other matter the beginning of Sr. Eleanor's Serial has been unavoidably crowded out from this issue, but will, without fail appear in our next.

WE insert in this number an article from the pen of Sister R., and bespeak for it a careful reading.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

"Our common mother rests and sings,
  Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
  Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new!
  O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
  The fulness shames our discontent.
* * * * *
And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
  And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
  The early and the latter rain."

It is nearing Thanksgiving, and amid all the bright and happy thoughts that come to us at this festival, there is one that seems to persistently suggest itself, and that is, girls and boys, young men and maidens, just about the same one we spoke of when you went Maying. While thinking over the numerous blessings the all bountiful Father has crowned you with, think also of those who are less fortunate, and after thinking, act. Suppose several of you should club together to make a happy Thanksgiving for some aged couple or lonely girl or boy, would not the chimes ring louder that seem to peal in Thanksgiving-day all over the land? Would not your heart be happier, your step lighter for having remembered the widow and orphan? Try it and see! There is no plaudit so great as this, "Servant of God, well done." So let us do it "in His name" and "till He comes."

The Student's Society of Lamoni have formed into bands of tens to do good, each band selecting their own leader and working under their instruction. One ten to visit, help and comfort the aged. This was suggested by a plea in our local paper from an aged sister who spoke of lonely hours that might be cheered by fresh, bright thoughts of those who were younger. Another, to visit and care for the sick—and still another, to act as a relief ten, and be ready, when called upon to do any kind of work that would help those who were needy. We think perhaps this latter ten may make Thanksgiving pleasant for some one, or all together could do it very effectively. The field is open for others to "go and do likewise."

NUTTING PARTIES.

Off they go with bright, laughing eyes and glowing cheeks, each one carrying a light little basket or fancy bag slung carelessly on her arm. The girls are full of life and spirits as they walk briskly along toward the woods in the delightful fall weather, talking and laughing in a happy, thoughtless fashion, now telling where the best nuts are to be found, the shortest route to take, or where the prettiest walks lead, and again lingering or stopping to admire the many wonderful beauties of autumn.

Arriving at the selected spot about noon, all bring forward their baskets and bags to contribute the contents to their "nutting dinner." Soon the white cloth is laid and the tempting feast spread, when the hungry but merry maidens gather around to relish their repast in the forest, where, all about, are sure signs of coming winter.

Now and then the sound of falling nuts is heard as they drop from the trees. This is music in the ears of the girls, and they hurry through their lunch, collect the empty baskets and are soon busy gathering the ripe nuts. It does not take long to fill their bags, and the one who first succeeds in the feat receives the

title of "Little Brown Squirrel." Then all the others, for the rest of the day, obey her wishes.. Nor is this difficult, for their Little Brown Squirrel *is* blithe and gay, generous and kind, and does all in her power to render her subjects happy.

The badge given to the successful competitor may consist of fall leaves or nuts tied with a brown ribbon. This she keeps in remembrance of a delightful day spent in the woods when she was a Little Brown Squirrel.

The nut harvest in the north of Italy lasts over three weeks, and is a very important one to the dark-eyed peasants, who dry the nuts and grind them to flour, which is used for bread and cakes during the barren season. The harvest in the Apennines is quite an event, as the trees are plentiful, the fruit is good, and the people gladly celebrate the season.

ALL-HALLOW EVE.

Radiant and beautiful October, whose changing color heralds the approach of winter, gives us our first holiday, if Halloween can now be called a holiday.

Before the Christian era, in the days of the ancient Celts and their priests, the Druids, the eve of the first of November was the time for one of the three principal festivals of the year. The first of May was celebrated for the sowing; the solstice on the twenty-first of June for the ripening, and the eve of the first of November for the harvesting. At each of these festivals great fires were built on the hill-tops in honor of the sun, which the people worshiped. When Christianity took the place of the heathen religion, the Church, instead of forbidding the celebration of these days, gave them different meanings, and in this way the ancient harvest festival of the Celts became All-Hallow Eve, or the eve of All Saints Day, the first day of November being dedicated to all of the saints.

For a long while most of the old customs of the holidays were retained; then, although new ceremonies were gradually introduced, Hallow-Eve remained the night of the year for wild, mysterious, and superstitious rites. Fairies and all supernatural beings were believed to be abroad at this time. It was considered the best evening of the season for the practice of magic, and the customs observed on this night became mostly those of divination, by the aid of which it was thought the future might be read.

We are far from wishing to encourage any superstitious belief in the power of charms to forecast future events. We regard all fortune-telling as nonsense, pure and simple, and only insert it as we would any other game for the sake of the amusement it affords. One of these games sacred to the evening is

NUTSHELL BOATS.

Split an English walnut directly in half, remove the kernel and clean away the partitions which remain in the shell; then place a short piece of heavy cotton string in the shell and pour around it melted beeswax. Mould the wax into a cone shape, allowing the end of the string to come out at the top. The tapers being lighted the boats are launched on the sea of life, or in other words a tub of water.

When a light burns steadily until the wax is all melted and the frail bark safely rides the waves (which are occasioned by shaking the tub) a happy life is predicted and a long one.

When two boats come in contact, it means that their owners will meet and have mutual interests some time in their lives. If one boat crosses another's path, it denotes that their owners will do the same. If two boats come together and continue to sail side by side, their owners will in some way pass much of their lives together.

Roasting nuts side by side, making cakes with rings in, the fortunate person getting the ring being the first one to marry, bobbing for apples—trying for raisins, etc., are among the many games practiced at such time.

A very ornamental wall pocket can be made with a bright colored Japanese fan. Take the rivet from the handle, so the sticks can separate, and fasten together the opposite side of the fan, as this forms the lower part of the pocket. Weave bright ribbons through the sticks to within an inch of the ends and fasten in the hole at the end of each stick a little tassel made of bright-hued crewels. The fan thus arranged is tacked on a square board covered with any material preferred; that which comes around tea boxes is very suitable, and should be drawn over the edges of the board and neatly tacked to the back. Rings should be screwed to three corners of the board to fasten it to the wall.

INFANTS' KNITTED MITTENS.

These dainty little mittens are knit of white Saxony yarn; one-half an ounce will make one pair.

Cast on forty-eight stitches, sixteen on each needle. For the first row, put the thread over, slip one stitch and knit one plain. This will make seventy-two stitches. Then brioche stitch for eight rows. This is done by putting the thread forward, slip one stitch and knit two together. Then narrow for six alternate rows by knitting the two stitches as one and seaming the loop; then knit one and purl one. After six rows make a row of holes by putting the thread forward and knitting two together. Knit six rows and then widen by putting the thread forward as in the first row. Now knit brioche stitch for sixteen rows. Take off eighteen stitches on a cord for the thumb, and continue the brioche stitch for twenty rows more, then narrow three rows and draw up with yarn. Knit ten rows for the thumb, narrow three rows and draw up with yarn in the same manner as the end of the mitten has been done. Run a narrow white ribbon through the row of holes and tie in a small bow on the top of the wrist.

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

VOL. I. LAMONI, IOWA, DECEMBER, 1888. No. 12.

A "VAIN" RELIGION.

BY "OBSERVER."

IF an inspired apostle of Jesus Christ could form a correct idea of the matter, James concluded that there were at least two religions in the world,—a "pure" one and a "vain" one. He did not say that religion was something to get, or to catch like the measles, or whooping cough, or the consumption; but it was a religion of doing.

"Pure religion," he says, "and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world"—or, as it should read, "from the vices of the world." To visit and care for the orphans, and widows in their poverty and sorrows, and to keep from the vices and follies of the world, is a religion of doing good and abstaining from evil. But there is another idea or principle connected with this, as explained by Paul, and that is, that while a person may do good to the poor and needy; or "though I give my goods to feed the poor," as he expressed it, yet "have not charity," it "profiteth me nothing;" so that even the religion of doing good may become a "vain" or profitless one if charity is lacking. "Why," says one, "I thought that to 'bestow my goods to feed the poor,' and 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction,' was charity itself." No doubt such may have been your thought, and it is the thought of thousands; but nevertheless, Paul does not call that charity.

Charity is said to be love—the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us. There are those who do a great deal toward helping the poor and needy, and who support the ministry by paying tithes and offerings, yet have not charity—at least not in some respects; especially do they lack that feature of charity that "thinketh no evil." They indeed "believe all things," particularly that which the "Village Gossips" or the "Daily Herald" bring to them every morning and evening. They may not go around themselves to hear and tell some new thing, or carry tales; but they will receive with cordiality and pleasure the news-gatherer, and listen with great interest to his or her new batch of tales, and thus encourage a character who ought to be debarred every house until he or she can learn to bridle his or her tongue. In law it is said that as relates to stolen goods, "the receiver is as bad as the thief," providing he knows the goods to have been stolen. The writer has known cases where members of the church could not find time to visit the needy and suffering, but could spend an hour or two daily in listening to the report of the news collector. But improper and unwise and sinful as it may be to encourage the tale-bearer, (who is a nuisance in any community), yet vastly more criminal is the collector and dispenser (and often the inventor) of tales; for often the stories they relate to these too willing ears are positively untrue, or in plain words are lies; and not only those who make a lie, but those who love a lie, or love to hear what is a lie in fact, are to be cast into "the lake of fire and brimstone." Terrible thought! Jesus considered that the devil is the father of lies, and of course whosoever circulates a lie, or who encourages those who do circulate them is doing the devil service, and is his

agent and servant, and of course is not, and can not be the servant of God at the same time; and from him whom he serves he will receive his reward.

Who is the "vain" religionist then? James says: "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." That is, the person is not religious, but seems to be religious, and he deceives by the tongue of slander. God cursed the earth, not by swearing at it, but causing it to receive evil, and to produce evil to man by which it became a curse to him. Israel was threatened with divers cursings in the form of evils that should come upon them in body and in mind, and in basket and in store; so we curse our brethren and sisters when we speak evil of them and harm their reputation and destroy the confidence of others in them. And to do this is, and can be, the only motive of those who invent and gather and circulate tales of evil. It is a species of murder. It may be a question whether or not it is not doing a person a greater evil to kill his good name or reputation or influence, than it would be to stab his body to his death. To rob a man of his money is to steal trash, as a certain poet has it; but to rob him of his character or good name, is to take his all. So then, the tale-bearer or slanderer is a thief and a murderer, beside a liar; and no wonder that God has declared that such "shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." There is no true religion in such people. The Spirit of God is not in them, nor can be. Their religion is vain. They are naught but hypocrites, and they are to be cast "into outer darkness," where "there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth." From this, it may be seen that tale-bearers, gossips, and mischief-makers are most abominable characters in the sight of God. Their pretended piety, their alms-giving, their prayers and testimonies, &c., are all in vain. Their "religion is vain," and they are not Saints at all; but are hypocrites, and that only. But as all manner of sin and blasphemy, but that against the Holy Ghost may be forgiven to those who repent, so the tale-bearer may be saved by genuine and thorough repentance, but not without. If pure and true religion is to "visit:" that is care for the fatherless and widows in their affliction," and to keep unspotted from the vices of the world, then those who do not do this, are also exhibiting a "vain" religion. The gambler, the drinker, the tobacco user, the card player, the saloon keeper, the ball-room frequenter, the slang and by-word user, or those who follow any other of the vices of the world, have a vain religion, or at least do not possess a pure and undefiled religion. The friendship of the world is enmity with God; whosoever therefore is the friend of the world is the enemy of God." "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable and perfect will of God." And "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love (or charity) is the fulfilling of the law."

A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

A Boston physician was called out of a sound slumber the other night to answer the telephone. "Hello! what is it?" he asked, little pleased at the idea of leaving his comfortable bed.

"Baby is crying, doctor. What shall I do?" came across the wire.

"Oh!" perhaps it's a pin," suggested the doctor, recognizing the voice of a young mother, one of his patients.

"No," was the reply, "I'm sure it can't be that."

"Perhaps he has the colic," returned the doctor, with well simulated solicitude.

"No, I don't think so," replied the anxious mother; "he doesn't act that way."

"Then perhaps he's hungry, said the doctor, as a last resort.

"Oh! I'll see," came across the wire, then all was still. The doctor went back to bed and was soon asleep again. About half an hour afterward he was again awakened by the violent ringing of the telephone bell. Jumping out of bed and placing the receiver to his ear he was cheered by the following message:

"You are right, doctor. Baby was hungry."

MONTEZUMA.

THE Frontispiece this month is a reproduction of a historical painting by Geo. M. Ottinger. It represents Montezuma and his retinue, in front of a temple in the city of Mexico, where they have just been sacrificing to the goddess of flowers, meeting the embassadors who had been sent to visit Cortez, to learn his intentions and to try to induce him to leave the coast. Montezuma is seated on a palanquin borne upon the shoulders of nobles, and is holding his scepter on his knees with both hands.

The figure holding a shield emblazoned with an owl, is intended for Gautamoizin, son-in-law, nephew and successor of Montezuma. He acted a conspicuous part in the contest with the Spaniards. He was light-complexioned; the picture gives too dark a hue to the whole groupe.

One of the figures near the trees on the right of the king, is Ixtlilxochitl. He was the heir of the throne of Tescuco; but by the interference of Montezuma a younger brother obtained it; and for this cause Ixtlilxochitl took sides with the invaders.

This makes occasion to say that Tescuco was an ancient city on the borders of the Mexican lake, renowned as a seat of learning, of jurisprudence, art and science, not unlike the cities of Europe in Medieval times. Ixtlilxochitl came by inheritance into possession of the archives of his nation, incluing chronicles of the past and general literature. He was an adept in native lore and all that pertained to the Mexican language, and in addition to this he mastered the Spanish language, and became acquainted with its literature; also he adopted the Christian faith. With these rare qualifications he wrote his "Historia Chichemeca" and other chronicles on Mexican history, in which he confirms the strange Biblical traditions and legends of the people; all of which none of his learned associates and cotemporaries, pagan or Christian, ever questioned or contemned.

It was in 1518 that the Mexican coast was visited by Grijalva, the first explorer of it. In April, 1519, Cortez anchored his little fleet at Acupulco. He was immediately visited by two canoe loads of natives, among whom were the two embassadors of the emperor, one of them a military officer and the other a governor of a province. They presented to Cortez ornaments of silver and gold, and accepted in return an image of the Virgin, some crosses, and a helmet, the latter being admired by them because of its resemblance to the helmet of Quetzalcoatl, the "Fair God." Accurate drawings of the ships and all they contained were taken for the inspection of the emperor.

After the meeting represented in the picture, the embasadors were sent back to renew their appeal to Cortez and to give richer presents in order to turn him from his purpose; but their efforts only inflamed his desires to possess what they were so fearful of losing. Cortez landed, fortfied his camp, burnt his fleet, gained allies, marched to the interior, and disregarding the warnings of Montezuma, took up quarters in the grand plaza, or central square of the city. He made himself familiar with the defenses of the capital. To prevent an outbreak of the impatient swarming natives, he siezed Montezuma as a hostage, made him acknowledge himself a vassal of the king of Spain, and exacted an enormous tribute. He had next to go and repulse from the coast some of his fellow-countrymen who came to arrest his progress, and while he was gone the natives rose in arms and began the strife that ended so suddenly and disastrously in the subjugation of the city and the overthrow of the empire.

The story of the conquest as told by Prescott is the world's prose Illiad, and is little inferior in interest to any other literary production of whatever nature; yet the interest of the subject does not consist in the power and splendor of the dusky ruler, in gorgeous palaces, towering temples, in the bloody collapse of the empire, nor in the suffering of the pious, generous and trusting emperor of millions of armed men. Prescott, following the lead of the chroniclers whose imaginations Cortez stimulated with promises and pelf, has painted his scenes with the glare and flare of blood and fire and the glister of gold. "Here the artist has no nocturne in blue and silver and grey, but a sym-

phony in gold and scarlet and purple, the burning sapphire for a key and the tremulous tints of the rainbow for a color scale." He has made most effective use of the unique nnd thrilling situations, and has arrayed his facts as skillfully as Cortez marshalled men, and planned the story like a military campaign, with systematic approaches, relays and reserves, ambuscades, skirmishes and surprises, flank movements, the storming of ramparts, feints, the exploding of mines, hand to hand encounters, the concentration and and massing of forces; then the clatter and clash, roar, smoke and dust of final conflict, and shouts of victory, first notes of fame immortal. But a higher charm lies in a mystic, undefined back-ground of the picture. Back of Montezuma's empire was a civilization of which that was but a lingering trace. Monuments, traditions and fragments of history tell of a Toltec Empire that vied with Old-world empires of even date in many elements of grandeur, and which went down down by invasion internicine conflict, famine, pestilence, demoralization and dread of avenging deities. Ruined pyramids, temples, towers, arches, palaces and pillars, skillfully sculptured, grandly vast, very numerous and widely prevalent, confirm the literary mementos. To this effect, as a single instance, is the following, by S. B. Evans, of Ottumwa:

"The calamity that overtook Teotihuican was so destructive that all that was of a perishable nature was destroyed; nothing remained except the walls of houses, and these were almost entirely covered by masses of wreck and rubbish, so that the sites resembled, at first glance, mere hillocks or mounds of earth and stone, covered in many instances with rank vegetation. Occasionally well defined walls peer above mass, and from these the plan of the buildings can be traced. Fire and earthquake each performed their part in reducing this once populous and prosperous city which according to Torquemada, contained twenty thousand houses, to the desolation that it now presented. The Aztecs who were themselves intruders on the soil six hundred years ago, gazed upon the same scene with the bewilderment of barbarians, and with as little knowledge of the works as had the swaggering soldiers of Cortez."

But neither this writer nor Prescott has penetrated the mystery of the continent. Woven with the legends and records is much Biblical history, with unmistakeable references to Eden, Babel and Jerusalem; and intermingled with the ancient paintings are numerous Bible scenes. But that which only is pertinent to this present writing is a brief notice of Quetzalcoatl, the "Fair God;" *i. e.* god of fair countenance. He was both God and man; was born of a virgin; was crucified; rose from the dead; was king of Tullan, he whose father gave him a cup to drink and which caused him to weep; who left his temporal kingdom for an immortal one, departing on the day of four earthquakes, and promising to return and redeem his people and be avenged of his enemies, etc.

Because of such traditional faith all the Mexican people were expecting—as the Pueblos and other unconverted tribes are still expecting—their absent Lord. This accounts for the sensation that the arrival of the Spaniards caused throughout the Mexican provinces. And, Torquemada records, when Cortez arrived off the coast he was not only taken to be the Messiah, but actually received adoration in that character, seated on a throne erected for that purpose on the deck of his ship; and he attributes to this general expectation of their Messiah and the current rumor that he had come to take posesssion of his kingdom and the commotion into which the kingdom was thrown thereby, the rapid progress of the Spanish arms. A national council decided that Cortez could be none other than their Lord returned now to resume his ancient sway. The authorities of Tlascalan also in council, cited ancient prophecies in proof that a conquering race should come from the east in ships, &c.

Cortez and Gomara both relate that during the last days of the siege some of the chiefs called Cortez to them and asked him why, as he was the son of the sun he did not finish the work with the course of the sun. Then they appealed to the sun to relieve them at once from their sufferings, that they might rest with Quetzalcoatl, who was expecting them.

In these peculiar conditions may be found a principal cause of a revolution which in many respects has no parallel in history; and taking into view the known purposes of God, it may be seen that the events were little short of miraculous. The Spaniards, base as they

were, professed to recognise the providence of God in their successes, and mingled with their horrid cruelties earnest endeavors to convert the natives to their own faith.

The conversion of the Indians was but bringing them back to a form of the faith they had lost, and was a seeming necessary preparation for the next stage in the program, which is their full restoration to the ancient faith and to their national rights as part of Israel.

F. R. S.

IOWA TO AUSTRALIA.

BY J. W. WIGHT.

ON the morning of May 10th, 1888, after a delay of two days occasioned by heavy rains, I started from my uncles. As I realized that I was leaving the home where the maturer part of childhood had been spent, and where fond memory clings with zealous ardor to the scenes incident to the gleeful years of youth, there came over me a feeling attuned to grief and akin to despair. Knowing that here had been founded the basis of a future life; and realizing that I was not only leaving the place, but my relatives and friends, and that too, for years, and for aught I knew forever, there came almost ere I was aware of it, a disposition to murmur at my lot and that which I was called upon to endure. Then I thought of the endurance of such pioneers as Brn. Rodger, Wandell and others that had preceded me to this far off island; and of the explorations of such men as Livingstone, Baker, Stanley, and others in African wilds; and as I thought how Mrs. Baker had been willing to pass through the severities incident to such a life—I almost felt to blush that a feeling to shrink the duty imposed, had ever found lodgment in my mind. Then came the consoling thought, that though I was leaving all that was near and dear, and going ten thousand miles or more, yet God was watching over me, and as long as I should strive to do his will and keep his commandments, he would care for me.

After some nine miles by stage I reached the railroad station, and in about fifteen minutes was whirling away to Dow City to meet my co-laborer. At Bell I find brethren C. E. Butterworth and David Rudd, who have come to take the parting hand, and after a few minutes converse take hack for Dow City; and never in life do I remember having seen more mud in so sort a distance. On arrival I learned that "Neely" had gone to Woodbine to fill an appointment that had been intended for self, and after dinner at his brother Clair's we bid adieu to the few Saints we have time to call on, and once more are seated behind the iron horse rapidly lessening the distance to Woodbine. Here we find Neely awaiting, and the families of brethren Cadwell and Kibler with others of the Saints, to take the parting hand for at least three years.

After some fifteen minutes awaiting the passing of the "flyer," which is spent in general conversation, we take the parting hand, and waving a last farewell I am soon carried from sight. Often does my mind go back to such scenes as these, enacted so many times during my ministerial labor of the year last past, and I think will I ever again see all the dear friends in whose society I have mingled during that year? Fond hope bids me answer the question affirmatively. And while the throbbing heart and streaming eye have too often told of the sadness of the parting hour, yet as my mind goes back I am glad to know that the gospel makes such ties as these.

Even since starting on my journey there has come to me the epistolary tale of how the moistened eye had given evidence of the sorrow felt on learning of my far away trip; and as I perused I almost felt a desire that it had been ruled otherwise. But since coming to these fields I have

found the same warm-heartedness, and already realized that when the time of return shall come, there are to be many noble ones of earth from whom it will be sad indeed to take what will be a "farewell forever" so far as this life is concerned. But this reverie has carried me thousands of miles from Western Iowa, so I return to the realities of the railroad car, where I am hastening for Omaha.

Here we learn that if we stay to get a half-fare permit, we can not leave before noon of the next day, and therefore can not fill the appointment for the coming Sabbath in Salt Lake City. So we secure our tickets for San Francisco, and at nine p. m. start for the first time in my life on a journey for the "great west." We are soon made aware that this road is well patronized, as we search from car to car for a berth, and at last are successful. It takes but a short time to learn that had we not been so ignorant of the convenience of emigrant cars, it might have been better for us. As we were unsupplied with bedding, and having each packed our overcoats in the trunks, it needs only a short experience to discover that a grip has no soft side, and that the slats, as is usual, have the other side up!

With the car very warm, the perspiration almost streaming, the constant jolting and shaking of the train, I court slumber in vain. Tired of the effort I crawl over my sleeping companion and sit down to cogitate. As to the pleasantness thereof I leave the reader to draw his own conclusion. About midnight two young ladies, who seem to have little relish for sleep, give me two pillows; whether from pity or the kindness of their natures I am unable to determine. With these to entice I am soon in oblivion's shade, and remain in this condition till about four a. m., when I awake to the realization that it has grown cold in our sleeping apartments. Getting down I pace backward and forward to start a more hasty circulation, and am once more led to reflect upon the ease (?) of this mode of traveling.

Discovering that a fire is necessary to quicken the venous fluid and thus insure greater warmth to the system, I soon have one going; while on either side of the long aisle is enacted a scene incident to the morning hour of a sleeping apartment. The wash-stand is the place of seeming attraction for the next hour or so, after which the morning repast is indulged with the seeming appetite of those who depend on the exercise of muscle for the support of life; at least mine was as keen as I remember of having when the station had been "kept up" in the harvest field, or perchance I had stood for a half day in the hot sun and used the fork propelled by derrick force, that carried from two to four hundred weight of hay; and from appearances I feel that the others have a similar relish.

Kearney, Nebraska, is the first town seen when daylight appears, and the country surrounding seems very level. Soon pioneer life is brought vividly before us, as the remains of the historic sod shanty is here left to mark the place where once a hardy son of toil had endeavored to prepare the bread that perisheth. Now is seen the light-colored soil that brings to mind our alkali experience in Southern Dakota during last autumn. I do not offer this in disparagement of that territory, for no better farming country have I ever seen than the southeast portion, and the hospitality of her citizens is unsurpassed; and as my mind goes back to the events encountered there, and the many dear friends, it is an effort to keep the lachrymal fluid from flowing; but I digress.

The green grass seen growing here is not so far along as in Iowa, but perchance there has not been as copious a supply of rain-fall. As we get farther west up the Platte the valley widens and alkali becomes more prominent. In fact we are on the famous plains; and as we go speeding over them the mind goes out in wonderment how the hardy pioneers could ever have had the heart to travel farther. South of the river as our journey progresses, the hills seem high and very rugged,

A siesta being now in order, my descriptive faculties for the time are enshrouded, and we are left only to conjecture as to the scenes passed through during this part of our journey. Awakening, I discover that the valley is narrower, and ere we travel far a small house and stable are sighted, and yet a top buggy is indulged (!). Soon we arrive where the hills seem made of sand, and as I look out upon them, I can not help feeling that it were no pleasure to meet a strong wind here. Next item noted is a single dwell-

ing and what appears a school-house. In vain do my eyes search the surrounding country for other dwellings, and I picture the scene of a pedagogue here for one family of children, unless the *pater familias* were a veritable Solomon so far as the marital relation be considered. The next station is Brady Island, and is composed of one frame and one sod shanty. After this we pass through a swampy tract of country and stop at North Platte for breakfast. The life and size of the place indicate a good farming or stock-raising country surrounding.

On the move again my note book is brought out to record the fact of a claim being held down by a tent. From this on the valley widens and the hills seem composed of stone. We here pass through the first prairie-dog colony yet seen; and as the little yellowish-brown creatures—about half the size of a cat—go scampering about or sit on their hind feet seemingly unconcerned. I am made to realize what false impressions of things one often gets. From hearing of them I had formed the opinion that they were about twice the size of a rat terrier! I counted twelve of these colonies *en ronte;* in fact the chief feature of the country for miles is sand and dog towns. The next of note is a sheep ranch. Reaching Sidney our train is made larger, and from here to Cheyenne we have a double length train. Through south-west Nebraska the houses are all made of sod, and sheep and cattle raising seem the chief industry. Into south-east Wyoming, and we see large cattle ranches, seemingly composed of many thousands of acres.

Before reaching Cheyenne some snow is seen, and the cry of "mountains," causes a promiscuous rushing to the windows and platforms, to see in the distance naught but the foothills. Leaving the bustling city just as the sun is setting, we soon discover snow, and the mountain tops are seen through the gloaming. At one of the stations Neely brings in some snow which can now be seen quite frequently, and is a beautiful sight as it sparkles in the lamp and twilight. Darkness soon shuts out the surrounding objects, and after an hour's sociality I once more betake me to the never-to-be-forgotten slats of an upper birth, and with grip and coat for a pillow—while my rubber coat is used for a covering—I am soon in subjection to morpheus, and under his influence remain till midnight, despite the rattle and roar. The latter part of the night is spent in social chat with those, who, like self, can find few charms in the hard side of narrow boards.

By inquiry in the morning, we learn that we have passed the highest altitude during the night. One peculiarity of this morning is the earliness of the dawn; accounted for only by the greatness of our altitude. We are among the sage brush this morning, its principal inhabitants seeming to be jack rabbits, which can be seen occasionally. The few cattle seen here seem to depend on the sage brush, the grass being almost as hard to discover as teeth in the bill of a duck. At about nine o'clock a kind of bunch grass is seen, and at one of the stations I plucked some as a curiosity, which proved to be about ten inches long. As we cross this great belt know as the "plains," seeing no houses save those of the section men,—most of whom are Chinese,—we feel that there are thousands of earth's inhabitants who know naught of desolation and loneliness.

Pilot Rock and The Buttes are items of interest; and while my mind is occupied with these the cry of mountains is heard, and looking south we see the Green River Mountains at an apparent distance of four or five miles, but which are said to be some fifty; and what a beautiful sight they present. Rising high above the surrounding country and covered with snow, which gleams and sparkles in the sun, the sight were a feast for the gods. About one p. m. we arrive at Green River, where we stop for dinner, and from here the monotony is broken. The next of interest are the snow-sheds, great tunnel-like frame works designed to keep off the snow; and as we pass through them we find they are quite dark. The mountains are on either side now, and often seem in such proximity when first noticed, as will necessitate passing their very base, but are found to be some miles back.

As at a rapid rate we speed along, my mind goes back to years agone, and in fancy I see the weary ones plodding onward; dragging behind them in the historic hand-cart, all their earthly possessions, and ever and anon breaking forth in melodious chant, evincing the ardor of

their zeal and a false hope begotten in too confiding bosoms. Or perchance we wander hither and thither at the hour of bivouac, beholding here a group of merry light-hearted children all unconscious of the stern realities of life; and, like even the parents, little thinking what awful revealments are to come forth when once the mountain fastnesses have made it safe to declare aloud and publish abroad those secrets that so long lay locked in the bosoms of the ones known as the "faithful." There a group of men are discussing the events of the day, or it may be, speculating as to the probable length of distance and time yet to intervene before the journey is complete and the "towers of Zion" shall glitter. Farther on, and we find the already overtasked mothers preparing the scanty evening's repast, while in some instances—as is too oftentimes the case—she has the extra burden of caring for the fretful infant. Desirous of learning all we can of these "campers on the mountains" we continue in imagination our journey, till we come to the most comfortable quarters yet seen, and here behold one seated at a luxurious meal of all that heart can wish; and it needs not the eye of a critic to detect in him the "leader" of this faithful little band. More than curious, we now determine to fathom all that can be learned, and discovering that our absence is preferable to our company, we leave this august being to the enjoyment of his physical comfort, and wander on till lo! a sad picture is presented. Lying on as comfortably constructed bed as it is possible under the circumstances, is a wife and mother, on whom it is evident the messenger death has already laid his icy hand. And bending low, the grief-stricken husband and father watches the flitting that marks the near approach of the grim monster, and listens, with bated breath and poignancy of heart, to the oft repeated request for a cup of coffee that he knows too well has already been refused by him who has the power to give and the which might, had it been administered in time, have stayed the tortures of hunger and stimulated to a vitality that would have given back the health and strength so essential to the journey being now endured. And yet this same man—the husband in after years, having again heard and obeyed the gospel of Christ—(under the leadership of the "legal successor,")—is willing to carry it back to the same people who in the far agone had permitted such treatment as this; thereby manifesting the spirit evinced by the Master when he commanded: "Pray for those that despitefully use you." But why torture memory with such as this? Better to pray as Stephen did when being stoned to death, and leave them to the mercy of a just God.

At the town of Evanston we stop for supper, and while waiting at the station are informed by a fellow passenger that the inhabitants are mostly Brighamites. Just after leaving, a flock of sheep bring us to a standstill by crossing the track; and here we see fulfilled the adage: "One go, all go, sheep." We are now in Echo Canyon, and standing on the lower step of the platform while the train goes thundering along at the rate of forty-five to fifty miles, we are permitted to behold the wonders of the beautiful and imposing canyons; and the scenery as it constantly bursts forth to view becomes at once grand, awful, and sublime!

The most interesting sights are Witch, and Pulpit Rocks, and Devil's Slide and Devil's Gate. The first of these are seven rocks looking to us very much like so many petrified Indians, and sometimes called the "seven sisters;" the next is a large, overhanging rock, on which it is said Brigham Young stood to preach a sermon. The Slide is a narrow passage way on the side of a pecipitous mountain, formed completely of solid stone, and looking as though nature in her wonder workings had far surpassed the chisel of the artificer. Passing through The Gate, with solid stone walls on either side, and the Weber river rushing through just by the north side of the road,—to be seen dancing, sparkling and gleaming in the sunshine as it emerges from its narrow confines,—there is created in the mind a feeling of awful sublimity; and at once there dashes through the intricate meshes of the brain the thought that here were a scene that no artists brush could paint nor sculptors chisel trace.

From here to Ogden we are enraptured with the wonderfully beautiful scenery. The snow-capped mountains to the north of us, rising majestically high, furnish a contrast to the beautiful valley lying at their feet, dotted here and there with the tasty cottage of the farmer, in a seeming

sense of protected security. To the south, and more especially as we near Ogden, the face of the country seems a level bench, while the beautiful farms are a pleasing contrast to the arid plains passed over the day before.

Arriving at Ogden we bid adieu to our companions, and start for Salt Lake City, *via* Utah Central railroad. And now we are permitted to behold the lake in all its beauty. As the bright rays of the low-descending sun send their scintillating gleams over its expansive bosom, causing it to sparkle and glitter with a vast retinue of attendant and changing colors, it is indeed a grand sight; while to the east of us rise the lofty mountains, their hoary heads at times seeming to pierce the blue dome, and causing a thrill of wonderment to pass through one, as we speed swiftly on toward the city and its environments.

Arriving at the depot we are met by brethren Wilson and Barrows, and conducted to the pleasant home of the former. Next day being Sunday, we go to the Chapel and Neely occupies in the afternoon, and I at the evening service. On Monday, Bro. Charles Barrows kindly conducts us over the city; and as we viewed the interior of the tabernacle, beholding its wonderful architecture, or stood on the topmost portion of the incompleted temple, beholding the beautiful city with its wide and pleasant streets, I could not help feeling a sorrow in my heart that a people with such energy, industry and skill, had ever been made to feel the blighting curse of priestcraft, with all its concomitant evils; and we wondered how it could be possible that a people once so spiritually enlightened, ever should go so far from that path marked out by the church in its early days, as to partake of the sins committed in these mountain fastnesses, believing that God had authorized the same. My mind went back to the times that I had been accused of being connected with this people, and how at many places I had been branded as a falsifier when declaring that we never had any affinity with them; and as these things pass before the vision of my memory, there comes a loathing for these evil practices that words can not portray or language picture.

Next day we climb the mountains to the north, and are afforded a pleasant view of the city and lake. At four p. m. we take the parting hand and are once more speeding on our way, and at eight p. m. leave Ogden for the farther west. Passing the night in a refreshing sleep I awaken to find that we are on the Great American Desert. And, Oh! how awful it seemed, as all day, till late in the afternoon, we traversed this weary waste! The most interesting features of the day were the Humboldt river and canyon, and the palisades. These latter were perpindicular rocks rising high above us on either side of a narrow canyon. During the night we pass into California, and I awaken just at day to find that we are at a station where the houses seem to be standing way up on the side of the mountain. From here to Sacramento we pass through the gold fields, and are pointed out the place where, it is said, the "find" of 1848 was made. The mountains covered with evergreens and the vineyards and farms seen occasionally, form a striking contrast to the desert, and we feel more at home. During this part of the journey Cape Horn is passed, and as we look hundreds of feet down to where the river, looking like silver, and winding like a snake, courses its way, it almost made the blood run chill at the thought of tumbling off. This is the most dangerous looking part of the journey.

We leave Sacramento about half-past seven a. m., and some fifteen miles out come to an Eden. The large vineyards and peach and apple orchards fairly enrapture one's being. No wonder that California's fame has encircled the globe if this can be taken as a sample of her beauty and grandeur.

Reaching Benicia the train is run on to a large ferry—after having been cut into sections—and carried over the arm of the bay. From here we travel along the bay, passing through two tunnels on the way to Oakland. The snow sheds of Nevada, some forty miles in length, we forgot to mention in their proper place. At Oakland pier we transfer to the boat, and crossing the bay, some four miles in width, we arrive at San Francisco, and for the time being are at the end of our journey. Going to the pleasant home of Sr. Andrews we are made welcome, and during our stay here and at Oakland, enjoy the hospitality of the Saints. At "Frisco" the noise and bustle are detrimental to our nerves, while a very peculiar distur-

bance at Oakland is shocking to our moral sense; its merits and demerits we leave for those better qualified as arbiters to determine.

In the afternoon of Sunday, June 3d, the *Alameda* started from her moorings, and as she rounded and headed for the ocean we stood watching the ones gathered at the wharf; and as the waving kerchief betokened a departing friend, our spirits drooped for the instant as we realized we were leaving our native shores.

Out through the "golden gate" I am for the first time in life on the mighty deep, and as the good ship, with undaunted mien begins the task of riding the undulating waters, we notice that Neely is growing very white. Near night we go below, and as the strong vegetable odor comes forth, and the ship seems dropping from under us to immediately rise again before we get down to it, I feel like getting above. Reaching deck I am soon all right, and begin to congratulate myself that I am quite a sailor. Near bedtime a gentleman starts to go below and falling, arouses my sympathy so that I go to his assistance. The lurching of the ship causes him to stagger so that my sea legs soon begin to weaken, and just as I reach the door, a sudden desire seizes me to give a dinner to the fish. Soon I take my place among the list of martyrs for Neptune demands his tribute, and not until Tuesday for supper do I resume my place at the table. There is nothing to break the monotony save a few rain showers and flying fish, till the morning of the 10th, when land is seen.

Arriving at Honolulu at seven a. m. we remain till five p. m., and as the day is spent on shore, we are soon made aware of the extreme heat of a vertical sun. Desiring to purchase some stamps I am permitted to study the Natives while at the office, and can but note the difference—in their favor—between them and the Americans on such occasions. Their patience is commendable, and when met on the street a polite touch of the hat denotes a breeding that at home we would do well to imitate.

We go to look at the king's palace, but as it is enclosed by a high stone wall we see only the top. The Assembly Hall is also visited, and from what we can learn they pattern largely after the United States in their government. Our money passes here the same as at home. The city is laid out irregularly, the streets are narrow and crooked. Such trees as the mango, plantain, alligator-pear, banana and cocoanut, with various others seem growing spontaneously, and are a much needed protection from the tropical heat. Beautiful birds and flowers of every hue are seen, and we feel that with the society congenial, here were a veritable Eden.

Leaving at five p. m., we are out of sight of land once more when morning dawns, and now begin to feel as though a sea life were not so unpleasant after all. But alas! before the next day closes in we understand David thoroughly as he expresses himself in, "Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw nigh unto the gates of death."

Tutuila is our next stopping place, and here we exchange passengers and give out mail. The natives that come aboard are good physical specimens, but look odd with their reddish hair all standing straight up. It is made this way by the use of lime water. A Utah elder got off here to labor among them.

We cross Capricorn at noon of the 19th, and sight a whale the same afternoon. Sunday Island is sighted the 20th, so named because Captain Cook discovered it on that day. Crossing the one hundred and eightieth meridian the next day, we are told it is Friday the 22d, and therefore Thursday is lost to us entirely. The next morning land is sighted, and at eight a. m. we land at Auckland, New Zealand. Here we visit the public park and many other places of interest. The showers that fell several times during the day seemed to come without warning. Leaving at twelve p. m. we are still in sight of land at morning, and so continue all day. The coast from Auckland to the extreme north being two hundred and thirty-seven miles. Next day we encounter the roughest sea of the journey, the spray dashing over the deck. On to Sydney the journey is very pleasant. Our voyage over is said to be one of the most pleasant ever experienced in crossing the Pacific.

At 3:45 a. m. of Thursday, June 28th, we cast anchor in the bay of Sydney, as they will not allow us to go to the wharf on account of having a Chinese crew for firemen. Finally a little ferry came along side and landed us about eleven o'clock. Next day we started for this place,—

Forster—meeting with Bro. and Sr. Smith on the way, and with Bro. Burton and family on arrival. The latter left the 5th inst., and as I saw the boat push off and realized that I was being left behind, there came a feeling of anguish that enwrapt my soul in grief!

Of our horseback experiences, and the bitter opposition already met, I will acquaint the *Herald* readers in future. Three have been baptized, and three are to be baptized next Sabbath. We are in the midst of winter and yet have seen frost but once. Perhaps it will be interesting to learn that the oysters sometimes grow on trees here; and some of the trees cast off their bark instead of their leaves. The orange and lemon trees are now full of fruit.

FORSTER, N. S. W., July 29th, 1888.

GOOD MANNERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

GOOD manners are not so easy to get, after all. Perhaps you never thought that manners were something to be got, but that they just came of themselves, or grew up inside of you, and somehow got outside, and that you need not show you had them unless you wore your best clothes and felt just like it. That is all a mistake. They have to be got, and then they have to be worn all the time.

First of all, you want to have manners that will last. You do not want to borrow them by imitation; for then people will know they are not yours, and imitations wear out. Much rubbing shows the real composition of anything, just as the constant polishing of plated silver shows at last the base metal beneath. So, if a boy is at first very polite, but, when somebody bothers him, or asks him to do errands, or rubs him the wrong way, he then begins to get cross and rough, he proves that his politeness was of very thin plating.

Good manners must be founded on simple, sincere purposes; else their polish soon vanishes. It is not looks that make good manners, and it is not money that makes style.

If you want to make other people and yourself happy, you must not be selfish; and you know what selfishness means when you are teasing some one. You must be really in earnest, and not be kind because it is fashionable, or because you can get your own way better; but because it will help some one else, though it may not help you; and then you will not have your conscience tormenting you, which is a great hindrance to happiness. But as we can not get rid of it, we have to keep it silent, by obeying it right off, else it even spoils our dreams.

Yet if you have simple, sincere purposes, you may not have good manners. Do you not often say of some boy: "Oh, he is good enough; but he is so awkward. He has not any manners?" Or of a girl, "What is the use in her being so good, when she has not any tact?" So you admit that goodness is the first thing. But your toes do not feel much better if they are stepped on by accident rather than on purpose, though it makes a difference as to whether you will knock down the offender or tell him to take care. When a kind-hearted sister hunts for your ball, you wish she would not tell all the other fellows that you are "the plague of her life;" and when the sister asks her brother if he likes her new dress. he need not reply; "Well enough. If girls didn't have new clothes, they wouldn't amount to much."

Very good boys and girls pick their teeth at table, east fast and eat with their knife, slam doors, rush through a room, talk loud, sit with their knees wide apart, swing their arms, shake their shoulders, bow as if they were as stiff as ramrods or as loosely jointed as a jumping-jack, so that they bow all over themselves, never offer older people a seat, make up faces, say careless things, and use bad grammar and slang. Besides being good, you must have enough taste to see that all these things are ungraceful, unneat and rough. You may not

think so at first. But I have known many a boy very much out of sorts just because he has seen some one who never does these things, and yet is as good as he is, and whom everybody likes; and I have seen many a girl stand before the glass, and wonder why people look askance at her and never ask her to parties. So manners are something to be studied, but are not all to be of the same pattern, else they will be borrowed. Affected girls, and swaggering and "dude" boys, always borrow, and are always laughed at.

—The Independent.

Under the Lamp-light.

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

CAUTION IN MAKING FRIENDSHIPS.

The higher a man's conception is of the value and the sacredness of friendship, the greater will be his caution in entering into a friendship. And, conversely, the readier a man is to enter into friendships, the lower is his conception of the value and the sacredness of friendship. Caution in making friendships is, indeed, an essential quality of a man who is capable of being a true and an unswerving friend.

He who sees little difference between "friendliness" and "friendship," and who counts as his friends all his more intimate acquaintances with whom he is on amicable terms, is not likely to be over-cautious in adding one or more to the list of his friends. Rejoicing already in his

"Dear five hundred friends,"

he is readiest to welcome a new companion with the greeting: "A sudden thought strikes me; let us swear an eternal friendship." But he who realizes that a true friendship is one of the rarest and most precious of earth's treasures, and that

"A friend is worth all hazards we can run,"

will naturally hesitate before he decides that such a treasure is actually within his reach, and that the time has come for him to run the risks and to pay the price of its possessing. Because a friendship holds so high a place in his esteeming, he considers well the responsibility of making a new friendship, with all the possibilities of its involving.

It is true that the highest conception of friendship is in being a friend, rather than in having a friend; therefore, in a sense, it is ourselves, rather than our friends, who are on trial for, and in, such a friendship. Hence, in this light, it is unworthy of a noble mind to say:

"No friend's a friend till he shall prove a friend;"

or to act on the selfish suggestion:

"Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why?
To find one good, you must a hundred try."

But before we can say that it is worthy of ourselves to be unreservedly and self-forgetfully the friend of another, we have need to be sure that that other is worthy of this devotion on our part. Friendliness may rightly be shown with but little caution; but when it comes to being a "friend," in its best and highest sense, to one toward whom we have before been friendly,—then it is that caution is a duty. In order to be a true friend, a true man must see in the one to whom he is a friend that to which he can look up as worthy of his admiration and respect. There is, indeed, an element of reverence in all true friendship. Whatever lack there be in other particulars, there must be some quality, or some phase of personality, in the loved one, which commands this reverence on the part of him who gives his friendship, or who gives himself as a friend. And in order to be sure that that which seems worthy of reverence is a reality, rather than a show on the part of the other, or a fancy in our own mind, we have need to deliberate while deliberation is yet proper; for when the decision is once made intelligently, it ought to be counted as made without the possibility of revocation.

As in the case of entering the married state, or of choosing one's life-profession, the very fact that it is reckoned as once for all intensifies the importance of the preliminary deliberation. And he who will be truest when he has decid-

ed on the line of his action will, beforehand, weigh most carefully the reasons for and against that line of action. Seneca, the wise, emphasized this truth when he said: "After friendship it is confidence; before friendship it is judgment." And this aphorism of friendship has been paraphrased by many a writer since the days of Seneca; as it deserves to be held in the memory by every one who is or who would be a friend. Quarles amplified it to read: "Deliberate long before thou consecrate a friend; and when thy impartial judgment concludes him worthy of thy bosom, receive him joyfully and entertain him wisely; impart thy secrets boldly, and mingle thy thoughts with his; he is thy very self, and use him so. If thou firmly thinkest him faithful, thou makest him so." Young gives it another form:

"Deliberate in all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core;
First, on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix.
Judge before friendship, then confide till death."

And Shakespeare re-echoes its teaching in the counsel of Polonius to his son Laertes:

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade."

It is possible for a friendship to be formed in youth, and to continue with growing power through all the years of maturer life. On the other hand, one who is capable of the best and truest friendship may have been misled, by a childhood companionship, into the belief that an attractive but ignoble comrade is worthy to command from him that loving reverence which is essential to the permanency of a noble friendship. In the growth of the truer man, in a case like this, the untrue one may have to be left behind because the true one is true, and therefore can not look up to the one who is essentially untrue. It is not that a real friendship has here failed: but it is that a seeming friendship has here proved to be not a real friendship. The period of the seeming friendship has been the season of cautious deliberating over the question of deciding on a real friendship. Cowper brings out this thought with an explicitness that all can understand:

"Besides, school friendships are not always found,
Though fair in promise, permanent and sound;
The most disinterested and virtuous minds,
In early years connected, time unbinds;
New situations give a different cast
Of habit, inclination, temper, taste;
And he that seem'd our counterpart at first,
Soon shows the strong similitude reversed.
Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scent and hues are rather guess'd than known;
Each dreams that each is just what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When disposition like a sail unfurl'd,
Shows all its rents and patches to the world."

A young man's ideals make progress, if he makes progress; and, as a consequence, that which he once deemed admirable is no longer admirable in his improved sight. While, under such circumstances, a young man may have a duty to be friendly to those who are below his present ideal, and while he may have a duty to befriend those whom he once thought were worthy of his friendship, but from whom he has now grown away, he can not have a duty to be a friend,—a devoted, self-surrendering friend—in the best and highest sense of the term "friend," to one whose character is unworthy of his respect and loving admiration in the light of his present ideals of character. Our duty, in all our aspirings, in all our strivings, and in all our self-surrenderings, is too look upward. If it be so that in order to look upward we must look away from one whom we would fain have called our truest friend, it is still our duty to look upward; for only as we look upward can we be a real friend, and only one whom we can have in view while we are looking upward is worthy to have and to hold our unswerving friendship.

Even a seeming friendship that has been left behind should be held in sacred and tender regard by us, and we ought never to be untrue to the truest interests of one whom we looked upon at any time as a supposed friend. But a real friendship can and will be held in sacred and tender regard because of what it is to us now, and because of what the friend is in himself for now and for always. And it is because a real friendship involves all this, that he who is to be a real friend is cautious in making a friendship.

—Sunday School Times.

HOME CONVERSATIONS.

BY DECINDA AND TUBAL MILKINS.

CHAPTER II.

IT was some days before Tubal had much of anything special to say. Tubal is a great thinker, only his thoughts come slowly at times. He puzzles his poor brain a good deal, and I sometimes feel sorry for him. I can not avoid it, although I presume it don't do much good; but I can't help it, and that's all there is about it.

My husband has quite a goodly shaped head, too; but then, I sometimes seriously doubt as to the science(?) of phrenology, whether it's genuine. Nothing has caused me to more seriously question it than the conduct of my husband, Tubal Milkins. I used to think I'd start out sometime as a phrenological lecturess; but since my marriage to Tubal, I have given it up entirely. His talks are in the evening, of course; he works all day, and taking his dinner with him, he is denied the pleasure of dinner chat.

It is said that women are great talkers; but any one who will hear my Tubal, will surely change his mind on that point. No one would presume to question his sincerity and honesty; but still it is a strange thing how honesty ever took up, and linked arms with such rigidity of Puritanical ideas as his. I had always thought sincerity tied up to gentleness and meekness; but I sometimes fear it is like dog Tray —found in poor company. This may sound peculiar, coming from a woman of my pretentions; but I try never to pretend upon more than I possess.

About three evenings after our former conversation, my husband came home somewhat burdened. He didn't start in, however, until after tea. Said he: "Decinda, I learn there is going to be a Woman's Rights meeting held in the town hall to-morrow evening, and a woman by the name of Susan B. Anthony is to speak. The handbills say that all the ladies of the town are cordially invited. Can it be a possible thing that God has let this world stand, stand, I say, not revolve, for nigh onto six thousand years, and no one ever knew what rights belonged to women till Susan became a woman? I would jest like for Susan to read Paul's letter to the Ephesians, fifth chapter, where he says: 'Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord.' Their rights go no further than what the husband may allow. That's it, Decinda; and no woman has any right to call in question the propriety or correctness of her husband's opinion on anything, nor to be disloyal to any of his wishes, than she has to disobey the Lord. You see, Decinda dear, men are the Lords of creation; their home authority has biblical sanction! Paul understood this. Women are not supposed to know as much as men, nor to be as wise and good-sensed as men. Women are generally very fickle and foolish, while men are steady and powerful. The idea of a woman supposing to know her rights, as though the Bible didn't tell it plainly! Paul said: 'Therefore, as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their husbands in everything. You see it says 'everything.' Paul further says, in writing to the Corinthians: 'And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home.' Paul said, 'learn anything;' matters not what it may be,— the husband is supposed to know everything! God knew what he was doing when he gave man supreme power over women.

"I tell you, Decinda, Congress can never afford to give women what they so unscrupulously ask.

"I fear Susan will work harm to the town, and make women feel big-headed. Look at Mrs. Doogins; why, she'll bust over this thing; and Mrs. Jendors, and Mrs. Riggins; the'll jest raise this town. I feel it my duty to advertise a reply to Susan, and use the Bible. That's the strong-hold for us men that seek our rights as 'Lords of Creation.'"

"Tubal," said I, "this will never do. Supposing Susan does lecture on Woman's Rights; isn't this a free country," and can't people talk so long as they talk aright?"

"Yes; but they don't talk right," interrupted Tubal.

"Men talk about women's sphere; and dictate to us our rights and privileges,

just as though we had none but what men might give us. Has not woman a sphere, as well as man? If she is his equal, has she not equal privileges, if she wishes to use them? Do women tell men this or that as regards their public liberties, duties or rights? Men claim their rights are self-asserting; are the rights of women self-asserting? Yes; but men have ignored them; and although woman's indispensable presence has not been mistaken, yet the rights that properly belong to her have been studiously evaded.

"Woman has been modest regarding her rights; and she has been too much so. The texts you use no more support your perverted views of woman, than other writings of Paul could be made to support human slavery as found cursing this free country. Paul's words as found in Ephesians 6: 5, 6, Collossians 3: 22, 1 Timothy 6: 1, Titus 2: 9, 1 Peter 2: 18, etc., with others, were heralded as the utterances of God supporting human slavery; but it was a mistaken idea, and God wiped it out by blood.

"'They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven;
There's not a ta-k to manhood given;
There's not a blessing or a woe;
There's not a whispered yes, or no;
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.'

And who can successfully deny it? Tubal, when God made man he was left alone—alone, Tubal dear; and when all the animals passed by him, and he named them, not one was found as companionable as was, possibly, a New Foundland dog; and even such caresses didn't satisfy Adam's lone heart. The wagging of its tail didn't enliven the loneliness of Eden but insignificantly. Oh, no, Tubal; God said, 'It is not good for man to be alone.' Some one should be made as an image of himself. So 'a deep sleep fell upon Adam, and God took from his side a rib;' from this, it is written, God 'made a woman, and brought her unto the man;' and Adam said, 'This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of man.' Paul understood woman's equality—equality, Tubal, when he wrote: 'Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it. . . . So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself.'

"There are two sides to this question. No man who loves his wife truly, will be found domineering over her, and 'bossing things' anywhere.

"Woman was not taken from man's foot to be beneath him; but from his side, to be a companion, 'an helpmeet,' for him. No man who loves his wife to the extent that he would lay down his life for her sake, if need be, will be found exercising a lordly dictatorship over her, and strutting with a wanton pride that is begotten of an illiterate, self-conceited ignorance, that only belittles a man in God's sight and a true woman's estimation. Women know when men act as men, as well as men are supposed to know a goodly woman.

"It will never do for you to reply to Miss Anthony; what would the town-folks say? Mr. Jendors would have a royal feast, no doubt; while Mr. Doogins could not contain himself for laughter. Tubal, dear, you must not attempt it; I beseech you."

"There you are again; you are always running me down, and I don't like it; you need more of the Holy Spirit, Decinda, and should seek for it earnestly. I fear you'll be lost in darkness yet, if you don't stop assuming to teach me!"

This rather surprised me, I must confess. I was not assuming to teach; I merely suggested this. Tubal has strange views of the Holy Spirit's guidance. But I bear with him as patiently as I can.

"Tubal," I resumed, "I am not vainglorious, I trust; but allow me only to say of your views of matters, that while to you they may be very clear, and seem right—for the Bible says, 'A man's ways seemeth right in his own sight,—still they are open to public inspection, and I think them unwise. Miss Anthony has a world-wide fame, and you are but locally known; there is a great difference. And more-over, she has studied this question for years; and although she may be radical, yet, in the main she may be clear-headed."

"Well, I fear the result," said my husband. "You see, Decinda," he continued, walking the floor, "it is worse than ever. You call her Miss. Why, what does an upstart of a girl sixteen or eighteen years of age know about woman's rights? I say it is worse than ever! Girls going about chewing gum, so simple like, talk

against Paul! Decinda, it'll not do; had I been Mayor of the town I'd never allowed on it. If I were a Marshal I'd arrest her without a warrant, and bide the consequences."

Tubal used some more of his fist commas and heel periods. I had quite a time with him. Tilly Jane was pained at his talk. Unit looked sad; for I have always taught them respect for father and mother, however incomprehensible their ways may seem to children.

"Tubal, Miss Anthony is growing old; she is a maiden lady, and a woman of much literary culture. Of course it is but right that I should have a good opinion of my own sex, and I hope I ever shall. Woman, who is the molder of human destiny, the framer of human character, the mother of nations, the potent factor in all the varied classifications of human lives, was not made for menial work nor servile place. She was made to stand by a man's side; sit with him; to talk with him; enter into his counsels; be a wise suggestor, and an instructor in many respects.

"There are men who owe all their good fortune, all the genuine manhood they ever possess, to the honorable influence of virtuous womanhood.

"The mother of Washington was an excellent woman of business; and to possess such a quality as capacity for business is not only compatible with true womanliness, but is in a measure essential to the comfort and well-being of every properly governed family. I believe that, Tubal; and I firmly believe, am most thouroughly persuaded, that habits of business do not relate to trade merely, but apply to all the practical affairs of life. It is said that Gœthe, like Schiller, owed the basis of his mind and character to his mother, who was a woman of extraordinary gifts. Nations are but the outcomes of homes, and peoples of mothers. What kind of a world would this have been without woman? A garden of Eden with a man not knowing any more than to till the same—for his own selfish use.

"I scarcely am inclined to think that woman's greatness—greatness, Tubal—could be materially enhanced by gaining political potency; but there are other things, grand in their spheres, that woman should be recognized in as a power for the good of nations. Whatever is the character of woman, that is the character of man. Man's morality depends largely upon woman's virtue; man's power for good, upon woman's elevation, and man's enlightenment, upon woman's education. All history proves this. And when women have been oppressed, degraded, men have stood low in the scale of their existence.

"Men are admirers of women; and as woman is elevated, and stands high, no man will stand back upon his manhood and be found possessing less admirable traits than she. So they are the inspirers of men; and are the world's glory, the world's honor! Suppress her virtuous claims, and men extinguish the light of the world's sun."

"There you are again," said Tubal, "running down the Bible. Doesn't it say that Jesus is the light of the world, and not women?"

"Why, Tubal, you are too short-sighted for any practical use. I stand by what I've said, and abide the consequences of your charge."

"Father," said Unit, "I read in a book something concerning the greatness of women like this: 'Men themselves can not be sound in mind or morals if women be the reverse; and if, as we hold to be the case, the moral condition of a people mainly depends upon the education of the home, then the education of women is to be regaded as a matter of NATIONAL IMPORTANCE! Not only does the moral character, but the mental strength, of man, find its best safe-guard and support in the moral purity and mental cultivation of woman.'"

"And I, Father," chimed in Tilly Jane, "have a word to say for women. I am just verging on to womanhood, and am desirous of knowing what a woman is expected to be. I once read in a book that, 'in our own time it has been said that chemistry enough to keep the pot boiling and geography enough to know the different rooms of her own house, was science enough for any woman.' And Byron is said to have had a poor opinion of womanhood and its advantages. He said that he 'would limit her library to a Bible and a Cook Book.' I think that is perfectly ridiculous."

"What more need a woman have?" queried Tubal; you children are growing wild, I fear, and are partaking of the fractious spirit and ways of the times. You need the Holy Spirit; it will teach you

right things. You children should know that the world is fast now, and the good, quiet days of a century ago are not with us now."

Tubal uttered these words with an air of solemnity that, to me, was amusing. He was to some extent agitated over this interpolation by the children, but not as much as I had expected. He spoke of a century ago as though he had passed through it all.

"Tubal, I must notice an observation of yours regarding Paul's writing about women." said I, "in Ephesians: 'submitting yourselves one to another, in the fear of God.' You notice the submission is to be mutual, a little of yielding on both sides. Again, in the thirty-third verse: 'Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband.' This is not all one sided. Again, when Paul told the sisters to 'ask their husbands at home,' he evidently knew what kind of husbands they should be; should be men of good judgment, clear discernment and enlightened reason; men who had a knowledge of the thing inquired about —else how should they intelligently instruct their wives? He knew they should be men who were kindly disposed and gentle; unassuming in their manner, not gruff and stern and harsh; men who imitated the meekness and lowliness of Jesus, and sought to cultivate a quiet spirit. For a woman to ask such a husband would be a pleasure. And I dare say, husband Tubal, that Paul understood it that way as well. He was too grand a man to have some dear humble sister ask of a burly, surly husband about church matters, when that husband's stupidity and ignorance disgraced his profession. And, moreover, supposing some sister had a husband not a member of the church, but a Pagan idolater, how could she ask him?"

"There you are again!" cried Tubal, "insinuating that I'm no better than a Pagan! Why, Decinda, you drive me almost to distraction! I can't stand this! Oh dear! oh dear!" And he wrung his hands and paced the floor as in great distress. I know he will have all my sitting room carpet worn in holes, if he doesn't act differently.

"Decinda," he continued, "I fear this thing is going too far. If Miss Susan jest knowed what trouble her handbills have made alriddy, she'd leave town, if she had a mite of decency about her, and cared for domestic happiness in other folks' families! She's an old, dried-up maid, disappointed in love sometime, I reckon; now she wants 'rights,' something she's conjured up herself."

"Not so, Tubal," said I; "quite to the contrary. No telling how many proffers to marry she has refused. She has been seeking to obtain for women that recognition as human beings of which they are but deserving. I dare say her lecture in this town of Belthouse will prove very savory. There has always been a feeling existing against woman not to be reasonably accounted for. Men have taken up the refrain generation after generation, failing to note the absurdity of the position occupied, until woman herself dared to announce it. I do not advocate a strict intermeddling with political affairs; but woman should be heard, and shall be, upon all great questions of moral and social reform. Woman is capable of a more highly refined sentiment than man, because of her mental make-up; and her sentiments are not mere sentimental chaff; but contain practical thought, susceptible of practical application! Women know telegraph wires are not made of cotton thread, nor bridges built of bees-wax. Woman is an important and indispensible factor for good in matters of religion, and she possesses the power to enthrone morality in a man's heart, or at her wish to depose it. And you should remember that religion minus morality is no religion at all, Tubal dear. If you would but heed my voice I could make an angel or demon of you. Woman can talk so finely and silvery, so sublimely and soothingly, so grandly and wooingly, that by it man would feel that he were floating in glorified space, filled with rapturous ecstacy. Again, she can talk so bravely and defiantly, so basely ignobly, so harshly and cruelly; so enragedly and furiously, as to make man crawl at her feet like a coward—skulking his way from her presence, and loathing his very existence. God has ordained that, while men shall manifest God-like traits in mechanism and varied forms of skillful work, women shall manifest the other God-like traits, of mercy, love, gentleness, intellectuality, refinement and true honor.

"Husband, there are men in the town of

Belthouse that entertain low conceptions of woman; and their wives prove my statement true. The washing of pots and pans, skillets and kettles, does not complete woman's sphere of proper action. These with cooking, etc., are needful, but not all she has to do."

"Well, well," remarked Tubal, "what things are coming to I can't tell. Decinda, you've never before talked like this. I fear you may make a demon of me yet; but I cling to the promise of the Holy Spirit to help me bear these trials. We've been married nigh on to twenty years, and while I confess you've been a good wife to me, yet I have many times feared for your salvation."

He spoke these words with tears, and quite humbly. I was rather surprised. I don't know when I've seen a tear moisten those black eyes; not in a long time; then 'twas because he had broken a shaving cup.

"Decinda," he resumed after a moment's pause to swallow Adam's apple, "I fear Miss Anthony's visit to Belthouse will prove a very bad thing. You see she is a sectarian, and sectarians are so misguided, and in such error on so many points, I really fear the result of her lecture. Before we retire for the night let us pray that the Lord will send a heavy rain, or cause black clouds to roll and toss and foam and greatly threaten storm, so as to break up this meetin'. I think it would be a good idee. The prayers of the righteous availeth much, the Bible says; and I try to do the right thing. You see if a storm threaten to come, the women will hardly venture out; and I don't think many of the menfolk will keer much about hearin her any how. If I owned a printing office I wouldn't print her bills for her. I think she is wholly out of her line of work. Better she were hired in somebody's kitchen. I suppose she wears bloomers, and looks queer? How manly some women do want to be! It is terrible, I declare. What about that prayer, Decinda?"

"Husband Tubal," I answered, "I'm not willing we should so pray. Jesus taught his people better things. He said: 'All things, whatsoever ye would,' etc., and I assure you, if you were preaching, as you sometime hope to be, and should go to a town and post your bills for meeting, you wouldn't like to have such prayers answered against you. The world do not believe the gospel as we, and deem us in error as much as you do Miss Anthony in her work. No, Tubal, I shall not so pray."

"Well, Decinda, I hadn't thought of that; that's so. But then, I'm so harrassed over this I don't know what to do. We'll trust to Providence; may be he'll strike the building with lightning before hand, or just after the lecture, to show his disapproval. And if he do, Decinda, I tell you I'm in the right on this question. I have quoted Paul, and tried to reason with you all I can."

"Tubal," said I, "it seems to me that you concern yourself more about this matter than is any call for. You will wear out your brain by so much anxious thought and feeling. For my part, I am glad Susan is coming to this town; and I hope the weather may be all that could be desired for good. I shall go and hear her; and as a family, each one should go. People professing good manners always treat strangers courteously, and welcome them to the town, however much we may differ from them in opinion. Opinion is sometimes strong and well taken; other times weakly and ill-founded.

"Husband, you remember how Jesus rebuked his disciples when they mentioned the calling of fire down from heaven upon certain folk, and he told them they knew not what spirit they were of? We are under obligation of duty and honor before God and man to be quiet and unassuming in these things. Anything breathing revenge is not what it should be, I fear. Women are achieving wonderful things in this age; and it is because they now have better opportunities and advantages, as also less oppressive measures to weigh upon them, imposed by men. Woman has become a great inventor. It is said the patent office records at Washington show models of inventive genius to the extent of one thousand nine hundred! The man who engineered Brooklyn bridge received material help from his wife The state librarians of Iowa, Kentucky, Indiana, Louisiana, Tennessee, Michigan, and Mississippi, are women. The editor of the New Orleans Picayune is a lady, Mrs. E. J. Nicholson. Tubal, women are not so weakly as might be presumed.

"You'll promise me to hear Miss Anthony to-morrow evening? It can do you no harm, and possibly much good."

"I'll promise to go upon one condition," said Tubal; "and that is, you promise me that you'll not imbibe any of her nonsensical idees. For this reason: she may act smart, no doubt, and so present her arguments as to look plaus'ble, and I don't keer to heer any on'em repeated hereafter. Now, if you'll promise me, Decinda dear, to be a humble woman, obeying me according to Paul's instruction, I'll go and hear Susan."

"I shall promise but this, husband Tubal, to listen attentively to all she may have to say; and whatever of good she gives, I'll try to be as good as she says. I do not propose wearing bloomers or other kind of pantaloons. Men are loony enough. I shan't carry any brick or mortar hods, nor build fences, nor drive an omnibus. O, no, Tubal, Susan shall not influence me that way. Shall we go? Of course Unit and Tilly Jane will be delighted to hear a woman lecture."

The children had retired some time before, so they did not hear this later exchange of views.

"I reckon I'd best go; but, Decinda, 'tis the trial of my life," said Tubal, walking the floor, and looking sad and wistful. He wore quite an anxious look; you would have thought he was going to be hanged for some crime, and had not quieted his conscience yet.

We retired for the night, waiting for the morrow to bring its load of cares and pleasures, its trials and blessings.

A SPRAY OF LEAVES.

Bitter sweet's scarlet, buttercup's gold,
  Crimson of clover, purple of Kings,
These are the colors the autumn leaves hold,
  Beautiful, dainty, wonderful things.

Leaves that in summer are sun kissed and green,
  Patient through all the withering heat;
Leaves that in fall are counted as mean,
  Out in the cold under one's feet.

Are leaves so common and beauty so old,
  Our hearts so tender and hands so strong,
That promise of scarlet, and blessing of gold,
  Should be trampled and crushed by us all day long?

Promises written by God's own hand,
  On the wonderful book of the world's highway,
Promises read as if written in sand
  By you and by me, who are thoughtless to-day.

I wonder if leaves are the only things
  That are green in the first place, and crushed at last,
If the scarlet and purple that autumn brings
  Ever quite make up for the sunshine past.

Oh, heart; your wonder is foolish and vain;
  Your thoughts and your songs are all out of tune,
For smiled on by sunshine and tended by rain,
  'Tis easy to rustle and keep green in June.

Only God knows how hard 'tis, when low in the dust,
  To make bitter sweet scarlet, with no ray of light;
God does know—the God who is loving and just—
  And somehow, or somewhere, will make it all right.

Selected.

ROBINS IN DISTRESS.

ROBINS IN DISTRESS.

BY "FRANCES."

IT was a day early in the month of December when the robins of Glen Cove met together for the purpose of consulting with reference to the time of departure for a warmer clime. The morning was lovely, and the air was almost as balmy as though the month had been April instead of December. The sun shone with brightness and diffused a grateful warmth over hill and valley, while a soft blue haze lingered low by the horizon, like the memory of a day in Indian Summer.

We said the robins had met for consultation; but as all had not yet come who were sure to be there, there was a confused fluttering of wings, a merry twitter mingled with rare snatches of song; for it is only in the Spring-time that robin opens his throat and pours forth such melody as caused the poet to sing,

"Ho, robin-red breast, gentle robin dear;
Robin sings so sweetly in the coming of the year."

Poets, you know, are allowed to take license in the use of words; and it is not the New Year which the poet here means by "coming of the year," but the spring-time when all nature awakes and shakes her garments, laying aside her sparkling gems, so cold and frosty, and robing herself in emerald green.

But we must go back to the robins, for there is important business on hand which we shall miss if not in time. Among the number was one who seemed to be recognized as a leader, for after he had settled himself firmly on a limb he rose upon his feet, and flapping his wings swiftly up and down, gave a shrill call. With this the others ceased all twittering and chatter, and gathered close around on the limbs nearest to him. After surveying the groups silently for a few moments he settled himself in a comfortable position, and while the warm sunshine bathed his tawny plumage said:

"You all know that we have met together to-day for the purpose of consulting as to when we shall leave for our winter home. The sun is bright and warm this morning, but the cold last night was pinching, and even through the best shelter which I could find of dried leaves still hanging to the trees, the frost penetrated, and this morning my feathers were white and shining like crystals; I think it is high time we were on the wing."

"There is plenty of food yet," spoke up a bright red-breasted bird, "and I do love this spot of earth better than any other my foot ever rested upon. The nights are somewhat cold to be sure, but I sit close by my mate and gather my young family all around me. Then we just tuck our heads under our wings and sleep till the sun comes up. I am sure warmth is not everything in life! I was born in Glen Cove, and here I have raised my first brood of young ones; and I for one do not feel like leaving it yet."

"Nor I," "nor I," piped several young ones in chorus.

To the right of this brood sat a graver bird, whose manner was more subdued and voice less eager as she spoke:

"I too am thinking it is time we were up and away. Why, only the other night the high winds blew me from my perch and threw me rudely upon the frozen ground. Not being able to see in the dark, I was compelled to sit all night upon the cold ground in terror of my life, for there are so many wicked animals who choose the night time in which to prowl around seeking their helpless victims. My feet are not so strong as they used to be, and I know if we remain here much longer some night I shall be blown down and covered up in the snow. My voice is that to-morrow we begin our journey to the South. I have raised many broods of young ones in this Glen, as you my daughter know; but this is later in the year than we were ever found here before, and I beg you will cast your vote for going."

This last sentence was addressed to the bright young robin who had spoken last, and who was about to reply when interrupted by another upon her right:

"I think if birds who are growing old and whose feet are weak, would sleep

near the ground, they would not feel the wind so much nor be in danger of falling. For one I have a rare project in my head, and I am not going to vote go by any means."

The old bird who had just spoken looked wistfully at this younger one, and would have said, "Don't you think it is cold and lonely for us down near the ground? You will know when you are older that even old birds long for companionship, and love to have their nestlings around them when darkness covers the earth and the leaves whisper such strange, weird stories to each other, while the branches moan as the wind sobs and sighs among them." But before she could put these thoughts into words, two or three piping voices were raised together exclaiming:

"Oh, tell us what your project is, for we are ready to join you in it provided it promises us a longer stay in Glen Cove!"

"Well, I do not object to telling you," replied Miss Robin, and soon each one was listening expectantly. "I was talking with grandmother to-day, and she told me that in all her life she had never spent a Christmas in Glen Cove. Now for my part I think it would be just grand to stay here until after Christmas, and spend New Years in our southern home."

"I agree with you most heartily," piped a young male robin who was sitting on a bough just above the speaker, "it would be a new departure, and quite aristocratic in its way."

"Perhaps you would not think it quite so aristocratic when your feathers were covered with ice and your feet frozen fast to the limb of a tree," dryly remarked an old robin.

"The hemp bushes will shelter us and furnish us our breakfast too, for many a day yet," said the pert young bird.

"As for me," spoke another, I do not intend to breakfast on hemp seed while rich kernels of hickory nuts are to be had for the asking."

"Where?" said several, in a chorus.

"Ah, that now is a secret," said Miss Robin, as she perched her head upon one side and cast a shy glance at the limb above her; "but as there are plenty, I don't mind telling. You all know a bonny, blue-eyed lass we often meet when we go to the village for an extra bite of dainty food?"

"Do you mean the little girl who is always pulling a baby-wagon?" said one.

"Yes, that is the one."

"Oh, we all know her," piped the rest in chorus.

"She is the one who put this Christmas project into my head," said Miss Redbreast. "I was hiding in a vine close by her window one evening, when I spied her at work upon such a lovely bit of woolen stuff that my curiosity was excited and I watched her closely. Presently another girl came into the room, and then such chatting about a Christmas Tree and all the wonderful things which would be on it you never heard! But I am sure of one thing, if you had heard it you would be just as anxious to remain as I am."

"What good could it do us," piped the others, "when we do not know where it is to be?"

"Ah, there you are mistaken. Trust me for finding out all which is to be known when I put my wits to work. You all know the brick church on the hill close by?"

"Oh, yes, there is where the children march from when they come to the Cove."

"Yes, and that is where the children are to have their Christmas Tree, and for one I am determined to see it."

"And I," "and I," piped a score of voices. "But what about the nuts?" said one, more demure than the others?"

"Oh, I forgot," said Miss Redbreast. This same blue-eyed girl has a pile of hickory nuts, larger than any squirrel ever yet laid by, and she is not half so saving of them, but scatters them about in a plentiful manner. She loves the sunshine and fresh air so well that she cracks them out doors and eats there what she does not leave for the bird's breakfast. She is a generous little maid, with cheeks as rosy as my breast." And just here Miss Redbreast raised her feathers that her plumage might be duly admired.

A brief silence followed, when the leader, rising slowly to his feet said:

"It is all well enough to talk about Christmas and Christmas trees, but I trust none of you will for a moment think of staying here any longer than to-morrow. With the first dawn of day I shall rouse all my family and we will be upon the wing before the sun rises; and my advice is that you all meet me here, and let us make the journey together. The way will

not seem so long, and by this means you will secure safety and comfort. The sun which shines so warm and bright to-day will be covered soon, and the storm clouds will break over the land, and if any of you should remain you will either perish or suffer much before you reach the south. There is already in the air that feeling of subdued quiet which is the forerunner of a storm, and such a one as will prove merciless, showing you no pity. Come then, let us unite as one family, and be gone before it reaches us."

"I wonder if he is not fighting his own shadow this time?" whispered Miss Redbreast to the young robin next her.

"What do you mean by that," answered the bird spoken to, in the same low tone.

"Why, have you not heard that last Spring when we first came up here our leader staid by one bay-window for three weeks fighting his own shadow? I thought all the Cove robins knew this. Surely you have not forgotten how his mate grieved over his absence, as she was left to brood over her eggs alone."

"Oh, I remember now; but, pray, how did you find out where he was and what he was doing."

"I heard my little friend of the Christmas Tree telling another girl all about it; and she said that her sister finally took pity on him, and fearing he would beat his life out in his fierce driving against the window pane, she nailed a cloth outside of the window. When he could no longer see himself in the glass, then he came home to his mate."

"I wonder if he ever told her about it," whispered the bird to Redbreast.

"Oh, yes, but I assure you I had to laugh when I heard the straight of the story; for you must know that I overheard him telling his mate what a brave defense he had been making for his home, against the attacks of one of the fiercest enemies he had ever contended with. Don't you think that a great deal of male bravery might be traced up in the same way?"

Now this was rather a home thrust, so the young robin feigned not to hear it, but his feathers fairly quivered with suppressed laughter; for it would not do to show disrespect to their leader, even if he had been the hero of a sham battle. He was going to reply to Miss Redbreast, when the flapping of the leader's wings called them to order; and settling their feathers they were soon all respectful attention while he announced his decision.

"It is a time-honored custom, as you are all aware," said he, "to meet here at my suggestion, and consult with reference to the time of our migration. I must say that my advice has always been followed in the past, and I trust it will be now. I shall be here very early in the morning to begin my flight in company with all who wish to go with me; and now, that we may prepare for our long journey, let us adjourn the meeting."

To this all consented readily; but while some flew away immediately, others separated into groups, keeping up a lively chattering with each other. Conspicuous in one of these groups was Miss Redbreast; and from appearances she was having a happy time.

"For my part," she was saying, "I can't see why we should always be governed by his advice. I think we have fully proved that he is not any wiser than any other bird; and for one I am going to stay until after Christmas, provided a half dozen or more of you will stay with me. What do you say?"

"I will," said one, "and I," said another; "you can count upon me," said a third, until soon eight or ten had volunteered to remain with Miss Redbreast.

And so it happened that when the morning came and the robins of Glen Cove started early, from nearly every family one or two was missing, and the mother robins bore sad hearts with them; for they feared that misfortune would overtake their foolish nestlings, and they would perish in the storms of winter long before the Christmas-tide would come. So heavy were their hearts that they made but poor headway with their wings; and when before night the clouds covered the sun and large flakes of snow began to fall, they prevailed upon their leader to stop early, for they did not want to increase the distance between them and their disobedient children. They stopped in a sheltered valley protected on all sides by high hills, and as the storm raged the next day with great fury they hopped among the leaves, picking up such crumbs of food as they could find, not wishing to resume their journey until the storm was over.

In the meantime how fared it with the

young birds who had stayed behind? Bent upon having a good time in their own way, it can not be denied that a feeling of loneliness came over them when they found themselves left behind, and saw their best friends becoming like specks in the distance; and had not a feeling of pride prevented, they would have flown after them. They could not bear the thought however of being laughed at, and so hopped around in search of a breakfast, for which they had little appetite; and soon they all huddled close together on the sunny side of a hill, and began to talk about the good time coming, when they should see the Christmas Tree loaded with all its fine things. Such music as there would be, and lights! Why it would be as brilliant as day for a long distance all around the church, and then such a queer old man as Santa Claus was in his sleigh, with buffalo robes and bells strung all over his reindeer team!"—

"But," interrupted one young robin, "I can't see what there will be in all this to interest us. There will not be a thing on the tree for us, and the music and light won't warm our toes or shelter us from the storm. Oh, dear; I am afraid we shall wish ourselves with our mothers long before that time comes!"

There was a suspicious moisture in more than one eye at this remark; and if robins could cry, we firmly believe they would have shed tears then—although Miss Redbreast set up a pitiful attempt at song, and strove to seem as happy and gay as a lark. Yet it was plain to be seen that even she was by no means inclined to be as pert and saucy as she had been the day before. In a short time the sun was clouded and the wind began to whistle through the Cove. Soon the clouds hung low, and large flakes of snow began to fall. There was not much said by the robins, for they seemed too intently listening to the rising wind and the snapping and twisting of the branches above their heads. Presently a brown squirrel came to look through a knothole in a large tree; but seeing the storm abroad, went quickly back to his warm nest—not however until he advised the robins to seek shelter from the storm; "because," said he, "those banked up clouds indicate a fierce one."

The day wore on with no abatement of the storm; and one by one the robins settled quietly down, snuggling up by each other, and yet feeling desolate and lonely. It was not possible for them to start in pursuit of their friends while the wind blew as it did; and all being young birds they did not know where to seek shelter, or how to care for themselves. They heard a farmer near by calling his cattle and sheep to the warm shelter of the barn; but no friendly voice called to them, and the cold was every moment increasing. Not a feather of their poor, numb bodies but was lifted and searched by the wind, while the snow blinded their sight and was fast covering the earth in a cold white mantle.

"There is nothing left for us but to perish," piped one of the youngest of the group, as the wind lulled for a moment so that his voice could be heard.

"And I am not sure but we deserve to for our ingratitude," said another.

"I have been thinking," said Miss Redbreast, "that is was a very selfish thing in me to wish to remain here when my father and mother wanted me to go with them, and it was mean to try and persuade others to join me in my disobedience. I think I might feel better if I was the only one to suffer—"

Just here a fiercer gale than ever blew her voice quite away; and as she had hard work to hold on to the limb, she thought how little pity she had felt only the day before for the poor old robin who had complained of her feet not being so strong as they used to be. "If ever I live to see her again, I will tell her how sorry I am," was the mental resolve of Redbreast.

Again the wind lulled and a quiet little bird flew down beside Redbreast and whispered in her ear:

"Let us seek a shelter for the night, and early in the morning start after our dear friends. They are grieving for us; and while we make them unhappy we ourselves are still very miserable."

"With all my heart," said Redbreast. "I am ready to do as you say; but where shall we find a shelter from this storm?"

"There is an old hollow tree not far away from here, into which we can all hop and stay until the first light of morning, when if all agree with us, we will follow our parents and friends; for my heart will break here before Christmas comes."

"Christmas," said Redbreast, bitterly!

"Christmas is a time of good will; and pray what good will to others or to ourselves can ever come of such selfishness. It would not be Christmas to us if it were here to-day. It would only be Christmas in name. If we live through this storm, and join our friends and make them happy by showing them how sincerely we have repented of our folly and cruelty to them, that day will be a Christmas day to us such as no other one could be."

"Let us hasten then before the darkness comes and find a shelter."

Taking advantage of another lull in the storm Redbreast called to the other birds to follow; and guided by her quiet friend she led the way to the sheltering tree.

Arrived there, however, a new difficulty arose, for the timid birds were afraid to enter lest they should encounter a foe more cruel than the storm. In this dilemma Redbreast came to the rescue and volunteered to explore the opening first.

"I was the one who got you into the trouble," said she, "and I will do all I can to help you out of it."

Then she hopped bravely into the opening; but her heart beat so loud that she thought all the others could hear it, and she felt as though she would smother with its throbbings. Pausing a few moments until her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, she flew cautiously around, and at last discovered high up in the tree a little shelving place; and upon lighting she found that there was comfortable standing room; and by crowding close together there would be room enough for all. It was lighter here than at the place she came in at, and upon looking up she discovered an opening just above her. A happy thought struck her; and making her way to the hole she found it was the top of the tree, and she could lead the other birds in here with out taking them through the narrow, dark place she had trembled to enter. She could not refrain from stopping a moment on the top, just to say to herself, "Oh, how happy I am in trying to serve others; even when trembling with fear I was happier than when anticipating the greatest joy the Christmas Tree could bring." And thinking these thoughts she burst into a strain of song so loud and joyous that all the birds hastened to meet her and learn the good news.

Happy Redbreast! she little knew the danger she had escaped; and there would have been little comfort for any of them had they known that at the bottom of the opening a cunning old fox had his nest. When Redbreast had fluttered in he was asleep, but opened his eyes in time to see her flying up; and then hearing her song as she flew from the top of the tree, he stationed himself just a little back of the opening, keeping his eyes intently fixed upon it, ready for a spring upon the first bird that should enter. But while Reynard was watching the lower opening, Redbreast quietly led the way to the sheltered place she had chosen, through the upper one, and for that time at least outwitted the cunning thief. Here the robins nestled closely together, and in spite of their hunger, the fierce storm without, and their own grief, were all very soon sleeping soundly.

It had been arranged before they went in to their nest that with the first dawn of day they would start upon their journey. They thought it safest, for fear of some hidden enemy, to do all talking before going into the tree; and as Redbreast had shown herself so efficient in gaining them such a safe and comfortable place in which to spend the night, they voted that she should take the lead in all things, until they overtook their friends or reached the place to which they were going.

The first dawn of day found her with eyes wide open and listening to hear whether the storm was abating. As quietly as possible she mounted to the top of the tree; and believing that it was possible for them to begin their journey she gave a shrill call which soon brought the rest to her side; and after a brief consultation as to direction and the height at which they should fly, with words of encouragement from Redbreast, they started upon their journey.

With courage unflagging and wings which would not weary, she led them on. Now in the front, again darting back to encourage some lagging one; then at the side where the wings of another were weary, even putting her own wing beneath to help her companion on. Then with a trill of song she would put new life into each one, and darting before them would make a circuit of inspection, hoping to find a place where a morsel of food might be obtained. Despite her most heroic ef-

forts, however, she could not take the keen frost out of the air, nor remove the snow from the fields to discover the hidden grain. Their feet were bitten by the cold; time and again but for her encouragement, they would have given up in despair. At last her search was rewarded by discovering a large barn with an open window in the upper part. Flying to this she lit upon the sill, and to her great joy discovered that here was shelter and food in abundance. Returning upon swift wing she led the weary birds to this haven of rest, and for very gladness could not eat until all had first satisfied their hunger. It was then decided that after a brief rest they would resume their journey and travel to a certain wood where they would spend the night.

Now it chanced that this very wood was the place where the first party had stopped during the day; and when toward night the young birds came flying into its shelter, what was their joy to be met by parents and friends! We can not undertake to tell you, but will not close our story without relating that after partaking of a bountiful supper of wild oats and red haws which the old birds showed them where to find, Redbreast, who was appointed to speak for all the disobedient ones, said:

"Dear parents and friends, we stayed behind contrary to your counsel and wishes, intending to have a Merry Christmas time. We have had a sad, weary time of it; but have learned one lesson, which we hope never to forget, and that is, that even birds can not be happy in the selfish persuit of their own pleasure and without regarding the feelings of others."

Let us learn a lesson from the birds.

THE TWO ARMIES.

As life's unending column pours,
  Two marshalled hosts are seen—
Two armies on the trampled shores,
  That death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
  The wide-mouth'd clarion's bray,
And bears upon a single scroll,
  "Our duty is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
  With sad, yet watchful eyes;
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
  That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
  No blood-red pinions wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
  "Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade
  At honor's trumpet call;
With knitted brow and lifted blade,
  In glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,
  No stirring battle cry;
The bloodless stabber calls by night;
  Each answers, "Here am I."

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,
  The builder's marble piles;
The anthems healing o'er their dust,
  Through long Cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom sprinkled turf
  That floods the lonely graves,
When spring rolls in her sea-green surf.
  In flowery, foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,
  And angels wait above,
Who count each burning life-drop flow,
  Each falling tear of love.

Though from the hero's bleeding frost
  Her pulses freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
  Sprung from that scarlet dew.

While valor's haughty champions wait,
  Till all their scars are shown;
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
  To sit beside the throne!

Selected.

THE POOR WIDOW'S OFFERING.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ELON.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Ecc.* 11:1.

CHAPTER IV.

AS yet Jack had not heard of Cumorah's hill, the angel's vigil there, the coming forth of the Nephite record, and the proclamation of the fulness of the gospel; but from some cause his heart began to long for Scriptural knowledge; indeed his soul thirsted for it. His boon companion was a pocket New Testament, but he loved to read the Old Testament. The stories of the patriarchs and prophets were music to his soul. The life and miracles of Jesus, together with the writings and sketches of the apostles were full of interest to him, and his youthful mind revelled amid the Psalms of Israel's sweetest singer, and the proverbs of the world's wisest man. He now attended the Independent or Congregational Sunday school; but as he had to work from early morning till late at night he had no leisure time to read. But at meal times he would snatch a few moments, commit to memory a verse, or perhaps a dozen, and whenever his mind was at liberty repeat them over to himself, and thus fasten them upon his memory; until by the time he was seventeen years of age it would have been difficult for a person to refer to an incident, or a passage recorded in the Bible that he was not familiar with. The minister of the Congregational Church organized a Theological class to study divinity. He choose little Jack as one member of that class; he was about fifteen at this time. The minister became interested in Jack and offered to send him to college to be educated for the ministry. Jack, and the minister too, thought that was the only way to prepare God's ministry. He was delighted at the offer, for he thought the means was within his reach of getting a thorough education, and better than all, a knowledge of God's word. But the blacksmith claimed five or six years more of hard labor out of Jack; and moreover that was not the way God called and qualified his ministry. Hence Jack received no collegiate education, nor even what is termed a common one; but from some cause or other there came a burning desire into his soul to be made a minister of Christ's gospel. And ofttimes in the stillness of night he would retire to some lonely spot, and there under the smile of the silvery moon and the scintillations of the glittering stars, cry out from the depths of his soul in the language of Isaiah: "Here am I, Lord, send me 'to preach thy gospel.'" But his hour had not come; his education was not completed; he must study a few more years at the anvil. He must learn to endure hardships; learn to control self, the hardest task of all. He must seek to God for wisdom. Many a night when all nature slept, Jack would rise from his bed, light a candle, go down stairs and there upon his knees, with the open Bible before him, search and search for the hidden treasures of knowledge therein contained, asking the guidance of the Holy Spirit in his search. He always arose from this research refreshed and comforted, and to some extent enlightened. About the time he was seventeen the Reverend Pulcifer from America visited the town of Walsall, where Jack was serving his apprenticeship, and held a series of revival services at the Baptist church. Jack went to hear, and he liked his preaching on baptism by immersion so well that he concluded to join the Baptist church. This was his first open profession of religion. And he united with that church because it seemed to him to be the nearest in harmony with the word of God. He realized no particular change, but felt settled in a religious home. He had visited various churches, but had no desire to join any until this time. A zealous old Methodist woman, who would have been shocked if she had been asked if she believed in living prophets, prophesied years before that Jack would preach the gospel. About the time that Jack joined the church, or a little before, he and three other boys about his own age formed a class of their own for the purpose of studying the Scriptures, and expounding the same to the best of

their ability. They met after their day's labor was ended in some retired spot, frequently in the cemetery outside of town; and there among the tombs with a lantern they would read, study, and expound the word of God; always mingling prayer with their exercises. After awhile others joined them, then they became a little bolder, and got the use of a friend's house for the purpose. Their meetings were carried on with intellectual profit. Jack also employed himself during spare evenings in visiting the aged and infirm, reading and expounding as best he knew the Holy Scriptures to them. He was always a welcome visitor, and many an aged grandmother has blest little Jack for his kindly efforts. Sometimes he would meet an entire unbeliever. Jack gave him the best he had got, and never claimed to be "wiser than is written." All this time Jack was being educated, and he saw something of the dark side of what is called "religion." Before this, as a Sabbath scholar he had heard so much preaching and praying about the poor, benighted heathen, that he thought he would do something towards sending the gospel to them; so he armed himself with a missionary box and went from house to house of an evening to collect money for that purpose. But little Jack was surprised and grieved to find that those who prayed the longest and preached the loudest about the "poor perishing heathen" gave the least; in fact, many would refuse to aid in the good work. Jack's quick eye saw the inconsistency, and he was not long in concluding that there were "whited sepulchres" then, as well as in Christ's day. Are there any now in the latter day church? I hope not, but I read that "the net gathers of every kind."

But we must return to Jack in the Baptist church. His brother had become a Methodist, and one evening this brother told him of a strange, fanatical people called Latter Day Saints or Mormons, who believed in a book called "the Book of Mormon," or "stick of Joseph;" and he told of the good time some of the young Methodist members were having in opposing them, and disturbing their meetings. This was the first Jack had heard of the strange people, and he told his brother he would go and hear them. His brother tried to dissuade him from this, telling him they were deceivers, and a cunning, crafty people. Jack replied, boy like, that he could take care of himself. In a short time, one Sunday afternoon, he went to the Town Hall where they were holding forth. The congregation was small. There were two ministers to conduct the services. They seemed to be plain, working men, but quite conversant with the Scriptures. Jack followed them critically as they expounded their doctrines. It seemed to be in perfect harmony with the Bible, until the preacher declared that "the Baptists had no authority to baptize." This was too much; Jack seized his hat and abruptly left the room, and did not visit them again for a year.

During this time divisions of sentiment had crept into the Baptist church which culminated in division of the congregation, and hard and unkind speeches were indulged in on both sides. This rather cooled Jack's ardor, and filled him with surprise. He could not understand how Christ's church could become divided on points of doctrine, and much less, how God's people could stoop to slander and abuse each other over religion. His attendance at the Baptist church became less frequent. He went to hear the Catholics, but could not accept their views. He heard the various shades of Methodism, but was not attracted by any of them. There was so much division among the churches that Jack lost faith in them all. It came to his mind to go and hear the Latter Day Saints again, and in about one year from the time that he first heard them he entered the same Town Hall; but this time there was a large audience. They were commemorating the death of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, by partaking of the emblems of his body and blood. The order of the meeting was solemn and impressive; and at the close of this ceremony, they commenced to bear testimony to the truth and divinity of the work of God in the last days, as they called it; and to Jack's astonishment, numbers arose and spoke in different languages, and others arose and delivered prophecies in the name of the Lord, while many arose and bore very earnest testimonies to the Book of Mormon and the divinity of the calling of Joseph Smith; but all was done in order. There was no confusion as he had seen in other churches, and Jack's mind was strongly impressed—especially with the speaking in tongues. It seemed

so strange, yet he knew it was promised by Christ, and taught by the apostles as one of the gifts of the Spirit of God. He had never met a people that enjoyed those gifts, or even believed in them; yet here was a people, despised of all men, pronounced impostors, and against whom every evil thing was spoken, yet who to all appearance were enjoying the very gifts promised by the Savior of the world. Jack had heard the Methodists rending the very heavens with their prayers for a Pentecostal shower, and had never seen one descend; but here, this despised people seemed to be in the very midst of one. Yet a calm and holy feeling pervaded, or seemed to pervade the meeting. The impression made upon Jack's mind led him to make enquiries there and then, as soon as the meeting was dismissed; but he elicited very little information. The reason probably was, because they were a persecuted people, and when anyone undertook to question them upon their doctrine, it was with a view to hold them up to ridicule, and arouse the masses against them; hence, they viewed with suspicion any one who questioned them, and Jack's questions were met in that spirit. Hence his desire for information was not encouraged. But nothing daunted, Jack went again at night to a preaching meeting; Jack took out his pencil and paper to take notes. The young man who arose to preach had never preached before, and when he saw Jack sitting before him with his book and pencil taking notes, his courage failed him and he sat down. An elderly gentleman took his place who was not afraid of Jack's book and pencil. He was a fluent speaker, and evidently acquainted with the Bible, and thoroughly informed upon the subject he was treating. Jack became so interested that he forgot his notes; and all his powers seemed absorbed in following the speaker. Jack did not doubt the scripturalness of the doctrine he preached, for he had read it time and again, but he saw it in a new light; and when he returned to his place, he was satisfied that whatever the real character of the Latter Day Saints might be, their doctrine, so far as he had heard, was scriptural; and when he heard their doctrine assailed he defended, and that to the discomfiture of its opposers. But Jack's hour had not yet come. He stood aloof from all churches, and never entered a congregation of Latter Day Saints again for over a year. And that year was a slippery time for Jack's feet, spiritually speaking. It seemed as though the powers of darkness assailed him in every weak point of his character and being; and to Jack's shame it must be said, not without some success. He was now in his twenty-first year; he had endured nearly eight years of jeers and taunts on account of his religious tendencies, had withstood the terrible examples of profanity and drunkenness; but now it seemed as though the demon of profanity had taken control of his tongue, and at the least insult, jeer or abuse, he would fulminate the most terrible oaths, until his persecutors quailed in his presence. One of these men, a wicked swearer himself, told the mistress that "since Jack had taken to swearing it made him tremble at his terrible utterances."

Yet the loving kindness of the Lord was manifest on his behalf; the divine influence of the Spirit was felt by him, and it was evident that the power of darkness was not the only influence that was seeking to guide the youthful feet of the erring boy; for whenever Jack had allowed himself to be the victim of this evil power, he was filled with remorse and sorrow, and would ask himself in his lonely moments, "Shall I never be able to control myself?" "Shall these feet be always swift in iniquity?" "Shall this tongue always speak evil?" Then a gleam of hope would enter his soul, and an answer as from the depths within, "Yes; the time will come when I shall be a man, when I shall control my tongue, and keep my feet in the path of right." Thus the struggle went on until one day, the twenty-fifth day of July, 1847. Jack's bondage came to an end, and he walked into the house to her, who, for over eight years had looked upon him as her apprentice (in many instances, only another name for slave), and told her he was twenty-one; and he gathered what few clothes he had, and bade her good bye forever. And now Jack was in the eyes of the law a man; but in reality he was but a lonely, friendless boy. And although he rejoiced in his freedom, yet he felt lost in the great world alone, with no experience in its ways and workings, with a very limited knowledge of men and things, and not a penny in his pocket; but he was free!

He concluded he would make a visit to his mother, from whose arms he was taken at ten weeks old, and whom he had only occasionally visited during nearly twenty-one years. She received her boy with open arms; he procured work in the neighborhood at blacksmithing, and boarded with his mother. The kind providence that had watched over him all his life opened his way for him and enabled him to provide things necessary, and now he rejoiced in his freedom.

To be continued.

Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

IN MY SCHOOLROOM.

Eager faces shining
With the morning light,
Rosy little fingers
Folded close and tight.

Brown hair, soft and silky,
Shining golden curls,
Restless heads close shaven,
Teeth like rows of pearls.

Faces brown and dimpled,
Faces fair and sweet,
Red lips, fresh as rose-buds,
Noisy little feet.

Rosy flower faces
Upward turned to mine,
Blue and brown and gray eyes,
How they dance and shine!

Still and bright and glowing,
Waiting for my speech,
Oh, what is the wisdom
That I have to teach?

Who am I to lead them
Up the shining way?
I who faint and falter,
Stumbling every day.

Clear eyes, bright and gazing
Into things divine;
Loving young hearts waiting
For each word of mine.

And I tremble, fearing
Lest some word I say
Grieve the tender spirits,
Mar the lives alway.

Thou who lovest the children,
Once Thyself a child,
Gentle, strong, and tender,
Pure, and undefiled,

Smooth the path of knowledge
For the little feet;
Make the ways of wisdom
Beautiful and sweet.

Teach me, oh, I pray Thee,
Guide me all the way;
Strengthen me to lead them
Upward every day.

Mary E. Hoyt.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With a reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirt shall be whole;
I require your heart shall be true as God's stars,
As pure as his heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called Home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young; but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you can not do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

Elizabeth B. Browning.

HOW MY SHIP CAME IN.

I was sitting alone in the firelight
In the old room quiet and dim;
Dreaming and hoping a future bright,
When my Ship should come in.

When noisely hummed the bright kettle
And the dog so faithful and true,
Beside me was sleeping, in a little
I fell asleep too.

There sailing upon a sea golden—
For the fire had become a sea,
There came a Ship quaint and olden
Bringing a treasure to me.

The ship was manned by wee Brownie,
And one who was dainty and sweet,
Brought me a box and laid it
Low at my feet.

And his voice was like the sweet music
The burn makes down by the Lea.
And he said—"You must choose first
What your treasure shall be.

"You may choose whatever you like, dear,
Be it riches, or love, or fame.
Be it health, or wealth, or wisdom
That will bring you a lasting name."

And then I was troubled and silent,
For how could I choose what was best,
And so I thought for a moment
And looked at my guest.

He was murmuring a song very softly,
As he looked with much intent
Into the fire, and the words were—
"A spirit of sweet content."

I awoke with a start and my Brownie,
My Ship, and my treasures were fled,
And left me only the firelight,
And the words that Brownie had said.

And the words the Brownie was singing,
Was the treasure he left with me.
That he brought in the ship quaint and olden
Over the firelight sea.

M. C. Barr, in Good Housekeeping.

NOT AS I WILL.

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law, unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless laws are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat,
"Not as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals,
Like whispered voice, to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill—
"Not as we will."

Helen Hunt Jackson.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO-DAY?

BY CORNELIUS A. BUTTERWORTH.

DEAR young brethren, what are you doing to-day? Have you seriously and conscientiously contemplated the duty that devolves upon those who have covenanted at the water's edge to keep the law of God and to do all that is within their power, with the aid and assistance of God's Spirit, to forward on the great and glorious cause of bringing humanity to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus? It seems to me to be a very easy task to comply with what most religious teachers tell us to do; that is, Simply believe, and when your departure shall come you will be wafted away to some unknown region to bask in the presence of angels and sing songs of praise forever more. But, when we go to God and inquire of Him, we are soon made aware of the fact that there is a great work to be accomplished, and that He requires men to perform that work.

Let your minds flash over the vast multitudes of earth to whom this gospel of the kingdom must be preached before the coming of the Messiah, then ask yourself the question, Who is going to promulgate the gospel? We know that those valiant soldiers who have held high the banner of Christ as revealed through the prophet in the latter days, are now with their silver locks nearing the grave. They have, as Paul said, fought the good fight, finished their course, and are ready to lay down their bodies until the morn of the first resurrection, when they will arise to reign with Christ a thousand years. This work then, will necessarily fall upon the young of the church—not altogether upon the young men, for there are the sisters who are generally good talkers, and who have done an untold amount of good in the past, and are striving to accomplish more; but the proclaiming of the gospel abroad in the land must be done by the men of the church.

How then shall we prepare ourselves for the great work? By coming before Him as little children and asking for knowledge and wisdom, that we may understand how to conduct ourselves so as to find favor in His sight, and by holding ourselves ready and willing to perform any work which God may intrust us with. God has made manifest by his Spirit time after time, that all were called to work; and if we will cease from all worldly frivolities and things that entice to do evil, He will surely put us to work, for the harvest is great and the laborers are but few. Let us pray therefore, that the Lord will send more laborers into his vineyard, that the wheat may speedily be gathered out from among the tares, before that notable day of the Lord come.

Thoughts nor words can express the joy and consolation there is in serving him who created us, and gave us our own free agency, to do good unto the saving of our souls in the celestial glory, or do evil unto our own condemnation. In the hours of sorrow, trials, and disappointment, when we are almost ready to give up in despair, we can come before Him who is worthy of our adoration, and receive succor and relief, which will at times cause the tears of joy to gush forth; and that heavenly feeling which God alone can give, will linger near for hours and hours.

Our time is but short in this life, and if we are desirous of meeting those shining faces who have gone before us, we must work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

The years are fleeting fast
And the summer's nearly past,
When the king from off the throne
Will come to claim his own;
And those who've faithful been
Will surely enter in,
To partake of the supper of the Lamb.

THE best friends of the working class, and of all classes, will advise them to look not to political changes or government influence, or any outside help, but to their own industry, frugality and temperance. Let them shun whiskey, rum and tobacco. Let them be steady and economical, and they will do more for themselves than all the resolutions, and subsidies, and tariffs, and policies in the brains of all the agitators in America.

WIDOW RAY'S CHRISTMAS.

THE sun was sinking low in the west and his beams fell with little force or power upon the frozen earth. From the branches of the trees hung pendant icicles, and the ground was covered with snow, while the keen frosty air was filled with the sound of many tinkling bells, as sleigh after sleigh passed swiftly by, drawn by spirited horses, and filled with gaily dressed people, all aglow with the excitement of enjoying the first sleigh ride of the season. Merry voices and happy laughter mingled with the music of the bells, and all to the casual observer seemed like a dream of joy or a festive day.

By a window overlooking the street stood a slender young girl absently regarding the gay scene, and yet with a lingering look of expectation in her eyes, as if waiting the coming of some one; and while she stood there a woman and child opened the gate, crossing the tiny yard, rang the bell for admittance, and were soon in the room with her.

The little girl ran quickly up to her for help in getting her hood and wraps unfastened, while the woman drew a rocker in front of the grate, and leaning back placed her feet on the fender and sat for some time with her gaze absently fixed upon the burning coals without speaking or even seeming to notice the presence of any one. Once the young girl glanced at her; but noticing her preoccupied look, she gave her attention to the animated description which the little one was giving her of all the pretty things she had seen in the shops and the gay decorations they were everywhere making for Christmas.

"Oh, its just lovely, Mary," she said, "and I do wish you had gone with us. Such pretty dolls all dressed in silk and velvet, and the nicest little trunks just big enough to hold dolly's clothes, and carriages large enough for her to ride in. How I wish Santa Claus would bring me one!"

"Perhaps he will, Fay," said Mary; "did you go any place except to the stores?"

"Yes," said Fay, a look of sadness stealing over her bright face, "we went to Mrs. Ray's, and oh, Mary, they are so poor, and Mrs. Ray is in some terrible trouble. She told mamma all about it, and when I saw her little girls so poorly dressed, and scarcely fire enough to keep them warm, I forgot all about the pretty things and wished only that Santa Claus would bring her money to help her out of her trouble. Don't you wish so, Mary?"

"Yes, Fay, but perhaps money could not help her."

"Oh, yes it could; couldn't it mamma?" said little Fay, appealing to her mother, who now turned to where the two were sitting, and began untying her bonnet strings and pulling off her gloves.

"Are you speaking about Mrs. Ray?" she said slowly.

"Yes, mamma; and I was telling Mary that I do hope Santa Claus will take her a lot of money, for she told you that she needed some, didn't she?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Arnold, "she is needing money badly, and I have been thinking if it would be possible for me to spare a few dollars to help her; but I have so many demands upon my slender purse that I do not see how I can."

"What is troubling her, Mrs. Arnold?" said Mary.

"When her husband died she was compelled to put a mortgage on her place, in order to settle for his funeral expenses, and since then she has been sick so much herself that she has never been able to pay it off; and it is now overdue, and she has been notified that it must be paid or the property will be sold and she will be turned into the street with her two little children."

"Could any one be so cruel as that?" said Mary, a flush rising to her face and a spark of indignation lighting her dark eyes.

"It does not seem cruel to them," said Mrs. Arnold. "They look upon it as a matter of business which must be attended to; and as they furnished her money when she needed it, they now want it returned. It will be very hard for her, and I wish I was able to help her."

"But, dear Mrs. Arnold, has she no relatives, no friends who could help her if they knew of her need."

"No, Mary, she has not a relative in the world, and her husband's people disowned

him because they were displeased with him for marrying her, and they never came near him in his last sickness, not even when he was dead. I think if she had the least hope that they would help her now she would go on her knees to them for the sake of her helpless babes, though I am sure she would starve before she would even take a crumb from their bounty for herself."

"How can the hearts of people grow so hard?" said Mary. "Do you remember, dear Mrs. Arnold, that it will soon be a year now since you came to my help, and stood between me and such a great trouble?"

"Do not mention that, Mary, it was only an act of justice upon my part, for which the Lord has rewarded me a hundred fold;" and Mrs. Arnold bent her mild dark eyes upon the face of the young girl as she sat by the window stroking the golden brown locks of little Fay, who was sitting on a low stool and leaning her head upon Mary's lap.

"I can never forget it," said the young girl, as a tear stole down her cheek and a tremor came to her voice. "I was a stranger, and if it had not been for your kindness, how different it might have been with me to-day. I do wonder if it would not be possible for me to repay some measure of your kindness by doing something to help your friend?"

"I do not see what either of us can do for her only to pray that God will send some one to help her," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Surely there are many people in the world whose hearts are tender and who would be willing to help her."

"Yes, I have no doubt there are, but how can we reach them?"

"You are well known in St. Louis, not only because it has been your home for many years, but because of your position as a teacher. State the facts very briefly on paper, and I will go among the merchants and friends of your school and see if I can not raise the money."

"Will you have the courage to do this, Mary?"

"Yes, I will do it willingly, and I believe that I will raise the money. How much is it?"

"Over one hundred dollars."

"To-morrow is Saturday, and if you consent to my doing this I will start out early in the morning."

"It is a great undertaking for you, Mary. Do you feel quite sure that you will be equal to it?"

"Yes, I think I shall be. At all events I will try, and I believe I shall succeed."

Doubtless our readers have before this recognized in Mrs. Arnold and Mary the friends whose acquaintance they made in the January number of the AUTUMN LEAVES one year ago. During the intervening time Mary had not only been assisting Mrs. Arnold in her school, but had been installed as one of the family, and with the assistance of private teachers was keeping up her studies. But as our story relates to Mrs. Ray, while Mary is busy in thought about her project of the morrow, let us look in at her cottage home and see how she is occupied.

The short evening twilight was already closing in, and long shadows lay across the floor of Mrs. Ray's sitting room, which the few lumps of coal burning in the grate only seemed to make darker by their flickering light. Sitting in a low rocker, with a faded shawl drawn closely about her to protect her from the cold, she held in her arms a little girl some three years old, while another one apparently some two years older stood by the window watching the sleighs go by, ever and anon making some childish remark to her mother or asking some question, which not being answered, she seemed to forget in her occupation. Suddenly, however, she left the window, and coming over to where her mother was sitting, held her little hands toward the burning coals to warm them.

"Nellie must stay here by the fire," said Mrs. Ray; "it is too cold back by the windows."

"I like to see the folks," said Nellie, "and I want to see Santa Claus come. Isn't he coming to-night, mamma?"

"Not to-night, Nellie, but next Monday night perhaps he will be here;" but even as she said this she turned her face away from the child, for she felt that young as Nellie was, she would read the hopelessness stamped thereon.

"Mamma, I'm hungry," said Nellie, as she crept closer to her mother. "Please put little Lucy down and give Nellie her supper."

"Yes, dear," answered the mother, still keeping her face turned away from the little one as she rose to lay her sleeping

child in the crib, for the tears which she could no longer keep back rolled down her pale cheeks, and it was impossible for her to control the torrent of grief which shook her frame. Tucking the clothes closely around the little sleeper she went to the cupboard, and putting a slice of bread in a cup of milk, she brought it to Nellie; and after it was eaten, took her upon her lap and prepared her for bed.

The children were now asleep; and Mrs. Ray pale, worn and weary, drew her chair very near to the fire and gave herself up to thought. She had striven long and hard to keep the wolf from the door. Early and late she had toiled, and when too ill to sit up had worked while bolstered up in bed. Perhaps she was in a measure responsible for her long continued illness, for had she given her weary body longer time for rest, she might have gained strength sooner; but the distress of mind seemed to force the body to action, and strength came very slowly. She had been able to keep her children comfortably clothed and fed until now, and her hope had been that when once her health was restored, she would be able to pay off the mortgage on her little property, and then all cause of anxiety would cease. But now, the day after Christmas she would be compelled to seek another shelter; but without friends or money, where was this shelter to be found.

No lamp was lit that night; but long she sat there in silence and darkness, striving to bend her thoughts to some solution of the dark problem. The coals ceased to give out any light, smoldered, and finally went out. The pale rays of a cold moon found their way across the floor, but with bowed head she still thought on. Her hands grew numb with cold; but she did not feel it, for she was wrestling alone with the grim specter of want—not want only, but destitution; and but for her little ones, death would have been welcome.

Aroused at last by the cold, she threw herself upon her knees by the bedside. Too weary with her struggles and grief to find words in which to offer up her petition, she could only sob out the unspoken agony of her soul before the God in whom she trusted. Without a word, a syllable of prayer, she arose from her knees comforted. Light had not dawned, she knew no more than before what she should do, but there was trust and peace at last; and seeking her pillow she clasped her sleeping babe to her bosom, and held its innocent head pillowed upon her heart as pledge that God would never forsake her.

Not much earlier than the hour in which Mrs. Ray found rest in sleep, was the one in which Mary Willard closed her eyes in dreams. The thought of that which she had volunteered to undertake on the morrow effectually banished slumber, and many times her heart misgave her as to whether she would be able to carry it through successfully. It never entered her mind to abandon it; but nevertheless, many a misgiving lest she should fail caused her to pray earnestly to God that he would go before her and open the hearts of the people. With the first light of day she was astir; and dressing herself with especial care, she joined the family in the sitting room, where prayer was always offered before the morning meal. As Mrs. Arnold led in prayer, she did not forget Mary's errand, but prayed earnestly that the angel of His presence might go before her and grant her success in her undertaking.

After breakfast Mary prepared for an early start, and was glad when Fay asked to be permitted to go with her. The way would not seem so long and cheerless even with a child for company. She had learned that Mr. Ray had been an officer of one of the Mississippi river steamboats, and had resolved that if not successful among the merchants she would go to the levee, where the boats landed, and try there.

We will not follow them in their morning journey, first into one store and then another until all the stores on Broadway as well as Fourth and Fifth streets had been visited, but will meet them as they return home and learn the result of their morning's work.

Many times during the morning, as the hours wore on from eight to twelve, had Mrs. Arnold's thoughts wandered from her work to the absent members of her family, and her heart had each time breathed a fervent prayer for their success. They would return at noon whether successful or not, and as the time drew near she found herself standing by the window watching eagerly for their coming. She had not long to wait before

she saw Mary with Fay holding to her hand coming towards home with elastic steps. There is much in the very walk of an individual to denote the emotions of the mind, if not indeed the deeper feelings of the heart, and Mrs. Arnold felt sure that their rapid elastic steps did not betoken disappointment. She did not wait for them to ring, but stepping into the hall opened the front door just as they came up the steps, and together they entered the sitting room.

"Oh, mamma," said Fay, "you don't know how much money we have got—such a lot of it, haven't we, Mary."

Mrs. Arnold was too absorbed to notice the credit Fay was taking to herself for a share of the morning's work, but turning to Mary said, "Have you been successful?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary, her eyes bright and her cheeks aglow with excitement. "Dear Mrs. Arnold, I have more than enough to pay the debt."

"Can it be possible? Oh, how thankful I am!" and unable to longer restrain her feelings, she took Mary in her arms, while tears of joy bathed her cheeks.

As soon as Mary was a little composed she said, "Don't forget that little Fay is entitled to her share of thanks. She gave me new courage every moment by her bright eyes and sympathizing looks."

"I will not forget my little daughter," said Mrs. Arnold as she drew her close to her side, neither will any of us forget to thank God the giver of every good and perfect gift; and kneeling down then and there, Mrs. Arnold returned thanks for the favor He had been pleased to show them.

Our story is told, for we doubt not there is not one of our young friends who can not picture to themselves the utter astonishment felt by Mrs. Ray when that afternoon a long list of names together with nearly one hundred and fifty dollars, was put into her hand by Mrs. Arnold. Mary and Fay were also there, as Mrs. Arnold would not go without Mary, but, at her earnest entreaty had consented not to say anything in reference to who had collected the money. Mrs. Arnold had added a basket filled with the substantials for a Christmas dinner, which she had spent the morning in preparing.

We can not describe the scene, and do not know that we would if we had the ability, for there are emotions of the heart too sacred to be intruded upon. When Christmas morning dawned we doubt if a happier home could have been found in all the city than the cottage of widow Ray. Joy is a wonderful elixir, a tonic beyond the power of the best physicians to prescribe, and soon, with restored health, she was able to maintain herself and little ones in comfort, and in time, her property being in demand for business locations brought her a sum which placed her beyond the reach of want or the possible recurrence of circumstances so trying.

"Care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair."

Editor's Corner.

We find it almost impossible to realize that this is the last number of the first volume of Autumn Leaves. Silently they have fallen, one by one, until the last one has dropped from the cycle of 1888 and been gathered into households near and far. We feel no sadness in saying good-bye to you for the year which will soon be past, for we confidently expect, the Lord willing, to meet you again in the coming year, and through the Magazine bring to you many treasures of thought, knowledge, and wisdom. This, however, is not all that we desire. As the Magazine was established for the purpose of usefulness, we desire to extend its sphere; and as it was and is designed especially for the young of the church, it would be very gratifying to have the aid of the young in doing this. As we pen these words, we are wondering how many of our young friends will regard them, and act upon the suggestion. If every one who reads would secure just one new subscriber, we believe that our list would soon be doubled. Who of you will try? We ask of each one who reads it and really desires its continuance, to aid us in this way.

Many last year were disappointed in not be-

ing able to obtain the first numbers, and the same will happen again this year, unless our subscribers are prompt in making up their minds, and either sending in their money or notifying the office of their intention to do so. It is not our wish to deprive any one of the Magazine who really desire to have it. The facts in the case are, that owing to a limited subscription list, the margin of profit is too small to justify us in getting out a large number over what are disposed of. We trust the time will come when they may be scattered far and wide, and as plentiful as the autumn leaves of the forest; but that time is not yet, and we therefore ask our friends to be thoughtful for us in this respect.

BY DECEMBER 10TH AT THE VERY LATEST, we must know how large an edition will be needed to meet the demand, and to those whose time expires with 1888 we shall not mail the January number unless upon *renewal* or *request*. Please remember the initials

R. R.

as well as what they stand for, as it will be a great saving of time and expense to the office. Our foreign subscribers will bear in mind that we pay the full price of mailing this year, consequently there will be no advance in price to them. We will be very thankful to brethren Smith, Wight, and Butterfield to act as our agents in Australia, and notify the office where they wish their copies sent.

WE regret that so many articles have been crowded out to give place to Christmas matter, but it was unavoidable. Besides these, we have much choice original matter waiting room in our crowded columns. For this reason we trust our friends will bear with us when we announce that for a few numbers, at least, we will omit "With the Church in an Early Day."

SEND all moneys, all notification of changes, or missing numbers, to David Dancer, box 82, Lamoni, Iowa.

PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

"But dost thou know,
That on thy life much thought is spent in heaven?" *Jean Ingelow.*

THE history of a life that begins simply with the birth of the individual, must necessarily fail of giving the reader a clear comprehension of the character portrayed, since all effect points to cause. We do not know the mind of God; we can not search the record above to find what were the thoughts of heaven in determining the lot of Pattie; yet, if we can trace back for a few generations the current of her life as it flowed in the veins of her ancestors, we may be helped to a better understanding of the forces at work in molding the life and character from which we would draw these lesson leaves. So, though our Pattie was born and lived among us, we are going back several centuries to trace all the way which "the Lord God led her," just as the story of the world's creation begins while the earth was yet "without form and void," ere the curtains of darkness had rolled back, revealing the new creation of life and light and beauty, fresh and sweet from the hands of its Creator.

Almost four hurdred years ago there was an event known since in history as the Reformation. It was as a light shining out on a scene of moral, religious and political chaos; but its rays only served to make the extreme density of the surrounding darkness more evident,

"As gleids o'licht, far seen by nicht,
Mak' the near mirk but mirker still."

That light which beamed on Luther and his co-laborers was pre-eminently "a light shining in a dark place." But, alas! the light, itself, was darkness, being destitute of the spirit of revelation by which alone it is possible to know God. Regarding it through the aid of present light we see no chaos, but recognize the hand of God working out the thought of his mind as truly in those great national movements as in the work of creation. He had only said,

"Let there be light." Not, indeed, the true light of the gospel, but the spirit of inquiry that should make men feel after him, and lead to the peopling of the new world to which should come the angel with the restored gospel in all its fullness.

Standing in the blaze of this later light, revealed to Joseph Smith, and examining the work of Martin Luther, we are able to comprehend the force of the Savior's words: "If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness." We will also clearly see that the work of the one, was preparatory of the other, as the dawn to sunrise; but before the dawn there had been a long night of rayless darkness, which, when we comprehend its cause, will also reveal the meaning of of Mary's prophetic song, "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree."

The son of Mary said: "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." This faith in Christ was the foundation of the seven principles of his gospel, without which all the rest are inoperative. Satan well knew, that to defeat the redemption of our race he must destroy this fundamental doctrine; and he thought he had triumphed when the church accepted that proposition which had been spurned by Christ her Lord: "*All the kingdoms of the world will I give thee, and the glory of them if thou wilt fall down and worship me.* The dazzled church yielded her allegiance, and soon, with her throne at Rome, she became mistress of the world. All this would have availed nothing so long as the people believed in Christ; it was not the church as a body that had made this transfer, but their leaders and the teachers who sat in the seats of the apostles. The people believed that these leaders had authority from Christ, which was true; and this very truth was used to mislead the people, in aiming the first blow at the doctrine of faith in Christ for forgiveness of sin. They were told that Christ had given the keys to Peter, who transmitted them to his successor in office, who stood in Christ's stead on the earth; and through him, or those ordained through him, now existed the power to forgive sin and absolve the sinner. Thus, step by step, they changed the ordinances. Sprinkling was substituted for baptism. Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost ceased to be practiced; but that could be of no consequence, for the Holy Spirit had long before taken his departure. The gifts being only promised to the believers, ceased when faith did. The principle of the resurrection became so mystified and obscured that it ceased to be remembered. Eternal Judgment, the church took into her own hands; and while pretending to fulfill Scripture, to bind or loose, she killed or imprisoned those who yet retained enough knowledge of the true gospel system to oppose her. The Bible having been taken away and forbidden to be read by the common people, all knowledge of the truth faded from their minds.

Thus in darkness had the Sun of righteousness set, as it seemed, to rise no more; but the wicked church said, "I sit a queen, and am no widow."—Rev. 18: 7.

This was the situation at the birth of Martin Luther; but it is not the history of the reformer that we propose to review, only the bearing which his work had upon this latter day work, as well as upon the subject of our story.

Luther was born of humble parentage, like most of the instruments whom God selects to do his work. He was profoundly ignorant of the grand scheme of redemption through Christ, though he was a learned scholar, and had taken a degree and become a teacher in the University when but twenty years of age. His father destined him for the law; but it is related that being frightened in a severe thunder storm, he made a vow that if God would spare his life he would give himself to the service of the church. In fulfillment of this, he became a monk in the order of St. Augustine. After two years he was ordained a priest; and about a year later he accepted a professorship in the University of Wittenburg, which afterwards became the cradle of the reformation. Every day at one o'clock Luther gave a lecture on the Bible. One day during his lecture he was reading the second chapter of the prophet Habakkuk, when coming to the fourth verse he read this declaration: "The Just shall live by faith." This so interested him that he paused in his lecture to reflect. There was, then, a life which is the gift of faith. He did not understand this; it was something of which he had never heard. He studied the subject in the quiet of his cell; but not then did the mysteries of this life of faith open to him.

Years afterward he was far away from Germany, under the burning skies of Italy, sick, as he thought, unto death, and the thought filled him with terror. In the midst of his distress the seventeenth verse of the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, wherein is reiterated the statement made by the prophet, "The just shall live by faith," recurred to his mind. Luther felt cheered and comforted, though he was yet far from realizing the nature of the faith that had in it this life-giving power.

He recovered, and proceeding to Rome he set himself diligently to the performance of meritorious works, which were the vain observances instituted by the church for the expiation of sin, and called penance. This took the place of that principle of repentance taught by the Savior and his apostles. When the church ceased to teach faith in Christ, she told the people to look to her for pardon through penitential works. Those works of penance were foolish and absurd; but the ignorant people considered the voice of the Pope as the voice of God, and submitted to all the mortification of the flesh demanded: such as going bare footed, going without clothes and without food for a specified time, taking a pilgrimage to the shrine of some saint, scourging one's self, etc.

After a time the people found it easier to do those works than to abandon vice, as taught by the Savior to do. But the tasks imposed on them grew more and more burdensome, until the people grew weary and desired deliverance. Then the priests saw a chance to fill the coffers of the church and also prevent a revolt. So they said: "We will take those burdens on ourselves; we will do the works and you shall pay us for doing them and have the merit of the penance." This was easier yet, and the people flocked to Rome to buy indulgences, as they were called. Murder, adultery, perjury, burglary, and every crime and sin had a price set to it, by the payment of which the criminal escaped the penalty of his crime; and this absolution was made to apply both to this life and the hereafter, or to either alone, at the will of the priest.

It is evidence of the intense spiritual darkness of the times and of Luther's mind, that an educated man who had read the Bible could for a moment believe such a revolting dogma. Luther not only believed, but performed all, and piously wished that his parents were not living, that he might have the pleasure of delivering them from purgatory by his meritorious works.

One day, wishing to obtain an indulgence promised by the Pope to all who should ascend on their knees Pilate's staircase, (which they were assured had been miraculously transported from Jerusalem to Rome), while painfully dragging himself up the steps he thought he heard a voice like thunder sounding in his ears, and that twice before had arrested his attention: "The just shall live by faith." He paused. Suddenly there appeared to his comprehension a view of that righteousness that alone can stand before God. He arose from his knees in astonishment, and fled from the place. In Luther's account of this circumstance he says: "When by the Spirit of God I understood these words, when I learned how the justification of the sinner proceeds from the free mercy of our Lord through faith, ... then I felt born again, like a new man; I entered through the open door into the very Paradise of God, . . . I perused the Bible with other eyes; I brought together a great number of passages that taught me the nature of God's work."

This was the birth of the Reformation.

"The light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not."—John 1:5. At the birth of Christ men failed to comprehend that he was both their life and light; so neither did they comprehend when once more the light from God's imperishable word beamed out on the world's darkness, because it was not accompanied by the spirit of revelation. For proof we have only to follow the history of the Reformation. We shall find that no other of the seven principles of the gospel was then restored, and even the nature of faith was not well understood.

The greatest efforts of Luther after this were directed against the sale of indulgences and kindred evils of the Papacy. But the spirit of inquiry had been awakened, and investigators were not long in discovering that there was much more in the gospel than faith only, without works, as Luther taught; but not one of the many factions that began to arise when other fragments of doctrine were discovered, were able to reconcile their apparent con-

flictions; not one could grasp the gospel as a whole, nor comprehend its far-reaching grandeur; hence the narrowness of the creeds, and inharmony that grew out of them: the things of the Spirit are spiritually discerned, and flesh and blood uninspired of God was inadequate to provide for the spirit's requirements.

Without such inspiration, it is evident that neither Luther nor any others then could have authority to reorganize the church of Christ. That was a work that could not be done until God's authorized priesthood should be sent, with the gospel in its harmonious entirety. But Luther was ignorant of the promised restoration, or judged that it had taken place in his day. If he did commit errors, let him not be harshly judged by us; strange that amid such darkness he should have discovered the true rock of faith, without which the work of Joseph Smith would have been impracticable in later days.

Though Luther and those reformers who followed him were not authorized to organize the church, they were plainly commanded to come out from "Mystery Babylon," that they be not partakers of her sins nor receive of her plagues. They were recognized as the people of God, chosen and faithful.—Rev. 17: 14. Therefore I think it was not wrong for them to organize their congregations; it was necessary to the preservation of the light that they had received. Their mistake was in attempting to officiate in the things of God without authority; but even that, I think, must be pardonable, since they did it ignorantly. We learn by Paul's disputation with the Jews at Athens, that God had once winked at the ignorance of that people; but since he had sent to them his son and the apostles to show them the truth, he commanded them to repent. So, I think that for their mistakes the reformers will not be condemned, because they were doing the best they could with the light they had; but now, as in the days of Paul, God commands all men to repent, and they to whom the light of these last days has come will be under condemnation if they reject it or treat it lightly.

To return: From the hour that justification through faith in Christ was restored to light, the temporal power of the Pope began to wane; for who then would buy his indulgences? who then wanted his absolution? When men become spiritually free in Christ they very naturally claim temporal freedom also; so the gospel of Christ does indeed make men free. Rome knew this, and hence the fierceness of her struggle to suppress it.

The first adherents of Luther were from the upper and middle classes; his influence in the university at Wittenburg caused the truth to spread with great rapidity among the students, who were, many of them, the sons of titled and influential people. Prince Philip of Hesse, then a youth of fourteen, afterward defended the cause with the sword. The Elector of Saxony, founder of the University, was a friend of Luther's and of the Reformation.

Luther's death occurred in 1546; and though persecution began simultaneously with the work of reformation, it did not reach its height until Ferdinand II. of Bohemia was crowned Emperor of Germany in 1619, and inaugurated the Thirty Years, War. Then every hill top gleamed with the fires of persecution, and the beautiful Rhine drank the blood of the saints from Switzerland to the North Sea. Tenderly nurtured women forsook castle and palace, and with their lowlier sisters knew no other home than that afforded by forest or cave. There they sang their hymns, offered their prayers and studied the word of God, teaching their little ones to obey its precepts. The sacrifices and heroism displayed even by the children, for the defense and preservation of that priceless truth have never since been equalled. They were "faithful unto death" over "the few things;" shall we be as faithful over the many? We turn in sickening horror from the recital of their struggles and sufferings, to dream in complacent pride of these days of security and peace without remembering that of him to whom much is given, much will be required.

Our hearts burn within us in indignation against the despots in church and state who could perpetrate such unholy acts in the name of Christ: but God can make the wrath of man to praise him; and in this instance he made use of it to implant in the lifeblood of the children born under such cruel oppression the seeds of religious and political liberty that should germinate and bear fruit in the peopling of Joseph's land with a God-fearing nation cherishing those sacred principles in order

to the accomplishment of "his act, his strange act," long foretold by Isaiah (28: 21), and by John who wrote: "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth."—Rev. 14:6.

The terrible thirty years' civil war involved all Europe; but our story has only to do with Germany—though like causes produce like effects, a hatred of oppression and iniquity, austerity in life, and a strictness in training of their children that had never before, nor has since obtained. All of this was a part of Heaven's thought, for out from among all nations God was to gather a people.

Among the early converts to Luther's reform movement in Southern Germany was a family whom we will name Waldville. The children of this family were born and brought up under circumstances like those we have narrated. They suffered with their brethren throughout that period of blood and strife, often knowing no home but such retreats as for the time being offered a hiding place from the faggot and the sword. No wonder that sternness and austerity should characterize the children of such training, nor that its effects should be noticed on the lives of children born centuries after. The laughter and frolic that make the period of innocent youth so sweet were unknown in the forest home of the Waldvilles. The solemn hush of those who expect evil tidings was ever present, too often fulfilled when the messenger with blanched cheeks came to tell them of some fresh victim to the stake. Then would be heard echoing from hut and cave that triumphant and prophetic song of Luther's, so often sung in those times:

"No! No! their ashes shall not die,
But born to every land;
Where e'er their sainted dust shall lie,
Up springs a holy band."

As often as they could safely do so, the hunted ones would come together to seek relief in prayer and to stay each other on the word of God, the promises of which grew more precious to them by every drop of blood consecrated to them. With loftiest faith they claimed the fulfillment of Jesus' words to Mary and Martha: "He that beleiveth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Then with softened and saddened hearts, but with unfaltering trust they would sing:

"Just as God leads me I would go;
I would not ask to chose my way;
Content with what he will bestow,
Assured he will not let me stray.
Just as God leads I am content;
I rest me calmly in his hands;
That which he has decreed and sent,
That which his will for me commands,
I would that he should all fulfill,
That I should do his gracious will
In living or in dying.
Just as God leads, I all resign;
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's ways deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill;
That which his love ordained is sight,
Before he brought me to the light,
My all to him resigning.
Just as God leads me I abide;
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing,
The best in kindness sending.
Just as God leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briars between,
God does not yet his guidance show,
But in the end it will be seen
How by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, He leads me still." *

Can faith and trust mount higher than this? "Blessed are they who having not seen, yet have believed."

God did not to them his guidance show, but we can begin to trace it now in letters of gold.

The intolerance of Ferdinand II. at length cost him his crown; but the work of persecution was continued by his son and successor, Ferdinand III. until, finally, peace was restored and religious toleration granted to the Protestants. But toleration, from a Catholic point of view, simply means to let alone what they can not hinder. There was no protection guaranteed, while freedom of opinion in religious matters continued to be denounced by Papists; so that the condition of the German Protestants did not improve greatly. About the year 1730 large bodies of them quitted their native land and sought a home in Pennsylvania; for they had heard that Wm. Penn's Quaker government granted civil and religious liberty to all men—principles inborn and bred in the blood of our refugees. For thirty years the Protestants had fought for these principles in Europe, with what results we have seen; but the conflict was not yet over; it was to be resumed on this side of the water; and many of those who had borne arms in defense of them in the old countries

* Lampertus, 1524. German Trust Song.

were the first to bear them again when those principles became the issue in the war of the American Revolution. Here, thank God, they were successful, as it was among God's purposes that those principles should be established on this land.

If the history of these United States had been chronicled with the same faith in God shown by Moses in writing the history of his people, it would have been told how the Lord prepared the hearts of the people through persecution to willingly seek a home in the land prepared by him for their reception, just as truly as were the Israelites prepared by their hardships in Egypt to brave the dreary desert for freedom and Canaan.

In one of those emigrant companies that we have mentioned, were two young men, William and Philip Waldville. They settled among others of their faith, a few miles from Philadelphia—the place is now within the city. Both were men of high piety, also of patriotism. Philip was a minister, honored and beloved, and lived to see freedom, the birthright of Americans, established. He left two sons, Maurice and Joseph, whom he educated himself, and both of whom became able ministers of the Lutheran faith. Up to this period the family boasted of pure German descent. They had been men of scholarship, and ministers in the reform. With the marriage of Maurice a new element entered the family.

Gretchen Dieman came with her parents from Holland, where she was born and brought up. Her parents were Prussians, but had lived many years in Holland. They were disciples of Calvin, and Gretchen had been trained as strictly in that faith and doctrine as had been Maurice in those of Luther. They spoke the language of the North, which is quite different from High German. The latter was as unintelligible to Gretchen as was English. Love laughs at difficulties however, and Maurice found that he could tell his love in Low German as well as in the dialect made classic by Luther's translation of the Bible; and good Gretchen was glad to make him happy on condition that he would always address her in her own tongue, and not compel her to learn his —an agreement that was faithfully kept. As for her religion, ah well! they had not thought of woman's rights then; and the married woman, especially the wife of a German, had no individuality. She was expected to identify herself wholly with her husband; it was considered his right, and her opinions were of no account. So the numerous family born to Maurice and Gretchen were christened, *i. e.*, sprinkled into the Lutheran, instead of the Presbyterian Church. Gretchen did not repine at this. It was to her a matter of course, and she never thought that it should be different; though I think she always remained faithful in heart to her faith; for after her husband's death and she was no longer bound by this law, though she was quite old, she returned to the Presbyterians', the religious faith of her youth. Industrious and patient, she toiled hard and uncomplainingly to help the poor minister to provide for their large family. The writer has seen the family record of this couple. It contained the names of fourteen children, written in a very neat hand in German. The twelfth name was Philip Joseph; probably named in honor of his grandfather and uncle, at any rate, he seems to have inherited all of the family predilection for books and thirst for study. The family were all educated at the English schools of the country. Young Philip was looked upon, in the family, as the probable successor of his father in the pulpit; he was a natural orator, and the pride of the family.

But the faithful father was called home while Philip was yet a lad; and the broken down mother was an invalid, which she continued to be for the rest of her life.

I do not know what minister's salaries were in those days; but the Waldvilles were very poor, and the children went out into the world to earn their own and their mother's support, Philip with the rest. He was apprenticed to a trade, and served his time, taking every opportunity for study meanwhile.

While still quite young he was offered a situation as teacher in a school. He relinquished this to seek a home in the great North-west Territory. But we soon find him teaching school a little south of Painesville, in Ohio. This brings us to about the year 1827.

We will now glance at the religious condition of the people.

It is a little over three hundred years since the beginning of the Reformation, and darkness again covers the earth, but its causes are quite different.

To be continued.

DRIFT-WOOD.

The threads our hands in blindness spin,
No self-determined plan weaves in;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.—*Whittier.*

CHILDREN WHO ASK.

Mrs. Mary C. Hungerford has some wise words in *Our Country Home* about answering the boys. Children, both boys and girls, ask all manner of questions just because they are curious and want to know. The child that does not ask questions must be lacking in intelligence, and the gist of Mrs. Hungerford's advice is that the mother should not be ashamed to candidly own her ignorance when unable to answer some puzzling query. Evasive answers are denounced on the ground that "a child's clear eyes soon see through its mother's thinly veiled pretense of being too busy or too sick, and then he has to learn that she not only is not able to give the information he seeks, but stoops to deceit to cover her inability. The boy who finds out that his mother's lips can utter a word that is not strictly true, is to be pitied, but his mother is more to be pitied." A suggestion follows to the effect that mother might get their children to help them more at the household work, and in turn all would learn something, and an era of mutual helpfulness would set in, I cordially commend the idea. Mothers, and fathers, too, are far too much addicted to the habit of checking the wholesome spirit of inquiry and investigation in their children, which is a mark of a healthy mind. If ignorant on any point, look it up. If possible, let the child look it up with you. Then talk over the matter in the household, so that it may be permanently impressed on the minds of all. All lawful questions should be encouraged.

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

Away up among the mountains a tiny spring burst out. It trickled along almost silently at first, but it met another and another little spring, and, rolling together down the mountain side, they tumbled over a rock and spread into a dancing, singing, glistening brook.

Stillness and shadow around as yet, only a little nook wherein to play, the brook-spirit longed for more sunlight and wider scope. The breezes whispered to her of broad lakes embosomed among wooded hills—of deep, blue rivers flowing through wide meadow-lands—of the vast oceans gathering them all home at last to herself. Could she do and be nothing beyond her present life? The shadows deepened and she sang less cheerily.

A robin flew down to drink of the clear water, and then, perching on a green bough above, trilled forth its happy song. Squirrels and rabbits leaped along through the rustling grass to her side, and went away refreshed and glad. The merry little minnows darted to and fro in her shallow basin, happy through her; for even their life was dependent on the home and supply she gave them.

The ferns and grasses in their fresh greenery, gold-crowned cowslips and buttercups, tiny pearl-flowers and blue violets bloomed beside her, giving fragrance and beauty in return for her benison of life and growth; and the gold sunshine threw its mantle of blessing over one and all. It silvered her tiny waves more and more, as, flowing on contentedly, she bathed the roots of a young cherry tree.

And then the brook noted that none of these lived to themselves alone. The tree gave its fruit to the birds, and afforded quiet, shaded resting places for their nests. The birds brooded and fed their little ones. The rabbits and squirrels were busy carrying home food to their families. The elder, which bloomed beside her, gave its blossoms to make tea for a sick child, as she learned from the talk of two little girls who came for them. She was restless, they said, and it would sooth her to sleep. All were busy, all contented.

The brook had learned her lesson. She rippled gladly on, bearing health and freshness to all she touched. knowing not how beautiful was the melody she sang, but making her way more and more out of the shadows and into the sunlight. Another and another brook met her on course through rolling meadows, golden in sunshine.

Onward, ever onward, active and cheery, she flowed, bearing blessings wherever she went and reflecting the sunlight of heaven. Far back amid mountain solitudes and shady woods the little brook could still be traced; but a deep, calm, broad river rolled through meadow-lands and between shores of changing scenery—forest, field, and hill, aud happy human homes.

ROUND TABLE.

EDITED BY SALOME.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

Christmas stars of six points surrounded by circles; stars of eight points with tiny stars between the points, and a large central shield showing a text in greens; and stars composed of two overlying triangles with central cross are the appropriate stars for Christmastide. These may have foundations of gold or be composed entirely of greens, or greens and colored foundations. Black spruce forms handsome stars. A figure composed of a center circle, to the edges of which four triangles are attached at the apex, and between the triangles spruce boughs, the four boughs radiating from the circle, is very ornamental. A bow and quiver of spruce boughs is also a pretty wall decoration.

Dados are made of laurel leaves and lycopodium and spruce consists of festoons, each one of which contains a spruce branch pointing upwards. The festoons are bordered above and below with straight bands of the green. Spruce and lycopodium re preferable to hemlock for decorative uses, as the latter is not lasting. Long garlands of holly, bright with berries, are also beautiful for decoration.

The use of an irridescent material, called "Flitter," with wh ch sprays of ground pine, cedar, box and grasses are coated, produces a brilliant effect. This material comes tinted with crimson, purple, blue, yellow—in fact, boxes are put up containing twenty colors, bright and durable. All that is necessary in its use is to apply a thick coat of the medium, and before it has time to dry, dust it thoroughly with the flitter powder, using only one color, or mixing several to produce various tints. Sprigs of leaves and wreathes are made gay with this irridescence.

Heads of wheat and oats can be mixed with evergreens with good effect. Dried grasses can be made useful in working out some of the smaller designs. Mountain ash and bittersweet berries are charming when used in evergreen wreathing. If they are not to be obtained, the seed clusters of the sumach make good substitutes. If you have autumn leaves in considerable quantities, they will work in charmingly with whatever may be used as the foundation of your decorative work. To use nothing but evergreens gives the place you use them in a somewhat somber look, and touches of bright color are needed to produce a more cheerful tone, and one more fitting to the season. If clusters of leaves or berries are placed wherever festoons of evergreens are fastened against the walls, she general effect will be vastly more pleasing than it would be if they were not used.

For the pulpit nothing is prettier, especially by lamplight, than crystallized grasses used liberally against a background of evergreen. They sparkle like gems, and suggest natural frostwork. A most beautiful effect can be produced by making the words, "A Merry Christmas," with letters formed of these grasses against evergreen. The background can be made on a strip of cloth of whatever width is thought desirable, covered with ground pine and hemlock. These are better for such purposes than ordinary pine or cedar. This cloth can be suspended back of the pulpit or stage, and when the light falls on the letters they will seem to be formed from bits of icicles. As the grasses are brittle and easily broken after being crystallized, it is well to make each letter on a foundation of pasteboard and put it in place after the evergreen background has been hung up.

SNOW-SHOES.

The Norwegian "ski" is a snow-shoe, or rather a snow-skate, nine feet long, used by the Norwegians to glide down the hillsides when they are covered with snow. Great fun can be had with a pair of snow-shoes made on the same principle as the Norwegian skate, and it is little trouble to manufacture a pair from two barrel staves. After selecting a couple of straight-grained staves, score one end of each stave with grooves cut in the wood, either with your knife or a small gouge, so that little diamond shapes are formed by the lines crossing. Smear the end thickly with grease and hold it near a hot fire until you can bend it upward in a small curve, and bind it in such position with a cord until the wood retains the curve imparted. Make two blocks, each one inch broad and high enough to fit under the heels of your shoes; fasten the blocks on to the snow-skates by screws; at a proper distance in front of the blocks fasten two straps securely. By slipping the toes of your shoes through the straps and allowing the hollow of the foot to rest over the blocks so that the heels of your shoes bear against the blocks, you can keep the shoes on your feet, and with the aid of a stick to steer by, go sliding down the coasting hill among the sleds and jumpers, creating as much fun for the others in your first attempts as you do for yourself; but with practice, skill can be acquired in the use of snow-skates.

PUZZLE PICTURES

Are suitable gifts for small children and are simply made. Select two colored pictures, of the same size, containing a variety of objects, such as would please a child, and paste them, one on each side of a sheet of stout cardboard. Use thick paste made of flour, and spread it over evenly and thinly. After placing the picture on the cardboard, lay a piece of white paper or a cloth over it and rub every wrinkle out; so that the picture adheres in every part, and is perfectly smooth. Taking care that no paste is on the outside, place the cardboard under heavy pressure till perfectly dry, and then with a sharp knife and a pair of scissors cut the cardboard into small irregular shaped pieces. Pack them in a fancy little box and tie with a bright ribbon.

We give a beautiful, simple experiment which may interest the amateur with the microscope. Upon a slip of glass put a drop of liquid auric chloride or argentic nitrate, with half a grain of metallic zinc in the auric chloride, and copper in the silver. A growth of exquisite gold and silver ferns will grow beneath the eye.

16 24 27

Dolly Olsen

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AND

THE WORLD-STORY RETOLD.

A Review in

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"A book on Archæology by a Mormon elder is a curiosity and a surprise. A surprise because of the extent of the reading which is exhibited by it, and a curiosity because of the position the author takes. The position reached is that the lost tribes of Israel came to America, and the descendants of Abraham and of Noah are to be found in this country as the prehistoric inhabitants. Of course the conclusion which a Mormon would draw would be that the tablets and other tokens, which have come down to us from prehistoric times, contain not only history but revelation. It is a singular fact that Proffessor Seyffarth, who was not a Mormon, interpreted the Davenport tablets as representing Noah and his family; and others who do not believe in their genuineness have maintained that these tablets were planted by Mormons. The author of this book is not responsible for these coincidences, for he seems to be sincere and no doubt believes what he has written; at least there is an air of candor about the book which would lead one to that conclusion; still there is a lack of discriminating and critical judgment that might result in self-deception. Wyrick a number of years ago exhumed a stone from a mound in Ohio, covered with Hebrew letters. Archæologists have universally pronounced the the stone a fraud. The author of this book considers it genuine. He says the science of archæology is not complete without this "keystone." Wyrick builded better than he knew. The author says also that "the flood legend is sculptured on the great calendar stone in the City of Mexico," and quotes Delafield and Kingsborough to show the similarity between the bible stories and ancient Mexican picture writing. He also quotes Brasseur de Bourbourg, Ignatius Donnelly, Rafinesqe and Dr. Le Plongeon, who says "the Maya is not devoid of words from the Assyrian." Rudolph Falb, a German professor, says that the Aymara language, spoken by eight villages in Peru, bears near affinity to the Semitic tongue. A chapter is given to the wanderings of the lost tribes. He says we are compelled to try to trace the covenant race through all its vicissitudes to see what shall befall them in the latter day. He speaks in another chapter of a chart of the wanderings of the Aztecs, furnished by Delafield, and refers to a kneeling figure in the chart with tears rolling from his eyes, and says this proves that the leader was guided by inspiration, the old world imagery, the leaning mountain, the tree of knowledge, etc., the cross and the pyramid he recognizes in America. These are the conclusions of the book, filling up six chapters, from the twelfth to the eighteenth. In all the previous chapters the author is gradually approaching the subject, and he does so in a very adroit manner, as will be seen by the table of contents, which is as follows: First, origin of all things; second, world's history; next, the cradle land, the winter of the world, which means the glacial era; the deluge tablets, Ararat, Babel, Beni Noah, the Noachidae in America. In some things the author has taken the scientific view, as for instance, when he says that the tower of Babel was built for worship, was a reproduction of the mystical mountain of the assembly of the stars, the Hormandz of the Isaiah. He quotes also the opinion of learned writers and says the weightier part of the world of learning is in favor of Pamir's high plain, Central Asia, as the only starting place of the nations; but he quotes Prof. Valentini to show the similarity of the names of five cities of Ararat to five names of ancient places in Mexico. He says: "If the traditions of the flood, had all been obliterated a nearly full account could have been made up from American sources." He maintains that Melchizedec had the true faith, but he quotes Lenormant as holding the opinion that man existed in the miocene age, not as a savage, but as a gifted being, and that the savagery of later races was the result of a divine curse. It is plain that the author's views of the legend have given a tinge to his views, and that he wears blue spectacles in all his wanderings through the fields of science. There is a lesson in all this. In the first place, those who think they know all about science and are sure that it confirms the preconceived view will be surprised when they look at this travesty; but those who think, on the other hand, that Mormonism is nothing but a system of willful imposture will find out the various ways by which certain persons may deceive themselves."

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